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CHAMBERS'S

PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE

PART XIII

CONTENTS:

NO. 49. WATER SUPPLY OF TOWNS.
NO. 50. ANCIENT SCANDINAVIA.
NO. 51. LOST LETTER—THE SOMNAMBULE.
NO. 52. LIFE IN AN INDIAMAN.

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50. Ancient Scandinavia.
51. The Lost Letter—The Somnambule.
52. Life in an Indiaman.

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CHAMBERS'S

PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

WATER SUPPLY OF TOWNS.

WATER, in consequence of its intimate connection with so many of the tastes, conveniences, and necessities of life, becomes a subject of universal and never-failing interest. Its position in the landscape as sea, lake, and running stream, affects the sense of beauty; to the eye of the naturalist engaged in classifying and describing the contents of the globe, it is a substance having numerous properties and relations; it is a grand example of the mechanical laws and gravitating power impressed upon all material things; and as an agent in the economy of the world, it enters largely into the operations of production and change. It is the highway of the world, the cheap defence of nations, the boundary of possessions, the element of existence to an immense living population. Lastly, it is an indispensable requisite and manifold convenience of the every-day life of human beings: alike to the uncivilised and civilised, to the roaming tribes of the wild, and the settled inhabitants of our crowded cities.

The uses of water in daily life lead to the adoption of means for providing it in proper quantity, quality, and readiness to every place of human habitation; and among the various arts that make up our civilisation, this has a leading position of importance. Of late years, great improvements have been introduced into the department of the public water supply, and efforts continue to be made towards still farther improvements. Our object in the present Paper is to touch upon the chief points of information connected with the sources and qualities of water, and the public arrangements for the supply of town populations—restricting ourselves solely to the condition and requirements of our own country.

SOURCES OF WATER SUPPLY.

The great masses of liquid constituting the seas and oceans of the globe, are unfit for many of the purposes of water, on account of the excess of soluble matter they contain, dissolved out of the solid crust of the earth, and concentrated by the evaporation of ages. Sea water, besides its principal ingredient, common salt, contains salts of lime and magnesia in considerable amount, and cannot be used for drinking, cooking, or washing. But the process of evaporation or distillation constantly going on over the whole liquid surface of our planet, yields to the atmosphere a pure supply—and this descending as rain, may be collected in situations where it is not permitted to acquire the disqualifying ingredients of the ocean liquor. Sometimes a water contracts impurities at one part of its course, and is freed of them at another part: the connection with the solid earth is not wholly a cause of deterioration. The chief sources of supply may be described as surface-collection, rivers, and springs:—

Surface Collection.

Water descending in rain may be ranked as a species of distilled water, and if collected on clean surfaces, it will be the purest which nature can supply. In its descent through the atmosphere, it brings with it a quantity of common air, together with any other gases that may be afloat, and also the fine particles of dust raised by the wind, and continually present in the lower stratum of the aërial ocean. A certain small amount of impurity is thus contracted before it reaches the ground; but what is of still more consequence, water in this condition has an intense attraction for the saline and other soluble matters which it finds on the surface. What are termed organic impurities, or the corrupting ingredients derived from vegetable and animal bodies, living or dead, are taken up in large quantities by rain water, so that a very short time suffices to taint the fresh-fallen shower. Hence the water caught on house-tops, although admirably adapted for washing, is not usually pleasant for drinking: part of the unfitness, however, arises from its wanting the proper degree of coolness. Rain water collected on shipboard is noted for its tendency to rapid putrefaction. Surface water, therefore, with its freedom from saline ingredients, has the disadvantage of possessing a strong affinity for organic impurities, these being diffused over every surface in the neighbourhood of living beings.

But surface water, considered as a source of supply, is not the same as the rain water gathered from house-tops. If we resort to a barren district of rock or sand, destitute of vegetation, and remote from the pollution of towns, we may obtain water such that, notwithstanding the solvent power of the fresh-fallen rain, hardly any organic impurity has entered into its composition. Accordingly, water in this condition may be a highly proper source of supply. It cannot be said of any surface beforehand that it is eligible as a collecting-ground; very careful examination of the water actually collected, especially in the hot months of summer and autumn, is required to determine this point. The grand advantage of this mode of supply is—*the absence of salts* in solution, rendering the water soft in

respect of washing, and free from any peculiar taste of soda, magnesia, iron, or other mineral impregnation. The disadvantages are—first and principally, the presence of organic impurities; next, the necessity of impounding reservoirs so large as not only to secure that the excess of the wet months may avail for the deficiency of the dry months, but even that the excess of a wet year may be transferred for the supply of an unusually dry year; and lastly, the impossibility of obtaining water sufficiently cool for drinking in the warm season. Notwithstanding these general defects, it happens in various places that a surface supply is the best that can be had, and is, on the whole, satisfactory.

Rivers.

The water obtained from running streams is in part what has flowed immediately from the surface, and in part the water of springs, shallow or deep. In any case, a considerable amount of contact with the ground has been permitted, and in consequence saline matter is liable to be dissolved in a greater or less degree. The extent of the impregnation, as well as the kind of material dissolved, will depend on the rocks and strata of the river basin. Water flowing from granite rock, as the river Dee in Aberdeenshire, has a very small quantity of dissolved salts. Slate formations are also favourable to the purity of the water flowing over them. Sandstone is very inferior in this respect, while the limestone and chalk covering large districts of the country impart a nearly constant amount of lime-salt to all the running streams. The lime is not unfrequently accompanied by magnesia; and when this last substance is present in great quantity, it marks out a distinct and peculiar species of water.

River waters, besides the qualities they derive from their primitive sources, are apt to contain mud and matters in suspension, and are thus deficient in the clearness and transparency so essential to the satisfaction of the eye in a drinking water. The agitation which a running river undergoes prevents stagnation and such decay of organic matter, sometimes with an offensive smell, as occurs in canals; but it also deprives the water of some air and free carbonic acid, which renders it, according to the opinion of many, less fresh to the taste. Moreover, the water partakes of the extremes of summer and winter temperature, and in the hot months can hardly be free of organic impurities and insects. But, on the other hand, the supply from one of our large rivers is boundless and unfailing; and it conveys the surface drainage and spring effusions of a large tract of country without incurring any trouble or expense as to the original sources. With far more of mineral impurity than surface water, river water will usually present less of vegetable and animal impurity, in consequence of the tendency of the mineral impurity to increase, while the organic impurities diminish, by time and exposure.

Springs.

When water falling on the surface of the ground sinks into the soil, descending downward by slow percolation till it encounters an impervious bottom, and rises up at some convenient opening by the force of hydrostatic pressure, the outgush is called a spring. Beds of sand and gravel, as well as the surface-*coating of soil, allow a* free passage to water; but its course

is as completely checked by a bed of clay as by the solid rock. Hence the course of the percolation follows the direction of the porous beds. It may happen that water, in pursuing a lateral direction in the pervious strata, passes beneath as well as above an impervious layer; and between the two it will be hemmed in with the whole force of the downward pressure at the spot where it enters the soil. If there be no outlet, the pervious stratum thus enclosed will be saturated and choked, and the water must either find some other course, or lie stagnant on the surface; but if an opening occurs anywhere in the upper enclosing bed, through it will the water rush up with a force determined by the difference of level between the mouth of the opening and the surface where the rain first enters. Springs are often formed artificially by boring in this way through a bed of clay or rock, in order to tap a deep porous layer charged with water, the result of steady percolation from some distant surface. Sometimes the passage of the liquid is by fissures and crevices in the rocks—at other times by compact beds of shingle, sand, or gravel. The gravitating force carries it downward to the lowest depths that it can reach, and again upward so as to find one level in every direction. Hence water falling on high grounds, and entering the soil, is sure to emerge somewhere on the low grounds, perhaps with a considerable pressure. If we could conceive a mountain formed of a porous top and impervious side, so as to retain the water while it sinks into the mass—and if this impervious layer were to cease at the foot, the water would pass down as in a siphon, and burst out with energy at the termination of the layer in question. But this upper stratum might be conceived to extend for miles along the plain in unbroken continuance, in which case the mountain water would have no opportunity of showing itself; till at last some interruption or cleft, or some excavation by the hand of man, occurs to relieve the pent-up waters; and out they flow with the high pressure still upon them, nobody being able to guess where they had their origin. The conditions necessary to the occurrence of springs are therefore:—1*st*, The rain falling on the higher grounds must find admission into the interior to some considerable depth; 2*d*, By the force of the pressure from above it must pass in lateral directions—in other words, it must find pervious beds or openings right and left; 3*d*, It must become hemmed in above by some stratum that does not give an easy passage, and therefore concentrates the pressure on the places where openings occur; and 4*th*, In the lower grounds where it has descended beneath an obstructing bed, there must be interruptions, fissures, or pervious strata, whereby it can rise to the surface again. Mountain districts, and a varied and irregular stratification of alternating pervious and impervious layers, are favourable to the concentration of water and its discharge in the form of springs; while, on the other hand, flat regions and uniform coverings of sand and gravel render springs impossible. In this last case there would be a uniform soakage of the soil, varied only by such shallow pools, lakes, and rivulets as the inequality of the surface could give rise to. A compact rocky formation, without fissures or other communication with the subterranean depths, would likewise be devoid of springs; the water prohibited from filtering its way into the interior would pass down at once over the surface to seek the lowest level that it could find.

The slow percolation through the interstices of a gravelly layer, or by

the crevices of rocks, is the cause of the mineral impurities which distinguish the water of springs. At the same time, this slow action most effectually rids the water of any organic impurities contracted at the surface. Air, too, is largely taken in along with the saline matter of the rocks, and the temperature of the interior is imparted to the whole mass; whence it happens that springs of moderate depth represent the average temperature of a climate. Very deep springs are of a higher temperature. The qualities that recommend water to the eye and to the palate belong in a pre-eminent degree to spring water: it is clear, sparkling, and cool, and is totally free from the offensive taint so common in all other waters, as well as devoid of the animalculæ generated by organic impurity.

From this brief sketch of the principal sources of supply we now pass to a more minute description of the various qualities of waters.

QUALITY OF WATER.

Quality in water has reference to one or other of the following points:—1*st*, The presence or absence of mud or other solid matters in suspension; 2*d*, Salts and mineral matters in solution, which do not affect the clearness or transparency of the liquid. Some of these salts cause the property commonly known by the name of *hardness*; 3*d*, Organic matter, or the products of vegetable and animal life; 4*th*, The presence of atmospheric air and carbonic acid, and also of certain offensive gases, the result of the decomposition of organic matter; and 5*th*, The temperature.

Solid Impurities.

When running water comes upon a loose bottom, it carries the finer particles along with it, and the quicker its flow the larger the pieces that it can keep afloat. If the water comes into a position of perfect stillness, the matters thus floated gradually sink to the bottom again—the heaviest first, and the others in succession. Should any portion consist of fine impalpable dust, such as is raised by the wind, and floats in the stillest air, the subsidence is very slow indeed; days, or even weeks, may not bring about a perfect clearance. The particles gathered from beds of clay are the most difficult to separate from water by mere subsidence; either they are in a state of greater fineness than particles of lime, silica, or other minerals, or else the water has a more than ordinary adhesiveness to the material of clay. Whatever be the reason, the agitation of water in contact with a clay surface imparts a drab or rhubarb colour, arising from the diffusion of fine solid particles; and a river once contaminated in this way seems never to become clear again. The stagnation of streams in very flat districts, such as the fen countries of England, contributes to their defilement in this particular. A rapid current sweeps away all the loose particles lying in its bed, and leaves nothing at last but rock or pebbles too heavy to be moved; hence it is only by wearing off the hard surface remaining that quick-flowing streams make themselves muddy. Rivers draining cultivated land generally contain a portion of the loose soil, especially after heavy rains. The water most free from solid impurity is that derived from springs or which flows over barren rocks.

The earthy matters of soils and rocks are not the only solid impurities that may occur in water. In some circumstances iron and lead may be found in suspension. Vegetable and animal matter, not to speak of live insects, may likewise be present in solid specks. The drainage of a town is a compound of salts dissolved, and of solid matters suspended, in the current, both classes of substances being useful as manure.

The methods of clearing water from mud and matters in suspension are subsidence and filtration. The method of subsidence proceeds on the supposition that the solid earthy particles are heavier than water, and will gradually sink to the bottom when the mass is perfectly still. For the grosser kinds of mud this is quite true, but the fine, impalpable, drab-coloured clay is not displaced in this way. The other method, filtration, we shall describe in a subsequent section.

To separate clay powder from water, the practice has long been resorted to in India and China of putting in a piece of alum, which seems to act by the property it has of curdling some organic substances, and of causing others to adhere as dyes to such solid matters as may happen to be in the water. This is the oldest known device for purifying water by anything approaching to a chemical process.

Dissolved Impurities.

The impregnations of salts and mineral ingredients gathered up from the earth's surface are very numerous. The following statement by Professor Clark of Aberdeen, given in evidence before the Health of Towns Commission, contains an enumeration of the principal impurities of this class :—

Being asked, 'You have stated that the water usually contains saline impurities; of what do those consist?' He stated in reply—'The most material are earthy salts; that is, salts of lime and salts of magnesia. I call the earthy salts the most material, because it is the presence of earthy salts that gives rise to hardness. There is also usually present common salt, and sometimes bicarbonates of soda and potash; but none of these affects the hardness of water. The most important portion of the earthy salts may be reckoned the bicarbonate of lime. The whole salts present, whether earthy or not, may be distinguished into two parts—according as they are neutral to test paper, or alkaline to test paper—the neutral portion, and the unneutralised portion. The unneutralised portion consists entirely of bicarbonates, those of lime and magnesia, which are the earthy bicarbonates, and in some waters those of potash and soda, which are the alkaline bicarbonates. The neutral portion consists of the neutral salts of earths and alkalies—such as gypsum and common salt. Salts of iron occur also occasionally in waters that are in use. Such salts impart an inky taste to the water, and they give a yellowish tint to linen that is washed by the water containing them. They, too, produce hardness.'

Of the salts thus enumerated the foremost are salts of *lime*. The bicarbonate of lime is the chief example of what Professor Clark terms the *unneutralised* division; this bicarbonate is derived from chalk or limestone, and may be considered as chalk (carbonate of lime) with a double dose of carbonic acid, which second dose changes the chalk from an insoluble salt into a soluble one. The waters having bicarbonate of lime for their chief impurity are familiarly spoken of as the 'chalk waters.'

Of the *neutral* salts of lime, the chief instance is sulphate of lime or gypsum. The important distinction between the bicarbonate and the sulphate lies in the fact, that the first, the bicarbonate, may be in great part precipitated by boiling; whereas the second, the sulphate, cannot be so precipitated. The hardening quality of the one is therefore curable by a simple process, whereas the other is not affected by the same process. Of the two kinds of impurities, the chalk is much less objectionable than the gypsum. The river Thames and its tributaries, and the shallow springs of the London basin, are chalk waters, and all of them may lose upwards of two-thirds of their chalk and of their hardness by prolonged boiling.

The salts of lime are chiefly injurious on account of their giving to water the well-known quality termed hardness, of which we shall afterwards speak. No bad effect on the human system can with certainty be attributed to lime occurring by itself in any water; but the notion sometimes entertained, that this salt is either indispensable or salutary in the water taken into the animal body, is without the smallest foundation.

The other class of salts coming under the head of earthy salts are salts of *magnesia*. Magnesia is apt to be present in small quantity along with chalk and other salts of lime; when it exists in any large proportion it determines a very distinct species of water, of which examples have been found in Leicester and Birmingham. Magnesia does not produce hardness with the same regularity and precision as lime does; in the company of lime it sometimes does not occasion the consumption of more soap, but only causes the soap-suds to curdle. This curdling of the soap renders such waters particularly unfit for the washing of clothes.

Although there is the same uncertainty as to the positive effects of magnesian waters on the animal system that there is in respect to lime waters, yet as salts of magnesia in large doses are known to act as powerful medicines, it is barely possible that it may have some medicinal influence, but probably of a different kind, in the small doses occurring in an ordinary magnesian water. A recent observation by Graves, a foreign physician, that magnesia is the characteristic ingredient of waters in the districts where the diseases called *crétenisme* and *goître* (wens) abound, is worthy of attention. The surmise has sometimes been made, that certain waters supplied to towns, containing a large amount of saline matter in solution, have been instrumental in fostering diseases among the population, but the fact has not been ascertained with rigorous certainty, still less has the injurious ingredients been discriminated from others not injurious. Nevertheless enough is known to render all waters abounding in lime, magnesia, or other salts, highly undesirable in the supply of towns.

Of salts of *soda* and *potash* the principal is common salt, or the muriate of soda. Sulphate of soda—Glauber's salt—occurs along with the muriate in the salt springs of watering-places as well as in the sea waters. None of all these salts have any effect on the hardness. In the case of sea water, which is very hard, the effect is not due to common salt, but to the lime and magnesian salts dissolved in it; were it not for these, sea water would be perfectly suitable for washing, although not for drinking. The high proportion of soda salts contained in some springs unfits them for common use. The salts of the alkalies, soda and potash, as distinguished from the salts of the earths, lime and *magnesia, are undoubtedly* very active as medicinal agents,

and are therefore objectionable ingredients of water when present in any great amount. The Artesian-well water of London contains a large amount of alkaline salts. As an example—a well 400 feet deep, sunk at the Camden station of the Great Western Railway, is found to contain about forty-two grains per gallon of soda-salts, muriate, carbonate, and sulphate, with hardly a trace of any earthy salt; and the general character of these wells is, to have a small portion of earthy matter, such as lime or magnesia, and a very large portion of soda or other alkaline salts. The water is extremely soft for washing purposes, and well adapted for cookery; but it is doubtful if so great an amount of alkali habitually imbibed be not injurious to the bodily system.

Salts of *iron* in considerable quantity make what is technically named *chalybeate* waters, and belong to the medicinal class. When the iron exists in the spring as carbonate, which is the most usual case, on exposure to the air it is changed into the peroxide, and falls down in the form of an ochrey precipitate.

Hardness of Water.

The quality of hardness in water is commonly recognised by the difficulty experienced in washing, and by the amount of soap necessary to form a lather. This quality is injurious also in the preparation of food; but its action is most universally felt in washing operations. It occasions an enormous waste of soap, an extra labour in washing, and a corresponding tear and wear of clothes.

The most usual hardening ingredients are the salts of lime. Every lime-salt whatsoever hardens water and destroys soap in proportion to the lime present. Salts of magnesia are hardening salts, but not in a regular proportion to the quantity, there being some irregularities in their action.

Professor Clark has devised a scale of hardness which is now universally employed in the chemical description of waters. The hardening effect that would be produced by one grain of chalk dissolved in a gallon of water is one degree of hardness; in like manner four grains per gallon would produce four degrees of hardness; ten grains ten degrees; and so on. The degrees are expressed in numbers—thus 1°, 4°, 10°, 15°, are one, four, ten, fifteen degrees respectively. When any other salt of lime is the hardening ingredient, the measure is still by grains of chalk; if a certain amount of gypsum be dissolved in water, the effect is not expressed in grains of gypsum, but in the grains of chalk requisite to produce the same hardening effect. An equal quantity of calcium, the metallic base of all the lime-salts, will always produce the same degree of hardness whatever acid it be combined with—that is, whether it be carbonate, sulphate, muriate, or any other combination of lime. Hence it is very easy to calculate the number of grains of any salt which will produce a given degree of hardness; but it is always to be understood that when hardness is caused by any other salt than the carbonate—by gypsum, for instance—the number of degrees does not express the number of grains of that salt per gallon; and on the other hand, if a water were said to possess ten grains per gallon of gypsum, that would not constitute 10° of hardness; the computation would show only $7\frac{1}{2}$°; indeed if $7\frac{1}{2}$ grains of chalk were converted into gypsum, they would produce 10 grains. But in an analysis setting forth a given number of

grains of carbonate of lime, that number would strictly express the degrees on Clark's scale.

The scale of hardness increases with the consumption of soap requisite to form a lather. Professor Clark has made use of this fact in his process of testing for hardness—a process of extreme delicacy. It consists in the employment of a solution of soap of measured strength; and according to the quantity of solution requisite to form a lather of a certain duration is the hardness of the water. By this test the value of a water for washing purposes, and for all other purposes where hardening matter is an objection, can be determined with great ease, and with a precision scarcely equalled by any process in chemistry. The employment of the definite scale of hardness, and of the soap test for measuring its amount, has tended more than any other circumstance to facilitate the determination of proper waters for the supply of towns.

Next to washing, the deleterious consequences of hardness are felt in various culinary operations, and especially in the infusion of tea. It is a fact of universal experience that hard water is unfit for tea; but as yet the only approach to an accurate determination of the effects of different degrees of hardness is seen in the following question contained in Professor Clark's Evidence to the General Board of Health:—

'It is generally admitted that hard water is unfit for the purposes of washing and cooking? With regard to cooking, perhaps the most important material is tea. I have been very desirous of making experiments on waters of known degrees of hardness upon a given average of tea, with the assistance of some gentleman experienced in the tasting of teas for commercial purposes. My health has heretofore prevented me from making any more than merely preliminary experiments. From these it appeared that hard water was very unfit for the purpose of making tea. In making use of a series of waters at 4°, 8°, 12°, 16° of hardness, the strength of the infusion, as manifested by the depth of colour produced, was evidently in a series such that each infusion could be sensibly distinguished from the one next to it, above or below, the hardest water giving the least depth of colour, and the softest water the greatest. At 4° of hardness the infusion was transparent, with no sensible muddiness; at 6° the transparency of the infusion began to be injured; at 12° there was a distinct muddiness; at 16° this muddiness had become very decided; and above 16° it was disgusting. No such muddiness appeared with any of the waters after pouring off the first infusion and making a second. With regard, again, to depth of colour, it is very worthy of remark, that whereas the greatest depth was observed in the first infusion in the softest water, and the least depth in the hardest, now, in the second infusion the same thing was observed again, with this difference, that in the harder waters the depth of colour was proportionally still less; not only absolutely less, as might be expected, but relatively less. In making these experiments, about half an ounce of tea was made use of with a pint of boiling water; so that you will understand the result if you suppose in each of two similar teapots half an ounce of tea be put, and over each a pint of boiling water, but in the one case at 4° of hardness, and in the other case at 16°, the infusion at 4° will turn out much stronger than the infusion at 16°: the infusion at 4° will be transparent; the infusion *at 16° will be offensively* muddy. But supposing you

pour off the first infusion, and make a second infusion, then the second infusion at 4° will be a little weaker in colour than the first infusion at 4°; while the second infusion at 16° will be of a still proportionally weaker colour than the first infusion at 16°. In short, hard water is bad for a first infusion, still worse for a second. The only way of making an infusion of tea with waters at 8°, 12°, or 16°, equally strong with an infusion by water at 4°, is to increase in each case materially the quantity of tea infused. Sub-carbonate of soda in crystals may be made use of in very small quantities, in order to soften the water, and make it fitter for the purpose of infusing tea; it produces this effect by decomposing the earthy salts present; but if made use of in any proportion beyond above what will exactly decompose the earthy salts present, the excess may indeed deepen the colour of the infusion—by dissolving some coloured vegetable extract, such as pure water would not dissolve—but it will infallibly injure the fine flavour of the tea to all persons not accustomed to the taste of soda in their tea.'

According to M. Soyer—who was requested by the General Board of Health to try the effects of hard and soft water in cooking, and was provided with solutions of known hardness for that purpose—the operation of hard water is prejudicial both to meat and vegetables.

From the foregoing experiments on tea, it will be seen that when water approaches to 8° of hardness, it begins to be decidedly unfavourable to the infusion. It may be stated generally, that for the purposes of washing and cooking a water of less than 6° is soft, but above this point the hardness becomes objectionable. At 8° the water is moderately hard, at 12° it is very hard, at 16° the hardness is excessive, and much above this it is intolerable. It must always be borne in mind, however, that a water reducible to 6° by ordinary boiling is not an extremely objectionable water, even although in its unboiled state it may have as much as 12° or 16° of hardness. But a water such that boiling will not reduce it to 6° may be reckoned as altogether unsuitable for a town supply.

To make these observations more intelligible, we may mention a few instances of known waters with their place in the scale. The water of the Dee at Aberdeen, which is used for the supply of the town, is 1½° of hardness; this is about the greatest softness ever found in a natural water, and is attributable to the granitic character of the river basin. The river Clyde, supplying Glasgow, is 4½°, and may also be reckoned a soft water. The Thames at London, as well as the New River, is about 13°, while many of the tributaries of the Thames rise as high as 16°; but being all chalk waters, they may be materially softened by boiling. Springs from the chalk commonly range from 16° to 18°; but particular springs are to be met with in some parts of the world four or five times as hard, from the presence of bicarbonate of lime. In many parts of the continent hard waters abound; but the testing of waters has not been so much attended to there as in this country. If, however, the hardness of continental waters were as great generally as it is known to be in some districts, a reason would be afforded for the comparatively limited use of tea in continental countries.

The operations of the General Board of Health have led to an extensive examination of the waters of England and Wales, which has yielded the

following important result, stated in the Board's Report on the Metropolitan Water Supply:—

'We had 424 different specimens of water from different parts of the country tested, and we find that, in respect to hardness, the following are the results:—

'1. Wells and springs (264 specimens), average hardness, 25°·86.

'2. Rivers and brooks (111 specimens), average hardness, 13°·05.

'3. Land and surface-drainage (49 specimens), average hardness, 4°·94.'

It thus appears that in England the hardness of springs in general is excessive; that a very large number of rivers have an injurious and exceptionable amount of hardness; and that surface waters may be collected in a state that is to be considered soft.

Alkalinity of Waters.

All the salts that exist in a water in the form of bicarbonates have an alkaline action when tested by litmus paper. Not the bicarbonates of the alkaline salts merely—those, namely, of soda and potash—but also the bicarbonates of the earths, lime and magnesia, have an alkaline character. The bicarbonate of lime, therefore, which is a cause of hardness, is also a cause of alkalinity. Professor Clark has made an important application of this fact, by introducing an alkaline test, to ascertain whether a lime salt present in a water be a sulphate or a carbonate of lime. The test for hardness, taken by itself, does not show what substance causes the hardening effect, and more especially it fails to point out whether the hardening salt can be precipitated by boiling. But should it be found that a water, whose saline contents are chiefly salts of lime, has an alkalinity as great as its hardness, it is evidently a chalk water, and not a gypsum water. Ten degrees of hardness due to chalk would cause 10° of alkalinity (one degree of alkalinity being what is caused by one grain of chalk dissolved in a gallon of water): 10° of hardness due to gypsum would show no alkalinity. The great use of the alkaline test is to distinguish between the carbonate and the sulphate of lime, or between the curable and the incurable hardness.

In the complete process of testing water introduced by Professor Clark, and employed on all waters tested for the General Board of Health, the hardness and alkalinity are determined in the water first unboiled, and next after boiling for two hours without loss by steam. The results of such an examination leave scarcely any practical point to be desired with reference to the mineral impurities of a water. Not merely is the hardness known, but the cause of it is ascertained, and also the effect of boiling in diminishing its amount. Some chemists are accustomed to ascertain also the total saline matter present by evaporation.

Presence of Lead in Water.

Injurious effects have frequently arisen from the contamination of water with lead, derived from leaden pipes and cisterns. Some kinds of water are known to act powerfully on a leaden surface, and the effect is ascribed by chemists to the carbonic *acid contained* in the water. Distilled water has a *very great power of absorbing* carbonic acid, and is remarkable for

wearing down leaden surfaces. Any excess of carbonic acid is sure to bring about a corroding action both on iron and on lead.

Water freely exposed to the air, and containing organic matter, acquires free carbonic acid. Should this water flow over a bed of lime, the carbonic acid will cause carbonate of lime to be dissolved, thereby forming the bicarbonate of lime, or the salt peculiar to chalk waters. In this way the carbonic acid will expend itself, and such a water will not be liable to act on lead. But when no bicarbonate is formed, the acid remains in its free state, and is a source of evil.

A remarkably soft water, obtained from Bagshot Heath, near Windsor, was found to have poisoned some of the Queen's hounds, and brought on painters' colic on one of the huntsmen. On this water Professor Clark has made the following interesting statement to the General Board of Health:—'Through the kindness of Sir James Clark, I obtained a specimen of this water, and in a few days came to the unexpected result that filtration would separate the lead. Thus a very simple practical means for separating lead, wherever it contaminates water, was discovered. This was in the summer of 1843. But the process first came into practical use in spring 1844. At a marine villa of Lord Aberdeen's, some of the servants suffered in health from lead in water derived from pipes. Sand filters were put up under my direction at this villa, and subsequently at Haddo House. On making inquiry recently at his lordship's agent in Aberdeen, I learn that the filters have been in use ever since, and that the waters have been tested from time to time, without any lead having been discovered in them.'

The above discovery as to the purification of water from lead depends on the fact, that the lead, although not always perceptible to the eye, is not usually dissolved in the water, but floats as a solid powder, and can therefore be arrested by a filter. In the cases where the lead happens to be dissolved, which are not so frequent, filtration would not remove it.

The accident with the Bagshot water has led to the supposition being taken up that hard waters do not act upon lead, and that the hardness being a minor evil, it should be tolerated, rather than run the risk of being poisoned with soft water. But it is found that soft waters do not act upon lead in proportion to their softness, and that the presence of a large amount of saline matter does not uniformly give exemption from lead. The Aberdeen water, of little more than one degree of hardness, and containing less than 3½ grains of solid matter, is found to have very little action on lead pipes; while waters of much greater mineral impurity have a very decided action. The fact is, that the Aberdeen water, being derived from a rapid river, the free carbonic acid is expelled by the agitation that it undergoes; for agitation is found by chemists to be an efficacious means of driving off this gas from a liquid solution; and, as a general rule, river waters contain no excess of carbonic acid. Moreover, there may be salts present with free carbonic acid in addition, in which case the salts will not prevent the corrosion of the lead.

In drawing water from lead pipes after it has stood for some time undisturbed, it is advisable to let the first portion of it run off before any is taken for use. With this precaution, little danger can arise from the use *of lead* in *pipes;* but either leaden *cisterns* should be wholly avoided, or

means taken to ascertain whether they contaminate the water; and if so, a remedy should be applied. The substitution of slate for lead in the lining of cisterns has been recommended by the best authorities.

Organic Impurities.

The contamination of water by vegetable and animal substances in a state of putrid decomposition, and by the minute forms of life bred among such impurities, takes place in various ways. The most obvious and abundant source of this class of ingredients is the sewage and refuse of towns, and next in order may be ranked the contact with soils rich in organic matter. Among organic impurities may be classed offensive gases, such as carburetted, sulphuretted, and phosphuretted hydrogen; vegetable fibres in a state of rottenness; putrefying products of the vegetable or animal kingdoms; starch, muscular fibre, &c.; urea and ammoniacal products; Vegetable Forms—algæ, confervæ, fungi, &c.; Animalcules—infusoria, entomostraceæ, annelidæ or worms, &c.

There may not be any very clear evidence as to the precise effects of these impurities on the animal system, but the single fact of their rendering the water repulsive to the taste, and nauseous to the stomach, is sufficient to condemn their use. There is, indeed, a very great probability that waters highly tainted with putrid matters and loathsome insects are a frequent cause of diarrhœa, especially in the hot months: the aggravation of the epidemic of last year by this means was shown in many instances. What is disagreeable to the senses must be presumed to be unwholesome in addition, until the contrary is proved; but the wholesomeness of water abounding in vegetation, insects, and decaying products, has never yet been affirmed by any competent judge.

Water falling on a growing soil, and running off the surface to lie in stagnant ponds, is in very favourable circumstances for being tainted with vegetation and animal life. Water-plants will spring up and feed numerous tribes of animalcules, and each pool will be a constant scene of vitality. In such a state the water is usually unfit for drinking; the palate instantly discerns a disagreeable taint, and no one will use it who can do better.

The surface water of a district overgrown with peat-moss has usually a peaty flavour, as well as a dark and dirty colour. The infusion of peat does not breed animalcules, it being the opposite of a putrid substance—that is, it rather arrests than promotes putrefactive decay—but it is an objectionable ingredient nevertheless. Slow filtration has been found to remove the colour of the infusion; but if the filtered water be exposed to boiling or evaporation, the colour returns, showing that the peaty matter has not been altogether removed. It is perhaps doubtful whether any specific unwholesomeness can be justly attributed to peat water; but it is unpalatable, and the use of it is shunned by the inhabitants of peaty districts, especially in the hot months of the year, and even by the cattle. The presence of peat in the lands used as collecting-grounds for surface water—and it is generally such worthless tracts which are so employed—is a disadvantage attending that mode of supply.

The most frequently-occurring source of impurity, as already stated, is the contamination *of wells and running* streams by sewage. A number of

important observations have been made by Dr Angus Smith of Manchester, on the waters supplied to London, at the request of the Metropolitan Sanitary Commission and the General Board of Health; and by these observations he has been able to trace the process of purification from such matters going on in nature—namely, the formation of the class of salts called nitrates, of which class saltpetre is a member. Matter that is at first in the state of impure decay, offensive to the senses, and productive of loathsome insects, becomes in course of time a stable and harmless product. Dr Smith was enabled to measure the quantity of organic impurity in the river Thames at different points by the amount of dissolved nitrate obtained from each point. He commenced his examination at the sources of the river, and continued it all the way to London Bridge, taking up specimens at successive stations. He found by this means that as the river became mixed with the sewage of the towns on its banks, the organic impurity increased accordingly, and with it the amount of nitrates, and other indications of such impurities.

Dr Smith found in some of the London wells an extraordinary amount of nitrates. The old well at Clerkenwell was found on examination to contain 148 grains of solid matter to the gallon, of which a part was nitrate of lime. If the filtration through the earth has been sufficiently prolonged to convert all the animal matter into nitrates, and to destroy other organic matter, the water will be pure, as far as the organic taint and the presence of animalcules are concerned, and will in fact be neither disagreeable nor unwholesome. Hence it may happen that wells deriving part of their supply even from water that has been in contact with cesspools and churchyards, may be fit for use—the organic matter having gone through its final transformation, and settled down into a mere mineral impurity. The process of natural filtration through beds of earthy matter is particularly favourable to the destruction of vegetable and animal remains. But in the rivers, the nitrates which represent the last stage of decaying matter are accompanied with the matter itself in its offensive condition.

Dr Smith proved by direct experiment that decomposing organic matter passed through a filtering bed was changed into nitric acid. 'A jar, open at both ends, such as is used with an air-pump, was filled with sand and some putrid yeast, which contained no nitric acid, was mixed with pure water, and poured on the sand, and allowed to filter through. The production of nitric acid was abundant.' The process that takes place in an open river, as above described in the Thames, goes on much more rapidly and effectually in a natural or artificial filter-bed; and hence the fact of the purification of wells in bad neighbourhoods.

We are thus made acquainted with one of the ways employed in nature for the purification of water from organic taints of the worst description. If sufficient time be allowed for the work, a perfect transformation of the offensive remains of living bodies into inoffensive mineral products will always take place; and slow filtration will tend to hasten the process. In the river Thames, near London, the contamination goes on at a rate far beyond the power of natural purification in the open stream, and the water continually abounds with matter in every stage of decay. But in respect to other sources of water supply, a knowledge of this purifying process is

important in allaying apprehensions as to the impurity of wells and springs suspected of too close proximity to drainage or other cause of pollution. If a tolerably thick bed intervene, the chances are, that a complete purification will be effected during the percolation; and at all events the water ought not to be pronounced bad on mere suspicion, nor until some of the decisive traces of organic impurity are apparent. On the other hand, mere surface waters, whether stagnant pools or running streams, are always liable to contain the untransformed and offensive kinds of animal and vegetable contamination.

Living Products of Organic Impurity.

We have already made repeated allusions to the occurrence of living vegetation and animals in water, of which some forms are visible to the naked eye, while innumerable others are disclosed by the microscope. These products in the London waters have been carefully studied by Dr Arthur Hassall, who has given valuable information respecting them, bearing on the practical arrangements for maintaining the purity of a town supply.

Dr Hassall states that the deeper wells, and spring water in general, contain little or no living organic matter. Consequently it is quite possible to obtain a liquid perfectly free from animalcules and vegetation; and it is not true that every drop of water teems with life. The presence of living creatures, vegetable or animal, discernible either by the naked eye or by the microscope, is a proof of organic taint in the water, and is one of the tests of this kind of impurity.

With respect to rain water, Dr Hassall states, in his evidence before the General Board of Health—'I have made several examinations of rain water immediately after its descent to the earth, obtained in both town and country, and can confidently assert that it does not, in general, contain any form of living vegetable or animal matter. In procuring rain water for microscopic examination, it is necessary, however, that certain precautions should be adopted in its collection: thus the vessel into which it is to be received should be placed far away from houses or other buildings, and also raised some two feet above the surface of the earth; or otherwise, in some cases, the drops of rain will bring down from the roofs and sides of houses sporules and filaments of *confervæ*, the ova of *infusoria*, &c. the former of which are frequently very abundant on damp walls, sheds, palings, trees, &c.'

Thus although rain water has a strong tendency to take up organic impurities, and become tainted, it is proved that it is not in any sensible degree contaminated when it first reaches the ground: at the moment of its fall it is the purest water that nature presents, being surpassed only by distilled water.

The conditions necessary for the development of vegetation and animalcules, over and above the presence of matter for them to feed on, are *air*, *light*, and *stillness*.

With regard to the probable effects on health of living creatures contained in water, we have already remarked that precise information is wanting; but Dr Hassall's observations on this head are worthy of attention:—'All living *matter contained in* water used for drink, since it is in

no way necessary to it, and is not present in the purest waters, is to be regarded as so much contamination and impurity—is therefore more or less injurious, and is consequently to be avoided. There is yet another view to be taken of the presence of these creatures in water—namely, that where not injurious themselves, they are yet to be regarded as tests of the impurity of the water in which they are found.'

Tests of Organic Matter.

With regard to the modes of detecting the presence and measuring the amount of organic matter in waters, it is to be observed that none of them reach the accuracy of the tests for hardness, alkalinity, and mineral impurities in general. Hence the comparison of the merits of different specimens cannot be made with the same rigour as in the case of the other class of impurities. But at the same time there is no great difficulty in ascertaining that such matter is actually present, and there are means of approximating to the comparative amount.

1. The first method is that followed so successfully by Dr Hassall—namely, microscopic observation. The occurrence of the vegetable species and animalcules above-described is an infallible proof of the presence of organic impurity in its worst stages—that is, in the act of putrid decomposition, or in the course towards this consummation. These plants and animals feed upon the remains of other plants and animals, and cannot subsist upon mineral matter alone. A water is not perfectly pure if a single living being can live and procreate in it, and in proportion to the abundance of life is the amount of the impurity. The stagnant pond overgrown with gross slimy vegetation, and swarming with insect life and with innumerable microscopic animalcules, gives the highest possible evidence of its pollution. Moreover, in addition to the mere number of creatures that can be maintained on the foreign matters present in water, Dr Hassall has pointed out the fact, that particular species of creatures belong only to certain degrees and circumstances of pollution, so that the occurrence of a single specimen of such species stamps the character of a water at once. One species of the *paramecium* he designates as the Thames *paramecium*, because he found it in all waters derived from the Thames in the immediate neighbourhood of London.

From what has already been said, it will be apparent that in using the microscopic test regard must be had to the season, temperature, and other circumstances favouring the growth of living beings. If waters are to be compared with one another on the point of organic pollution, they must be examined under nearly the same conditions. The months of July, August, and September present the animalcular activity in greatest force, and during those months the examination of water by the microscope should be made. A water may show no living beings in the winter, and yet be far from pure; while, on the other hand, some streams, like the Thames, contain life all the year round, and differ in different seasons only in the number of species and of individuals.

The microscope will show the pollution of water from sewers by bringing into view solid particles that may be identified as belonging to the effete remains flowing away in the drainage of towns. Such matters were abundantly detected by Dr Hassall in his examination of the London waters.

There is a certain stage of pollution attained in the sewer water of the metropolis which is fatal to animal life, and consequently where animalcules cannot be detected. The poisonous gases (sulphuretted hydrogen, &c.) which make part of the contamination complained of in polluted water, are in this case too strong and too highly-concentrated for any species of living beings to exist in the midst of them. Dilution must take place before life can begin to appear.

2. The most usual chemical method of testing for organic impurity is to evaporate the water to dryness, and then to expose the solid residue to a red heat, so as to consume and dissipate everything but the earthy or saline portions. If the solid matter were weighed before being heated, and again weighed after the dissipation of the volatile ingredients, the difference would show what amount had been driven off; and this difference is set down as organic matter, while what remains is taken as the total earthy matter present. For example, if by evaporating a known fraction of a gallon of water, it were found that the total solid matter per gallon amounted to 12 grains, and that 9 grains remained after driving off the volatile portion, 3 grains would be reckoned as organic matter, and the remaining 9 grains earthy matter, contributing to the hardness, alkalinity, or other mineral quality of the water. When the amount of organic matter obtained in this way rises as high as 4 grains per gallon, it begins to be considered as excessive; while as much as 8 or 10 grains would form a most offensive degree of impurity.

The objections to estimating the organic matter by the loss on heating to redness are—1. That carbonate of magnesia, and even, when in contact with organic matter, carbonate of lime, may lose carbonic acid; 2. Chloride of magnesium, and possibly chloride of calcium, may give off some muriatic acid; 3. Nitrates, more especially in contact with organic matter, will lose oxygen (which, though the opposite to organic matter, will be reckoned as organic matter), and lose perhaps also their acid; 4. That some salts, particularly gypsum, will give off a last portion of water, very difficult to be separated at a lower than a red heat; 5. That some of the salts, particularly common salt, are apt to be volatilised at a red heat; 6. And finally, that the loss from these, and perhaps other causes, is apt to be proportional to the saline matter operated upon; so that the amount of error in heating to redness twenty-five grains of saline matter has a chance to be five times more than upon five grains; and consequently, the error on the estimate of the organic matter from the result thus obtained has a chance of being also five times greater.

3. The following method of ascertaining the presence of organic impurity has been practised by Mr Homersham the engineer:—Fill a stoppered bottle nearly full of the water, and put it aside in some dark place where it will experience a temperature of about 70° of Fahrenheit. After allowing it to stand a few weeks, draw the stopper, and apply the nose to the mouth of the bottle; if the water smells in any perceptible degree, it may be pronounced a tainted water.

4. Forchhammer has introduced a method of testing organic impurity by means of the decoloration of oxymanganate of potash. When this process has been so matured as to express degrees of a scale of impurity, it is believed capable *of becoming a very* effective test.

QUALITIES OF WATER FOR DRINKING.

On this subject we can do nothing better than present the following carefully-considered statement, occurring in Professor Clark's evidence before the Health of Towns Commission:—

'In the first place, the particular kind of water that is agreeable is dependent very much on the habits of the drinker. If you are accustomed, exclusively, for a certain time to a hard water, you acquire a liking for hard water; if to a soft, you acquire a liking for soft, just as habit varies the taste for other beverages. Putting the effect of habit out of the question, one circumstance, which I think is most material for water to be agreeable, is the temperature, especially in warm weather, when good water to drink is most prized. It has been supposed that water, such as is used in this town (London), being exposed in a room for some time, loses a portion of its carbonic acid. Everybody knows that water which has been in a sitting-room is not so agreeable as when first drawn; but I am quite satisfied that whatever be the cause of its becoming less agreeable, it is not in general the loss of the carbonic acid; for I am quite certain that there is not in any of the waters about London an excess of carbonic acid over and above what is necessary to form the bicarbonates present. I think the main point affecting the agreeableness of a water, as far as I have seen in examining water accounted agreeable in this town, is the temperature. In summer-time you have the spring waters, when fresh drawn, cool. You can have other waters rendered more agreeable than they are in summer-time, if you take the pains of cooling them to the same degree as the spring water. You must not have the water too cool either, otherwise it is unpleasant as well as unsafe to drink; but an average temperature of the climate, which is about 50° Fahrenheit, is a very agreeable temperature for water. So far as the presence of carbonic acid will add to the agreeableness of water—and it does so to many tastes—that quality can be imparted to any water by the simple expedient of adding a very small quantity of soda water. No doubt there are circumstances that make water offensive, particularly the presence of vegetable matter in a state of change, whether that matter be undergoing putrefaction or a vegetating process of any kind. In any such case I reckon the water polluted, and the taste is entirely tainted and offensive, especially to persons not accustomed to drink such water. But if water be free from taint, be of a sufficiently low temperature, and be not absolutely deprived of wholesome gaseous matter, I think it has most of the qualities proper to render it agreeable, allowing for the variations in taste that are acquired. If all these conditions contributing to the agreeableness of a water exist, then I think that such persons as have been accustomed to drink various kinds of water will be found to prefer a water containing little saline matter to another containing much; if a contrary impression has been usually entertained, it is owing to some of the other circumstances affecting agreeableness having been overlooked. At the present time (the month of June), in order to obtain good drinking water for London, I would recommend the use of water that has been boiled, cooled, treated with carbonic acid by the addition of a little soda water, and then iced to a temperature rather under 50° Fahrenheit; but all this pains to obtain good water cannot

be taken by the poor, or even by the generality of families in the middle classes. I think that if the means were taken by the existing water companies, water only requiring to be a little cooled in the heat of summer to be fit for drinking by all classes might be supplied—and should.'

It is not generally suspected that the universal preference of spring water for drinking depends to a great degree on the accidental suitableness of its temperature for this purpose—a quality which of all others is the most easily affected and the most readily controlled. Surface waters and rivers have a repulsive coldness in winter, and a disagreeable, unstimulating warmth in summer; and at both extremes they would require to be artificially treated before being employed as a beverage. The icing of water down to the freezing-point in summer is not advisable; the use of a thermometer to ascertain when it has reached 48° would be much more to the purpose. Water should never be drunk below 45°.

Spring water is notable for containing a large quantity of atmospheric air, and occasionally of carbonic acid, which seems to contribute materially to its agreeableness as a drink. Exposure and agitation cause the loss of a large quantity of this dissolved air, and by so much tend to render the water vapid. Effervescing drinks owe their stimulating effect to an overdose of carbonic acid evolved in them by a chemical action. There is an easy means of giving a slight charge of carbonic acid to any water containing dissolved carbonates (probably one of the most prevalent ingredients of water), by dropping in a few drops of dilute muriatic acid; acid of the specific gravity of 1·10 may be recommended for this purpose. If the water be first boiled, in order effectually to destroy all organic taint, and if, after cooling down, it be slightly acidulated in this manner, the carbonic acid evolved will very sensibly enliven it and enhance its quality as a drink. In such water as the Artesian-well water of London, containing a large amount of carbonate of soda, this application would be found very effective. There is a form of vessel used by chemists for the express purpose of letting a liquor run out drop by drop; and with this the acid may easily be dropped into the water vessel.*

CHOICE OF A TOWN SUPPLY.

Too great pains cannot be taken in the first choice of water for a town supply. The whole district should be carefully searched, and the qualities and amount of every available source accurately tested. With the means now at command for examining waters, it is possible to fix upon the best within reach; so that, in fact, the most distant posterity may not be able to improve upon the supply. The expense incurred in the first determination of the best source should be held as nothing in comparison with the importance of settling the point once and for ever.

* Some care is necessary in obtaining muriatic acid for such a purpose, and still more in the extensive use now made of it in the baking of unleavened bread, to make sure that it is perfectly free from arsenic. The effectual mode of testing for arsenic is to pass sulphuretted hydrogen gas through the acid, *having first heated it to the temperature of* 200°. If the liquor remain perfectly transparent, its purity may be relied on. *Arsenic would at once* produce a yellow precipitate.

The survey of a district for the choice of a water should be made both by an engineer and chemist; and each of the two should have special knowledge and experience on the question in point. The examination ought to be conducted under a variety of circumstances—after rain, and after drought, and especially during the warm months of July, August, or September, when every kind of surface water suffers most deterioration. All the accurate tests for mineral matter should be applied; the hardness and alkalinity determined, and the effect of boiling ascertained. If a soft water cannot be procured, it is best to choose the water that is softest after prolonged boiling. A water which neither boiling nor any other method can reduce below 6° of hardness, is to be looked upon as highly objectionable; and one rising above 6° in its natural state is, if possible, to be avoided. If the excessive hardness in any case be due principally to carbonate of lime, there is a method of softening, to which we shall presently advert, so simple and easy, that such a water may be adopted without hesitation, if otherwise eligible.

Particular care must be bestowed on the testing for organic impurity; and the summer and autumn months should be selected for this purpose. The tests above given are quite sufficient to show whether the amount of this species of impurity be so excessive as to disqualify the water for domestic use. If the water be surface water, and has not been exposed for a length of time to natural purification, as in a river of large volume, organic impurity in the hot months is to be almost presumed, and the only question will be one of degree.

The greatest blessing that can happen to a town is to have an abundant supply of soft water from springs. Spring water being always free from organic impurity, having an even and admirably-adjusted temperature throughout the year, and being well aired and of sparkling brightness, it requires only the addition of the quality of softness, and freedom from saline matters generally, to make it absolute perfection for every ordinary purpose of water.

The common case with springs, however, is to show a considerable amount of saline constituents, and those of the hardening kind. In such circumstances there is a choice of difficulties. But, in the first place, the hardness may be removable by the methods already alluded to. In the second place, if the hardness is not removable, a compromise may be made by employing surface or river water of the requisite softness for washing, cooking, &c. and resorting to the springs for drinking water.

In every case of the public supply being from surface drainage or rivers, the springs and wells of the town should be religiously preserved, and made available for the drink of the population. No other water is well adapted for a beverage in the extreme seasons of the year; and it is preferable to every other water at any season. There should be always a sprinkling of wells in a town in addition to the pipe water carried into every house, if that water is not directly obtained from springs: these wells should be maintained at the public expense, and protected from the contamination of drainage, cesspools, and burying-grounds. It should be within the power of every inhabitant of the town to procure at all times a cooling draught fresh from the fountains of mother earth. This precaution was generally overlooked when the new method of extending pipe water to every house

was first introduced in towns; but after a few years' experience of river supplies, attention is again directed to the preservation of the wells as the only sources of a pure and exhilarating beverage, unaffected by the vicissitudes of the seasons. It is not possible in the summer months to obtain a water of the proper coolness, and free from vegetation and animalcules, except from springs.

The muddiness of a water is of course an objectionable quality, but it may not be an insuperable objection. If it is perfectly removable by the ordinary sand-filters, it need not stand in the way of a water's being adopted; but there are forms of muddiness that filtration may not clear. The diffusion of fine impalpable clay is almost incurable; and a still greater evil is the slimy matter caused by an excess of organic impurities in the hot months. This kind of solid impurity is extremely difficult to remove by any of the ordinary methods of filtration.

The chalk formations, which yield river waters of about 16° of hardness, contain also springs of the same or still greater hardness, having all the good qualities of spring water, and objectionable only on account of the hardness. The precipitation of the chalk by softening processes leaves those waters in a very high state of purity, and in every way suited for a domestic supply. A softened chalk water is found to be very remarkable for its clearing qualities, and is thus strongly recommended to dyers and calico-printers, as well as for washing purposes generally. When water is derived from the chalk, therefore, the shallow springs are to be preferred to the rivers, being free from organic matter, and often no worse in respect of hardness.

There is a peculiarity attending both the chalk and sandstone waters—namely, their tendency to favour vegetation when kept in shallow ponds. It is found necessary in filtering a chalk water, such as the Thames, to have the water on the filter not less than six feet deep, otherwise plants would take root and choke the filtering bed. But a sufficient depth of reservoir is in all cases a protection against this particular tendency.

The following statement from Professor Clark's evidence exhibits in a strong light the importance of the quality of *softness* in the water chosen for a town supply:—

'The hard water has a tendency to discourage washing of clothes among the poorer classes, and to bring on them great expense in clothes. This consideration bears very closely on the clothing of women and children; and I rather think that if manufacturers of the articles of clothing worn by women and children in a district supplied with hard water—this very London, for example—were consulted, it would appear that they are obliged to supply articles of such dark dyes as will not let the dirtiness be seen. Now to substitute the art of concealing dirt for a habit of cleanliness not only is unfavourable to health and comfort, but is unfriendly to a decent self-respect; yet an observant eye cast on the women and children of the poorer classes in London may discover that such has been the result here.'

In corroboration of this last remark, the following quotation is given from Raumer's England in 1835:—'We returned to the beautiful St James's Park, went through the Green Park to Hyde Park, then into Kensington Gardens, and back to Hyde Park, favoured by the weather,

of the iron into the solid form. Now not only does soluble carbonate of iron tend to become insoluble peroxide, by exposure to air, but the action of organic matter upon iron forms an insoluble compound, which a filter will remove. The entire purification of water containing iron has in actual instances been effected by filtration.

Water highly charged with organic matter may be partially purified by an ordinary filter, inasmuch as part of the impure ingredient may exist in the solid shape as diffused muddy particles. Dissolved organic matter is not removed at the usual rate of filtration; a tainted water will show its taint and breed animalcules after passing through the filter. Whether a slower mode of filtration, more analogous to the natural process that spring water is subjected to, may be introduced into practice on a large scale remains yet to be seen.

CLARK'S PROCESS OF SOFTENING CHALK WATERS.

When the hardness of a water is principally due to chalk or carbonate of lime, which is the case with the waters about London, and over several English counties, nearly the whole of the matter may be thrown down by a simple method discovered and reduced to a workable shape by Professor Clark. The following is an outline of the process given in his own words:—

'To understand the nature of the process, it will be necessary to advert, in a general way, to a few long-known chemical properties of the familiar substance chalk; for chalk at once forms the bulk of the chemical impurity that the process will separate from water, and is the material whence the ingredient for effecting the separation will be obtained. In water, chalk is almost or altogether insoluble, but it may be rendered soluble by either of two processes of an opposite kind. When burned, as in a kiln, chalk loses weight. If dry and pure, only nine ounces will remain out of a pound of sixteen ounces. These nine ounces will be soluble in water, but they will require not less than forty gallons of water for entire solution. Burnt chalk is called quicklime, and water holding quicklime in solution is called limewater. The solution thus named is perfectly clear and colourless. The seven ounces lost by a pound of chalk on being burned consist of carbonic acid gas—that gas which, being dissolved under compression by water, forms what is called soda water.

'The other mode of rendering chalk soluble in water is nearly the reverse. In the former mode, a pound of chalk becomes dissolved in water in consequence of losing seven ounces of carbonic acid. To dissolve in the second mode, not only must the pound of chalk not lose the seven ounces of carbonic acid that it contains, but it must combine with seven additional ounces of that acid. In such a state of combination chalk exists in the waters of London, dissolved, invisible, and colourless, like salt in water. A pound of chalk, dissolved in 560 gallons of water by seven ounces of carbonic acid, would form a solution not sensibly different, in ordinary use, from the filtered water of the Thames, in the average state of that river. Chalk, which chemists call carbonate of lime, becomes what they call bicarbonate of lime when it is dissolved in water by carbonic acid.

'Any limewater may be mixed with another, and any solution of bicar-

bonate of lime with another, without any change being produced. The clearness of the mixed solutions would be undisturbed. Not so, however, if limewater be mixed with a solution of bicarbonate of lime. Very soon a haziness appears, this deepens into a whiteness, and the mixture soon acquires the appearance of a well-mixed whitewash. When the white matter ceases to be produced, it subsides, and in process of time leaves the water above perfectly clear. The subsided matter is nothing but chalk.

'What occurs in this operation will be understood if we suppose that one pound of chalk, after being burned to nine ounces of quicklime, is dissolved, so as to form forty gallons of limewater; that another pound is dissolved by seven ounces of extra carbonic acid, so as to form 560 gallons of a solution of bicarbonate of lime; and that the two solutions are mixed, making up together 600 gallons. The nine ounces of quicklime, from the one pound of chalk, unite with the seven extra ounces of carbonic acid that hold the other pound of chalk in solution. These nine ounces of quicklime and seven ounces of carbonic acid form sixteen ounces—that is, one pound of chalk, which, being insoluble in water, becomes visible at the same time that the other pound of chalk, being deprived of the extra seven ounces of carbonic acid that kept it in solution, reappears. Both pounds of chalk will be found at the bottom after subsidence. The 600 gallons of water will remain above, clear and colourless, without holding in solution any sensible quantity either of quicklime or of bicarbonate of lime. The weight of chalk separated from the whole waters of the several companies (of the metropolis), estimated at 40,000,000 of imperial gallons, would be about twenty-four tons a day, or 9000 tons a year.'*

This process has been repeatedly exhibited by the inventor on a small scale, and it is now in regular operation on the large scale at Messrs Hoyle and Sons' Printworks, Mayfield, Manchester. Some trials of the process have recently been made at the Chelsea Water-Works. We have been shown a written note of the principal results of the experiments, drawn up by the engineer that conducted them—Mr James Simpson, junior. He says, 'the process seems to work better, and the deposit to take place more quickly, on the large scale than in the laboratory; and the larger the scale, the more prompt the deposit. The deposit appears to consist, not of a precipitate in powder, but of well-defined minute crystals of kalk-spar, which enlarge and fall better, in proportion, as the mixture receives more agitation.'

When tried upon specimens of water derived from chalk springs near Watford, it was found capable of reducing the hardness from 17° to 3°. The time required for the precipitation of the chalk and the clearing of the water is less than twelve hours in a water such as is found in the neighbourhood of London. If there be any mechanical or organic impurities in addition to the chalk, or any colouring matter, these are involved in the precipitate, and carried down along with it. In the case of the Thames water much more is removed than the mere chalk. Organic compounds are withdrawn from solution, insects and animalcules are destroyed, and mud carried to the bottom.

* A New Process for Purifying the Waters supplied to the Metropolis by the Existing Water-Companies. 4th edition. London: Published by R. and J. E. Taylor, Red Lion Street, Fleet Street. 1849.

The Messrs Hoyle adopted the process solely for the sake of its collateral effect in freeing the water from organic matter; and it has been perfectly successful—the success in this respect of course implying success in its main object, for it is only through the precipitation of the chalk that the organic matter is carried down. They state regarding the process—'We operate upon several hundreds of thousands of gallons daily, and we have observed nothing in our operations to lead us to doubt that the process would work well on the largest scale.'

The process, which is essentially an inexpensive one, has been recommended by the General Board of Health to various towns coming under their inspection, in accordance with the provisions of the Public Health Act, and two of the new schemes brought before parliament last session for the supply of water to the metropolis involved its application. With such a process to fall back upon, the inhabitants of London have no need to want a soft and pure water supply.

STORAGE AND DISTRIBUTION OF WATER.

In the intermediate stages between the source of a water and the houses of its consumers, much may be done in the way of either preserving or impairing its purity. The whole of the arrangements for transmitting and distributing the supply are purely of an engineering character; but the works of the engineer have to be controlled by considerations as to the properties of water.

The extent of the storage in reservoirs depends on the nature of the supply. If water is derived from perennial springs, whose minimum flow equals the maximum demand, the storage may be the least possible. If a river is the source, the reservoirs should be large enough to hold such a stock as will carry the consumers over the periods when the river is polluted by rains; they should also be large, on the principle of allowing time for purification by subsidence, especially if artificial filtration be not employed. In places where the supply is obtained from surface drainage, the practice has been to build reservoirs capable of containing a five or six months' supply, it being necessary to provide against the greatest droughts that ever happen in any season.

The reservoirs should be deep, so as to prevent vegetation, and the lining should be of some material that vegetation will not take root in. It is also desirable to shelter them from the action of the sun, which would otherwise raise the temperature and develop animalcules.

In distributing water over a town, two different methods have been adopted, known respectively as the *intermittent* and the *constant* systems of supply. On the intermittent system water is laid on once a day, or once in two days or three days, as the case may be, and fills a tank attached to every separate house, generally low down in the kitchen area, and from this tank the water is drawn off as required. On the constant system no tank is needed, but the house-pipes are kept constantly charged through their unbroken connection with the distributing reservoir. The intermittent supply is employed everywhere in the metropolis; but it is almost universally admitted that the other system is vastly superior in every

respect; and in consequence all new works are erected on this system. The disadvantages of the intermittent practice have been strongly set forth in all the recent official reports on sanitary improvement: the expense of the erection and repair of cisterns, the trouble requisite to keep them clean, the contamination of the water by the neighbourhood of sources of pollution, the frequent waste of water that occurs, the difficulties imposed on the poorer class of tenements where cisterns are not provided—are a few of the objections urged against this mode of supply. Dr Hassall's examination of the cistern water of London revealed a frightful amount of pollution—the consequence of placing water already impure in circumstances where the impurity is still further aggravated.

The system of intermittent supply is usually accompanied with the practice of extra charges for high service—that is, if a water is carried to a cistern at the top of a house, instead of being led to the tank in the area, an addition is made to the water rent. For example, the Grand Junction Water-Works Company in London charge 76 per cent. extra for carrying water to the third floor, 59 per cent. to the second floor, 43 per cent. to the first floor, and 26 per cent. to the entrance floor. These charges necessarily operate as a discouragement to the laying on of water to supply baths and water-closets anywhere above the level of the sunk floor. The employment of wooden pipes, which could not bear a high pressure, was the original cause of the low service, and it has been continued after the introduction of metallic pipes. The companies gain exceedingly little by the mode of separate charging for the high service, while the public are deprived of very great conveniences. The method of making a separate charge for baths and water-closets is likewise found to be of little profit to the companies, and of great mischief to the consumers: it only tends to retard the general introduction of these indispensable articles of health and comfort.

It is scarcely necessary to advert to the advantages of laying on water on every individual tenement, over the method of common stand-pipes, where time and labour are wasted for no good. The cost of house-service is so trifling that there is no object gained in obliging the inhabitants to go to the street for their supply. Moreover, the system of stand-pipes is found to be attended with very great waste of water.

As an example of the cost of a public water supply, we may quote the case of Aberdeen, where the works have not been rendered by any circumstance unusually expensive. The supply is administered by the commissioners of police, and is paid for by a public rate. The houses that have no private service contribute 6d. a pound rental, while for private service 9d. a pound is charged extra, being 1s. 3d. on the whole. A house rented at £5, and rated at £4, would pay 2s. a year for access to the public stand-pipes, and 5s. a year for private service. The water-rate at an average of the population is 1s. 2d. a-head, and the amount supplied 12 gallons a-head. Compare this with the water-rate of the metropolis, which is at an average £1, 10s. per house, and upwards of 4s. a-head. It would, however, hardly be possible to supply London at the same rate as Aberdeen—considering the inferior natural position, the magnitude, and the complicated arrangements of the former—but the difference here given is enormous and uncalled for.

ADMINISTRATION OF THE WATER SUPPLY.

In some towns the public water supply has been lodged in the hands of private companies, and in others it has been committed to the public authorities charged with other works relating to the public health—as, for example, drainage, and surface paving and cleansing. Experience has shown that this last method, if instituted from the first, is the best for the public. Private companies, requiring to reimburse themselves for their outlay, must lay an extra charge upon the consumers as profit; but what is of still more consequence, they can only supply on the voluntary principle: hence the poorest class are apt to be neglected if their landlords grudge the cost of the service. Corporations, on the other hand, make no profits, and are armed with powers to carry their supply everywhere, and to exact payment by compulsion.

But the partition of the different public works relating to the health of a town among different authorities is found to be a great obstruction to their effective management. In the metropolis it happens at present that no less than four jurisdictions come to be exercised on the same spot—on a line of street, for example. One body has the charge of the street's crust —the forming and cleansing of the pavement; another has charge of the sewers; a third has the power of entry to lay water-pipes; and a fourth comes and breaks open the street to supply gas. Interference and obstruction are the inevitable result; and the want of a common understanding in laying open the streets is particularly injurious to the character of the pavement, and the convenience of the traffic.

The General Board of Health have laid much stress on the combination of works of drainage with the water supply—the one being, as it were, the continuation of the other. They represent, that had the two been under the same management in the metropolis, in addition to other advantages the water would have been less wasted than it is found to be.

In many of the cases where the management of the water supply has fallen into private hands, and thus become detached from the related works, embracing the interests of the public health, complaints have arisen, and a desire manifested to transfer the management to a public body. But the rights of a company established under an act of parliament cannot easily be set aside, and must in general be purchased at a price beyond their actual present value to the town. Admitting, therefore, the expediency of putting the water supply into the hands of the public authorities in all cases where it is instituted *de novo*, the existence of a company with a large expended capital alters the circumstances considerably. Should the inhabitants of any town resolve to obtain better terms from an existing company than they may have at present, three courses are open to them:—

1. Purchase of the works and interest of the company. This will invariably be a sacrifice to the town to some extent; and the expenditure may be so great as to render it impossible both to improve and cheapen the supply. At Manchester the supply has been transferred to the corporation by purchase; and from the amount paid to the old proprietors, the water-rate must be burthened for ever with a charge for works that no longer

serve the public. The expediency of this method must depend entirely on the nature of the bargain that can be made with the companies. To give them what they would consider a fair price for their plant would sometimes be grossly unfair to the public, and not the most economical way of obtaining the end sought.

2. Another method is to set up a new company under conditions and restrictions such as to give to the public security for good water at a reasonable price. If the kind of water to be supplied were agreed upon, and a maximum rate fixed, the new company would enter the field, and compel the existing company to come to the same terms. This would be to have recourse to competition under a guarantee against the practice, so universal with rival companies, of coming to an understanding, and raising the prices higher than ever. Without some such guarantee the public may lose, but they never can gain, by competition. The 'multiplication of capitals on the same field of supply' causes a loss somewhere, and either the capitalists or the public must bear it. The principle of establishing a new competing company, with restrictions and conditions for protecting the public, has been lately applied in the introduction of a gas supply into the city of London. There will be cases where this plan is a much less evil than buying up existing works at a price far beyond their value.

3. The remaining method is that contained in the provisions of the Public Health, and is carried into operation in all towns where that act is applied. The Local Board of Health in each place is empowered to supply the inhabitants with water, and to carry it into every house, under restriction as to charge; and in providing this supply they are, in the first place, to endeavour to contract with an existing company, if there be a company; but if the company refuse to grant a supply on reasonable terms, the Board may erect works, and obtain a supply independent of the company. In case of a dispute as to terms, the General Board of Health are to be referee in the first instance; and should their award be refused, arbitration is resorted to in a manner provided for in the act. The power thus conferred on the Local Boards of Health is in general found sufficient to secure reasonable terms from existing companies; and the expensive process of purchasing the old works is avoided, while the distribution of the water is put under public control, and every house is secured in a supply. This device may be employed wherever the Public Health Act is introduced; and it may be taken as representing what the wisdom of parliament deems best to be done under the circumstances.

WATER SUPPLY OF THE METROPOLIS.

The supply of water to the vast population of the metropolis has been a subject of anxiety for many years, and is especially so at the present moment. The actual supply is in the hands of nine private companies, who derive it either from the Thames or from streams of the chalk formation. The Thames water has a hardness varying from 11 to 13 degrees on Clark's scale, and is always charged more or less with organic impurity. The system of keeping it in tanks tends to further deterioration; and if to these causes we add the neglect of filtration by most of the companies, it

may be readily supposed that the inhabitants in some parts have to use a very objectionable water.

The General Board of Health having been directed by government to investigate the whole question, made their Report to parliament in May 1850. The Board adverted fully to the defects of the existing supply, and without entering into the merits of the schemes propounded by other parties for obtaining an improved supply, they broached the idea of deriving a quantity of water sufficient for the entire metropolis, and unobjectionable in quality, from a tract of barren sandy land in the county of Surrey, part of which is known as the Bagshot Sands. But before alluding more particularly to this plan, we will state briefly the nature of the other schemes at present before the public for the same purpose.

1. One method is to derive a supply from the Thames at a higher point than the source of any of the existing supplies. One party has fixed upon Henley as the proper point, and another would take it still higher—at Maple Durham. The distance of Maple Durham from London is nearly forty miles; and the water obtained there would escape the contamination, not of the London sewage merely, but also of the sewage of the other populous towns higher up on its banks. The promoters of the Maple-Durham scheme propose to soften the water by Clark's method; the promoters of the Henley scheme—who brought a bill into parliament last session, which was thrown out in consequence of the opposition of the government—did not undertake to soften the water; but there can be no doubt that any fresh supply from the chalk would be unsatisfactory if it were not first softened by this very cheap and effectual process. It is pretty certain that water taken so near the sources of the Thames, and deprived of three-fourths of its chalk, would be, as far as quality is concerned, an eligible supply.

2. The second method consists in resorting to chalk springs, or to the sources of the river waters about the metropolis, where a supply of water entirely free of organic impurity may be obtained, and having no objectionable point except the hardness. But the hardness of pure chalk waters can be almost wholly removed by the softening process, and the spring water thus treated becomes of the highest degree of purity. A company has been formed to provide a supply on this principle from springs at Bushey Meadows, near Watford, for the benefit of the north-western division of London. The lime process reduces the hardness of this water from 17 to 3¼ degrees of hardness, which, in fact, may be accounted a perfectly soft water; and there being no organic impurity, the water would be in all respects of first-rate quality. The even temperature of springs would belong to it: and while probably containing no excess of carbonic acid to act on the pipes, it would be found to have the amount of dissolved atmospheric air usual in spring water. The Watford springs would supply only a fraction of the metropolis: but similar springs exist in many other parts of the London basin. The principle of the supply is, to mount to the springs that feed the rivers, instead of taking the rivers themselves.

3. Captain Vetch, an engineer in the service of the government, and one of the metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers, has, in his evidence before the General Board of Health, given as the results of a survey of the rivers about the metropolis the following as eligible sources of supply:—First, the river

Lea near Hertford, from which an aqueduct 14 miles long might bring in a supply of 7,000,000 of cubic feet per day, and deliver it at an elevation of 140 feet above Trinity high-water mark; second, the river Darenth, south of the Thames, and below London, to be conveyed in an aqueduct 13 miles long, and to bring in a supply of 3,000,000 of cubic feet per day; third, the river Colne, to be conveyed in an aqueduct 12 miles long, and to bring in 3,000,000 of cubic feet; fourth, the river Mole, to be connected with the metropolis by an aqueduct 15 miles long, to bring in from a point on the course of that river, a little way above the village of Betchworth, about 3,000,000 of cubic feet per day. Captain Vetch's supply would thus amount to 16,000,000 of cubic feet, or 100,000,000 gallons a day; nearly double the present supply, and more than double the amount that the General Board of Health consider requisite for all the purposes of the metropolis. Two of the smallest of these sources would afford the quantity needed according to the Board's estimate of the supply. The quality would be pure chalk water, requiring only the application of the softening process.

4. The scheme of the General Board of Health consists, as has been stated, in obtaining a supply from the Bagshot Sands. The water derived from these sands had previously been known to be remarkably soft, specimens of it varying from 3 to 6 degrees of hardness. The Board, at the date of the publication of their Report, were not aware that spring water could be obtained from those sands in sufficient amount for the supply of the metropolis, and proceeded on the supposition, that the surface water of the sands and heath would require to be used along with whatever might be obtainable from springs of the degree of softness desired. But the examinations made subsequently have gone to show, that the area in question is capable of furnishing an adequate supply from springs alone, and therefore that the surface water, which is to a great extent contaminated with peat, may be dispensed with. In consequence of a Report made to the Board by the Hon. William Napier, who examined the ground at their request, which Report set forth the abundance of spring water of not more than two degrees of hardness, and the greater part of it of less than one degree, the Board directed Mr Rammell, one of their engineering inspectors, to make a fresh gauging of the springs; and from his Report we extract the following particulars relative to the proposed supply:—

'The total area included is of very considerable extent. Taking Farnham as a point of departure, the district stretches northward beyond Sandhurst and Bagshot to Wokingham, Sunning Hill, and Virginia Water, and southward to the distant villages of Bramshot and Haslemere. On the western side its limits would be defined by a nearly straight line passing through Barkham, Eversley, Crondall, and Kingsley; while its eastern and south-eastern boundary, which is extremely irregular, would be marked by Chobham, Pirbright, Guildford, and Dorking, and the high water-shed line stretching from the Leith Hill to the Hind Head. The length from north to south is about 25 miles, and the extreme breadth from east to west about 24 miles; the whole area included exceeding 300 square miles.

'Parts of four distinct drainage areas are included within the limits. The valley of the *Wey runs along the* eastern side of the northern section,

and across nearly the whole of the southern section. The Blackwater, and other tributaries of the Loddon, drain the large remainder of the northern section, except the upper part of its eastern side, which draws into the Bourne Brook. The extreme western end of the southern section falls towards the mole.'

Mr Rammell gauged the flow of twenty-one spring-water streams falling into the Wey, nineteen streams falling into the Loddon, six into the Bourne Brook, and one into the Mole, and found the united body of water equal to 51,375,000 gallons. The gaugings were taken in the latter end of October, about the termination of the dry season; and it may be presumed that at least an equal flow may be obtained all the year round. To this was to be added another district supposed capable of yielding 10,000,000 gallons additional.

'It follows, then,' says Mr Rammell, 'as the result of my examination and gaugings, that the minimum available yield of the deep springs of the district may be estimated in round numbers at 61,000,000 gallons daily, of which quantity 51,000,000 have been ascertained by Mr Napier not to exceed 1 degree of hardness, and the remaining 10,000,000 is considered by him to be under 2 degrees of hardness.'

The only objectionable qualities known to inhere in Bagshot spring water are, the presence of iron and an excess of carbonic acid. The carbonic acid would act in corroding the lead and iron pipes. It still requires to be ascertained what is the extreme amount of these injurious ingredients, and how far precautions may be taken against them. The promise of spring water of such remarkable softness naturally holds out great attractions to the inhabitants of the metropolis.

After the search for sources of supply has been completed, and a rigorous comparative examination made into the qualities of all the different waters, there will remain the consideration of engineering cost, and on it will depend the final decision of the question.

The future administration of the Metropolitan Water Supply presents far greater difficulties than the choice of the water. The General Board of Health recommend that it should be intrusted to a small paid commission appointed by the crown, and having also the management of the sewage. The absence of any municipal body for the metropolis at large makes its local administration a peculiar case; and the sewage is already in the hands of a Government Board.

ANCIENT SCANDINAVIA.

'THE recollections which Scandinavia has to add to those of the Germanic race, although of later date, are yet the most antique in character, and comparatively the most original. They offer the completest remaining example of a social state existing previously to the reception of influences from Rome, and in duration stretching onward so far as to come within the sphere of historical light. Thus the history of the North resembles its physical nature, in whose rocks and mountains the primitive formations lie open to the day, while in southern lands they are covered by more recent deposits.' In these words the Swedish historian Geijer has truly described the great points of interest connected with the history of his own country, as well as with that of Norway and Denmark—a history which gives the clue to the early social organization, manners, and customs, of the various barbaric tribes who at different periods assailed, and ultimately subverted, the Roman Empire; and who, though in their turn they succumbed to the influence of Roman civilisation, and in consequence lost many of their ancient characteristics, nevertheless contributed to leaven the corrupt society of antiquity, and together with Christianity gave a new impetus to the moral civilisation of the world. Teutons and Saxons, Franks and Longobards, Germans and Goths, were all akin in language, customs, manners, and institutions; and to the nations who number these tribes and races among their progenitors, the ancient religion, laws, domestic manners, and social organization of the Scandinavians are therefore of great importance—and, above all, they must be so to the inhabitants of Britain, in whose veins flows so great an admixture of Northern blood.

Who were the earliest inhabitants of Scandinavia? is a question which has been as variously answered as similar questions relating to the first inhabitants of other European countries. Several Greek and Roman writers of antiquity, from Herodotus downward, allude, it is true, to nations dwelling in regions on what seemed to them the ultimate confines of the earth, and which are supposed to have been the Scandinavian countries; but these allusions are couched in terms so vague, that the most conflicting opinions have been founded on their testimony. That the present inhabitants of the Scandinavian countries belong to the great Gothic-Germanic race, admits of course of no doubt; but the question as to when the Goths arrived in these regions, and as to whether they were

the first and sole occupants of the countries, has been differently decided, according to the various biases and theories of the writers who have treated of the subject: some assigning a very remote, others a comparatively recent date to the first immigration of the Goths. In the Eddas—the earliest records extant of Scandinavian mythology, and which are supposed to embrace not only the theogony and cosmogony of the people, but also the traditions connected with its earliest history and first settlement in the lands of its adoption—the Asas, or gods—probably the founders of the nations—are represented as engaged in constant warfare with powerful and gigantic beings called *Thurser*, *Jetter*,* and *Jötner;* as also with a weak but crafty and faithless race of dwarfs or *Svartalfer;* and mention is made of more friendly relations entertained with certain *Lysalfer*, whose name denotes beings of a beneficent character. These beings, it is now generally believed, represent races in possession of the countries before the arrival of the Goths, and who resisted their occupation of the territories; though some Scandinavian historians entertain the opinion, that these early myths relate to events occurring during the migrations of the Goths through the vast territories which extend between the cradle of the race in the interior of Asia and the countries of Northern Europe, where one of its branches ultimately settled. The former hypothesis seems in a measure supported by the archæological monuments of the Scandinavian countries, which, after being subjected to careful examination, analysis, and criticism, have been classed according to three different periods, and prove beyond a doubt that three different populations, having attained various degrees of development, have succeeded each other in these regions; yet the earliest of them must have been separated from the latest by so many centuries, that it is hardly credible any knowledge of the one nation can have been possessed by the other. Should, therefore, the mythical beings to which we have alluded really be personifications of the earliest occupants of the lands, we must suppose the accounts of them to be founded not on personal, or even traditional knowledge, but on notions of what they must have been, derived from the character of the monuments of their existence remaining in the country.

The most important archæological monuments in the Scandinavian countries are the graves, which, in the form of earthen tumuli, or assemblages of large stones, are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the lands; and which, from differences in their construction, from the different modes of disposing of the bodies of the dead, and from the distinct character of the weapons, and various other articles found in them, are distinguished as dating from three different periods, and are thus brought within the three ages according to which it has of late become usual to class all Scandinavian antiquities—namely, the Age of Stone, the Age of Bronze, and the Age of Iron. These denominations are borrowed from the material chiefly used in the manufacture of the weapons and other articles belonging to the different periods. Monumental representatives of the three ages are not, however, found equally in the three Scandinavian kingdoms; and by their presence or absence antiquarian criticism and analogy have been enabled to establish facts relative

* The letter *J* in Scandinavian languages has the same sound as *Y*.

to the chronological order in which these three kingdoms have been peopled. The graves from the Age of Stone, which are found in Denmark, and in the south and western parts of Sweden alone, resemble in every essential feature the rude sepulchres of the early populations of various other countries of Europe—such as Great Britain, Holland, Northern Germany, the southern and western parts of France, Spain, and Portugal, but not Italy, Southern Germany, and the more eastern parts of Europe. The grave-chambers are formed of several blocks of stone of irregular shape, and generally from 6 to 8 feet high, and from 2 to 8 feet thick, placed so as to form sometimes a circle, sometimes a quadrangle, and sometimes a triangle, and covered over with one immense block of stone, frequently from 30 to 40 feet in circumference. They are, in the greater number of instances, erected on low earthen mounds, varying from 60 to 400 feet in length, and from 16 to 40 feet in breadth, and being surrounded at the base sometimes by a single, at others by a triple row of large irregular blocks of stone, placed in an upright position, and forming a kind of enclosure to the grave.* The labour that must have been expended on the erection of these sepulchres may be judged from the fact of their being frequently found in localities where stones are very rare. The outer sides of the stones forming the grave-chamber are left in a rough unhewn state, but the inner sides present in all cases a flat and smooth surface. The interstices between the large blocks are filled up with chips of stone, so as effectually to exclude the light and air from the restingplace of the dead, and the floors are paved with small flat stones, or with flints, which bear the appearance of having been exposed to fire. The more important among these sepulchres, in point of size, have an entrance regularly walled in and covered over in the same manner as the grave-chamber itself; but in the majority of cases the entrance is merely indicated by two upright stones, or by a row of smaller blocks placed down one of the sides of the mound. The sepulchral furniture is as primitive in material and fabrication as the graves themselves, and prove these to be the last restingplaces of a people which, though it had made the first step towards civilisation by renouncing a nomade life, was little advanced in the path. The mouldering bones of the dead are found in heaps on the bare ground, proving that the bodies were committed to the grave in their natural state. Along with them are found rude weapons and utensils of stone and bone—such as hammers, hatchets, chisels, knives, spear-heads, arrow-heads, fish-hooks, &c. showing the people to have been ignorant of the use of metals, but giving evidence of that striking ingenuity and all-conquering patience and perseverance which in the present day characterise the savage nations with whom we are acquainted. In addition

* In Scotland and Ireland, where such sepulchres are common, they are termed *Cromlechs*, meaning in Celtic 'circles of stones.' Their real character was totally unknown until the Danish antiquaries commenced, about forty years ago, their intelligent researches. Among Scottish and Irish antiquaries, the most prevalent idea was, that they were altars for human sacrifice, notwithstanding that the upper side of the stone, whereon the victim was supposed to have been laid, was invariably rounded or angular, while the smooth or flat side was undermost. It seems worthy of remark, that in Scotland and Ireland the appellation is a Celtic word, not significant of the purpose of the structure. This seems to show that the Celts were a subsequent people, to whom that purpose was as much a mystery as it has recently been.

to the articles already enumerated, there are found in the sepulchres others made of amber, which have probably served as personal ornaments; and several articles of pottery, which, though also of rude shape and manufacture, nevertheless prove an attempt at ornament and beauty.

Besides the graves already described, there are others, belonging to the same period, of a more imposing character, and the superiority of which leads to the inference that distinctions of rank and wealth must have been established among the people, of whose existence these graves, and the articles found in them, are the sole records. These last-mentioned sepulchres, which are in the popular language of the north called *Jettestuer* —that is, chambers of the giants—are in form and general construction similar to those first described; but they are of vaster dimensions, the blocks of stone of which they are built being also of a still more massive character, and instead of being situated on the top of slightly-elevated mounds, they occupy the centre of large barrows of earth heaped up around them. Within, the largest of these subterraneous grave-chambers measure from 16 to 24 feet in length, and from 6 to 8 feet in width, the height being such as to allow of a man of ordinary stature standing upright. The entrance-passages opening in the side of the barrow are frequently about 20 feet long, and are walled in and covered over in the same manner as the grave-chambers. From the number of skeletons found in each sepulchre, it is thought probable that they have served as family burial-places; and from the position in which the bones of the skeletons have been found, it is concluded that, to economise space, the dead were buried in a sitting posture. Some of the *Jettestuer* are divided into small square compartments, each containing one skeleton. In some, human remains are found even in the entrance-passages; and in all cases these passages, as well as the sepulchral chambers, are filled in with earth carefully stamped down. In addition to the human remains and the manufactured articles discovered in these graves, horses' teeth, bones of dogs, stags, elks, and wild boars, have been found in them, showing what were the animals inhabiting the country at the time. While the graves have thus contributed their share to the history of Denmark during a period computed to be removed from ours by some thirty centuries, the bogs, which must at that time have formed considerable lakes, have also given up some of the secrets committed to them, and place us in a condition to form a still clearer notion of the nature of the country, and of the inhabitants and their modes of life. From these bogs there have frequently been extracted human bodies, preserved from corruption by the peculiar chemical properties of the bog water, and clad in garments of untanned hides, sewed together in a most primitive fashion with narrow strips of the same material, the foot-covering being likewise made of one piece of leather sewed together behind, and attached to the feet with leathern thongs. From the fact of their having constructed sepulchres requiring such a vast amount of labour, this people are concluded to have been a settled, not a nomade race; and from the localities in which the graves are chiefly found, from the nature of their weapons and utensils, as well as from the fact of the country being at the period of their dwelling in it covered with large forests, peopled with many species of animals now extinct in these regions, it is supposed that they inhabited the coast lands only, and that they lived by hunting

and fishing. For the last-mentioned purpose, as also probably as a means of conveyance, they seem to have availed themselves of canoes made of the trunks of trees; for specimens of boats of this kind have been found in the bogs, bearing evidence of having been scooped out with the aid of fire, in the same manner as the Indians in the South-Sea Islands, when first discovered by Europeans, used fire to assist the slow processes of their blunt stone utensils; and the same contrivance has probably been had recourse to when the tree was to be felled.

Though the antiquities above alluded to enable us to form a pretty clear conception of the intellectual and moral development, the modes of life, and the degree of material civilisation attained by the inhabitants of Denmark and the south-west of Sweden at this remote period, to determine what race they belonged to is not so easy. According to the generally-received opinions, the Finns and the Celts were the earliest inhabitants of Europe; and as remnants of the former race still linger in the northernmost provinces of Sweden and Norway, and the description of them given by Tacitus at the commencement of our era represents them as being in a state inferior rather than superior to that which the antiquities prove to have been the condition of the people inhabiting Denmark during the Age of Stone, it has been generally assumed, until a very recent period, that this people did indeed belong to the Finnic race, particularly as weapons and utensils of stone similar to those of Denmark are also found in Sweden and Norway. To this, however, modern archæologists reply, that the similarity existing between the stone weapons and utensils of Denmark and the two other Scandinavian countries, is not sufficient to prove the identity of the race inhabiting the several countries; because in America, Japan, and the Polynesian islands, as well as in Europe, such tools and weapons have been found; and far from being characteristic of any particular race or nation, seem to be common to the human species in a certain stage of development. On the other hand, it is argued, the absence in the northern and eastern parts of Sweden, and in Norway, as well as in the other countries at present inhabited by populations belonging to the Finnic race, of those peculiar sepulchral monuments which have been noticed above, and which would never have been reared by nomade tribes, places it beyond a doubt that the earliest inhabitants of Denmark were of a different race from the early Finnic inhabitants of Sweden and Norway, who, when they were driven from their southernmost position in those countries, withdrew gradually farther northwards, without leaving behind them any such lasting monuments to record their original occupation of the territories they were forced to abandon. Similar archæological reasons militate against the hypothesis, that the ancient inhabitants of Denmark were Celts; for the Celts burned their dead, a custom which, as we have seen, was not followed by the people who erected the *Jettestuer* and other stone sepulchres of Denmark; and they had, besides, at a very early period attained a degree of civilisation more in accordance with that manifested in the Scandinavian antiquities belonging to the second than to the first period. As has been observed, mounds and sepulchres similar to those of Denmark are discovered along all the western shores of Europe, consequently in the very countries where the Celts have dwelt, and in some cases still dwell; and it has therefore been supposed by some that

these sepulchres, and the primitive utensils found in them, as well as the custom of burying the dead, may have been in use among the Celts during the earliest period of their settlement in Europe, and before they became acquainted with the use of metals. This is, however, again rendered improbable by the fact, that in Southern and Central Germany—territories which this race is believed to have inhabited before they were pushed further westward by the Germanic tribes, and which must have witnessed the earliest stage of their development—no sepulchres or other archæological monuments of the kind described have hitherto been discovered. As far, therefore, as archæological research has as yet gone, it has only led to the negative conclusion, that the pioneers of civilisation (for such the first *settled* tribes must be considered to be) in Southern Scandinavia were neither Finns nor Celts.

The antiquities belonging to the second period prove an immense advance upon the former. As implied by the name of the Age of Bronze, the various articles classed under this head are made of that mixture of tin and copper called bronze, which was so extensively in use among the nations of antiquity. They consist of various useful utensils—such as hatchets, knives, and others of a similar nature, among which is a sort of semicircular knife greatly resembling a sickle. Weapons of a less peaceful nature are, however, of much more frequent occurrence; and the workmanship expended on these proves how highly they were valued. The swords belonging to this period are double-edged, and rather short, being seldom more than about two feet in length, the hilt being sometimes of wood, fastened on with bronze nails, sometimes of bronze, in which case, however, the metal forms but a thin plate moulded over a form of clay. Some rare specimens have been found in which the hilts are in a similar manner covered with thin plates of gold, or are wound round with gold wires. The sheaths are of wood, sometimes lined within and without with leather, and tipped with metal. The distinguishing feature of these swords is, their having no guards to the hilt, which all those of the subsequent period have. Besides the swords, there are among the bronze antiquities numerous daggers, lance-heads, and war-hatchets, some of the latter of considerable size. Among the weapons of defence the shields hold a distinguished place, being round in form, and sometimes entirely of bronze, and highly ornamented. More frequently, however, it seems that only the middle piece of the shield, which more particularly protected the hand, was of bronze; the other part having probably been formed of wood or leather. Upon the whole, it is evident that it has been an object to economise the metal, as even the sharp-edged instruments—such as hatchets, &c.—are in many instances formed of a sheet of metal folded or moulded over an interior of clay.

The higher degree of civilisation existing during the Age of Bronze is likewise evinced in the numerous ornaments—such as diadems, hair-pins with large ornamental heads, combs, rings for encircling the neck, armlets, finger-rings, and brooches, all generally of bronze, but in some rare instances also of gold, and in each case worked and ornamented. Small vases of gold have also been found together with other articles belonging to this period, and are supposed, like similar vases of bronze,

to have been used as cinerary urns, the great distinguishing feature between this and the preceding Age being the custom of burning the dead. All the remains from this latter period prove considerable skill in the manufacture of metal, and a peculiar taste in ornamental designs. So decided, indeed, is the latter, as to have enabled archæologists thereby to distinguish the gold and bronze articles of the Age of Bronze from similar productions of a subsequent era; and the northern antiquaries hope by the aid of these ornaments to be able to trace the relations which have existed at this early date between the different countries of Europe. That a people so far advanced in some of the arts of life, and possessing personal ornaments of so rich a character, cannot have been clad in the raw hides which constituted the wearing apparel during the Age of Stone, would follow as a matter of course, even had not small fragments of woollen tissues been found in the graves of the period. But the funereal circumstances of this epoch by no means answer in magnificence to the advance made in general civilisation. In outward appearance the graves resemble the barrows raised above the *Jettestuer;* but instead of stone fabrics like these, they enclose only the ashes of the dead, contained in small cinerary urns, or in a kind of rude attempt at a sarcophagus, formed of four small blocks of stone, with a fifth serving as a cover. These urns or sarcophagi are placed upon the bare earth, and the weapons and utensils of the deceased by their side, the whole being then covered over with a heap of small stones, and above and around this again rises the earthen mound. A mound once formed, it seems to have been the custom to introduce the ashes of other deceased in it on whatever point access could be most easily attained; for many of the sepulchral tumuli from this period have been found to contain numerous cinerary urns and bronze weapons, placed in them without any apparent regard to position; while many such have also been introduced into the mounds that cover the *Jettestuer*. The tumuli belonging to the Age of Bronze seem in preference to have been raised on the highest eminences in the localities where they are found, and particularly on such from whence the ocean may be discovered; a circumstance that leads to the inference, that the race whose remains they enclose have not been strangers to that love of the ocean which distinguished the roving Northern Vikings of a subsequent period.

An improvement in the manufactured articles of a country proving in general simply an advancement in the path of material civilisation, and not necessarily the immigration of a new race, might be concluded to have been the case in Denmark, and in Southern and Western Sweden also, were not the transition too abrupt, and did not the change in the mode of burial, which was evidently coincident with the introduction of the use of metals, and with the other advances in the arts of life, speak strongly for the latter conclusion. Instruments of stone, such as those that characterise the first period, are indeed frequently found in graves belonging to the second, and the presence of the skilfully-wrought metal weapons and ornaments might therefore be accounted for as booty made in war, or as the peaceful acquirements of commercial intercourse with more advanced nations, did not the total absence of these last-named articles in the grave-chambers of the Age of Stone, and the difference

in the mode of burial, prove the contrary. Their customary mode of interment is, it is well known, clung to with the greatest tenacity by all barbarous nations, and sudden changes in this respect have never been known to take place except as a consequence of their subjugation by foreign tribes; it is therefore but reasonable to conclude that among the ancient inhabitants of Scandinavia also the change could only have been brought about by similar means. The supposition that the metal weapons, utensils, and ornaments, have been the possessions of the rich, while the poor only have been reduced to the necessity of continuing the use of the more primitive stone articles, has been ably set aside by Danish antiquaries, who, referring to the sepulchres, observe that the idea cannot for one moment be entertained that the poor had been buried in sepulchres the construction of which required a vast amount of labour, while the remains of the rich were consigned to the earth with much less ceremony. On the other hand, the question as to whether the articles of bronze were or were not the manufacture of the country, seems to have been settled by the discovery of several bronze vessels still containing the form of clay over which they have been moulded.

That Southern Scandinavia must during this period have undergone great changes, and have enjoyed a comparatively high degree of civilisation, may at once be inferred from the antiquities. A nation in possession of metals, and the improved instruments manufactured from these, cannot have failed to apply itself to agriculture; and the countries must in consequence have been rapidly cleared of the immense forests which during the first period covered the fertile plains. The constant consumption of metals not produced in the country also presupposes active commercial intercourse with the tin and copper-producing countries—such as England; and the navigation of the open seas which this must have necessitated, again shows that an immense improvement must have taken place on the rude barks made of the trunks of trees which formed the only means of water communication during the first period; while the number of warlike weapons, and the taste and labour expended on their fabrication, prove the character of the people to have been warlike. The civilisation of the Age of Bronze having been limited to Denmark and the south and south-western parts of Sweden, must in consequence have belonged to a people distinct from that which occupied all the Scandinavian countries during the third period, designated as the Age of Iron, on account of the introduction of the use of that metal, which there, as in all other countries of Europe, marks the commencement of that gradual course of development and improvement which continues down to the present day, and which evidently, as regards Scandinavia, commenced in the more northerly parts of Sweden and in Norway. In Denmark and in the south of Sweden the civilisation of the Age of Iron did not, until a much later period, supersede that previously established. We cannot undertake to give an account of the reasonings and speculations of those who have marked all the fluxes and refluxes of population which have succeeded each other in Europe, up to the period when historical proof can be adduced for the establishment of each in the territories it at present occupies; and we must therefore limit ourselves to stating briefly the probabilities in favour of the hypothesis, that the authors of the civilisation introduced into Southern Scandinavia during the second period, were a branch of the

Gothic-Germanic race, and not Celts, as has been maintained by some. That nations belonging to the former race were established on the southern shores of the Baltic several centuries before our era, is, we believe, an undisputed fact; and as in Mecklenburg, one of the countries which in that case they must necessarily have occupied, and also in Hanover, numerous antiquities are discovered exactly similar to the bronze antiquities of Denmark, being, moreover, ornamented with the same peculiar designs, it becomes highly probable that tribes belonging to this race, which was early acquainted with the art of navigation, should have crossed the Baltic, and settled on the opposite shores; while others have perhaps moved by land also in a northerly direction; for throughout Slesvig and Jutland are found antiquities belonging to the Age of Bronze. What, however, we think places it beyond a doubt that the inhabitants of Southern Scandinavia must have been a branch of the same race which afterwards penetrated into the Scandinavian peninsula from the east, across the Gulf of Finland, is the fact of the same language having prevailed throughout the three Scandinavian countries from the earliest period of their history. No evidences of any differences in this respect are traceable even in their remotest traditions, though archæologists are of opinion that the civilisation proper to the last Gothic tribes which entered Scandinavia—and which may be traced by the monuments to have undergone several phases in Norway and Sweden before it reached Denmark—cannot be considered as having been thoroughly established in the latter country before the eighth or ninth century, consequently, at the highest, not above a century before the arrival of the first Christian missionaries; an epoch which may be reckoned as already coming within the historic period. It may also be observed relative to this point, that the ancient language of Scandinavia—which is now generally denominated the Icelandic, because in Iceland it has been maintained in its original purity, while in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, it has undergone great modifications—was during the early period of Scandinavian history called the Danish language; an appellation to which it is not likely the other Scandinavians would have submitted had the Danes been the last among them to adopt the language. The identity of race can also alone account for the identity of traditions existing between Denmark and the two other Scandinavian countries; for though the early historians of each have endeavoured to prove for their own people a remote antiquity, and a long uninterrupted line of kings, it is nevertheless evident that the traditions on which their narratives are based are in very many cases identical, and that the customs and manners they describe are exactly the same; while the mythology of Denmark was also identical with that of the two other Scandinavian countries.

Were it not that the articles found in them are of a distinct character as to material, form, and ornamental design, the differences existing between the outward appearance of the graves appertaining to the Age of Iron in Northern Sweden and in Norway, and those appertaining to the second period in Denmark and Southern Sweden, might at first sight be supposed to be owing only to the difference in the natural features of the localities; for the former countries being mountainous and very stony, it would be easy to account in this manner for a diminution in the height and extent of

the earthen barrows, and a corresponding increase in the use of stone in the construction of the tumuli. The use of this material indeed prevails so much in these regions, that the greater number of sepulchral monuments are formed entirely of stone instead of earth. The stone heaps here alluded to surmount, or rather cover, plain oblong stone sarcophagi, and are of considerable size — some measuring 20 feet in height, and about 100 feet in diameter at the top, though not unfrequently situated on the summits of high cliffs. Others of smaller dimensions, measuring only from 2 to 4 feet in height, and enclosed by a row of blocks somewhat larger than those forming the tumulus, are however more common. In form, these stone monuments are various—some being round, others square, and others again triangular, somewhat approaching in shape to that of the trefoil—a design which also frequently occurs in the brooches so common among the personal ornaments of those times. The mounds of this form are frequently decorated with a high stone placed in the centre, and one at each angle. The most remarkable graves of this period, and which are found in greatest number in Sweden, are the ship mounds, so called from their being evidently meant to imitate ships; for which reason they are supposed to have been reared above the remains of those bold Vikings whose deeds of depredation and daring spread the name of the Northmen far and wide during the middle ages. The ship mounds are generally composed of a mixture of earth and small stones, hedged in with a row of large blocks placed at short intervals from each other. These are oval in form, running to a point at each end, where rises a high stone placed in an upright position, and supposed to represent the stem and the bow of the ship. In some, the resemblance to a ship is further increased by a tall stone being raised in the middle to represent a mast, and by several rows of small stones placed transversely across the mound, to indicate the benches for the rowers. Graves of the different kinds here described, and the contents of which have invariably proved them to belong to the earliest part of the Age of Iron, when it was customary to burn the dead, are found in Sweden and Norway exclusively—the graves in Denmark, from the Age of Iron, appertaining all to the more advanced period supposed to have bordered on the Christian times. Specimens of graves belonging to this latter period have been opened in all the three Scandinavian countries, and indicate a great advance on the primitive simplicity. The fashion of burning the dead had been superseded by that of interment, and the large earthen barrows, in many instances of such dimensions as to warrant their being called hillocks, contain grave-chambers regularly built of timber, and some of them bearing evidence of warriors having been consigned to the grave fully equipped for war, in company with their horses fully caparisoned. The most remarkable graves of this kind, as yet known, are those of King Gorm the Old—whose reign marks the commencement of the historic period in Denmark—and of Thyra his queen, who, on account of her having built the famous wall Dannevirke (the bulwark of the Danes), in Slesvig, to protect Denmark from the invasions of the Germans, was honoured with the surname *Dannebod* (Pride of the Danes). These tumuli, which are situated in the village of Jellinge, near Veile, in Jutland—a place frequently mentioned in the annals of Denmark—are 70 feet high, and 500 feet in circumference. That raised above Thyra (the other, we believe, has not as

yet been opened) contains a grave-chamber built of thick oaken beams, and is 22 feet long, and 5 feet high. On its first being opened, the walls were found to have been covered with hangings of a woollen tissue, of which, however, fragments only remained. In it were found a silver goblet, several bits of painted wood—ascertained to be painted in oil, and the colours of which were still distinctly visible—a small figure of a bird made of metal, and some other insignificant objects, there being strong evidence of the grave, which originally without doubt contained many valuable articles, having been previously opened and rifled. As archæological monuments, the graves of Gorm and Thyra are rendered still more interesting and important by the inscription-stones placed upon them, and which record the fact, that the one was raised in honour of Thyra by her husband, and the other in commemoration of both his parents, by their son Harald Blaatand (Bluetooth), the first Christian king of Denmark, who reigned towards the end of the tenth century.

The inscription-stones, or Rune-stones, as they are called in the northern languages, belong to the most important monuments in the Scandinavian countries; for though none record important political events, and by far the greater number are raised in commemoration of private persons, or of events regarding private persons only, many serve to fix historical dates, and others throw much light upon the customs, and even upon the laws, of the period to which they belong. Among the former may be reckoned those already mentioned, and another in the island of Funen, in Denmark, raised to the memory of a man named Ale Sölvegode, in the inscription on which the heathen god Thor is invoked; and among the latter, one in Upland, in Sweden, on which the then existing laws of inheritance may be traced. It is stated on this inscription-stone how the property on which it was raised passed, according to the rules of inheritance, first from father to son, then from son to mother, in consequence of the son having left no children; and then again from his mother, who died after having married a second time, to her mother, who erected the stone proving her title to the property. Small stones with inscriptions in Runic characters have also been found in graves from the Age of Iron; and similar inscriptions have been traced on various articles, such as rings, swords, &c. likewise obtained from the barrows. The Rune-stones are also of great interest and importance, as affording irrefragable proofs of the same language having prevailed throughout the three northern kingdoms during the early period of their history. One such stone, bearing an inscription in the old Danish tongue, and found a little south of the ancient wall Dannevirke, in Slesvig, might indeed be brought into court to settle the vexed question of the nationality of the Duchy, for which Danes and Germans are at present contending.*

The other antiquities belonging to the Age of Iron, and which are found in the graves, but in still greater numbers in the earth where there are no traces of sepulchres, are as follows:—various useful implements of iron, among which scissors, in form exactly like those of the present day, bucklers, swords, war-hatchets, lance-heads, spear-heads, and arrow-heads, all iron,

* Vorsaae, Danmarks Oldtidæ. Liljegren, Runlora. Klüver, Nærske Mindesmærker. Svenska Magazinet. Antiqvariske Annaler.

and of excellent workmanship, the swords and bucklers in many cases richly ornamented with gold and silver; fragments of leathern belts, and of wooden and leathern cases of different dimensions, ornamented with figures wrought in gold and silver; gold and silver rings, or circlets of various dimensions and designs, some having evidently served to encircle the waist and the head, others the neck, the arm, and the finger; brooches and buckles of gold and silver, and of various designs; buttons of the same precious metals, and also of ivory; beads of bronze, glass, mosaic, amber, and rock-crystal; golden and silver goblets, large massive golden drinking-horns, as also the same vessels of horn and glass; wooden vessels of various descriptions, some hooped with metal rings; chessmen of bone, ivory, wood, &c. The extraordinary richness of many of these antiquities may be judged from the following specimens:—three massive golden circlets, of large size, were found on one spot near the town of Slagelse, in Zealand, the collective value of which, according to the present price of gold, is reckoned at about £500. A drinking-horn of the purest gold, found likewise in the earth, in Jutland in 1639, weighed 6 lbs. 13 oz.; and another, disinterred about a century later in the same locality, in a somewhat damaged state, weighed 7 lbs. 11 oz. Both were fashioned in the shape of ox-horns, the most usual form for drinking-vessels among the Scandinavians, and were ornamented with a great number of figures—some engraved in the metal, others forming reliefs, not worked in the same piece, but moulded apart, and afterwards rivetted on the plate.* Among the antiquities of the third period is also a very considerable number of foreign coins.

Independently of their greater variety and richness, the antiquities from the Age of Iron possess an interest different from those of the two other periods. In these we have no longer to trace, unaided by other data, all that relates to the history of extinct populations: they come in, on the contrary, to elucidate and authenticate the early history of the last race who took possession of the Scandinavian countries, and who still dwells unmixed in those lands. The earliest historians of the north, the Danish monk Saxo, and the Icelander Snorri Sturlason, who lived towards the close of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth centuries, both founded their histories on popular songs and traditions, partly still living on the lips of the people at the time they wrote, partly committed to writing in Iceland one or two centuries before. Both historians have in consequence, up to a certain period, given us myths and legends instead of facts; and their authenticity as regards the chronological order of events, the genealogy of kings, and the relation of particular events appertaining to the earliest period embraced in their histories, has in our day been much questioned, though fondly believed in by Scandinavian historians of the last century. So much, however, the carefully-collected and systematised antiquities in the northern museums prove for these oldest historians of the north, and for the still older Saga writers—that though they may in many instances have failed in tracing the proper line of demarcation between fiction and fact as relates to particular events, they have never-

* Henneberg om Guldhornene. These valuable antiquities unfortunately no longer exist: they were stolen from the museum of Copenhagen about forty years ago, and melted down before the thieves were discovered.

theless drawn a most faithful picture of the modes of life, the manners, customs, and laws of their people. What these have been we will now endeavour to learn from the written sources.

However rich in traditions the period at which Saxo and Snorri wrote, none seem, notwithstanding, to have existed relative to the origin of the Scandinavian nations; for Saxo begins his history with the name of a King Dan, of whom nothing is related except that he was the first ruler in Denmark, and that from him the country took its name (Danmark)—probably a purely etymological fiction; while Snorri for the commencement of his history seems to have borrowed and transplanted in the soil of history a hero from the religious mythology of the Scandinavians. According to Snorri, the Swedes entered the country to which they afterwards gave their name, under the leadership of Odin, a far-travelled warrior, coming from Asgaard, a city in Asaland, situated on the river Tanais, and who having with his followers subjected many countries, among which were Gardarige (Russia) and Saxland (Germany), ultimately dwelt for a while in one of the Danish islands, and then proceeded to Sweden, where he took up his abode, and established the religion, laws, and customs of Asaland. After his death he was burnt upon a funeral pile, and he and his sons were honoured as gods by the people.* Further on, Snorri relates how the Swedes, having multiplied in the country, and having in consequence found it difficult to subsist, penetrated through the great forests which separated Sweden from Norway, and founded kingdoms in the latter country, the Danes being at the same time mentioned as already constituting a powerful nation.

As none of the fragments of old Scaldic poems extant from the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries bear any traces of a tradition of the kind, relative to the arrival of the Swedes, having existed before Snorri's time, and he does not himself, as is his wont, quote any Scaldic compositions in support of this part of his history, it is probable, as has been suggested by Müller, that this connection of Odin with the history of the Scandinavians is in fact but an arbitrary interpretation of the religious myths, and that the mention of Asgaard and Asaland in the mythology has been Snorri's only authority for making Asia the birthplace of the people which inhabited the north. It is remarkable, however, that his manner of interpreting the myths should have led him to conclusions the truth of which modern scientific inquiry bears out; for the Asiatic origin claimed by him for the gods and the religious worship of the Scandinavians, is confirmed by the strong analogies traced between the cosmogony and theogony of the Asiatic nations and those of the Scandinavians as contained in the Eddas—the older of which was committed to writing in Iceland not above a century after the extinction of the primitive religion in that last stronghold of Scandinavian heathenism, while the more recent was collected by Snorri Sturlason. The account of the different countries subjugated by Odin and his followers on their way from Asia to Sweden also tallies pretty closely with the generally-received opinions as to the direction in which the Gothic race moved during its migrations. It is therefore not unlikely that in borrowing from the heathen mythology, Snorri in reality only restored to history what once belonged to

* Heimskringla. Ynglingasaga.

its domain; but by not acknowledging the loan, and by arbitrarily fixing the date of Odin's arrival in Sweden in the last century before Christ, he has created much confusion, and has led to the supposition that there have been several Odins in the north. However, our task is not with speculative disquisitions on this subject—we must leave aside whence the Scandinavians came, and when they came, and only consider what they were. The conceptions of the Northmen of the creation of the world and man, of the agencies, operations, and phenomena of nature symbolised in the Elder Edda, became in course of time mixed up with equally mythical embodiments of the moral, metaphysical, and psychological notions of the people, with heroic fables, and with narratives relative to the various events of life. With Odin, the Creator of all, as he is called in the Elder Edda, were gradually associated other gods, each exercising a peculiar influence on the fate of man; and thus a whole mythology was developed, strongly expressive of the character of the people, and in its turn reacting on and more fully developing that character. 'To gain by labour what might be won by blood, was considered the mark of a slavish spirit,' says a historian writing of this race in the early ages of our era; and such indeed is the character of their religion and their life. In their eyes cowardice was the most disgraceful of vices, valour the highest virtue, and combat the greatest happiness. To vanquish one, to attack two, to yield slightly to three, and to retreat from four, was the general rule of the Northern *Kæmper* or warriors; and to die quietly in their bed was considered by them the direst misfortune, for it excluded them from happiness in the next world. To avoid this exclusion, they frequently in old age put an end to their own life, after having in vain sought death in battle. Those only who had distinguished themselves by valour, and had died a violent death, were admitted to Odin's hall, Valhalla, the walls of which were formed of spears, the roof of shining bucklers, and which was lighted with flashing swords. On a green meadow outside the walls of Valhalla, the *Einhériar* (spirits of the departed heroes) enjoyed each day the delight of slaying each other in combat, and each day they rose again to recommence the joyous sport. This was followed up by a repast prepared of the boar *Sæhrimner*, which, butchered each day, revived in the same manner as the heroes, to contribute anew to their enjoyments. At the feast the mead-horn was handed round by the *Valkyrie*, Odin's handmaidens and messengers, who, during battle, marked with a spear those doomed to fall. Such heroes who had visited with bloodshed many lands, and arrived in Valhalla accompanied by the greatest number of enemies slain by their hand, were received with peculiar honour: on their entrance all the Einheriar rose, and the Valkyrie offered them the horn with wine, otherwise reserved for Odin alone. While such were the rewards awaiting the brave, the coward who had never shed the blood of an enemy was banished to *Helheim*, where ruled Hela, the horror-inspiring genius of the infernal regions, whose dish was called Hunger, her dwelling-place Misery, her threshold Treachery and Fall, her bed Slow Death and Pale Anguish. Here the spirits of the cowards were doomed to a joyless eternity of inactivity, trembling with fear at every sound which reached them from the upper regions.

With such principles and such a faith war became the aim of the Northmen's life. The limits of their own countries were too narrow for their burning thirst for action and for fame. These countries were, besides, at

that time poor and very partially cultivated, and hardly capable of supporting their populations; and every circumstance thus combined to drive the warlike youths into that wild Viking life for which nature seemed to have destined them, and which soon made their name the dread of all the seas of Europe. Each spring large fleets of Viking ships left the Scandinavian shores in quest of booty and warlike adventures. Trading vessels were captured, and their crews mercilessly slain, or reserved for the still more dreadful life of thraldom; the most fertile coasts were devastated, the inhabitants put to death or carried into captivity, and all their moveable property seized as lawful prizes of war; for though in our day we would stigmatise such proceedings with the name of piracy, among the Northmen they were looked upon as honourable warfare. Not all Vikings, however, were alike. Some made a profession of the Viking life. These rarely dwelt on shore, and had only a small castle, hid in one of the deep recesses of the many fiords that indent the Scandinavian coasts, where they hoarded their booty until they could dispose of it to advantage. This class was the most reckless and cruel: of them it was said that 'they never slept under a smoke-stained beam, or sat and drank in the chimney-nook.' They were accused of drinking blood and eating raw flesh; and their deeds of wild daring, ruthless cruelty, and treacherous cunning, earned for them the hatred and contempt of their equally warlike but less truculent countrymen, who looked upon them as robbers, and not as honourable Vikings. But there were other Vikings, who, far from persecuting the peaceful trader, protected him against their more reckless fellows, and who, though their mode of warfare was lawless, according to the notions of the present day, nevertheless invariably governed their actions by such rules of honour as were received among themselves.

Though Denmark, according to the testimony of the antiquities of the Age of Bronze, must have been in a comparatively advanced state of cultivation when the last tribes of the Gothic race entered Sweden, this country and Norway still presented the appearance of trackless wildernesses. Immense forests, extensive bogs, large lakes, steep, and rugged, and barren mountains covered the face of the peninsula in almost every direction; for the plains of Southern Sweden had already been taken possession of by tribes, probably belonging to the same people who inhabited Denmark. Under these circumstances, it cannot of course be supposed that the immigrating Goths at once spread over the whole Scandinavian peninsula, even in those localities where their occupation of the lands was not disputed by the above-mentioned inhabitants of the south, or by the roving Finnic tribes, who until then had held undivided possession of the more northerly regions. Probably the new-comers settled first in the most favourable spots, dividing themselves into tribes, each under its own leader, and gradually, as their numbers increased, sending out new offshoots to establish themselves in like manner, and to bring new territories under cultivation. The Ynglinga Saga, indeed, mentions with praise Braut-Amund, one of the last of the kings of the Yngling race, for his efforts to root out the immense forests that obstructed cultivation, and to bring the land under tillage. The ceremonies with which new territories were on these occasions taken possession of, may be concluded to have been in a great measure similar to those followed by the Norwegians and other Scandinavians, who

in the ninth century emigrated to Iceland; for as these people left their country in order to be able to maintain unchanged the laws, customs, and institutions they had inherited from their forefathers, they must be supposed to have acted on all important occasions in strict conformity with these. According to the Landnamabok, one of the most trustworthy of the Icelandic records, the manner of proceeding was as follows:—The chief of a family—with all his relations, retainers, slaves, cattle, household furniture, and all other necessaries, and sometimes accompanied by friends and companions in arms who were willing to acknowledge him as their superior—set out for the place of abode he had chosen, in each case carrying with him the pillars of the high seat in his former dwelling, on which were carved the images of his gods. When the emigrants arrived within sight of land, the patriarchal chief of the future colony seized the high-seat pillars, and throwing them into the sea, invoked the protection of the god Thor. The spot where the wooden pillars drifted ashore was chosen for the seat of the colony, a house was at once erected, and the pillars placed in their usual position on each side of the high seat. Shelter having been provided, and the household gods installed, the father of the family proceeded to take possession of as great an extent of territory as he deemed necessary, and the limits of which he marked by walking round them with fire, or by bonfires lighted at equal distances from each other. After this ceremony, which was called 'hallowing the land with fire,' the lands were divided among friends and relatives; and all the holders of these portions formed together a community—a kind of clan, presided over by the chief of the emigration, who also performed the functions of priest in the temple, built close to his dwellinghouse, and for the maintenance of which each possessor of lands paid a tax, called *Hoftollr* (temple-tax). In the neighbourhood of the temple were held the popular assemblies called *Thing*, where the freeborn men of the community came together to deliberate on matters relative to the commonwealth, and to settle, according to the laws and customs of the mother-country, any differences which might have arisen among them. In consequence of his position as priest of the temple (which, again, he held as chief of the community), the founder of the colony presided over the Thing, being supported by twelve other men, and holding in his hand the holy temple ring (probably a symbol of eternity), which had been bathed in the blood of the sacrificial animals, and on which all oaths were taken.*

The intimate connection between his position as the chief servant of the gods and as head of the community, is also expressed in the fact of the title enjoyed by him in his latter capacity being derived from that of the former function—*Gode* or *Godordsman* indicating the priestly function, and designating at the same time the chief of the community, the latter being called *Godord*. In the course of time, as the emigrations to Iceland continued, and the established colonies increased in population, so great were the inconveniences felt in consequence of the arbitrary conduct of the many small independent communities, and the numerous contests arising between them, that, with the concurrence of the great mass of the inhabi-

* The golden rings found among the antiquities, and the size of which renders it improbable that they should in any manner have been worn as personal ornaments, are supposed to have been temple rings such as those here alluded to.

tants, a central court of judicature for the whole island was instituted in the form of a Landthing, or Althing, as it was also called. This assembly—which was presided over by a Lagmand, elected for the function, and was composed of the chiefs of each district, and other leading men of the country—voted such laws as were to be equally binding on every community in the island, and determined on all matters that concerned the whole state, which was thus constituted. The island was then divided into four quarters (*Fierdingar*), every quarter into three *Hærads*, and every Hærad into three *Godords;* each of these subdivisions retaining its own Thing, where all local matters were discussed, and the Godords continuing to be governed according to their original constitution.* Evidences of a similar constitution of society are found in the old Swedish laws; and as Tacitus informs us that the armies of the ancient Germans were divided into hundreds, according to families, it is very likely that the wandering tribes of the Goths were organized in like manner, and that from this custom sprung the constitution of the Hærad (hundred), which is the most ancient in the north. At first the worship of the same gods has probably formed the only connecting link between the different small communities, until their gathering ultimately round some one great and distinguished shrine has gradually led to the merging of several into one. This is the more probable, as the presidence in the popular assemblies was always held in conjunction with that of temple-sacrificer or priest. The place of assembly was always contiguous to the temple; and the great periodical sacrifices thus necessarily connected with the periodical assemblies. In this manner, as well as by the violent subjugation of one tribe by another, in all probability arose the many petty sovereignties into which the Scandinavian countries were divided up to the tenth and eleventh centuries, and the rulers of which assumed the name of *Drot*, or king.

The virtues most valued in a king by a people so warlike as the Scandinavians were of course personal valour and military skill; and besides presiding in the Thing, and sacrificing in the temple, the kingly functions were pretty nearly restricted to leadership in war, for the subjects were little inclined to brook interference in other matters. But when an enemy attacked the country, and the king called upon the people to rise in its defence, the man who refused to obey was punished with outlawry, and branded with the name of *Nidding*—the severest term of scorn and opprobrium in the language of the north. When there was peace at home, it was customary to seek enemies abroad; and in general the northern Kæmper were invited each spring to accompany their king on some Viking expedition, during which descents were made on the neighbouring coasts. Towards winter the warriors returned with their booty, the largest share of which devolved to the king, and formed an important item in his revenue. When the expedition was over, each man returned to his home; but though no standing army existed, the kings were, even at a very early period, surrounded by a small band of faithful followers, called *Hird*, which formed a kind of body-guard. From among these *Hirdmænd*, who were maintained at the king's expense, and owed allegiance to him alone, were

* Landnama, Arnesen: Historisk Indledning til Islandsk Ret. Strinnholm: Svenska Folkets Historia. Skandinavien under Hedna Aldern.

selected officers for the chief military commands, and governors for the subjugated provinces. These governors, called *Jarls*, often grew stronger than the sovereign, and ventured to resist his authority; and upon the whole, the king's authority depended more on his personal qualities and his good-luck in war, than upon any other guarantees; for the people considered it disgraceful to be governed by a cowardly and unfortunate king, attributing to the dissatisfaction of the gods with his rule any misfortunes, such as famine or pestilence, and not scrupling to dethrone him, or even to put him to death. In addition to their share of the booty made in war, the kings derived, in their capacity of chief sacrificers, a revenue from the temple-tax; and as the executors of the law, they received a share of the fines and compensations paid for legal offences; but their principal income was derived from the crown-lands in different parts of the country, which were administered by stewards, and on each of which was a royal dwelling, where the sovereign resided when he made his periodical tour of the kingdom. When the throne became vacant, the people assembled in the Thing to elect a successor, who was most frequently (and in the remotest times it seems invariably) chosen among the nearest kindred of the deceased, with the exclusion of the females, who had among the Scandinavians no right of inheritance. The Thing was always held in the open air, and the spot where the assembly met was surrounded by a sacred fence, generally of hazel twigs, held together by ligatures, which were termed *Vebönd* (sacred bonds). This sacred fence once removed, the Thingplace lost its character of inviolability, the deliberations of the assembly were exposed to disturbance, and its resolutions no longer binding. An instance is related in Eigils Saga, of a Queen Gunhild, who, being present at a Thing where matters were taking a turn contrary to her interests, bribed some individuals to cut the sacred bonds: the proceedings were at once concluded, the place of assembly was considered desecrated, the holy Thingplace violated, and the assembly dissolved.

At first the spots of ground consecrated to the gods, and within which sacrifices were performed, differed in nowise from the Thingplaces, except by the presence of the stone altar in the middle. Regular temples of wood seem, however, to have been erected at an earlier period, and the Sagas, as well as contemporary foreign writers,* describe in glowing colours the splendour of the Scandinavian temples. They were frequently of considerable dimensions, were surrounded by a sacred enclosure, and within were covered with hangings, probably similar to those in the grave-chamber of Thyra Dannebod, already alluded to. Round the walls were benches, on which were seated wooden images of the gods, all clad in costly dresses, glittering with gold and silver. No one was allowed to enter the temple with arms in his hands, no uncleanness was suffered to come within its precincts, no deed of violence to be there committed. Far from serving as places of refuge for criminals, as the Christian churches in the middle ages, robbers, murderers, and other persons who had in any way suffered their honour to be tarnished, dared not show themselves in the vicinity of a Scandinavian temple; and he who in any way violated its sacred peace and purity, was called

* Adam of Bremen.

Vagr i Veum, was considered the greatest of criminals, was declared outlawed upon earth, and excluded from all hopes of entering Valhalla. As among all heathens, the principal part of the Scandinavian worship consisted in sacrifices, which were offered up at stated periods of the year. Three great sacrificial feasts in particular were sacred to the Scandinavians: the harvest sacrifice, at which they offered up their thanks for the benefits received; the spring sacrifice, at which they endeavoured to propitiate the gods in favour of the intended Viking expeditions; and the Yule sacrifice, which was spent in merriment and feasting. The Yule festival began on the evening of the shortest day, and its object was to implore a good year, but it was particularly devoted to conviviality, and lasted many days. During this period all feuds ceased; friends made appointments with each other to meet at the chief temple, and interchanged presents; and those who could not come sent their offerings nevertheless. Various animals—such as bulls, horses, goats, sheep, hawks, and cocks—were sacrificed to the gods; but at the Yule feast a boar was the chief sacrifice. After the animals had been killed, the officiating *gode* drew auguries from the intestines and the flowing blood, which was next sprinkled upon the walls of the temples, upon the images of the gods, and upon the assembled multitude. The flesh of the animals was then cooked in large caldrons over fires lighted on the floor of the temple, and was afterwards partaken of by the assembled worshippers. During the repast, toasts were drunk in honour of the gods: one for Odin, one for Frei, and one for Brage, the god of eloquence and poetry. One toast also was devoted to the memory of the dead. In times of great danger or disasters, the Scandinavian sacrifices, however, assumed a more gloomy character: then human beings were immolated to appease the wrath of the gods; but these dreadful scenes do not seem to have been of frequent occurrence. Among the antiquities of the north are some large copper or bronze bowls, which it is supposed were used in the sacrifices to receive the blood of the victims.

The instincts of liberty which seem to have guided the ancient Scandinavians in the foundation and organization of all their institutions, are, we think, nowhere more manifest than in the means by which the priests of gods held in such high reverence were prevented from forming an exclusive and usurping caste in the state, as was the case among almost all the nations of antiquity. It was the chief, whether of Hærad, *Fierding*, or kingdom, who performed the functions of the temple, and who in his quality of civil and military leader derived increased authority from his holy functions, but who, from the very fact of his holding these diverse situations, was obliged to appear in the public assemblies of the people, to account to them for the manner in which he exercised his power, and to receive from them the laws according to which he was to rule. It is curious to see how those highest *desiderata* of government, which subsequently other nations have endeavoured to develop, from a scientific and reflective appreciation of their benefits, were apparently instinctively embodied by these barbarians, and by the cognate race of the Anglo-Saxons.

The freedom of appropriating to themselves as much land as they desired, which was enjoyed by the first settlers in Iceland, and no doubt

equally so by the early settlers in the Scandinavian peninsula, was afterwards limited in both countries when the extent of arable soil and the amount of population were no longer in so great disproportion to each other. The laws of Iceland afterwards made it a rule that no man should take more land than he could ride round with fire in one day; and so likewise the ancient laws of Sweden prescribe rules to be observed on such occasions. But when these laws were observed, and the soil brought under tillage, the property called *Odal* belonged by right to the possessor and his heirs in perpetuity. No power of interference therewith was recognised; and it appears that in the earliest times, when on particular occasions tribute was paid to the king, it was considered a voluntary and personal contribution, not a tax on the land.* The Odalbonde † ruled with sovereign power in his home; he was the master of the house, the head of the family, the judge and the priest, and exercised a patriarchal authority over his wife, his children, and his domestics. But, on the other hand, the father of the family was responsible for all the acts of his household; he was bound to make amends for any injury which they might cause to others, as also to avenge any injury inflicted on them. The Bonde alone had any political weight in the state; he alone could meet on the Thing to deliberate and give counsel on the affairs of the commonwealth; he alone, in cases of internal dissensions, could give evidence for or against the king and the king's servants; he alone was deemed sufficiently independent to enjoy on all occasions the full confidence due to a man; and therefore he alone could be intrusted with those functions which comprised a public trust. To be born the heir to Odal-land was therefore a great distinction; and he who alienated such property was looked upon with contempt. Distinction of rights between Odalbönder there were none, but some distinction of ranks inevitably arose from the different degrees of wealth, from the glory redounding to descendants of distinguished heroes, and from the honours connected with leadership in war or peace, and with high positions in the king's service. Among the modes of acquiring personal distinction was also proficiency in some of the peaceful arts, and more particularly the Scaldic art. The scald whose songs bestowed that immortality on earth which it was the great ambition of the northern hero to acquire, was indeed courted by all; and the intense pleasure which the Scandinavians felt in listening to the deeds of their forefathers perpetuated in these songs also contributed to make the profession of scald one of the most honoured among them. But the armourer and the ship-builder, on whose skill depended so much of their success in war, also held a distinguished place in their esteem. A good sword was prized so highly that it descended from father to son through many generations, was sung of in the songs of the scalds under a particular name, and shed almost as great a lustre on the memory of the maker as the combats in which it was used shed upon him who wielded it. So likewise a good ship, the possession of which was looked upon as of infinite value. But it was above all things the feeling of being a freeborn

* Strinnholm: Svenska Folkets Historia. Allen: Haandbog i Fædrelandets Historie.

† In the present day, the word *Bonde* in the Scandinavian languages denotes exclusively a peasant or agriculturist, but in ancient times it designated every freeborn holder of property.

Bonde, who recognised nothing above him but the laws which he himself contributed to make and to maintain, that swelled the heart of the Northman with self-conscious pride, and gave him that independence of character which distinguished him through life. The Sagas mention many Bönder who in riches and influence could vie with the mightiest Jarls, but who disdained to be distinguished by any other name than that of Bonde. Such was Oke, a Bonde in Wermeland, who entertained in his house at one time the kings of Sweden and Norway and their suites, and who on their departure offered presents to each, as was the custom of the times. Such also was Hakon the Old, who protected a fugitive queen and her son from the pursuit of the incensed king; and Thekil, a rich Norwegian Bonde, who, when he was requested by Harald the Fair-haired to enter his service, replied that he would rather remain a simple Bonde, 'and would still consider himself as good as the greatest man in the realm.'

But in Scandinavia, as among all the nations of antiquity, below the freemen, who considered themselves as constituting the nation, there was a population of slaves, or *thralls*, as they were called, who might be bought, or sold, or killed like a herd of cattle, and ill-treated with perfect impunity; and here, as among the Greeks and Romans, slavery was intimately connected with the whole social organization. The freemen, being almost constantly engaged in war or Viking expeditions, had but little time to devote to domestic concerns—to cultivating their fields, and tending their herds, occupations which also they considered below their dignity. While, therefore, the Bonde attended the Thing, or spent his time in warlike expeditions by land or sea, the thralls performed the domestic services, which would otherwise have been neglected. Thraldom therefore continued in the north as long as the exclusively warlike tastes of the people; and not until the reduction of all the small independent sovereignties under one head, and the introduction of Christianity, had conjointly worked a change in the wild and predatory habits of the Northmen, did it begin gradually to die out. The first thralls were probably the nomade tribes inhabiting the Scandinavian countries at the arrival of the Goths, and who were reduced to this state by their conquerors. Afterwards their numbers were recruited by the prisoners who were captured in the wars and piratical expeditions, and who were sold in regular slave-markets, together with the merchandise and other articles of value which the Vikings had gained possession of. Crimes which were generally punished with death were also sometimes punished with thraldom, and even insolvent debtors were occasionally reduced to servitude. This kind of bondage was, however, less rigorous than that of the ordinary thrall, as the master had not in such cases full power over the bondsman. Instances are also mentioned of freemen, reduced to poverty, having voluntarily sold their freedom; but such an act was considered in the highest degree despicable, and dishonoured even the master who accepted the services of the slave. Upon the whole, the thralls were held in the deepest contempt, and considered prone to every vice, and incapable of any virtue. The language of the north possessed no more bitter term of revilement than that of thrall; and he who applied it to a freeman exposed himself to the most bloody vengeance. To die at the hand of a thrall was looked upon as the most disgraceful death; and to crown the misery of the slave, it was perpetuated even in the next world, for he was con-

sidered by nature a coward; and none but the brave and the free could enter the hall of Odin. But notwithstanding all these disadvantages, the condition of the thralls in the north was much superior to that of the slaves of the south. In the north they never existed in such overwhelming numbers as to lose their marketable value; they were, therefore, even from interested motives, more tenderly treated; and the morals of the people being so much purer than those of the Romans, they were never reduced to become to that degree the tools of the degraded passions of their masters, nor were they systematically demoralised, as among the Greeks, to serve as warning examples to the freeborn youth. The Scandinavian Bonde possessed no more thralls than he required for the cultivation of his fields, and for his other services; and though he might in anger strike his slave, he nevertheless in general treated him with humanity. Even the laws, though they did not directly interfere in defence of the slave, indirectly at least protected his infancy. The old Vestgötha laws, for instance, enacted that when a master would maintain a disputed right to a slave born in his house, he should swear and prove by witnesses not only that the child had been born in his house, but that it had been fed from the breast of its mother, that it had been properly clad, and that it had lain in a cradle. On all festive occasions also, whether private or public, the slaves were admitted to participation in the universal joy; were treated on a footing of equality; and whoever on these occasions inflicted an injury upon any one of them, was subject to the same fines as those paid for the infliction of a like injury on a freeman; whereas, under ordinary circumstances, the injury done to a thrall was calculated only according to the loss sustained by the master. Good masters also allowed their slaves to devote some of their time to working for themselves, and to purchase their liberty with the money thus gained; but the free-bought or free-given men did not attain the same rights as the freeborn, and the stain of thraldom was not considered blotted out until the third generation.*

War being in the eyes of the Northmen the end and aim of life, preparations for combat, and the acquirement of proficiency in all kinds of bodily exercises, constituted exclusively the education of youth; and as even in boyhood courage, strength, and agility were prized above all other virtues, to excel in the swimming, wrestling, leaping, running, and climbing matches, as also in all military exercises, was the sole ambition of those whose age did not yet allow them to try their strength in serious combat. That among a people of such warlike tastes and habits, and but little restrained by law, the field of battle was not always beyond the limits of the country, will be readily understood; and indeed the history of the times is made up of little else than narratives of bloody personal, family, or party feuds. The laws were, as has been seen above, proposed in the Thing, and accepted or rejected by the assembled people, and here also were all legal disputes settled, according to the simple sense of justice of the judges; but in some instances the law recognised in the individual the right to act upon different principles. Thus, with the exception of the worst crimes—such as treason, assassination, theft, violation of the

* Strinnholm: Skandinavien under Hedna-Aldern. Geijer: History of Sweden. Allen: Haandbog i Fædrelandets Historie.

sanctity of the temple or of the Thing—all offences were punishable with fines, even homicide and murder coming within this category; but for the two latter offences custom exacted vengeance, and the law did not forbid it. 'I will not carry my dead son about with me in my money-bag!' is, in one of the Sagas, the answer of a father to the proposal of a compensation for the death of his son; and this answer illustrates the general feeling on the subject. But though it was considered disgraceful to allow the murder of a relative to be blotted out by the payment of a sum of money, and vengeance was looked upon as a sacred duty, the deed for which it was sought was not considered as dishonouring the perpetrator, unless it were committed in a cowardly and unfair manner. So great a difference was there made between assassination and the slaying of a man without any attempt at concealment, that, as stated above, the former was reckoned among the *ubodemaal*, for which no compensation could be made; and extraordinary rules were laid down to enable a man, who had slain another in the absence of witnesses, to clear himself from the imputation of unfairness. He was to proceed at once to the house nearest the spot where the deed had been committed, and there make it known. If, however, this house were inhabited by relatives of the murdered man, the murderer was allowed to pass by and proceed to the next, at which he was also exempted from delivering his awful message in case it proved to be the dwelling of the dead man's kindred; but the door of the third dwellingplace he dared not pass, whatever were to be the consequences to himself. This was called *Viglysning* (proclamation of murder), and the obligation to seek vengeance incumbent on the relatives of the deceased was called *Vigarf* (inheritance of murder). At a later period, when endeavours were made to soften the manners of the people, the laws fixed the degree of relationship beyond which it was not allowed to take up the Vigarf;* but in the earliest times it seems to have descended to the most distant relatives. If a father fell by the hand of another, his sons did not venture to celebrate his *Gravöl* before they had avenged his death; and instances are on record of the avenger having tracked the murderer through foreign countries, and at length settled the bloody debt at the court of Byzantium. Even mothers and wives would rouse a son or a husband to follow up the stern law of retribution, were even his own life to be sacrificed in the attempt.

Another custom arising out of the warlike habits of the Northmen, was the frequent recurrence to single combat, or *Holmgang*†—the origin of our modern duels, which have deviated very little from their barbarian prototypes, except inasmuch as concerns the earnestness of the combatants; for when the Northmen sought each other in combat, it was not to go through some empty ceremony, at variance as much with the faith they professed as with the habits and principles of the times they lived in: they met according to the universally-received opinion of right in their day, to settle in blood some deadly feud, which would leave the one antagonist no peace while the other breathed. 'If,' says a fragment of the old heathen law which has been preserved, 'a man abuse another, and say

* Strinnholm.

† So called from the *custom of settling the* quarrel on some one of the small islands—*Holme—so frequent on the coasts of* the Scandinavian countries.

to him, "Thou art not a true man; thou hast not the heart of a man in thy breast;" and the other answer, "I am as much a man as thou art;" they shall seek each other where three roads meet. If he come who has given the challenge, but he come not who has been challenged, then the latter shall be deemed to be such as the other called him, and he shall not be allowed to take oath, nor shall his evidence hold good for man or woman. But if he come who has been challenged, and not he who has given the challenge, then he who has come shall three times call him *Nidding*, and he shall make a sign in the earth, to show that he has been ready for the combat; and he who gave the challenge, but did not meet, shall be so much worse a man, because he promised what he dared not perform. But if they both meet on the spot with arms, and he fall who has been challenged, then for him shall be paid half a *mansbot* (compensation). If he fall who has given the challenge, who has used the worst terms of abuse, and who by his tongue has caused murder, then shall he remain uncompensated for.' The *Holmgang* was also distinguished from an ordinary fray by the many rules laid down for the observance of the combatants, and the space allotted to them was marked off; and he who placed his foot beyond the limits, was considered vanquished.* Duels between heroes of great renown awakened a lively interest among their countrymen, who flocked to the spot to witness them. Among the various causes for which recourse was had to single combat, the desire of avenging the death of a foster-brother seems to have been of frequent recurrence. The connection expressed in this term is one of the most remarkable manifestations of the manly, earnest, and deeply passionate, though little demonstrative, character of the Northmen. Foster brotherhood was generally concluded between youths who had been educated together, or who had otherwise been thrown much into each other's society, and had learned to love each other's qualities; but was also entered into by men who had been engaged in hostile rencontres, and whose hostility in the course of an obstinately-sustained struggle gave way to feelings of warm admiration of each other's valour. The foster-brothers mingled their blood together, and made a solemn vow to stand by each other through life, in weal or wo, and to avenge each other's death. The bond thus constituted between them was considered more sacred than any tie of kindred; and the man who in any way betrayed the confidence of his foster-brother was considered a *nidding*, and shunned by all honourable men. Sometimes the vow to avenge the foster-brother's death was extended to a promise not to survive him, and many instances are recorded of the fidelity with which these vows were adhered to, even at the risk of violating the most sacred bonds of nature. Thus we are told in one Saga, that King Niorwe's son being engaged in a feud with the sons of Jarl Wiking, Niorwe's foster-brother, the old king addressed his son as follows:—'If thou slayest Wiking, I will not spare thee, for it shall not be said of Niorwe that he broke the vow which he swore to his foster-brother.'† Another Saga‡ relates how

* Thorlacius: Om Tvekamp i det hedenske Norden.

† Thorsten Vikingson's Saga.

‡ Vatnsdaela Saga. We have throughout this article quoted such Sagas only as the learned Danish investigator P. E. Müller has pronounced to be authentic histories, not fictitious narratives.

Eivind Särkner, having heard of the death of his friend Ingmund, said to his foster-son—'Go and tell my friend Gautr what thou hast seen me do, and I think he will do likewise;' and then drawing out his sword, he ran it through his own body. When Gautr was informed of this, he said—'Now it beseems not Ingmund's friends to live longer, and I will follow the example of my friend Eivind;' and he acted accordingly. The custom among the Scandinavians of removing their sons from home when young, and placing them under the care of some respected Bonde distinguished for enterprise or valorous deeds, also lead to a connection—that of foster-father and foster-son—as intimate and affectionate as that of blood relationship, yet second in degree to that existing between foster-brothers, between whom subsequent enmity was considered so impossible, that when it did arise, it was attributed to malignant supernatural agencies.

In no one point is the moral superiority of the barbarous Northmen over the super-refined Greeks and Romans more clearly manifested than in the position which women held among them. The wife of the Scandinavian Bonde was his helpmate in every sense which we at present attach to the word. Chastity, modesty, good sense, a dignified deportment, and firm and energetic character, were more highly prized in a wife than riches and beauty, though the two last-mentioned qualities were not without their value; and though the superintending of the in-door domestics, and the attending to household matters, such as spinning, weaving, &c. were her more strictly legitimate functions, she was not excluded from the counsels of her husband on matters relating to his welfare and his honour. Indeed examples are not wanting of even the redoubtable northern Kæmper having been brought under petticoat rule. There was, however, no danger of their warlike ardour being damped by the influence of their wives; for the feelings of martial honour which characterised the people were in a most remarkable degree developed in the frailer sex also. Valour and martial renown, which, at a later period, after the institution of chivalry, constituted throughout Europe the chief claims of a man on female admiration, were from the earliest times prized by the Scandinavian maidens above all other manly virtues. They deigned not to notice a youth who had obtained for himself the unenviable epithet of 'Stay at home,' by which was meant one who did not go out on Viking expeditions in search of fame and riches; and it frequently occurred that a woman put forward the cowardice and mean disposition of her husband as her plea for demanding a divorce. The Sagas also record numerous instances of women encouraging their husbands and sons to brave resistance even unto death, and sacrificing themselves with them. In one Saga we are told of a warrior who, consulting his mother as to whether he ought to fly from enemies greatly his superiors in number, is answered by her, 'Had I thought that thou wert to live for ever I would have wrapped thee in wool. Know that destiny reigns over life: it is better to die with honour than to live with shame.'

Whatever influence, however, the women exercised relative to matters not domestic, was solely owing to their individual qualities. The laws strictly limited the rule of the wife to the *Nykla Rádd* (key government), the insignia of which was the bunch of keys delivered to her by her husband on the first day she entered his house; and in all other matters subjected her entirely to him. Without his permission, she was not

entitled to sell or to buy; she had no voice in the choice of a husband for her daughter; and could not even visit her relatives; and her husband could chastise her at his pleasure. Among a comparatively rude and uncultivated people, there must of course always have been many individuals ready to abuse the power thus held; and the fact is indeed proved, by laws against the ill-treatment of women, promulgated on the introduction of Christianity. Yet the manliness of character which distinguished the Northmen, and which made them consider every outrage upon a weak or defenceless person dishonourable, together with the moral superiority of the women, must have acted as a check. Even the myths of the Elder Edda show the disgrace attached to a man laying violent hands upon a woman. In one of the poems, Thor is represented as taking credit to himself for having beaten the female Jetter. Harbard replies: 'Shamefully didst thou act, Thor, in striking women!' and Thor excuses himself with their being more like she-wolves than women.

During the infancy of their children, the paternal authority of the Scandinavians, as of other heathen nations, in whose eyes human life was invested with no sacred character, extended over life and death. On each new-born child the father pronounced sentence, and according to this it was either brought up in its home, or exposed in the fields or the roadsides. Such exposure of infants belonging to wealthy families was, however, looked upon as disgraceful, except under extraordinary circumstances —as, for instance, when bad omens or unlucky dreams had preceded its birth, and caused fear of the infant being doomed to bring misfortunes on the family. The origin of this barbarous custom seems to have been the poverty of the country, and the difficulty of providing for the wants of a growing population; and therefore in subsequent times the poor only were suffered by public opinion to act in accordance with it. But the exposure or putting to death of a new-born infant was in no case an act punishable by law, except when the father had received the child in his arms and given it a name, after which ceremony the taking of its life was considered in the light of murder. Grown-up sons continued under the authority and control of the father as long as they dwelt in his house and 'ate of his bread;' but when they quitted the paternal roof, and became independent men, responsible to the law for their own acts, their dependence on the will of the father likewise ceased; but filial reverence being a common virtue among the Scandinavians, as among all uncorrupted people, they always felt bound to listen to his advice with reverence and submission. The daughters never obtained the same degree of freedom: they passed from the guardianship of the father only when entering under that of the husband. Even regarding the choice of a husband, nominally the father's will alone was consulted, though that of the maiden was frequently ascertained beforehand. For the maidens were not, among this people, held in the same seclusion as among the more refined nations of antiquity. The moral worth of woman was recognised among the Scandinavians, and she was allowed to fill her place as a moral agent in society. Unmarried as well as married women mixed freely in the society of men, and were present at the public games and all festive gatherings. At table they presented the mead-horn to the male guests, first touching it with their lips when they would confer great honour, and receiving courtesy and respect in

return. When a young man intended to ask for the hand of a maiden in marriage, he prepared himself deliberately for the *Bönords-för* (wooing journey), as it was termed, and was generally accompanied by his father, his foster-father, or some near relative. If his suit were accepted by the maiden's father, the preliminary arrangements were at once commenced, the suitor offering presents to the bride's father, which were called *Brudkaup* (bride purchase), and the father bestowing in return a dowry on his daughter. The dowry thus conferred was looked upon as a compensation to the woman for being excluded from the right of inheritance, and was retained by her at the death of her husband, as also when he divorced her without a cause, or when she divorced him on account of bad conduct on his side; but was forfeited by any dereliction of duty on her side leading to divorce. The terms of the *brudkaup* having been arranged, they were confirmed in the presence of the relatives of both parties, by the bridegroom clasping the hand of the bride elect, and pronouncing some conventional terms. The betrothal was then complete, and the wedding might follow as soon as convenient to the parties, though often postponed for years; but a wedding which took place without such previous betrothal was called *Skyndi-Bryllup* (hasty wedding), and was illegal. Though concluded with so much ceremony, the marriage-bond could, as far as law was concerned, be dissolved at pleasure, and polygamy even was permitted. This seems, however, to have been very rarely indulged in, except by the kings, who sometimes, from political motives, married several wives.

The houses of the poor among the Scandinavians consisted but of one apartment, which served at once as sitting-room, bedroom, and kitchen; the fireplace, built of large stones, being in the middle of the room, and the bedsteads ranged around the walls. Chimney there was none, the smoke escaping through an aperture in the roof, directly above the fireplace, and which also served to let in the light. When the state of the weather required it, this skylight might be closed with a frame covered over with a bladder, or a thin transparent skin, which kept out the rain while it admitted some slight portion of light. The dwellingplaces of the wealthier classes, though in the essential features very similar, were, however, fitted up with much greater comfort and luxury. A never-failing feature in the house of poor and rich alike was the high seat, or seat of honour for the father of the family, raised a little above the others, and having on each side the pillars on which were carved the images of the gods. Opposite to the high seat, and on a level with it, was another for the most honoured guest, who was thus, for the time, considered to be on equality with the head of the family.

The banquet-rooms of kings, Jarls, and very rich Bönder, which were often of considerable dimensions, frequently formed separate buildings apart from the dwelling-house, and were fitted up with great luxury. The walls were hung with brightly-burnished arms, shields, and helmets; or in other instances with tissues of bright colour, or were decorated with carved work. The benches were covered with rich stuffs from foreign looms, and the high seat and other seats of honour were even furnished with stuffed cushions. It being the custom among the Scandinavian *Kæmper* to take military service

for some years under foreign kings and rulers, and particularly under the emperors of Constantinople, who at one time had a Scandinavian body-guard, it was probable that these warriors brought with them from the luxurious South, and disseminated among their countrymen, a love of luxury not in harmony with their general habits and character. Hospitality was one of the leading virtues among the Scandinavians, as among all barbarous nations. The exhausted traveller had a right to a seat at every hearth: he was received with friendliness, was refreshed with meat and drink; and when he left the hospitable roof, was conducted on his way, if he were in fear of hostile parties. Even his bitterest foe had a claim upon the hospitality of the Northman, and the person of the guest was sacred, were he even the murderer of the son of the house. Before the higher duty the lesser fell to the ground, and under these circumstances, therefore, revenge was deemed dishonourable. Among the festive meetings none were held more in honour than the commemorative feasts called *Gravöl*—literally, grave-beer—given by the son and heir after the death of his father, and in honour of the latter. On these occasions all the relatives and friends of the deceased were invited, and his virtues and exploits formed the theme of conversation. Finally, the son proposed to the assembled guests to empty their beakers to the memory of his father, and at the same time promised solemnly to perform some exploit which should render him worthy of filling the place of his parent as head of the family. Not until this was done could he seat himself in the high seat, which was in future to be his place. At all other convivial meetings, drinking was the chief occupation; and as the power of taking in an unusual quantity of intoxicating liquors was reckoned among the qualities which graced a man, the guests vied with each other in draining those costly and curiously-wrought horns and beakers, so many of which are described in the Sagas, and specimens of which are still extant; and so not unfrequently the friendly meeting ended in a fray. More frequently, however, the guests would gather round the most experienced warriors in the room, to listen to the narratives of their adventures and exploits. But if a scald were present, all others were silent, out of respect for his superior gifts, and his audience drank in with avidity the inspiring strains in which he sung the valorous deeds of their forefathers, and awakened in them a burning desire to distinguish themselves in like manner.

The scaldic art was carried to a considerable degree of perfection among this people. Its origin was traced to the gods, who were sometimes called *Liodasmidr* (song-smiths), and poetry was designated *Asamaal* (language of the Asas). The songs of the scalds constituted, during the whole heathen period, the sole literature of the Scandinavians; through them alone were the thoughts, feelings, and experiences of one generation transmitted to another; and in listening to the scald, the people was not only listening to the inspirations of one individual mind, but to the pulsations of its own past life. Richness of imagination, penetration, and judgment were the chief qualities demanded in a scald. His knowledge was not only to embrace all the mythic songs of his predecessors concerning the gods and their struggles and adventures, as also of the heroic exploits of the Kæmper whose names had been deemed worthy to be transmitted to posterity, but he was to be acquainted with contemporary events, and to be ready to

celebrate in his songs those names and those deeds which they in their turn were to hand down to future generations. The scalds were therefore great travellers, and were warmly welcomed wherever they appeared; but they were feared as well as revered, for they could not only embalm a name in honour, but they could also perpetuate its shame; and the Sagas relate many instances of proud and ruthless warriors turning pale at the threat of a *Nidvisa*—that is, a satirical or scoffing poem. Though some degree of flattery was permitted to the scalds in the presence of mighty kings and jarls whose names were the themes of their song, if they attempted to falsify facts they lost their reputation; for a poem being at the same time a history, was valued according to its truthfulness, and not only as a work of art.

Although the ancient Scandinavians were in possession of written characters—the so-called *Runor*—in the heathen times, these seem to have been used more for superstitious than for useful purposes. The superstitious notions attached to the Runor very probably arose from their having originally been known to a certain number of individuals only, who availed themselves of their superior knowledge to impose upon the multitude, as was the case with the priestly order among all the nations of antiquity. This is the more probable, as the word *Run* in the ancient northern tongue means secret; and this word was at the same time used to designate all science. The invention of the Runor was attributed to the Asas, and the mythological poems of the Elder Edda make frequent mention of the supernatural aid which Odin and the other Asas derived from the use of them. Modern research has proved that the Runic alphabet and characters of the Scandinavians, from which those of the Germans and the Anglo-Saxons are derived, were not a corruption of a more perfect alphabet, but that they possessed an undeniably primitive stamp, which bears a certain resemblance to the alphabet of almost all the early inhabitants of Europe—such as the Etruscans, the Turditanians, the Celtiberians, &c. but more especially a decided affinity to the Ionic, or most ancient Greek Alphabet;* and this again points to the East as the source of Scandinavian civilisation. This circumstance also seems to prove the correctness of Snorri's interpretation of the ancient myth; and if Odin really introduced Oriental forms of worship and Oriental civilisation into Scandinavia, it is probable that originally the priests have formed in these countries also an exclusive caste; that the Runor were known to them alone; and that this circumstance invested the letters with a mysterious character, which they retained even after the use of them became more generally diffused. The Sagas indeed mention two kinds of Runor—dark Runor, which were complicated and difficult to understand, and were used for exorcisms and other superstitious purposes; and simple Runor, which were cut in wood and the bark of trees, and were used for recording important events in a few pithy sentences, or for preserving the genealogy of the ruling families; but most probably the dark Runor were only arbitrary cabalistic signs used by the pretended sorcerers to impose upon the vulgar. The custom of cutting Runor in stone seems not to have been introduced until towards the close of the heathen period, and not to have become generally prevalent until after the introduction of

* Grimm. Liljegren.

Christianity; for of the inscription-stones as yet discovered in the Scandinavian countries, amounting in all to about 1600, the greater number have been raised in commemoration of persons who had been converted to Christianity, and who had died, as it is expressed, 'in their white clothes'—that is, in their christening clothes. The small stones, or bits of granite with Runic inscriptions found in the graves, are, however, supposed to date from the heathen period. The stones raised above the heathen graves, and which were denominated *Bauta* stones, have no inscriptions; the names of the distinguished persons whose graves they marked were consigned to the memory of the people alone, and to the songs of the scalds. That this sufficed to keep alive the knowledge of the localities in which were situated the sepulchral barrows of the most celebrated heroes and wealthiest Bönder and chieftains, may be inferred from the Sagas, which relate instances of how the reverence generally felt for the restingplace of the dead was at times overcome by the desire of some warrior to obtain possession of the far-famed weapons of a predecessor, placed with him in the grave; or of some robber to become master of the gold and silver ornaments and other treasures buried with the dead. Such violation of a grave was, however, regarded with superstitious fear by the Northmen; and even those who ventured upon the act guarded themselves against its consequences by taking with them fire and a wax taper, both believed to be charms against witchcraft.*

The extraordinary luxury which, by the testimony of the written records, as well as of the antiquities, reigned in the North, even during the heathen period, when art and science in those countries were still in so very undeveloped a state, must partly have been the result of the constant depredatory expeditions of the Vikings to countries far superior to their own in riches, and in every essential of civilisation, but also partly (though in a much inferior degree) of peaceful commerce. Between the three Scandinavian countries a very lively commercial intercourse existed, but the northern traders, as well as the warlike Vikings, also visited more distant shores. Like all the early maritime nations, the Northmen made up in daring and enterprise for what they wanted in science and skill; and though their ships—of which the descriptions extant are very vague—must have been of very inferior construction, they ventured with them to traverse seas where, even in the present day, the skill of the mariner is taxed to the

* It is a curious fact, that when the grave of Thyra Dannebod, alluded to above, was opened some years ago, and found rifled of its chief contents, a small piece of wax candle, which had probably been left there by one of the former visitants, was discovered in the grave-chamber. The extraordinary fidelity with which the Sagas have narrated every circumstance connected with the burial of the dead, and with which they have described the various weapons, personal ornaments, and household utensils which the earth has given up to our examination, give them, irrespectively of all other considerations, a peculiar claim upon our confidence relative to those usages and customs also for which we have no such tangible vouchers. The only point relative to interments mentioned in the Sagas which has as yet not been distinctly verified is the burial of some renowned Vikings in their ships. In none of the tumuli hitherto opened have any distinct vestiges of ships or boats been discovered, though in some of the barrows of greatest magnitude in Norway there have been found numbers of the large copper nails used for shipbuilding—in some instances even placed in regular rows in the earth, as if the planks they had held together had rotted away.

utmost. Money was not coined in the Scandinavian countries until the eleventh century, and commerce was therefore carried on partly by means of direct barter of goods for goods, partly by means of gold and silver rings,* bits of which were chipped off as required, and valued according to weight; but it is probable that the foreign coins, so considerable a number and so great a variety of which have been found in the earth, if not acquired by commerce, have at least been subsequently applied to its purposes. Though commerce was not neglected, cattle-breeding and fishing formed the chief resources of the people. Horses, horned-cattle, sheep, goats, and swine, were reared in great numbers.

Such as they appear in their religious faith and in their whole manner of living, such also the ancient Scandinavians appear in the history of Europe. Whenever their name is mentioned in the pages of the chronicles of other European countries, the page is marked with blood. There can be no doubt that in the ranks of the hordes of barbarians who at the commencement of our era assailed the Roman Empire, have been many Scandinavians; but as long as the whole Gothic-Germanic race was in movement towards the south, it was difficult to distinguish between the tribes from the different localities, and many different tribes have no doubt been confounded in the few names which appear in history. But after the fall of the West Roman Empire, when the Gothic and Germanic nations, which had until then dwelt on the shores of the Baltic, had moved farther into the interior, to occupy the conquered Roman territories, and the weakened tribes who remained behind had been subjugated by the Slavonic nations pressing forward from the east, then the Scandinavians begin to stand forth in history as a distinct people, and one which made the ocean its highway to riches and renown. Probably the northern Viking expeditions had begun long before that, for Tacitus mentions the Sueres as a powerful maritime nation, and modern antiquaries † maintain, what ancient historians have shadowed forth, that the Scandinavians at a very remote period made settlements in the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and in Scotland, and that the Picts descended from this people. But it was not until the long-protracted struggle between the Britons and the Saxons had ended in the utter subjugation of the former, and on the western continent of Europe new empires had been founded on the ruins of the Roman Empire, that the names of the Dani, Ostmanni (Norwegians), and Nordmanni—under which latter denomination more particularly were comprised indiscriminately the natives of the three Scandinavian countries—began to be mentioned in the chronicles of the times as a new scourge sent to the nations of Europe. England, Scotland, and Ireland became the first victims of these ruthless depredators, whose atrocious deeds are painted in the darkest colours by the Christian annalists of the times; but soon the Northmen spread the terror of their name over the south of Europe also. The coasts of Flanders, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Greece were devastated by their piratical fleets, and even the burning shores of Africa felt the strong hand of the north. At first the Vikings appeared only in small numbers at a time, in the

* Rings of this kind, from which pieces have been broken, are frequently found in the earth.

† Finn Magnusen. Om Picternes og deres Navns Oprindelse.

character of pirates more than of hostile armies; but in the ninth and tenth centuries the Viking expeditions assumed a new and more formidable character. No longer content with devastating the sea-coasts and the banks of the large rivers in the various countries—with plundering the churches and abbeys, in which the principal riches of the Christian countries were centered—with putting to death men, and women, and children, but more particularly the servants of that religion which they deemed their greatest enemy, and which they hated with the whole force of their passionate natures—the Northmen began to aspire to found empires, and in the course of these two centuries they conquered for themselves a footing not only in England, Scotland, and Ireland, but also in France, Italy, and Russia. The cause of this change in the policy of the Northmen was partly the facilities afforded to them by the distracted state of the various countries in which they founded principalities, but still more the changes which were taking place in their own countries. During these two centuries the many petty principalities into which Denmark, Sweden, and Norway were divided were in each of these countries brought under subjection to one ruler, and at the same time the Christian faith began to be preached, and gradually to supersede the old religion. Many chieftains were thus dispossessed of their territories; and numerous other persons who clung with affection to their ancient faith, customs, and institutions, and were disgusted with the new state of things, swelled the number of the roving Vikings, who now, no longer content with plunder, sought to gain a new home in place of the one they had lost. Not until they had succeeded in this respect, and not until the establishment of a stronger government and of the Christian religion gradually spread peace and order through the Scandinavian countries, and worked a change in the habits and character of the people, was Europe saved from the scourge which had for centuries ravaged its fairest provinces.

THE LOST LETTER.

I.

ONE night between twenty and thirty years ago a party were assembled in the drawing-rooms of a house situated in one of the most spacious squares of the great metropolis. The brightly-lighted lamps lent an additional lustre to yet brighter eyes, and the sprightly tones of various instruments accompanied the graceful evolutions of the dancers, as they threaded the mazes of the country-dance, cotillion, or quadrille, for waltz, polka, and schottisch were then unknown in our ball-rooms. Here and there sat a couple in a quiet corner, evidently enjoying the pleasures of a flirtation, while one pair, more romantic or more serious than the others, had strayed out upon the balcony, to indulge more unrestrainedly in the conversation, which, to judge by their low and earnest tones, and abstracted air, seemed deeply interesting to both.

It was now long past the hour 'of night's black arch, the keystone,' and the early dawn of a midsummer morning was already bestowing its first calm sweet smile on the smoke-begrimed streets and world-worn thoroughfares of mighty London, as well as on the dewy hay-fields, shady lanes, green hedgerows, and quiet country homes of rural England. The morning star, large, mild, and lustrous, was declining in the clear sky; and on the left of the lovely planet lay a soft purple cloud, tinged on the edge with the lucid amber of the dawning day. A light breeze just stirred the leaves of the trees in the square garden, and fanned the warm cheeks of the two spectators, as, suddenly silent, they stood feasting their eyes and hearts on the surpassingly beautiful scene before them, and marvelling at the remarkable purity of the atmosphere, which, in the foggy metropolis of Britain, seemed almost to realise the Venetian transparency of the pictures of Canaletti. Perhaps it may be as well to take advantage of the pause to describe the two lovers, for that they were lovers you have of course already guessed.

A handsomer pair, I am sure, you would never wish to see! The well-knit, well-proportioned figure of the gentleman bespoke at once activity and ease, while the spirited, intelligent expression of his countenance—dark-complexioned as that of an Andalusian—would have given interest to far plainer features. The glance of his dark eye, as it rested fondly on his fair companion, or was turned abroad on the world, told alternately of a loving heart and a proud spirit. Philip Hayforth was one who would have scorned to commit an ignoble action, or to stain his soul with the

shadow of a falsehood for all the treasures and the blessings the earth has to bestow; but he was quick to resent an injury, and slow to forget it, and not for all the world would he have been the first to sue for a reconciliation. Like many other proud people, however, he was open-hearted and generous, and ready to forgive when forgiveness was asked; the reason of which might be, that a petition for pardon is, to the spirit of a proud man, a sort of homage far more gratifying than the most skilful flattery, since it establishes at once his own superiority. But to his Emily Philip was all consideration and tenderness, and she, poor girl, with the simple faith of youth and love, believed him to be perfection, and admired even his pride. A very lovely girl was Emily Sherwood—gifted with a beauty of a rare and intellectual cast. As she now stood leaning on the arm of her companion, her tall yet pliant and graceful figure enveloped in the airy drapery of her white dress, with her eyes turned in mute admiration towards the dawning day, it would have required but a slight stretch of the imagination to have beheld in her a priestess of the sun, awaiting in reverent adoration the appearance of her fire-god. Her complexion and features, too, would have helped to strengthen the fantasy, for the one was singularly fair, pale, and transparent, and the other characterised by delicacy, refinement, and a sort of earnest yet still enthusiasm. Her hair, of the softest and palest brown, was arranged in simple yet massive plaits around her finely-shaped head, and crowned with a wreath of 'starry jessamine.' From the absence of colour, one might have imagined that her beauty would have been cold and statue-like; but you had only to glance at her soft, intellectual mouth, or to look into her large, clear, hazel eyes, which seemed to have borrowed their sweet, thoughtful, chastened radiance from the star whose beams were now fast paling in the brightening sky, to learn that Emily Sherwood could both think and love.

'Dear Philip,' she said at last in that low tone which is the natural expression of all the finer and deeper emotions, 'is it not beautiful? I feel at this moment as if I were almost oppressed with happiness—as if this were but an intense dream of love and beauty, that must, as sentimental people say, "be too bright to last." I never felt as I do now in all my life before.'

'Nor I neither, my Emily, my sweet little poetess; but I suppose it is because we love, for love intensifies all the feelings.'

'All the best feelings.'

'The whole nature I think. It is, for instance, more difficult to bear a slight from those we love than from a comparatively indifferent person.'

'A slight! but there can be no such thing as a slight between those who love perfectly—as we do. Are we not all in all to each other? Is not our happiness indivisible?'

'It is my pride and joy to believe so, my sweet Emily. I know in my own heart that the needle is not more true to the magnet than my thoughts and feelings are to you. It shall be the chief care of my life to save you from all uneasiness; but, Emily, I expect the same devotion I give: unkindness from you, of all the world, I could not and would not endure.'

'Oh, Philip, Philip!' she said half tenderly, half reproachfully, 'why should you say this? I do not doubt *you*, dear Philip, for I judge your love by my own.'

He looked into the truthful and affectionate eyes which were raised so trustingly to his face, and replied in a voice tremulous with emotion, 'Forgive me, Emily. I trust you entirely; but I had started an idea, the barest contemplation of which was insupportable—maddening, because of the very excess of my affection. In short, Emily, I know—that is, I suspect—your father looked for a higher match for you than I am. Report says that his prejudices are strong in favour of birth, and that he is very proud of his ancient blood; and the idea did cross me for a moment, that when you were with him he might influence you to despise me.'

'My father *is* proud; but, dear Philip, is nobody proud but he? And notwithstanding his prejudices, as you call them, I can assure you you are not more honourable yourself in every act and thought than he is. He has consented to our marriage, and therefore you need not fear him, even if you cannot trust me alone.'

'Oh, Emily, pardon me! And so you think me proud. Well, perhaps I am, and it is better that you should know it, as you will bear with it, I know, for my sake, my best, my truest Emily; and I shall repay your goodness with the most fervent gratitude. Yes, I feel with you that no cloud can ever come between us two.'

Emily Sherwood was the eldest daughter of Colonel Sherwood, a cadet of one of the proudest families in England; and which, though it had never been adorned with a title, looked down with something like contempt on the abundant growth of mushroom nobility which had sprung up around it, long after it had already attained the dignity which, in the opinion of the Sherwoods, generations alone could bestow. Colonel Sherwood inherited all the pride of his race—nay, in him it had been increased by poverty; for poverty, except in minds of the highest class—that rare class who estimate justly the true value of human life, and the true nature of human dignity—is generally allied either with pride or meanness. Of course when I speak of poverty I mean comparative poverty—I allude to those who are poorer than their station. In a retired part of one of the eastern counties, Colonel Sherwood struggled upon his half-pay to support a wife and seven children, and as far as possible to keep up the appearance he considered due to his birth and rank in society. Emily had been for two seasons the belle of the county balls; and the admiration her beauty and manners had everywhere excited, had created in the hearts of her parents a hope that she was destined to form an alliance calculated to shed a lustre on the fading glory of the Sherwoods. But, alas! as Burns sings—

'The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft agee.'

During a visit to some relatives in London, Emily became acquainted with Philip Hayforth; and his agreeable manners and person, his intelligent conversation and devotion to herself, had quickly made an impression upon feelings which, though susceptible, were fastidious, and therefore still untouched. Then, too, the romantic ardour with which his attachment was expressed, the enthusiasm he manifested for whatever was great, good, or beautiful, aroused in Emily all the latent poetry of her nature. Naturally imaginative, and full even of passionate tenderness, but diffident

and sensitive, she had hitherto, from an instinctive consciousness that they would be misunderstood or disapproved, studiously concealed her deeper feelings. Hence had been generated in her character a degree of thoughtfulness and reserve unusual in one of her years. Now, however, that she beheld the ideas and aspirations she had so long deemed singular, perhaps reprehensible, shadowed forth more powerfully and definedly by a mind more mature and a spirit more daring than her own, her heart responded to its more vigorous counterpart; and at the magic touch of sympathy, the long-pent-up waters flowed freely. She loved, was beloved, and asked no more of destiny. It was not, it may be supposed, without some reluctance that Colonel Sherwood consented to the demolition of the aërial castles of which his beautiful Emily had so long been the subject and the tenant, and made up his mind to see her the wife of a man who, though of respectable parentage, could boast neither title nor pedigree, and was only the junior partner in a mercantile firm. But then young Hayforth bore the most honourable character; his prospects were said to be good, and his manners unexceptionable; and, above all, Emily was evidently much attached to him; and remembering the days of his own early love, the father's heart of the aristocratic old colonel was fairly melted, and he consented to receive the young merchant as his son-in-law. The marriage, however, was not to take place till the spring of the following year. Meanwhile the lovers agreed to solace the period of their separation by long and frequent letters. Philip's last words to Emily, as he handed her into the postchaise in which she was to commence her homeward journey, were, 'Now write to me very often, my own dearest Emily, for I shall never be happy but when hearing from you or writing to you; and if you are long of answering my letters, I shall be miserable, and perhaps jealous.' She could only answer by a mute sign, and the carriage drove away. Poor, agitated Emily, half happy, half sad, leant back in it, and indulged in that feminine luxury—a hearty fit of tears. As for Philip, he took a few turns in the Park, walking as if for a wager, and feeling sensible of a sort of coldness and dreariness about every object which he had never remarked before. Then he suddenly recollected that he must go to the counting-house, as he 'was very busy.' He did not, however, make much progress with his business that day, as somehow or other he fell into a reverie over everything he attempted.

Nothing could exceed the regularity of the lovers' correspondence for the first two or three months, while their letters were written on the largest orthodox sheets to be had from the stationer's—post-office regulations in those days not admitting of the volumes of little notes now so much in vogue. At last Emily bethought herself of working a purse for Philip, in acknowledgment of a locket he had lately sent her from London. Generally speaking, Emily was not very fond of work; but somehow or other no occupation, not even the perusal of a favourite poem or novel, had ever afforded her half the pleasure that she derived from the manufacture of this purse. Each stitch she netted, each bead she strung, was a new source of delight—for she was working for Philip. Love is the true magic of life, effecting more strange metamorphoses than ever did the spells of Archimago, or the arts of Armida—the moral alchemy which can trans-

mute the basest things into the most precious. It is true of all circumstances, as well as of personal qualities, that

> 'Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
> Love can transpose to form and dignity.'

The purse was quickly finished, and despatched to Philip, together with a letter. Emily was in high spirits at the prospect of the answer. She danced about the house, singing snatches of songs and ballads, and displaying an unusual amount of gaiety; for, though generally cheerful, she was of too thoughtful a disposition to be often merry. Philip, she was sure, would write by return of post. How she wished the time were come! She knew pretty well, to be sure, what he would say; but what did that signify? She longed to feast her eyes on the words his hand had traced, and to fancy the tones and the looks which would have accompanied them had they been spoken instead of written. The expected day came at last, but the post-bag contained no letter for Emily. At first she could hardly believe it: her countenance fell, and for a few minutes she seemed much disappointed; but never mind, the letter would come to-morrow, and she soon began to trip about and to sing almost as gaily as before. But another day passed, and another, and another, and still no letter! Poor Emily's blithe voice was mute now, and her light step rarely heard. Sometimes she tried to read, or to play on the piano, but without much success; while her anxious looks, and the tear which occasionally might be seen to glisten in her eye, betrayed the trouble within. A whole week elapsed, a longer period than had ever passed before without a letter from Philip Hayforth—a fortnight—a month—and the poor girl's appetite failed, her nights were sleepless, and her drooping figure and pining looks told of that anxious suffering, that weary life-gnawing suspense, which is ten times more hard to bear than any evil, however great, of which we can ascertain the nature and discern the limits. Could Philip be ill? Could he—— No, he could not be inconstant. Ought she to write to him again? But to this question her parents answered 'No. It would be unfeminine, unladylike, undignified. If Mr Hayforth were ill, he would doubtless write as soon as he was able; and if he were well, his conduct was inexcusable, and on Emily's part rendered any advance impossible.' Poor Emily shrank from transgressing what her parents represented as the limits due to delicacy and decorum, and she would have died rather than have been guilty of a real impropriety, or have appeared unfeminine in the eyes of Philip Hayforth; and yet it did often suggest itself to her mind—rather, however, in the shape of an undefined feeling than of a conscious thought—that the shortest, best, most straightforward way of proceeding, was to write at once to Mr Hayforth, and ask an explanation. She could not herself see clearly how this could be wrong; but she supposed it must be so, and she acknowledged her own ignorance and inexperience. Emily was scarcely twenty; just at the age when an inquiring and thoughtful mind can no longer rely with the unquestioning faith of childhood on assertions sanctioned merely by authority, and when a diffident one is too timid to venture to trust to its own suggestions. It is only after much experience, or one of those bitter mistakes which are the great lessons of life, that such a character learns that self-reliance, exercised with deliberation and humility, is the only safeguard for

individual rectitude. Emily, therefore, did not write, but lived on in the silent, wasting agony of constant expectation and perpetual disappointment. Her mother, in the hope of affording her some relief, inquired in a letter she was writing to her relative in London, if the latter had lately seen Mr Hayforth. The answer was like a deathblow to poor Emily. Her mother's correspondent had 'met Mr Hayforth walking with a lady. He had passed her with a very stiff bow, and seemed inclined to avoid her. He had not called for a long time. She could not at all understand it.' Colonel Sherwood could now no longer contain his indignation. He forbade the mention of Philip Hayforth's name, declaring that 'his Emily was far too good and beautiful for the wife of a low-born tradesman, and that he deserved the indignity now thrown upon his family for ever having thought of degrading it by the permission of such a union. And his darling child would, he knew, bear up with the spirit of the Sherwoods.' Poor Emily had, it is to be feared, little of the spirit of the Sherwoods, but she tried to bear up from perhaps as good a motive. But it was a difficult task, for she was wellnigh broken-hearted. She now never mentioned Philip Hayforth, and to all appearance her connection with him was as if it had never been; but, waking or sleeping, he was ever present to her thoughts. Oh! was it indeed possible that she should never, *never* see him again? No, it could not be; he would seek her, claim her yet, her heart said; but reason whispered that it was madness to think so, and bade her at once make up her mind to her inevitable fate. But this she could not do—not yet at all events. Month after month of the long dreary winter dragged slowly on; her kind parents tried to dissipate her melancholy by taking her to every amusement within reach, and she went, partly from indifference as to what became of her, partly out of gratitude for their kindness. At last the days began to lengthen, and the weather to brighten; but spring flowers and sunny skies brought no corresponding bloom to the faded hopes and the joyless life of Emily Sherwood. The only hope she felt was 'the hope which keeps alive despair.'

One May morning, as she was listlessly looking over in a newspaper the list of marriages, her eye fell upon a well-known name—the name of one who at that very time ought to have knelt at the altar with her. She uttered neither scream nor cry, but clasping her hands with one upward look of mute despair, fell down in a dead faint. For many days she was very ill, and sometimes quite delirious; but her mother tended her with the most assiduous affection, while her comfort and recreation seemed her father's sole care. They were repaid at last by her recovery, and from that time forth she was less miserable. In such a case as Emily's there is not only the shock to the affections, but the terrible wrench of all the faculties to be overcome, which ensues on the divorce of the thoughts from those objects and that future to which they have so long been wedded. There is not only the breaking heart to be healed, but the whole mental current to be forcibly turned into a different channel from that which alone habit has made easy or pleasant. 'The worst,' as it is called, is, however, easier to be endured than suspense; and if Emily's spirits did not regain their former elasticity, she ere long became quite resigned, and comparatively cheerful.

More than a year had elapsed since that bright spring morning on which

she had beheld the irrefragable proof of her lover's perfidy, when she received an offer of marriage from a gentleman of good family and large property. He had been struck by her beauty at a party where he had seen her; and after a few meetings, made formal proposals to her father almost ere she was aware that he admired her. Much averse to form a new engagement, she would at once have declined receiving his addresses, had her parents not earnestly pressed the match as one in every respect highly eligible. Overcome at last by their importunities, and having, as she thought, no object in existence save to give pleasure to them, she yielded so far to their wishes as to consent to receive Mr Beauchamp as her future husband, on condition that he should be made acquainted with the history of her previous engagement, and the present state of her feelings. She secretly hoped that when he learned that she had no heart to give with her hand, he would withdraw his suit. But she was mistaken. Mr Beauchamp, it is true, knew that there was such a word as *heart*, had a notion that it was a term much in vogue with novel-writers, and was sometimes mentioned by parsons in their sermons; but that *the heart* could have anything to do with the serious affairs of life never once entered into his head to suppose. He therefore testified as much satisfaction at Emily's answer as if she had avowed for him the deepest affection. They were shortly afterwards married, and the pensive bride accompanied her husband to her new home—Woodthorpe Hall; an ancient, castellated edifice, situated in an extensive and finely-wooded park on an estate in the East Riding of Yorkshire.

But I have too long neglected Philip Hayforth—too long permitted a cloud to rest upon his honour and constancy. He was not, in truth, the heartless, light-minded wretch that I fear you may think him. Pride, and not falsehood or levity, was the blemish in his otherwise fine character; but it was a very plague-spot, tainting his whole moral nature, and frequently neutralising the effect of his best qualities. He had been quite as much charmed with Emily's present and Emily's letter as she had ever ventured to hope, and had lost not a moment in writing to her in return a long epistle full of the fervent love and gratitude with which his heart was overflowing. He had also mentioned several affairs of mutual interest and of a pressing nature, but about which he was unwilling to take any steps without the concurrence of 'his own dearest and kindest Emily.' He therefore intreated her to write immediately; 'to write by return of post, if she loved him.' But this letter never reached its destination: it was lost—a rare occurrence certainly, but, as most of us are aware from our own experience, not unknown. And now began with Philip Hayforth the same agony which Emily was enduring—nay, a greater agony; for there was not only the same disappointed affection, the same heart-sickness, the same weary expectation, but there was the stronger suffering of a more passionate and less disciplined temper; and, above all, there was the incessant struggle between pride and love—the same fearful strife which, we are told, once made war in Heaven.

Sometimes he thought that Emily might be ill; but then that did not seem likely, as her health was generally good, and she was, when she had last written, perfectly well, and apparently in excellent spirits. Should he write

to her again? No, she owed him a letter, and if she loved him, would doubtless answer it as soon as circumstances would permit; and he 'would let that haughty old aristocrat her father see that Philip Hayforth the merchant had more of the spirit of a man in him than to cringe to the proudest blood in England. And as for Emily, she was his betrothed bride—the same as his wife; and if he was not more to her than any father on earth, she was unworthy of the love he had given her. Let her only be true to him, and he was ready to devote his life to her—to die for her.' As the time wore slowly away, he became more and more exasperated, fevered, wretched. Sometimes it seemed to him that he could no longer endure such torment; that life itself was a burthen too intolerable to be borne. But here pride came to the aid of a better principle. His cheek tinged at the thought of being spoken of as the slighted lover, and his blood boiled at the bare idea of Colonel Sherwood's contemptuous pity for the vain plebeian who had dared to raise his thoughts to an alliance with his beautiful, high-born daughter. He 'would show the world that he was no love-sick, despairing swain; and Miss Sherwood's vanity should never be gratified by the display of the wounds her falsehood had inflicted. He would very soon, he knew, forget the fair coquette who had trampled thus upon his most sacred feelings.' So he tried to persuade himself, but his heart misgave him. No: he could not forget her—it was in vain to attempt it; but the more his feelings acknowledged her power, even the more the pride she had wounded in its tenderest point rose up in wrath against her; and he chafed at his own powerlessness to testify towards her his scorn and contempt. At such times as these he seemed even to himself on the verge of madness. But he had saner moments—moments when his better nature triumphed, and pride resigned for a brief space her stormy empire to the benigner sway of the contending passion.

In the midst of those terrific tornados, which in the West Indies and elsewhere carry in their path over immense districts ruin and desolation, there is a pause, often of considerable duration, caused, the scientific inform us, by the calm in the centre of the atmospheric vortex of which they are composed. Such a calm would occasionally rest upon the mind of Philip Hayforth, over the length and breadth of which the whirlwind of passion had lately been tearing. One night, after one of those hidden transports, which the proud man would have died rather than any mortal eye should have scanned, he threw himself upon his bed (for he rarely *went to bed* now, in the accepted sense of the phrase) in a state approaching exhaustion, mental and bodily. By degrees a sort of dream-like peace fell upon his spirit; the present vanished away, and the past became, as it were, once more a living reality. He thought of Emily Sherwood as he had first seen her—a vision of loveliness and grace. He thought of her as he had beheld her almost the last time on that clear summer morning, and like refreshing dew on his scorched and desolated heart fell the remembrance of her gentle words and loving looks. Could they have deceived? Ah no! and his whole nature seemed suddenly softened. He seemed to see her before him now, with her angel face and her floating white robes; he seemed even yet to be looking into those soft, bright eyes, and to read there again, as he had read before, love unspeakable, truth unchangeable. His heart was filled with a yearning tenderness, an intense and longing.

fondness, and he extended his arms, as if to embrace that white-robed image of truth and gentleness: but she was not there; it was but her spirit which had come to still his angry passions with the calm of trust and love. And in the fond superstition that so it was, he sprang from his couch, seized a pen, and wrote to her a passionate, incoherent epistle, telling her that she had tried him almost beyond his strength, but that he loved and believed in her still, and if she answered immediately, that he was ready to forgive her for all the pain she had caused him. This letter finished, he threw himself upon his bed once again, and after a space, slept more soundly than he had done for many a long night before. When he rose in the morning he read over his letter, and felt, as he read, some faint misgivings; but these were put to flight by the recollection of Emily as she had appeared to him in the vision of the previous night. As the post, however, did not go out till the evening, he would keep the letter till then. Alas for the delay! It changed for ever his own fate and that of Emily Sherwood. It chanced that very afternoon that, taking up a provincial newspaper in a coffee-room into which he had strolled on his way to the post-office, the following paragraph met his eye:—'We understand that there is a matrimonial alliance in contemplation between J—— R——, Esq., eldest son of Sir J—— R——, Bart., and the lovely and accomplished Miss Sherwood, daughter of Colonel Sherwood, late of the —th dragoons, and granddaughter of the late R. Sherwood, Esq. of —— Park.' On reading this most unfounded rumour, Philip Hayforth waited not another moment, but rushed home as if driven by the furies; and tearing his letter in a thousand pieces, threw it and the purse, Emily's gift, into the fire, and vowed to bestow not another thought on the heartless woman who had perjured her own faith and sold his true and fervent love for riches and title. Oh how he scorned her! how he felt in his own true heart that all the wealth and grandeur of the earth would have been powerless to tempt one thought of his from her!

To conceal all suspicion of his sufferings from the world, and if possible banish their remembrance from his own mind, he now went even more than formerly into society; and when there, simulated a gaiety of manner greater than had hitherto distinguished his most vivacious moments. He had always been a general favourite, and now his company was more sought after than ever. Among the young persons of the opposite sex with whom his engagements most frequently brought him in contact, was a young girl of the name of Fanny Hartley, pretty, gentle, excessively amiable, but without much mind, and with no literary taste whatever. She had nothing to say, but she listened to him, and he felt in her society a sort of repose, which was at present peculiarly grateful to his angry, troubled spirit. Her very silence soothed him, while the absorbing nature of his own feelings prevented him at first from thinking of hers. Philip Hayforth had certainly not more than an average share of human vanity, but he did at last suspect, partly from an accidental circumstance which had first drawn his attention to the subject, that he had created in the heart of the innocent Fanny a deeper interest than he had ever intended. He was touched, grateful, but at first grieved, for *he* 'could never love again.' But the charm of being loved soon began to work: his heart was less desolate, his feelings were less bitter, when he thought of Fanny

Hartley, and he began to ask himself if he were wise to reject the consolation which Providence seemed to offer him in the affection of this amiable and artless young creature. And when he thought of the pain she might perchance be suffering on his account, all hesitation upon the subject was removed at once. If she loved him, as he believed, his conduct, it seemed to his really kind heart, had already been barbarous. He ought not to delay another day. And accordingly that very evening he offered his hand to Fanny Hartley, and was accepted with trembling joy.

Their marriage proved a happy one. Fanny was as amiable as she had appeared, and in the conduct of the commoner affairs of life, good-feeling with her supplied in a great measure any deficiency of strong sense. Philip did perhaps occasionally heave a gentle sigh, and think for a moment of Emily Sherwood, when he found how incapable his wife was of responding to a lofty or poetic thought, or of appreciating the points of an argument, unless it were upon some such subject as the merits of a new dress or the seasoning of a pudding. But he quickly checked the rising discontent, for Fanny was so pure in heart, and so unselfish in disposition, that it was impossible not to respect as well as to love her. In short, Philip Hayforth was a fortunate man, and, what is more surprising, knew himself to be so. And when, after twenty years of married life, he saw his faithful, gentle Fanny laid in her grave, he felt bereaved indeed. It seemed to him then, as perhaps, at such a time, it always does to a tender heart, that he had never done her justice, never loved her as her surpassing goodness deserved. And yet a kinder husband never lived than he had been; and Fanny had died blessing him, and thanking him, as she said, 'for twenty years of happiness.' 'How infinitely superior,' he now daily and hourly thought, 'was her sweet temper and loving disposition to all the intellect and all the poetry that ever were enshrined in the most beautiful form!' And yet Philip Hayforth certainly was not sorry that his eldest daughter—his pretty, lively Fanny—should have turned out not only amiable and affectionate, but clever and witty. He was, in truth, very proud of Fanny. He loved all his children most dearly; but Fanny was the apple of his eye—the very delight of his existence. He had now almost forgotten Emily Sherwood; but when he did think of her, it was with indifference rather than forgiveness. He had not heard of her since his marriage, having, some time previous to that event, completely broken off the slight acquaintance he had formed with her relations; while a short absence abroad, at the time of her union with Mr Beauchamp, had prevented him from seeing its announcement in the papers.

Meanwhile poor Emily's married life had not been so happy as that of her former lover. Mr Beauchamp was of a pompous, tyrannical disposition, and had a small mean mind. He was constantly worrying about trifles, perpetually taking offence with nothing, and would spend whole days in discussing some trivial point of etiquette, in the breach of which he conceived himself aggrieved. A very miserable woman was his wife amid all the cold magnificence of her stately home. Often, very often in her hours of loneliness and depression, her thoughts would revert to the brief, bright days of her early love, and her spirit would be rapt away by the recollection of that scene on the balcony, when Philip Hayforth and she had stood with locked hands and full hearts gazing at the sinking star and the

sweetly breaking day, and loving, feeling, thinking, as if they had but one mind between them, till the present seemed all a fevered dream, and the past alone reality. She could not have been deceived then: then, at least, he had loved her. Oh, had she not wronged him? had there not been a mistake—some incident unexplained? He had warned her that his temper was proud and jealous, and she felt now that she ought to have written and asked an explanation. She had thrown away her happiness, and deserved her fate. Then she recollected that such thoughts in her, the wife of Mr Beauchamp, were worse than foolish—they were sinful; and the upbraidings of her conscience added to her misery.

But Emily had a strong mind, and a lofty sense of right; and in those solitary struggles was first developed the depth and strength of her character. Partly to divert her thoughts from subjects dangerous to her peace, and partly from the natural bent of her inclinations, she sought assiduously to cultivate the powers of her mind, while her affections found ample scope for their exercise in the love of her infant son, and in considerate care for her many dependants, by all of whom she was loved and reverenced in no common degree. She learned thus the grand lessons—'to suffer and be strong,' and to make the best of destiny; and she felt that if she were a sadder woman, she was also a wiser one, and at any price wisdom, she knew, is a purchase not to be despised.

Mrs Beauchamp had been married little more than five years when her husband died. His will showed, that however unhappy he had made her during his life, he had not been insensible to her merit, for he left her the sole guardian of their only son, and, while she should remain unmarried, the mistress of Woodthorpe Hall. In the childish affection and opening mind of her little boy poor Emily at last found happiness—unspeakable happiness, although it was of course qualified by the anxiety inseparable from parental love. She doted upon him; but her love was of too wise and unselfish a nature to permit her to spoil him, while her maternal affection furnished her with another motive for the cultivation of her own mind and the improvement of her own character. She was fired with the noble ambition of being the mother of her child's mind, as well as of that mind's mere perishable shrine.

II.

Twenty-five years have passed away, with all their changes—their many changes; and now—

> 'Gone are the heads of silvery hair,
> And the young that were have a brow of care:'

And the babe of twenty-five years ago is now a man, ready to rush into the thickest and the hottest of the great battle of life.

It was Christmas time; the trees were bare on Woodthorpe Chase; the lawns were whitened by a recent shower of snow, and crisped by a sharp frost; the stars were coming out in the cold cloudless sky; and two enormous fires, high piled with Christmas logs, blazed, crackled, and roared in the huge oaken chimneys of the great oak hall. Mrs Beauchamp and her

son sat together in the drawing-room, in momentary expectation of the arrival of their Christmas guests—a party of cousins, who lived at about ten miles' distance from Woodthorpe Hall. Edmund Beauchamp was now a very promising young man, having hitherto fulfilled the hopes and answered the cares of his fond and anxious mother. He had already reaped laurels at school and college, and his enlightened and liberal views, and generous, enthusiastic mind, gave earnest of a career alike honourable and useful. In person and features, though both were agreeable, he did not much resemble his mother; but he had the same large, soft, thoughtful eyes, the same outward tranquillity of demeanour hiding the same earnest spirit. At present he was silent, and seemed meditative. Mrs Beauchamp gazed at him long and fondly, and as she gazed, her mother's heart swelled with love and pride, and her eyes glistened with heartfelt joy. At last she remarked, 'I hope the Sharpes's new governess is as nice a person as the old one.'

'Oh, much nicer!' cried Edmund suddenly, and as if awakening from a reverie.

'Indeed! I used to think Miss Smith a very nice person.'

'Oh, so she was—very good-natured and obliging; but Miss Dalton is altogether a different sort of person.'

'I wonder you never told me you found her so agreeable.'

'I—Oh, I did not—— That is, you never asked me.'

'Is she young?'

'Yes—not much above twenty I should think.'

'Is she pretty?'

'I—I don't exactly know,' he said, hesitating and colouring; 'I suppose—most persons—— I should think she is.' 'How foolish I am!' thought Edmund. 'What will my mother think of all this?' He then continued in a more composed manner—'She is a very excellent girl at least. She is the daughter of a London merchant—a remarkably honourable man—who has been ruined by these bad times; and though brought up in luxury, and with the expectation of large fortune, she has conformed to her circumstances in the most cheerful manner, and supports, it seems, with the fruits of her talents and industry two little sisters at school. The Sharpes are all so fond of her, and she is the greatest favourite imaginable with the children.' Edmund spoke with unwonted warmth. His mother looked at him half-sympathisingly, half-anxiously. She seemed about to speak, when the sound of carriage wheels, and the loud knock of a footman at the hall-door, announced the arrival of the Sharpes, and Mrs Beauchamp and her son hastened into the hall to welcome their guests. Mrs Beauchamp's eye sought for the stranger, partly because she was a stranger, and partly from the interest in her her son's conversation had created. But Miss Dalton was the last to enter.

Edmund had not erred in saying she was a pretty girl. Even beneath the cumbrous load of cloaks and furs in which she was now enveloped, you could detect the exquisite proportions of her *petite* figure, and the sprightly grace of her carriage; while a pretty winter bonnet set off to advantage a face remarkable for the intelligence and vivacity of its expression. Her features, though not regular, were small, while the brilliancy of her colour, though her complexion was that of a brunette, lent a yet brighter glow to her sparkling dark eyes, and contrasted well with the glossy black ringlets

which shaded her animated countenance. At this moment, however, her little head was carried somewhat haughtily, and there was a sort of something not unlike bashfulness or awkwardness in her manner which seemed hardly natural to it. The truth was, Miss Dalton had come very unwillingly to share in the festivities of Woodthorpe Hall. She was not acquainted with Mrs. Beauchamp, and report said she was a very dignified lady, which Fanny Dalton interpreted to mean a very proud one; and from her change of circumstances, rendered unduly sensitive, she dreaded in her hostess the haughty neglect or still haughtier condescension by which vulgar and shallow minds mark out their sense of another's social inferiority. And therefore it was that she held her head so high, and exhibited the constraint of manner to which I have alluded. But all her pride and shyness quickly melted before the benign presence and true heart-politeness of Mrs Beauchamp. Dignified the latter certainly was; but her dignity was tempered with the utmost benevolence of expression, and the most winning sweetness of manner; and when she took the hand of her little stranger guest between both of hers, and holding it kindly, said, 'You are the only stranger here, Miss Dalton; but for my sake you must try to feel at home,' an affection for Mrs Beauchamp entered into the heart of the young girl, which has continued ever since steadily to increase. That she should conceive such an affection was not unnatural, for there was something in the appearance and manners of Mrs Beauchamp, combined with her position in life, calculated to strike the imagination and touch the feelings of a warm-hearted and romantic girl such as Fanny Dalton, more especially one circumstanced as she was. Even her previous prejudice, with the reaction natural to a generous mind, was likely to heighten her subsequent admiration. But it is not so easy to account for the sudden interest the pretty governess created at first sight in the heart of her hostess. Many girls as pretty and as intelligent-looking as Miss Dalton she had seen before, without their having inspired a spark of the tenderness she felt towards this unknown stranger. She could not comprehend it herself. She was not prone 'to take fancies,' as the phrase is; and yet, whatever might be the case, certain it was that there was a nameless something about this girl which seemed to touch one of the deepest chords of her nature, and to cause her heart to yearn towards her with something like a mother's love. She felt that if Miss Dalton were all that she had heard, and that if she should really prove her son's choice, he should not be gainsaid by her.

The Christmas party at Woodthorpe Hall was generally a merry one; and this year it was even merrier than usual. Fanny Dalton was the life of the party; her disposition was naturally a lively one, and this hour of sunshine in her clouded day called forth all its vivacity. But Fanny was not only clever, lively, and amiable; her conduct and manners occasionally displayed traits of spirit—nay, of pride; the latter, however, of a generous rather than an egotistical description. Nothing was so certain to call it forth as any tale of meanness or oppression. One morning Miss Sharpe had been relating an anecdote of a gentleman in the neighbourhood who had jilted (odious word!) an amiable and highly estimable young lady, to whom he had long been engaged, in order to marry a wealthy and titled widow. There were many aggravating circumstances attending the whole

affair, which had contributed to excite still more against the offender the indignation of all right-thinking persons. The unfortunate young lady was reported to be dying of a broken heart.

Fanny, who had been all along listening to the narration with an eager and interested countenance, now exclaimed—'Dying of a broken heart! Poor thing! But if I were she, *I* would not break my heart—I would scorn him as something far beneath me, poor and unimportant as I am. No, I might break my heart for the loss of a true lover, but never for the loss of a false one!' As Fanny's eyes shone, and her lip curled with a lofty contempt, as her naturally clear, merry tones grew deeper and stronger with the indignation she expressed, a mist seemed suddenly to be cleared away from the eyes of Mrs Beauchamp, and in that slight young girl she beheld the breathing image of one whom she had once intimately known and dearly loved—in those indignant accents she seemed to recognise the tones of a voice long since heard, but the echoes of which yet lingered in her heart. Why she had so loved Fanny Dalton was no mystery now—she saw in her but the gentler type of him whom she had once believed the master of her destiny—even of Philip Hayforth, long unheard of, but never forgotten. But what connection could there be between Philip Hayforth and Fanny Dalton? and whence this strange resemblance, which lay not so much in form or in feature, as in that nameless, intangible similarity of expression, gesture, manner, and voice, so frequently exhibited by members of the same family.

As soon as Mrs Beauchamp could quit the table, she withdrew to her own room, where she remained for some time in deep meditation, the result of which was a determination to fathom the mystery, if mystery there was. It was just possible, too, that the attempt might assist her to find a key to the riddle of her own destiny. Accordingly, on the afternoon of the same day, she took an opportunity of being alone with Miss Dalton and her son, to say to the former—'I think you told me, my dear, that your father was alive?'

'Oh yes, thank God, *he* is alive! How I wish you knew him, Mrs Beauchamp! I think you would like him, and I am *sure* he would like and admire you.'

'Does your father at all resemble you in appearance?'

'I am not sure. I have been told that I was like him, and I always consider it a great compliment; for papa is still a very handsome man, and was of course even handsomer when he was young, and before his hair became gray. I have a miniature likeness of him, taken before his marriage, which I have with me, and will show you, if you will so far indulge my vanity.'

Mrs Beauchamp having replied that she should like exceedingly to see it, Fanny tripped away, and returned in a few minutes, carrying in her hand a handsome but old-fashioned morocco case. Mrs Beauchamp had never seen it before, but she well remembered having given directions for the making of a case of that very size, shape, and colour, for a miniature which was to have been painted for her. Her heart began to beat. She seemed upon the brink of a discovery. Fanny now opened the case, and placing it before Mrs Beauchamp, exclaimed, 'Now, isn't he a handsome man?' But Mrs Beauchamp could not answer. One glance had been

sufficient. A cold mist gathered before her eyes, and she was obliged to lean for support upon the back of a chair.

'Dear Mrs Beauchamp, are you ill?'

'My dear mother!' cried Edmund.

'It is nothing,' she answered, quickly recovering herself; 'only a little faintness.' And then with the self-command which long habit had made easy, she sat down and continued with her usual calm sweetness—'I could almost fancy I had seen your father; but I do not remember ever knowing any one of the name of Dalton but yourself.'

'Oh, but perhaps you might have seen him before he changed his name; and yet it seems hardly likely. His name used to be Hayforth; but by the will of his former partner, who, dying without near relations, left papa all his money, he took the name of Dalton. The money is all gone now, to be sure,' she continued with the faintest possible sigh; 'but we all loved the dear old man, and so we still keep his name.'

Fanny had seated herself beside Mrs Beauchamp, and as she finished speaking, the latter, obeying the impulse of her heart, drew her towards her and kissed her. Fanny, whose feelings were not only easily touched, and very strong, but even unusually demonstrative, threw her arms round Mrs Beauchamp, and cried, with tears in her eyes, 'How kind you are to me, Mrs Beauchamp! You could hardly be kinder, if you were my mother.'

'Dear Fanny,' she answered in a low and affectionate tone, 'I wish, indeed, I were your mother!'

As she spoke, Edmund, who had been standing in a window apart, made a sudden movement towards the two ladies, but as suddenly checked himself. At this moment his eyes encountered those of his mother, and colouring violently, he abruptly quitted the room. This little scene passed quite unnoticed by Fanny, who at the instant was thinking only of Mrs Beauchamp, and of her own gentle mother, now beneath the sod.

The daughter of Philip Hayforth became a frequent guest at Woodthorpe Hall, spending most of her Sundays with Mrs Beauchamp, who would frequently drive over to the Sharpes's for her of a Saturday afternoon, and send her back on the Monday morning. She was invited to spend the Easter holidays at the Hall—a most welcome invitation, as she was not to return home till the midsummer vacation. A most agreeable time were these Easter holidays! Never had Fanny seemed more bright and joyous. Her presence operated as perpetual sunshine on the more pensive natures of the mother and son. It was therefore a great surprise to Mrs Beauchamp when, one day at luncheon, about a week before the time fixed for the termination of her visit, Fanny announced her intention of leaving Woodthorpe that afternoon, if her friend could spare her the carriage.

'I can certainly spare it, Fanny; but I should like to know the reason of this sudden determination?'

'You must excuse my telling you, Mrs Beauchamp; but I hope you will believe me when I say that it is from a sense of duty.' As she spoke, she raised her head with a proud look, her eyes flashed, and she spoke in the haughty tone which always brought before Mrs Beauchamp the image of her early lover; for it was in her proud moments that Fanny most resembled her father.

'Far be it from me, Fanny,' she replied with her wonted sweetness and benignity, 'to ask any one to tamper with duty; but, my child, our faults, our *pride*, frequently mislead us. You shall go to-night, if you please; but I wish, for my sake, you could stay at least till to-morrow morning. I have not offended you, Fanny?'

'Oh, dearest Mrs Beauchamp!' and the poor girl burst into tears. 'I wish—I *wish* I could only show you how I love you—how grateful I am for all your goodness; but you will never, never know.'

Mrs Beauchamp looked anxiously at her, and began, 'Fanny'—— But suddenly stopped, as if she knew not how to proceed. Immediately afterwards the young girl left the room, silently and passionately kissing Mrs Beauchamp's hand as she passed her on her way to the door.

A few hours later in the day, as Mrs Beauchamp sat reading in her boudoir, according to her custom at that particular hour, Edmund abruptly entered the little room in a state of agitation quite foreign to his ordinary disposition and habits.

'Mother!' he cried.

'My love! what is the matter?'

'Mother! I love Fanny Dalton—I love her with all my soul. I think her not only the loveliest and most charming of women, but the best and truest! I feel that she might make my life not only happier, but better. Oh, mother! is not love as real a thing as either wealth or station? Is it not as sufficient for all noble works? Is it not in some shape the only motive for all real improvement? It seems to me that such is the lesson I have been learning from you all my life long.'

'And in that you have learned it I am deeply grateful, and far more than repaid for all my care and anxiety on your account; and now thank you for your confidence, my dear Edmund, though I think you might have bestowed it after a calmer fashion. It would have been better, I think, to have said all those violent things to Fanny than to me.'

'I *have* said more than all these to Fanny, and—she has rejected me!'

'Rejected you! my dearest Edmund! I am grieved indeed; but I do not see how I can help you.'

'And yet I should not be quite hopeless if you would plead my cause. Miss Dalton says that you have loaded her with kindness which she can never repay; that she values your affection beyond all expression; and that she is determined not to prove herself unworthy of it by being the means of disappointing the expectations you may have formed for your son, for whom, she says, she is no match either in wealth or station. She would not listen to me when I attempted to speak to her but this instant in the Laurel Walk, but actually *ran* away, positively commanding me not to follow; and yet, I do think, if she had decidedly disliked me, she would have given me to understand so at once, without mentioning you. Mother! what do *you*—what *do* you think?'

'You shall hear presently, Edmund; but in the first place let us find Miss Dalton.'

They went out together, and had not sought her long, when they discovered her pacing perturbedly up and down a broad walk of closely-shaven grass, enclosed on both sides by a tall impenetrable fence of evergreens. As soon as she saw them, she advanced quickly to meet them, her face

covered with blushes, but her bearing open and proud. Ere Mrs Beauchamp had time to speak, she exclaimed, 'Mrs Beauchamp, I do not deserve your reproaches. Never till this morning was I aware of Mr Beauchamp's sentiments towards me. Dear, kind friend, I would have suffered any tortures rather than that this should have happened.'

Fanny was violently agitated; while Mrs Beauchamp, on the contrary, preserved a calm exterior. She took one of the young girl's hands between both of hers, and answered soothingly, 'Compose yourself, my dear Fanny, I intreat you. Believe me I do not blame you for the affection my son has conceived for you.'

'Oh thank you! Indeed you only do me justice.'

'But, Fanny, I blame you very much for another reason.'

'For what reason, then, madam?'

'For the same reason which now causes your eye to flash, and makes you call your friend by a ceremonious title. I blame you for your *pride*, which has made you think of me harshly and unjustly. Unkind Fanny! What reason have I ever given you to think me heartless or worldly? Do you not know that those who love are equals? and that if it be a more blessed thing to give, yet to a generous heart, for that very reason, it ought to be a pleasure to receive? Are you too proud, Fanny, to take anything from us, or is it because my son's affection is displeasing to you that you have rejected him?'

Fanny was now in tears, and even sobbing aloud. 'Oh, forgive me,' she cried, 'forgive me! I acknowledge my fault. I see that what I believed to be a sense of duty was at least partly pride. Oh, Mrs Beauchamp, you would forgive me if you only knew how miserable I was making myself too!'

'Were you—were you indeed making *yourself* miserable?' cried Edmund. 'Oh say so again, dearest Fanny; and say you are happy now!'

Mrs Beauchamp smiled fondly as she answered, 'I will do more than forgive you, my poor Fanny, if you will only love my son. Will you make us both so happy?'

Fanny only replied by a rapid glance at Edmund, and by throwing herself into the arms of Mrs Beauchamp, which were extended to receive her. And as she was pressed to that fond, maternal heart, she whispered audibly, 'My mother!—our mother!'

Mrs Beauchamp then taking her hand, and placing it in that of her son, said with evident emotion, 'Only make Edmund happy, Fanny, and all the gratitude between us will be due on my side; and oh, my children, as you value your future peace, believe in each other through light and darkness. And may Heaven bless you both!' She had turned towards the house, when she looked back to ask, 'Shall I countermand the carriage, Fanny?' And Edmund added, half-tenderly, half-slyly, 'Shall you go to-morrow?'

Fanny's tears were scarcely dry, and her blushes were deeper than ever, but she answered immediately, with her usual lively promptitude, 'That depends upon the sort of entertainment you may provide as an inducement to prolong my visit.'

And Edmund, finding that he had no chance with Fanny where repartee

or badinage was in question, had recourse again to the serious vein, and rejoined, 'If my power to induce you to prolong your visit were at all equal to my will, you would remain for ever, my own dearest Fanny.'

We must now pass over a few months. The early freshness and verdure of spring had passed away, and the bloom and the glory of summer had departed. The apple-trees were now laden with their rosy treasures, the peach was ripe on the sunny wall, and the summer darkness of the woods had but just begun to be varied by the appearance of a few yellow leaves. It was on a September afternoon, when the soft light of the autumn sunset was bathing in its pale golden rays the gray turrets of Woodthorpe Hall, and resting like a parting smile on the summits of the ancestral oaks and elms, while it cast deep shadows, crossed with bright gleams, on the spreading lawns, or glanced back from the antlers of the deer as they ever and anon appeared in the hollows of the park or between the trees, that a travelling carriage passed under the old Gothic archway which formed the entrance to Woodthorpe Park, and drove rapidly towards the Hall. It contained Edmund and Fanny, the newly-married pair, who had just returned from a wedding trip to Paris. They were not, however, the only occupants of the carriage. With them was Mr Dalton, whom we knew in former days as Philip Hayforth, and who had been specially invited by Mrs Beauchamp to accompany the bride and bridegroom on their return to Woodthorpe Hall.

And now the carriage stops beneath the porch, and in the arched doorway stands a noble and graceful figure—the lady of the mansion. The slanting sunbeams, streaming through the stained windows at the upper end of the oak hall, played upon her dress of dark and shining silk, which was partly covered by a shawl or mantle of black lace, while her sweet pale face was lighted up with affection, and her eyes were full of a grave gladness. Her fair hair, just beginning to be streaked with silver, was parted over her serene forehead, and above it rested a simple matronly cap of the finest lace. Emily Beauchamp was still a beautiful woman—beautiful even as when in the early prime of youth and love she had stood in the light of the new-born day, clad in her robes of vestal whiteness. The change in her was but the change from morning to evening—from spring to autumn; and to some hearts the waning light and the fading leaves have a charm which sunshine and spring-time cannot boast. Having fondly but hastily embraced her son and daughter, she turned to Mr Dalton, and with cordial warmth bade him welcome to Woodthorpe Hall. He started at the sound of the gentle, earnest tones which, as if by magic, brought palpably before him scenes and images which lay far remote, down the dim vista of years, obscured, almost hidden, by later interest and more pressing cares. He looked in Mrs Beauchamp's face, and a new wonder met him in the glance of her large brown eyes, so full of seriousness and benignity, while the smooth white hand which yet held his in its calm friendly clasp seemed strangely like one he had often pressed, but which had always trembled as he held it. What could all this mean? Was he dreaming? He was aroused from the reverie into which he had fallen by the same voice which had at first arrested his attention.

'We must try to become acquainted as quickly as possible, Mr Dalton,' said Mrs Beauchamp, 'and learn to be friends for our children's sake.'

Bowing low, he replied, 'I have already learned from my daughter to know and to esteem Mrs Beauchamp.'

The more Mr Dalton saw of Mrs Beauchamp, the more bewildered he became. He fancied what appeared to him the strangest impossibilities, and yet he found it impossible to believe that there was no ground for his vague conjectures. His life had been one of incessant toil, lately one of heavy distress and anxious cares, which had frequently sent him to a sleepless pillow; but never had he spent a more wakeful night than this, his first under the stately roof which his daughter—his darling Fanny—called that of her home. He felt that he could not endure another day of this uncertainty. He must be satisfied at all hazards, and he resolved to make an opportunity, should such not spontaneously present itself. But he was spared the necessity; for after breakfast the following morning his hostess offered to show him the grounds—an offer which, with his desired end in view, he eagerly accepted. They commenced their walk in silence, and seemed as if both were suddenly under the influence of some secret spell. At last, in a hoarse voice and a constrained manner, Mr Dalton abruptly inquired, 'Pray, madam, may I ask—though I fear the question may seem an unceremonious, perhaps a strange one—if you have any relations of the name of Sherwood?'

He saw her start, as she answered with forced composure, 'Yes, Mr Dalton, I have. It was indeed my own name before I married.'

As she made this avowal, both stood still, it would seem by a sort of tacit, mutual consent, and earnestly looked at each other.

Philip Hayforth Dalton was now a man past the meridian of life; his once handsome and still striking countenance was deeply marked with lines of sorrow and care, and his dark luxuriant locks were thinned and grizzled, while his features, which had long been schooled to betray no sign of emotion of a transient or superficial nature, were now, as his eyes met those of Mrs Beauchamp's, convulsed as by the working of a strong passion. A slight blush tinged Emily's usually pale cheek; she drew a rapid breath, and her voice faltered perceptibly as she said at last, 'Yes, Philip Hayforth, I am Emily Sherwood!'

Not immediately did he reply either by word or look—not till she had asked somewhat eagerly, 'We are friends, Mr Dalton—are we not?'

Pride wrestled for a minute with the better nature of Philip Hayforth; but whether it were that his self-command was now greater than in the fiery and impassioned season of youth, or that it was difficult to maintain anger and resentment in the gentle, soothing, and dignified presence in which he now found himself, I undertake not to tell; but certain it is that this time at least he crushed the old demon down, and forced himself to answer, though with a formal manner and somewhat harsh tone, 'Friends, Mrs Beauchamp! Certainly we are friends, if *you* wish it. Your goodness to my poor motherless Fanny has completely cancelled all wrongs ever done to Fanny's father. Let the past be forgotten!'

'Not so, if you please,' she answered gently, 'rather let it be explained. Mr Dalton, we are neither of us young now, and have both, I trust, outlived the rashness of youth. Never till our mutual truth is made mutually clear can we be the friends we ought to be—the friends I wish we were for Edmund's and Fanny's sake. Let us both speak plainly and boldly, and

without fear of offence on either side. I promise, on mine, to take none at the truth, whatever it may be.'

Mr Dalton, as she spoke, regarded her earnestly and wonderingly, saying, as she finished, half in reverie, half addressing her, it would seem, 'The same clear good sense, the same sweet good temper, which I had persuaded myself was but the effect of a delusive imagination! But I intreat your pardon, madam, and I promise as you have done.'

'Tell me then, truly, Mr Dalton, why you never answered the last letter I wrote to you, or acknowledged the receipt of the purse I sent?'

He started, as if he had received a pistol-shot: the formal, distant Mr Dalton had disappeared, and the eager, vehement Philip Hayforth stood before her once more. 'I did answer it, Emily. Out of the fulness of my heart—and how full it was I cannot tell you now—I answered your letter; but you, Emily, you never answered mine.'

'Indeed I never received it.'

It was some minutes after this announcement ere either was able to speak, but at last Mr Dalton exclaimed, 'Oh how I have wronged you! Emily, at this instant I catch, as it were, at the bottom of a dark gulf a glimpse of the evil of my nature. I begin to believe that I have cherished a devil in my bosom, and called it by the name of a good angel. Emily, if I am not too old to improve, you will have been the instrument of my improvement. I do not ask you to forgive me, generous woman, because I feel that you have already done so.'

Mrs Beauchamp felt what it must have cost the proud man to make this acknowledgment, and she honoured him for the effort. 'We have both been to blame,' she said, 'and therefore stand in need of mutual forgiveness. But it would be idle now to lament the past—rather let us rejoice that our friendship, re-established on the firm basis of perfect confidence, is cemented by the union of our dear children.'

Mr Dalton only answered by offering her his arm, with the kind and familiar politeness of an old friend, as she looked a little fatigued, and they walked together some distance in silence. At last Mrs Beauchamp inquired, 'Was Fanny's mother like herself?'

'No, Emily. My poor dead Fanny,' and his voice trembled slightly, 'was very sweet and amiable, but not at all like my living one.'

'Your marriage was happy then? I am glad of that.'

'I should have been the most ungrateful of men had it not been so; and yours too, Emily, I hope'——

He stopped, he hardly knew why, while, with her eyes fixed on the ground, she answered slowly, 'I am happy, very happy now!'

A feeling of profound respect and admiration held Mr Dalton silent for a few seconds, and then he said, in the tone of one who expresses an earnest conviction, 'You are the most noble-minded woman I ever knew.'

Mrs Beauchamp made no answer, and it was not till they stood together in the Hall that she said in her natural tone of kind and calm cheerfulness, 'And now, Mr Dalton, let us look for Edmund and Fanny; and if you please, in order that they may learn of our mistakes that trust is the nobler part of love, we shall tell them this story of THE LOST LETTER.'

THE SOMNAMBULE.

ABOUT twelve months ago Andrè Folitton, horticulturist and herbalist of St Cloud, a young man of worth and respectability, was united in marriage to Julienne, daughter of an apothecary of the same place. Andrè and Julienne had long loved each other, and congeniality of disposition, parity of years, and health and strength, as well as a tolerably comfortable set-out in the world, seemed to promise for them many years of happiness. Supremely contented, and equally disposed to render life as pleasant and blithe as possible, the future seemed spread before them, a long vista of peace and pleasantness, and bright were the auguries which rose around them during the early days of their espousal.

Though he loved mirth and fun as much as any one, Andrè was extremely regular in his habits, and every engagement he made was pretty sure of being punctually attended to. Julienne quickly discovered that thrice every week, precisely at seven o'clock in the evening, her husband left his home, to which he returned generally after the lapse of two hours. Whither he went she did not know, nor could she find out. Andrè always parried her little inquisitions with jokes and laughter. She perceived, however, that his excursions might be connected with business in some way or other, for he never expended money, as he would had he gone to a café or estaminet. Julienne's speculations went no further than this. As to the husband and wife, had they been left to themselves, not the slightest interruption of mutual good-feeling would ever have arisen out of this matter.

But it is a long lane which has no turning, and a very slight circumstance gave an unhappy twist to the path which had promised such a direct and pleasant voyage through life. Julienne had almost ceased to puzzle herself about her husband's periodical absences, indeed had ceased to joke when he returned from them, having easily learned—the good-tempered little woman—to consider them as nothing more than some engagement connected with the ordinary course of business. One night, however, a neighbour, Mme Margot, stepped into the bowery cottage of the young pair to have a chat and a cup of coffee with Mme Folitton. Mme Margot, though she had more words than Julienne, and could keep the conversation going at a more rattling pace, had by no means so sweet and gracious a presence. Her sharp eye and thin lips were true indices to a prying and somewhat ill-natured disposition; and the fact is, that Mme Margot, having

several times seen Andrè pass her house alone in the evening, as if taking a walk by himself, had been seized with a strong desire to know 'how things were going on' between him and his wife. Mme Margot had never joined other folks in their profuse prophecies of future happiness when Andrè and Julienne were wedded. She was not the woman to do it; her temper had spread her own bed, and her husband's too, with thorns and briers, and so she declared that the happiness of wedded life was something worse than a *mauvaise plaisanterie*. 'Eh bien!' she exclaimed, when folks spoke of Andrè and his wife. 'I wish them well, but I have lived too long to suppose that such a beginning as theirs can hold on long! We shall hear different tales by and by!' So Mme Margot, with her sharp eye and thin lips, eager to verify her prognostications, had visited Andrè's house to reconnoitre.

'M. Folitton? he is not here?' said she in the course of conversation.

'He is from home,' answered Julienne; and as she saw the peering expression of Mme Margot's face, she answered in such a manner as to check further inquiry.

'I knew it!' thought Mme Margot. 'I was sure there was something wrong!'

'Andrè will be in presently,' added Julienne.

'Ah, well,' exclaimed her companion with the look of one resigned to the inconveniences of life. 'It is well that he is so attentive to business; and very glad I am to see how much he has upon his hands: early in the morning till late at night. Fortune and leisure await those who work like him.'

'You are kind,' said Julienne. 'It is true that Andrè works very hard. Let me fill your cup.'

'Ah, Julienne! On your wedding-day, my dear, all the songs were hosannas and jubilates, and it really does seem that you are very happy and comfortable. Is it not so?'

'You are right, Mme Margot. Andrè and I are very happy, and we have many blessings to be thankful for.'

'There is one thing,' rejoined the wily lady, 'which, allow me to say, people who have businesses to look after feel rather strongly. Ay, well do I and Margot know that business interferes terribly with domestic happiness.'

'In what manner?' asked Julienne in some surprise, for Mme Margot's experience did not 'come home' to her. 'I have never thought so, nor Andrè either, I believe.'

'Why, my dear, when people are abroad they can't be at home,' continued the inquisitress. 'And as I and Margot feel that it is hard we can be so very little together, I naturally think that other people must feel the same. But, however, we *can* enjoy our little walk in the evening. I am sure, my dear, you would like it all the better if you could do the same.'

'I should,' said Julienne; 'but as Andrè's time is occupied, there is no use thinking about it. I can't think where he goes,' added she unguardedly and pensively.

Mme Margot pricked up her ears.

'Why, my dear!' exclaimed she, lowering her voice, as if about to say

something of momentous importance, 'do you mean to say that you don't know where he goes so many evenings in the week?' The good lady had always exercised a sharp scrutiny over the movements of her lord, and the bare idea of Julienne being ignorant of Andrè's proceedings excited her indignation and pity.

'I don't know, nor have I ever taken any trouble to know,' answered Julienne frankly and carelessly.

'Well, it's very good of you I daresay,' returned her visitor with something like contemptuous commiseration in her tone. 'But, my friend, you should think how necessary it is that husband and wife should be as one person. It vexes me to find that Andrè does not acquaint you with all his doings—especially with that to which he seems to pay such unfailing attention. You shouldn't let it go on any longer, my dear, for you don't know what may happen. It never smokes but there is fire. No one can tell what might have happened between me and Margot had I not always kept my eyes open: a little watchfulness has saved us worlds of annoyance and trouble.' Observing that Julienne looked offended, and was about to say something, M^me^ Margot dexterously handed her cup with a most gracious and winning bow, and launched into another topic, resolving by all means not to spoil the effect of the stimulants and hints she had let fall.

When Andrè returned this night, Julienne, to his surprise, asked him where he had been, and implored him to tell her. With a serious look he answered that it was impossible, and begged her not to inquire into a matter which in nowise concerned her, and which would cause her no sort of surprise if she knew all. As usual, the two bantered each other over the mystery, and the subject was dropped. But M^me^ Margot, though she had not succeeded in setting the young folks by the ears, had nevertheless implanted in a woman's breast an ardent desire to probe a secret. Julienne, good as she was, could not vanquish nature, and a curiosity possessed her as strong as Fatima's.

One day as she was glancing over the columns of a newspaper of which Andrè was a constant reader, an advertisement of a peculiar description met her eye. It was headed *La Somnambule*, and announced that M^lle^ Trompere, whose *prodigieuses facultés* and *lucidité extrême* had caused the greatest astonishment and excitement, continued to give mesmeric *séances* on such and such days. Julienne then turned the paper and read other matters, but now and then she looked back at this advertisement, read it again and again, and presently laid it down with a merry little laugh. There was a promise of inviolable secrecy at the end of the announcement: that she regarded particularly. She had heard stories of the wonders of clairvoyance, she was artless, and knew little or nothing of the world, and thought it would be a capital joke to try the power of M^lle^ Trompere's *lucidité*. She was going into Paris on business the very next day, and she resolved to put her project into execution. She laughed gaily as she anticipated the astonishment her husband would evince while she might let fall, some of these days when they were alone, that she knew his secret.

Behold the young wife, with sparkling eyes, and a smile upon her fresh lips, wending her way up the long and narrow Rue St Nicholas in Paris!

Arrived at the house of the clairvoyante, she asked at the concierge for Mlle Trompere.

'*Quatrième, à gauche!*' cried the porter, and Julienne hurried up the narrow staircase. Arrived at the fourth storey, she rang the bell at the door on the left, and awaited the issue of the summons in something like trepidation. The door was opened, and there came forth an old man of really venerable and imposing appearance. Thick locks of curling silver hair were combed back off a high and well-formed forehead; and beneath this appeared a countenance pale, but clear, and of serious and benign expression. Thin, and of middle height, a long dark-green robe-de-chambre made him appear tall, and the little Julienne thought she had never seen so grand an old man before. From his slightly-abstracted air, and a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles still resting on his visage, one would have fancied that he had just risen from profound study. Julienne felt quite abashed that she should have interrupted the labours of one who looked so much like a good seer, especially as she thought what a trumpery and childish errand she had come upon. It was with a faltering voice and a deprecating smile that she asked for Mlle Trompere.

'Ah!' exclaimed the old man, as if just awakened to full presence of mind; 'you wish to see her? Wait one moment, my child.'

He spoke softly and tenderly, conveying the idea that he was good and wise as well as aged. Julienne waited in the lobby of the suite of apartments whilst he entered the salon. He returned after the lapse of a few minutes, which seemed hours to the visitor, who began to grow nervous, and to feel, to use a common phrase, 'ashamed of herself.'

'I am sorry,' said the old man as he returned, 'Mademoiselle is fully engaged to-day. I might have told you so before, but I am forgetful. Can your business be postponed, my child?'

'Oh, indeed, yes!' answered Julienne readily.

'It is well,' continued he. 'To-day is Friday: can you return on Monday? Mademoiselle will be most happy to assist in any investigation you may wish to make.'

'Really'—— commenced Julienne, intending, as haply Mlle Trompere was engaged at present, to have postponed her contemplated interview *sine die*.

'I will tell her to expect you on Monday,' said the old man, gently shaking Julienne's unresisting hand. 'Pray what may be your name?'

'Folitton.'

'Married, I see,' added he, looking at the ring upon her finger. 'It is well! Of the Folittons of the Rue St Lazare?'

'No,' said Julienne; 'I live at St Cloud, where M. Folitton is a florist and botanist.'

'Ah, I know him: a worthy and clever young man!' answered the seer. And thus, holding her hand, they enjoyed a pleasing and confidential chat.

Julienne, wishing she had never undertaken her adventure, or that, being commenced, it were well over, kept her appointment on the Monday—it being a very common thing for her in the summer-time to start off to Paris. Something was continually being wanted from the vast storehouses of the metropolis. Thus her journey attracted no attention.

When she rang Mlle Trompere's bell this second time, the summons

was answered by a little girl, who conducted her into the salon. On entering, she perceived the old man whom she had before seen writing at a table covered with papers and large books, many of the latter being open. A young woman, dressed in black, and of genteel appearance, but the expression of whose features Julienne did not altogether like, was sitting by the window busied with her crochet-needles. The latter personage rose from her seat, and inclined her head to Julienne.

'M^me^ Folitton?'

'Yes.'

'My father has prepared me to expect you. I was much engaged when you came the other day, but now I am at your service.' She touched the old man whom she called father upon the shoulder, but she had to repeat the operation twice or thrice ere he turned his eyes from his manuscript, so profoundly was his attention engaged thereon. He shifted his position slowly, raised his spectacles, and rubbed his eyes like one awakened from a dream.

'He studies much,' said M^lle^ Trompere to Julienne, as if by way of apology for the old man's abstraction. 'Do you see! — here is M^me^ Folitton.'

'Ah, it is well!' exclaimed he, as, with half sigh half smile, he advanced to the young visitor and shook her hand. 'She comes to consult you, my child, as I have told you; and I half suspect the little lady is not so anxious for the mere solving of what seems a riddle to her, as she is to test the truth of clairvoyance; so we must be upon our metal. Saucy little bird! She is not the only one who doubts the wondrous insight into the mysteries of nature which science has in our day obtained.'

M^lle^ Trompere, the somnambule, then deposited herself in a large and handsome arm-chair, softly cushioned in crimson velvet. She sat upright for a while, and the old man and his daughter looked fixedly at each other, while the former passed his right hand slowly up and down before her face. After eight or ten 'passes,' her eyes suddenly closed, her face grew white as death, and she sank back in an attitude of complete repose. The old man continued making the 'passes' for a minute or two longer, and then going softly round to the back of the somnambule, laid his hand lightly upon her head.

'Mademoiselle is now ready for your interrogations,' said he to Julienne.

Poor Julienne was frightened, and had she known beforehand that such a mysterious operation as she had just witnessed would have been necessary to the gratification of her whim, she would rather a thousand times have let it remain unsatisfied. So flurried was she, that she knew not what to ask, and would have been very glad to have paid her fee at once and gone home again without testing the *lucidité extrême*. As if divining her thoughts, the old man turned them into a different channel by himself asking the question which Julienne had intended.

'Can you give your visitor any information respecting M. Folitton at St Cloud?'

'At St Cloud say you?' said the somnambule in a low, dreamy voice. 'Wait one moment. Ah! now I see him. He is in a large garden. There are workmen round him who ask him questions respecting the labour next to be taken in hand. Now they leave him, each proceeding

to his appointed task. M. Folitton goes into his house. He takes a billet from his breast and reads it. I can see the signature: it is *Marie Colonne.*'

Julienne started. The old man looked towards her wistfully, and then, as if interpreting her thoughts, asked the somnambule, 'Can you read the contents of the billet?'

'It is not very distinct,' was the reply; 'apparently written in haste. The words are—" *Your fears, André, are needless. What matters it that Fate would seem to demand our eternal separation? Can we not be superior to Fate? Have we not proved it? Do not fail to-night: but this I need not tell you, for since you first discovered the grand mistake of your life, you have not wavered.*" Monsieur Folitton reads it again and again, and replaces it in his breast. He opens his desk and examines something. I see it now: it is the miniature of a lady. She is young: her hair is very long, her eyes dark and bright.'

'It is enough,' said Julienne, rising quickly. 'Be it true or false, I will hear no more.' She moved hurriedly towards the door, as if to escape as quickly as possible from a cruel torment. The old man followed her.

'I forgot,' exclaimed the agitated girl, as she paused and drew from her little glove the stipulated fee.

That very evening Mme Margot repeated her visit, and requested to see Julienne alone. She found her alone, but, as if she had something too weighty to be said in the salle-à-manger, she insisted that they should shut themselves up in Julienne's bedroom, while she relieved her loaded mind.

'Ah, poor Julienne!' said she, 'I never come to see her of an evening but I find her alone! Poor child! so innocent and unsuspecting too! Well, we all have our trials; but to see one whom I love as if she were my own child so treated, is enough to drive me mad!'

'What do you mean?' asked Julienne nervously, for her adventure with the clairvoyante had given her a shock.

'My dear, do you mean still to say that you don't know where your husband spends his evenings?'

'It is true; I do not know,' said Julienne, blushing deeply; then adding in a tone which, though meant to be firm and resolute, was painfully faint and timid—'nor do I wish to'——

'Well, my child, *I* happen to know!' exclaimed Mme Margot, her sharp eyes flashing with eager excitement. 'By the merest chance in the world I have made the discovery, and I considered it my duty to speak to you directly, in the hope of saving you and your husband, if possible, from much future misery. My love, prepare yourself for what I have to tell:—Your husband repairs to M. Colonne's nearly every evening, and is always admitted and let out by Mlle Marie! She is the one who gives him welcome and bids him *adieu!* Oh, it is enough to drive one crazy! My tears flowed for you last night, poor Julienne!'

'Oh, restez tranquille!' said Julienne coldly. She had started and trembled upon hearing a tale which coincided so completely with the revelations of the somnambule, but Mme Margot's acrid and triumphant manner roused her indignation, and whether the story she told and the reference she so readily founded upon it were true or false, Julienne heartily wished her away—never to see her malignant eyes or hear her bitter voice again. She was too proud to ask any questions for the sake of

proving what foundation her sympathising companion had for her suspicions. She loved Andrè warmly, and sincerely believed him to be worthy of her love; but there was something in his own secrecy and in the similarity of the different reports which had reached her ears this day which staggered her earnest faith. A dreary feeling overcame her: the radiance of her life was clouded over. The anchor which had held her safely in a tranquil and beautiful bay seemed to have lost its hold suddenly, and now she was tossing upon a strange and restless sea. And Mme Margot watched the quivering of her lip and the fevered flushing of her face, and gloated upon the agony she had caused.

'I have done my errand,' said she, 'and now my mind is a little more at ease. Take what steps you think proper, my poor child; the sooner the matter is settled the better for all parties; and if you should have any difficulty, pray do not hesitate to apply to me. It might not yet be too late to prevent mischief.'

Andrè came home that night as hearty and good-tempered as ever. He saw that his little wife looked but poorly, and he affectionately inquired what ailed her; caressed her, and tried to comfort and revive her. Indescribably oppressed, she burst into tears. This relieved her, but she was silent and triste the rest of the evening. She could not bear to think of telling him what she had heard, and what she felt. Indeed a deep feeling of reproach rose up in her heart as she looked in his frank and sympathetic face; but she could not comprehend the mystery, and felt miserable and crushed.

The days passed on, and Andrè grieved to find his young wife grew no better. At length, satisfied, from the peculiarity of her malady, from her silent behaviour, and the strange brooding manner in which he sometimes found her regarding him—feeling assured that the change owed its existence to something relating to himself—he gravely asked her what had brought it about, and solemnly conjured her to conceal nothing from him. So repugnant to her, however, was the idea of exhibiting a feeling so gross, and so unjust to her husband, as she determined to think, was her jealousy, that she still withheld the secret.

She seemed to be pining day by day. Andrè's pain and vexation were as deep as her own sadness. A mutual dissatisfaction was fast springing up between them. While matters were at this pass, Mme Margot, who, like the bats, rarely moved out before the evening, paid her third visit to the house of the botanist. Andrè coming home earlier than usual this night, she spent some time with the husband as well as the wife. Eagerly she watched the behaviour of the two, and acutely she judged how things stood. Supper passed, however, without any allusion thereto, and Andrè led madame to the door.

'Poor Julienne!' said she when they were alone. 'You do not take care of her; she is looking very so-so.'

'It is true,' said Andrè sadly; 'I cannot understand it. She says she is well, but there is something the matter I am sure.'

'Ah! don't tell me!' exclaimed Mme Margot, lifting her right arm, protruding her head, and shaking her forefinger at him. 'You cannot understand, eh? Ah, I'm too old a bird for that, and I haven't forgotten how *I* was treated once by Margot!'

'What do you mean?' inquired Andrè seriously.

'Mean! Ah, ah! it is very good, M. Folitton! You should have been made an actor!'

'Mme Margot, I cannot joke with you, nor read your riddles. Julienne's ailment is a serious matter to me.'

'Well, well! It is amusing to hear him! But one word in your ear, my good Andrè. How can you expect your poor wife to look happy and pleased when it is known all over St Cloud that you are for ever with Marie Colonne? There!'

'What—what!' cried Andrè; but Mme Margot was off, muttering and tittering as she walked rapidly home. Andrè was thunderstruck. The conversation between him and his young wife when he returned to the room was anything but satisfactory. He wished to draw from her all she knew; but Julienne was cold and mysterious; and at length the husband became angry, or else feigned to do so, as he half-suspected, by way of a cloak for his misdeeds.

'It seems we did not know much of each other after all,' said Andrè ruefully one day. 'After being together so many years too! Had any one told me that so shortly after our marriage my house would be filled with gloom and grief, I should have laughed finely, or taken offence.'

'Oh, Andrè, Andrè, Andrè!' cried poor Julienne, laying her face upon his breast, while her tears flowed fast and thick—all the inward pride, which, though creditable to her heart, was capable of effecting so much misunderstanding, completely vanquished. 'Why have there been secrets between us? Why have we sought to conceal anything from each other? I am sure that our love is not dried up, and that there is something mysterious to each of us in the bitterness of these days! We have both had secrets: let me have what blame I may for mine—I can keep it no longer.' And then, with some shame and humiliation, she recounted to Andrè the little history of her own feelings and doings—how at first she cared nothing whither he went, or what he did, satisfied that he was good, and that he loved her truly; how Mme Margot had paid her a visit, and had stimulated her curiosity by sarcasm and pity; how she came, after seeing an advertisement in the newspaper, to think of visiting the somnambule, more by way of a joke than anything else; the revelations that were made to her, and the apparent confirmation they received from what Mme Margot afterwards told her. She was in too much fear of making him angry to tell him before; but how could her little head be expected to see through all this, and how withstand the inevitable influences of such a trial?

Andrè was aghast. Trembling with excitement, and muttering imprecations against the clairvoyante and Mme Margot, he bade Julienne quickly prepare to accompany him to Paris. He got his horse and gig ready; and in a few minutes himself and his wife, the latter greatly agitated and alarmed, were proceeding at a rapid pace along the road to Paris. Andrè drove his good horse as he had never been driven before, and the five miles betwixt St Cloud and the capital were quickly passed. The Rue St Nicholas was presently gained, and the bell of the somnambule's apartment sharply rung. The old man appeared, looking sage and benevolent as ever. His attitude and aspect, imposing and tranquil, somewhat checked.

the impetuosity of the angry husband. The latter even bowed, and took off his hat as he asked to see Mlle Trompere, but his voice and quick breathing still betrayed his excitement. His eagerness appeared to take the old man by surprise; he looked at Julienne; but her head being turned away, he did not recognise her; and after an instant of consideration, bade them enter. Mademoiselle the clairvoyante was discovered sitting in the same place, and occupied in the same manner, as she had before been found by Julienne. She looked up from her employment, and scanned both husband and wife with a quick penetrating glance as they advanced towards her. Her features for an instant betrayed some excitement as she noted the flushed cheek and wrathful eye of the former. It was but for an instant, however: almost immediately they were resolved into an expression of perfect nonchalance.

'Woman, your second-sight has cost us dear!' cried Andrè.

'Monsieur!' interrupted Mlle Trompere sternly.

'Your impositions will bring you into trouble, as they do other people,' continued Andrè. 'Your lies bear seed—do you know it?—and grow into poison, blighting and working mischief wherever you spread them. If you do not fully contradict the tale you told my silly wife the other day, I will let you know that you carry on a dangerous trade.'

'Your wife! My good man you are mad!' returned the somnambule.

'I am nearly so,' said Andrè; 'so take care what you say. My wife—look at her—you have seen her before; you need not attempt to deny *that*. She, in a foolish whim, came to you the other day, and you told her certain falsehoods respecting me, which I now demand that you own to be such. Acknowledge your trick, and I will have no more to say; but refuse, and I go instantly to the préfet of police.' The old man stood by with a wandering look, as if stricken with sudden imbecility; but his bolder companion regarded the furious visitor with absolute *sang-froid*, fixing upon him a glance that never wavered.

'My profession, my good man,' said she coldly, leaning back in her cushioned chair, 'is to discover truth, not to deny it. People consult me when they find the course of their lives disturbed by secret causes, and when the clearing up of such little mysteries is desirable. Your wife, prompted by a very justifiable and proper curiosity, has availed herself of the grand discovery of which I am an exponent. M. Folitton, you accuse me of falsehood, and ask me to deny what I know to be true. Of course I refuse to do anything of the sort. Doubtless you think to make yourself appear guiltless in the eyes of the wife whom you have wronged, by frightening a woman, and forcing her to declare that you are perfectly faithful and true. Impostor as you style me, I am neither weak nor wicked enough for that!'

'Then I must consult the préfet,' said Andrè.

'And I also,' said the clairvoyante. 'If necessary, I will not scruple to make manifest to the whole world the truth of the revelations your wife heard from me.'

'You are bold, woman!'

'Yes, in common with the meanest living thing, I am bold when attacked. You will not find it easy to turn me to your own account. Try, if you are so disposed, by all means; but as surely as I know the truth,

you had better not!' This was uttered with such complete assurance, so firmly and hardily, and her whole demeanour exhibited such supreme defiance of him and reliance upon herself, that Andrè's indignation was turned into bewilderment and perplexity. He abruptly seized the arm of his agitated wife, and drawing it within his own, strode out of the room, telling his contemptuous opponent that she should soon hear what step he would take next. As yet, not a word of reconciliation or explanation had passed betwixt himself and Julienne. He was too proud to make his peace with her before he had fully justified himself, do it how he could.

But the same evening he brought Mlle Marie Colonne and her father and mother to his house, and to them, in the presence of his wife, related the story of his troubles, up to the passage betwixt himself and the lady of vaunted *lucidité* that morning. The worthy family were highly indignant, but displayed much good-feeling towards Julienne, who, sick at heart, was really deserving of commiseration. She in her turn warmly denied that she had been actuated by any feeling of suspicion or jealousy in consulting Mlle Trompere: she had done a very silly thing, and should repent it as long as she lived; but it was merely a careless whim, and indeed was contemplated more as a joke than anything else, for being sure that Andrè was faithful to her, she never had an idea that misunderstanding and misery to herself, induced by remarkable coincidences, would result from what she did. She was now perfectly satisfied, and trusted that Marie and her husband would forgive her.

'That all may be made perfectly clear,' said Andrè, 'let me now say that, in thinking over it, as I never happened to do before, I can hardly wonder Julienne took my frequent absences and my secrecy concerning them amiss. I never dreamed that misery would happen from a husband concealing so small a matter from his wife; but I now see how very possible it is, and in future am resolved never to refuse to answer when she inquires where I have been.'

He then explained to his wife that he had been a member of one of those secret clubs which sprang up in such numbers all over France, but especially in the neighbourhood of Paris, immediately after the revolution of 1848. M. Colonne was the president of that club, and at his house its meetings were held. All society was one great vortex of antagonistic parties; and this club, consisting of several of the substantial inhabitants of St Cloud, owed its birth to the anxiety so very commonly felt by the lovers of order and quiet to lay down for themselves some unanimous and practical course of conduct in the event of another outbreak. The continuance of tranquillity had for the present, however, caused its dissolution, until, mayhap, another season of disorder and violence should occur; 'so in future,' said Andrè, 'I shall spend my evenings at home!'

Julienne heard this explanation with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret. She humbly asked Marie to forgive her, and was quickly in the embrace of the sympathising young girl.

M. Colonne, exceedingly wounded by the imputations which had been cast upon the character of his daughter, of whom he was at once fond and proud, paid Mme Margot a visit on his way home, and talked to the old lady in a manner which caused her considerable trepidation, and no doubt went far to check the propensity so strongly developed in the com-

position of her character for picking holes in her neighbours' jackets. He also resolved to prosecute Mlle Trompere and her confederate. This Andrè was hardly ready to do, being perfectly satisfied, now the misunderstanding was cleared up; but M. Colonne declared that no member of his family should be aspersed with impunity, and even if it were solely on public grounds, to protect the unguarded and the credulous from imposition and misery, he would spend a thousand francs to make an example of the pair. Andrè was very reluctant, however, to carry the affair before the public, and persuaded M. Colonne, in the first place, to visit Mlle Trompere with Marie, and force her to contradict her tale; 'indeed,' said he, 'they had better all go together, and then the woman would have no possible room for subterfuge or persistence in her calumnies.'

They were off to Paris the next day. As it happened, M. Colonne and his daughter preceded Andrè and Julienne at the house of the somnambule. M. Colonne was a man of warm and quick temperament.

'My name is Colonne,' said he abruptly, the moment he stood before the somnambule and her father; 'this is my daughter Marie. We have made a journey from St Cloud purposely to inform you that your clairvoyance is defective, and to warn you that, not being overskilled in the profession you now follow, you had better choose another—a more honest and safe one; for when people deal in slanders and lies, they risk intimate acquaintance with police-officers and jails!'

'Ah, my father, did I not say so?' exclaimed Mlle Trompere, turning tranquilly to the old man. 'I told you we should shortly have a little sequel to the romance of the poor Folittons.'

'There will be another little sequel, mademoiselle, unless you quickly apologise to my daughter!' said M. Colonne warmly.

'M. Colonne,' returned the somnambule coolly, and even dictatorially, 'you have no doubt been induced to come here by a parental and honourable feeling; but perhaps you are not aware that you yourself have been duped.'

'No, indeed!' said M. Colonne with a smile; 'I am not so easily duped.'

'You think so no doubt,' continued Mlle Trompere, smiling in her turn. 'Still, it is true: you are a dupe all the time. Your daughter and M. Folitton know it well. They seek to escape suspicion of intrigue—the one from her father, the other from his wife—by boldly facing it out, and seeking to compel me, who happen to know all concerning it, to declare that their virtue and honour are unimpeachable. That I do not choose to do. They might content themselves, if they were wise, with the satisfaction of knowing that such matters as I am engaged to discover do not go forth to the world, but remain solely betwixt myself and them.'

'Admirable!' cried M. Colonne, amazed at this immense impudence.

'Yes,' said Mlle Trompere, smiling ironically, 'the case is so. Poor M. Folitton the other day was going to turn the world upside down because I would not contradict what I revealed to his wife. He threatened me with the police, and I know not what more. Let him do it: the result will be, that I shall be obliged to prove to the world the truth of all I have said, and in doing that I should not have much difficulty.'

'Well, well!' cried M. Colonne, fairly overcome. 'Talking is of no use here, I perceive!' and as he and his daughter hurried down the stairs,

the triumphant and derisive laughter of the somnambule tended by no means to the restoration of their good temper.

André and his wife were just about to ascend as they arrived at the bottom of the staircase, and to them they related the result of their visit.

Proceedings were now immediately commenced against Mlle Trompere and her alleged father, and the latter shortly found themselves before the tribunal of correctional police. The case was made out so very clearly—Julienne, Marie, and André, the sole parties whom the revelations of the sybil concerned, being arrayed against her—that she was immediately convicted of imposture, and the old man as a confederate. In the course of the trial the wig of silver hair was unceremoniously lifted from the head of the male prisoner by an officer of police. The change effected in his appearance by this simple operation was remarkable, and greatly to his disadvantage. The officer then read from his police record a list of no fewer than nine convictions for imposition and misconduct against the aged sinner. The female was truly, it appeared, his daughter. They had visited many parts of France and Belgium under different names, and the diligent inquiries of the police had been successful in establishing against them a long course of guilt—one scheme of imposture having been tried after another, and each terminated by disgrace and punishment. They were now sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a thousand francs fine.

All has gone brightly and pleasantly at André's house since this unpleasant affair, and so will continue, it is my belief. Husband and wife seem on better terms with each other than ever. Mme Margot sedulously keeps herself out of the way of the Folittons and the Colonnes, nor do I suppose she will ever take coffee with Julienne any more.

LIFE IN AN INDIAMAN.

MY first sea-voyage was made in the *Weatherly*, Captain Courtly: she was a remarkably fine old teak ship, of about 1500 tons burthen, built in Bombay for the East India Company, and so constructed as to be equally well adapted for trading or for war.

I joined the vessel as a midshipman (so called) on the 30th of November 184–, while she was lying in the river off Gravesend, in the berth usually allotted to outward-bound Indiamen, just abreast of Tilbury Fort. I recollect that it was one of those dull, drizzling days so prevalent during an English November, and so peculiarly disagreeable in the neighbourhood of London. I found everything on board in what I, in my ignorance, looked upon as irremediable confusion: the salt provisions and the cuddy-stores were being hoisted on board from a lighter alongside, and the deck was encumbered with casks and cases, which were deposited there previously to being lowered into the hold, and finally stowed away. A day or two prior to the date of my joining, a quantity of bar-iron, shot, and shell, had been received on board, the rust from which pervaded everything in a most extraordinary manner: this, combined with the mud brought from shore by boatmen and visitors, and the ceaseless drizzling rain, rendered the decks filthy beyond description. Everybody was bustling to and fro, apparently with some definite object in view, whilst I, lost and bewildered, although most anxious to be useful in some way, and to learn what was the nature of the duties which I should be called upon to perform in my new station, was pushed here, there, and everywhere, as if I were merely an encumbrance; for being myself unemployed, I contrived to place myself so as to incommode everybody else. At length one of the officers noticing, I presume, my lackadaisical appearance, sent me, more by way of joke than from any absolute necessity, with a message to an officer who was employed in another part of the ship, and it was then that my difficulties may be said to have commenced; for although, while standing upon the upper deck, I could distinguish the stem from the stern of the ship, I candidly confess that I was sorely puzzled when ordered to deliver a message in the After Orlop. However, burning with a desire to show myself smart, I dived down to the gun-deck, and roamed from the stern cabins to the manger without discovering any locality bearing that name: all my inquiries as to its whereabouts were answered by a broad grin, a horse-laugh, or a careless oath; and when I meekly asked where the officer of whom I was

in search was most likely to be found, I was informed in a perfectly serious tone that in all probability he was skulking in the cook's coppers, covered over with a ladle, or in the larboard binnacle, hidden by a spoon—or perhaps, which was most likely, stowed away in the till of the captain's shaving-box. At length, by dint of untiring perseverance, I found the person sought, and had the satisfaction of being well laughed at, the message having been delivered by another mid' just an hour before.

My total ignorance of the manners and customs on board ship (for I was fresh from an inland country town), and of the usual daily routine, exposed me to an infinite number of practical jokes: among others I was sometimes despatched in a great hurry to the carpenter, to ask him for the loan of his circular square, or some other unheard-of and impossible instrument; the old carpenter, who was up to the joke, always looked as grave as a judge, and sent back his compliments, and he was sorry that the tool had been unfortunately mislaid. When I was sent on similar 'goose's' errands to the boatswain, I generally received a thorough quizzing, and the advice to be a little more wide-awake in future. It was some consolation to me to observe that I was not the only one who was thus made sport of, for all the first voyagers, or greenhorns, were more or less imposed upon in proportion to their good-nature and credulity: and in the end I am sure it proved to our advantage, as it made us keep a 'weather-eye' open in self-defence, and might therefore be looked upon as the rudiments of our nautical education.

At one o'clock all hands went to dinner, and I groped my way to the mess-room, which had been previously pointed out to me. Here I found the fifth mate and two midshipmen (old stagers) eagerly swallowing a mixture of greasy water and cabbage leaves, called vegetable soup, of which they invited me to partake, and helped me very liberally; but seeing that I did not make much progress with it, they recommended me to try some of their delicious 'sea-cake,' at the same time handing me a seaman's biscuit of the roughest description, very different from those really excellent octagons which are supplied to the Royal Navy. After soup came a large dish of beef-steaks and onions—a most savoury mess, and highly inviting in appearance; but, alas! it was all outward show, for the beef defied mastication, and from that day to this I have nourished a strong aversion to beef-steaks. I found them to be the standing dish in harbour, for even in Bombay buffalo steaks, consisting of skin and gristle, appeared regularly every morning on our breakfast-table. Small-beer, called by my messmates 'swipes,' was to be had merely for the fetching, there being a large cask of it on deck for the indiscriminate use of all hands; and I can confidently assert that the midshipmen's mess had the lion's share, consuming probably as much as all the rest of the ship's company put together: fortunately, as the wine-merchants say of their claret, there was not 'a headache in a hogshead of it,' so that there was no fear of inebriation. The meat having been removed, long clay pipes were filled and lighted, and a few whiffs taken by way of a digestive; soon after which the boatswain's call summoned all to their respective stations.

After night-fall I was sent down into the hold, where a gang of men were employed under the third mate in stowing away cases, &c.; my duty was to hold a candle, and show a light when required. This employ-

ment always devolves upon the midshipmen, so that those in the East India Company's service were known by the nickname of 'Company's Candlesticks.' By our constant attendance in the hold whilst the cargo was being stowed, we had an opportunity afforded us of gaining much practical information as to the best and safest mode of arranging cargo of various descriptions—a science of no mean importance. When the stowing was completed, the men scrambled hand-over-head up a greasy rope to the deck above, a distance of about twenty feet—and I was expected to do the same; but gymnastics never having formed part of my education, I made many violent and unsuccessful struggles, amid the laughter of the lookers-on, before I could gain the orlop deck. After a little practice, however, I overcame this difficulty, and I think I should now stand a very fair chance of winning the leg of mutton surmounting a greased pole at a country merry-making.

Whilst I had been buried in the regions below, the live-stock had arrived, consisting of some hundreds of fowls, ducks, geese, and turkeys, besides a large number of sheep, pigs, a cow and a calf. I never heard such a Babel of sounds as was produced by these unfortunate creatures: by their cries one would have thought that they had a presentiment of the rough weather they were doomed to encounter, and their ultimate ignominious death. The pigs were especially uneasy—no doubt with that sagacity for which they are famed they saw the wind coming. The geese had an annoying habit of raising a simultaneous cackle every half hour: I have since noticed that these birds are capital judges of time, for as regularly as the half-hour expires, they raise their voices in a loud chorus, even before the striking of the bell. This, methinks, is a curious fact for the naturalists; I am ready to vouch for its correctness; indeed it is not difficult to believe, when we consider that the watchfulness of the geese saved the Roman Capitol. The odour arising from such a congregation of animals was worse than I had ever met with in the worst-appointed farm-yards; but on the gun-deck, where the midshipmen's hammocks were slung, the noise and smell, though of a different character, were infinitely more disgusting. The air was loaded with the perfume of bilge-water, fresh paint, gin, and beer, mingled with the fumes of tobacco, which issued from the forecastle, where our tars lived. As the ship was to sail shortly, they were allowed the privilege of having their wives, sweethearts, and female relatives on board: both men and women were, with very few exceptions, half intoxicated; and laughing, singing, swearing, and even fighting, accompanied with language of the most revolting character, were kept up throughout the greater part of the night; and all this within a yard of the midshipmen's hammocks. Under these auspices I commenced slinging my hammock, and having succeeded in so doing, I vaulted in very dexterously, considering that it was my first attempt of the kind; but no sooner did I jump in on one side than I fell out at the other, and came with a violent concussion on the muddy deck, whilst the bed and bedding were strewed over and around me. After many attempts, with the like ill success, I at length found out the way of getting in properly; but with so much smoke and noise, and sometimes jostled by drunken females, sleep was altogether out of the question. However, I thought I should at least be allowed to rest my limbs for a few hours; but I had not been in my

hammock half an hour, before I was informed by a brother mid' that it was my watch on deck, and that he would advise me to relieve him quickly, as it was raining hard; so I turned out, excited and feverish, went on deck, and took my share of drenching. The oldsters were in the habit of shifting nearly all their night-watches upon the first voyagers, sometimes by bullying, and sometimes by trickery—of course without the knowledge of the officers; so that the juniors frequently spent half the night shivering on deck, not daring to leave their post until relieved. Such is a sketch of my first day and night on board, and such, I believe, is the usual state of an outward-bound Indiaman off Gravesend.

The mess-room was of very moderate dimensions; so much so, that when all our chests were stowed therein, with the mess-table in the middle, it was only by close packing that we could all find sitting-room. Of the disgusting nature of the conversation which was daily carried on in this little Pandemonium, I will not say more than that it was far less refined than any that I ever heard among the seamen in the forecastle; for in our choice assembly, if one of the young gentlemen, rather more sensible or better educated than the rest, happened to make use of a word which was not often employed, or tried to give the conversation a decorous or instructive turn, he was cried down as a 'walking dictionary;' or somebody would exclaim, 'Ah, there's Johnson again!' If a word was not understood, the speaker was interrupted with the question of, 'What ship's that?' So that all rational intercourse was immediately put an end to. He who volunteered an indecent or blasphemous story always found plenty to listen and applaud. In other respects our mess-berth was anything but a paradise. There was, for instance, no privacy: we all washed and dressed in the same berth, placing our basins upon our chests; or if there were not room for us all, some would go out on the gun-deck, and there perform the operations of the toilet—the admired of all beholders. The looking-glasses, razors, and other little nicknacks with which the first voyagers were invariably furnished by their accommodating outfitters, were always laid claim to as a matter of right by the oldsters, who never brought anything of the kind to sea themselves, shrewdly surmising that in every midshipmen's mess it was probable that there would be one or more greenhorns to prey upon. The motto with these unscrupulous gentry was this: 'What's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own'—a principle they always kept in mind and acted up to, in spite of all remonstrances. Among other things which my outfitter had put in my chest were a japanned candlestick and its appurtenances, three pounds of wax candles, and two or three cod-lines and hooks. Finding the candlestick take up too much room in my chest, I placed it on a shelf in the mess-room. It was soon discovered, seized, tossed from hand to hand amid many jokes, and at length, battered and bruised, was quietly passed overboard as a useless piece of furniture. I must confess that I could never assign any other reason for its being included among my necessaries of outfit than that it might appear in the bill. The wax candles were begged, borrowed, or stolen so fast, that they all vanished in about a week; and the cod-lines, being of a handy size for making lanyards for knives and clothes-bags, were wheedled from me by some, and bullied out of me by others. My looking-glass was smashed before the expiration of a month, and my pewter basin squeezed into the

shape of a cocked-hat. The general habits of the 'young gentlemen,' to say the least of them, were disgusting. Smoking was permitted at meal-times, with its usual accompaniments. It was usual after tea (or supper, in nautical language) to pelt each other with the remaining grounds, the principal share of which always fell to the weakest.

When the oldsters were inclined for a little recreation, they fastened a rope's-end to the great toe of one of the unfortunate first voyagers, and by means of a bolt in the deck, triced his heels up, so that his head should trail on the deck. This was done with the intention of bringing him under proper discipline, as they termed it. By the by, this mode of coercion was never practised upon me, although I often saw it put in force upon poor Hodges, an incorrigible youngster, who certainly betimes allowed his tongue too great a license. The culprit was always kept in this unpleasant position until he asked pardon for the offence which had been alleged against him. The caterer of the mess was a very dexterous hand at throwing a carving-fork, by which means he preserved order and decorum when necessary. The punctures from this instrument were more sharp than agreeable, and few who had once been wounded were desirous of a second infliction, as I can testify from personal experience. It will be seen from what I have here written that our mode of proceeding was much the same as is to be met with in large schools, or in any place where boys are congregated. It is the nature of man, I fear, for the strong to take a delight in tyrannising over the weak; yet these little roughs and rubs undoubtedly wrought considerable improvement in my character, and instead of hardening me, rendered me better able to appreciate and sympathise with the sufferings of others.

Our voyage commenced with squally weather, and my sufferings were for the first fortnight intense. During this time there were incessant rain, squalls, and that terrible rolling motion which is caused by a confused sea. For three days and nights I stowed myself out of sight, in a dark corner near the pumps on the gun-deck, where I remained unnoticed, in a pool of rusty water, more dead than alive, receiving no nourishment, and wishing for death to come and release me. Being discovered, I was peremptorily ordered on deck, and told that nothing but active motion was required to cure me, although my messmates affirmed that nothing in the world would hasten my recovery so much as a lump of fat pork. From that time I always went on deck when the hands were turned out, was drenched with rain, pushed rudely about, and was ever and anon entangled in coils of wet ropes, or breaking my shins over some other impediment, and being thrown by the roll of the agitated ship into the lee scuppers. On one of these occasions, in the vain hope of saving myself, I tried to catch hold of one of the sailors who was standing near me; but unfortunately I only succeeded in obtaining a firm grip of the brim of his straw-hat, which giving way, I pursued my impetuous career with the fragment fluttering in my hand, until I was fairly laid sprawling upon my back to leeward. And yet amid all this discomfort—I may say actual misery—I could not help smiling at the disconsolate appearance presented by the few passengers who, weary of the confinement of their cabins, now ventured to show themselves upon deck, and brave the fury of the elements.

I have seen a group of five or six sliding from side to side in a sitting posture, utterly unable to help themselves, amid roars of laughter from those who had had the good fortune, or rather the good sense, to lay hold of a rope or a belaying-pin.

When I had found my 'sea legs' and sea appetite, and knew the names of the ropes and spars, I really began to feel an interest in what was passing around me: until that time all appeared to me like a very wild and oppressive nightmare. I was also changed in other respects; for before and during my sea-sickness the smell of rum was so distasteful to me as almost to produce nausea, and I was glad to give my daily dram to any of my messmates who asked for it; the smell of tobacco was also very offensive, and I often left the mess berth in order to escape from the dense fumes which frequently commenced before I had finished my dinner: but when I began to recover strength, and experience the reaction of health, I summoned courage to sip my grog, and found the stimulus thereby afforded grateful, if not beneficial; and before we had rounded the Cape, I could tip off a 'raw nip' (neat spirit) with somewhat of the unflinching nonchalance of a forecastle man. By that time I had also become a smoker, having at first merely taken up a pipe in self-defence; nor can I deny that I had very cautiously commenced the practice of chewing—having been told that it was an indispensable accomplishment for a sailor—beginning with minute quids, and gradually increasing, until at length my cheek exhibited a goodly protuberance; so easy is it for youngsters to acquire bad habits, especially when encouraged by example, and liable to be constantly jeered at for their abstinence.

We passed the islands of Palma and Ferro at a great distance; after losing sight of them, we were blessed with a moderate trade-wind and fine clear weather, and made some very good days' runs. The ship improved much in appearance; the decks were beautifully clean; the crew were in good order and discipline; the passengers, of whom we had forty—the greater proportion of them young ladies going out on a well-known speculation— commenced promenading the quarter-deck; the weather grew perceptibly warmer, blue cloth jackets and trousers were discarded, and linen and duck worn in their stead. On Christmas-eve we were 16 degrees north of the equator.

Christmas-Day.—Divine service was performed in the cuddy by Captain Courtly, attended by many of the passengers, a portion of the crew, and all the young gentlemen. At one o'clock the mids dined in their own mess-room, and the dinner was really a capital one; the captain had made us a present of several bottles of beer and wine, and a shoulder of mutton; this, in conjunction with potted meats and bouilli from our own stores, and a plumpudding, or 'duff,' as sailors call it, made a very substantial banquet. Everything was conducted with wonderful propriety and decorum, considering the wild character of the guests, and we finished by drinking to the health of 'all absent friends.'

On the evening of the 26th we had a variety of games, also fiddling and dancing reels, in which all the officers and midshipmen joined. This was the first day on which I had seen any flying fish, and now I saw them in hundreds; they appeared to be about the size of pilchards. When a whole flight of them drop into the water after their brief aërial tour, they

produce a sound as if a shower of pebbles had been cast into the sea from a considerable height.

Dec. 29th.—Becalmed. Many stormy petrels seen; these graceful birds resemble swallows both in shape and manner of flying, but are somewhat smaller; they are better known by the name of Mother Carey's chickens. A shark was seen prowling under our stern, as is generally the case when a ship is becalmed in these latitudes.

31st.—Light breezes. Lat. at noon 40′ north. A few minutes after sunset we were all startled by hearing a tremendous voice hailing the ship from some unknown quarter, in the following manner:—'Ship ahoy! what ship's that?' Captain Courtly, who was willing to amuse his passengers, and seemed to enter with zest into the fun, answered through his speaking-trumpet in his usual clear tones, 'The *Weatherly*.' 'Where are you from?' was the next question of the invisible voice. 'From the port of London.' 'Where are you bound?' 'To Bombay,' was the reply. 'Have you any of my children on board?' 'Yes.' 'Then I shall come and claim them to-morrow,' said the stranger; and having thus notified his intentions, he was a moment afterwards seen floating astern in a blazing tar barrel. This was old Neptune himself, who seldom allows a vessel to approach his grand boundary line without a visit of this nature.

January 1st was an important era in my life, for on that day I first crossed the line, and was initiated into the mysteries of Neptune's court. A holiday having been previously granted to all hands, a grand procession was formed early in the forenoon, headed by the sailmaker, a humorous old man, who often made us laugh with his droll stories—a sad, drunken reprobate withal; he personated Neptune, in a fine spreading wig of tow, and, seated on a gun-carriage by way of throne, flourished a three-pronged grainse, which was supposed to be his trident. By his side was a bulky, swarthy-faced man, wearing a woman's cap and shawl, whom Neptune introduced with much gallantry as his wife; and to complete the classical group, one of the ship's boys, decked out in cast-off female finery, was placed behind them as their hopeful daughter. The old sailmaker, whose pleasantries were never offensive, passed a number of jokes upon the assembled passengers, paid handsome compliments to the pretty faces of the smiling ladies, and then formally requested the captain's permission to perform the customary rites; a request which was courteously granted as far as shaving the midshipmen was concerned, but any interference with the passengers was strictly and positively interdicted. The ship's company soon after went to dinner: we had scarcely finished that meal, when a strong body of sailors, calling themselves Constables, came down to our berth, singled out us novices, blindfolded, and led us upon deck, where a large tub, full of water, was prepared for our reception. On the edge of this we were seated, one by one, in turn, and questions were propounded to us by Neptune's head physician respecting the state of our health, our age, and length of service. Upon our opening our mouths to answer his interrogatories he immediately thrust in a large bolus, composed of materials of a most nauseous description, collected from the cow-house, hen-coops, pigsties, &c. This having been done amid awful sputterings from the victim, the barber was ordered to step forward and commence his important operations, which he did, nothing loath; and by way of prelimi-

nary, smeared over our smooth cheeks a lather of coal-tar, blended with other still more objectionable articles, and then roughly scraped it off again with a rusty fragment of iron hoop. The shaving being completed, we were tipped backwards into the tub of water, and allowed to struggle out as we best could under a shower of water which descended from all quarters, even from the fore and main tops. The bandage was then removed, and we were at liberty to join in the fun of drenching others as much as we pleased. The baker and two apprentices were the only persons besides the mids who were consigned to the tender mercies of Neptune's myrmidons. The boatswain's call was soon after heard, summoning all hands to 'splice the main brace'—a summons which was readily and cheerfully attended to, sailors being generally ready for a glass of grog.

The festivities having thus closed, my attention was forcibly directed to my head, which was beginning to smart from the effects of the new-invented pomatum with which my hair had been so liberally bedaubed. My first act was to ask the advice of an old quarter-master, whom I had engaged as my hammock-man and shoe-blacker, as to the readiest means of clearing my locks of the abominable nuisance. He smiled, and answered that he was acquainted with an excellent remedy, adding that mine was not the first case of anointing he had seen, as he had crossed the line scores of times in the course of his life. He went, therefore, to the cook's galley with a handful of oakum, which he plunged into the slush cask (slush is the skimmings of the coppers in which the fat salt pork is boiled for the ship's company), and returning to me, commenced rubbing the rancid, greasy mixture among my hair, and upon every part of my neck and shoulders where he perceived any blotches of coal-tar; the effect of this was to decompose the latter, so that it could be removed by the application of soap and water and a rough towel; and yet, in spite of all my exertions, my hair remained in a very unpleasant condition for a long time after.

Before leaving this subject, I may as well mention, as a warning to others, that myself and two other youngsters were prevailed upon, under false promises of being 'let off easy' (that is to say, spared the infliction of the bolus and the coal-tar), to pay the sum of one guinea each to Neptune; and after this, by a base breach of faith, we were forced to undergo the ceremony in its most disgusting form. But I laughed at the time, at the idea of having been so easily imposed upon, and I have laughed often since when I have thought of it. The fact was, that from the moment we first joined the ship at Gravesend we heard nothing else talked of but crossing the line; and even the men were always joking us about the terrible ordeal we should then have to pass through: with these exaggerated accounts always dinning in our ears, can it be wondered at that we gladly jumped at the chance of escape, or at all events of amelioration, offered by the payment of a few shillings? We must all pay for our experience, and many perhaps have paid dearer than we did.

When to the southward of the line, we met with light, variable breezes for many days, during which time we did not average more than three miles an hour, and were constantly exposed to pitiless torrents of rain. I was placed in the same watch with the senior midshipman, a rough, bullying fellow, who had particular orders to do all in his power to make me acquainted with the different parts of the ship, names and uses of

ropes, &c. When in a good-humour, he would show me the different ropes, and explain everything relating to them in an agreeable manner; but in return for this condescension, he always insisted upon some concession on my part—such as my day's grog, the loan of some article of outfit, or that I should keep his watch while he skulked below, and be ready to call him instantly if he was missed and inquired for by the officer of the watch. When he was in a sulky mood he would send me aloft, generally choosing a time when the wind was high and the sea rough, and tell me to go out on each yard-arm, and point out to him the topsail and top-gallant sheets, and follow them up to their junction with the sails which they assisted to spread; and if, when I came down, I did not answer him satisfactorily, he ordered me up again with such a hurricane of maledictions, that I was glad to spring into the rigging. By a repetition of these practical lessons I rapidly gained the necessary knowledge, and became less dependent upon others; indeed by the time the ship had reached the line, I had recovered my spirits, and enjoyed excellent health, with the exception of a tendency to skin eruptions, produced by the change of living.

I do not recollect when I first went aloft to assist in reefing the mizen-topsail; but I well remember that it was before I had thoroughly recovered from my sea-sickness, and that I was almost bewildered by the hurry and noise attendant on the movements of a hundred and twelve sailors, all pulling, hauling, and bawling; the thunder of the sails as they shook in the wind preparatory to reefing, and the fierce roar of the angry wind itself as it rushed through the rigging. However, not willing to appear backward, I scrambled up to the mizen-topsail-yard awkwardly enough; and although I had not strength to be of the least assistance, I hung on desperately with the reef-points whipping my ankles most cruelly, and watched the proceedings of the reefers as well as the darkness of the night would allow. My cap and shoes very soon left me, and went spinning away to leeward into the sea; and to make matters worse, the first attempt I made to haul the wet and heavy canvas upon the yard cost me the whole of my finger-nails, which, being rather long, were torn off to the quick by a sudden jerk of the sail, causing the blood to flow freely. After this severe lesson I never went to reef or furl with my nails projecting beyond the ends of my fingers; and I also took the precaution of securing my cap with a rope yarn, and leaving my shoes upon deck. Before the feet become hardened, it is very painful to ascend the rattlins without shoes; but after a few months the soles assume a horny quality, and are entirely devoid of feeling, and shoes are discarded with contempt as useless encumbrances.

4th.—We were delighted at meeting with a homeward-bound vessel, which proved to be the French bark *Gaspar* from Guayaquil to Bordeaux, by which conveyance we sent a bag of letters.

10th.—Whilst divine service was being performed on the quarter-deck, and nearly the whole of the passengers were, or appeared to be, absorbed in their devotions, a sharp crack was heard, as of something giving way aloft, followed by a tremendous crash. All started to their feet—the passengers rushed into the cuddy, perhaps thinking that the ship had struck; the sailors looked up to the masts, and it was soon evident to an experienced eye that the mischief arose from the main-

royal backstays having been carried away, and this had caused both the fore and main-top-gallant masts to break short off. I never saw a more complete wreck; the sails were all set at the time of the accident, so that they were dangling and flapping about in a most ludicrous manner. There was very little wind at the time, so that we could only account for the mishap by laying the blame on the rottenness of the backstays. Not a moment was lost: bibles and prayer-books were thrown aside, the boatswain piped 'All hands clear wreck;' the men ran and took off their clean Sunday clothes, and in a few minutes the rigging was swarming with human beings. So actively did they work, that in a few hours the old broken stumps were down on deck, and new masts sent up in their place, the yards recrossed, and the sails reset.

12*th*.—Fine weather. A variety of games in the evening of an athletic nature—'sling the monkey,' 'baste the bear,' and 'high kokolorum,' all of the roughest, and attended with many hard blows and bruises; but they tended, as Jack says, to keep the devil out of our minds. Regularly, after work was over, in these fine-weather latitudes, the boatswain piped 'All hands to skylark:' every soul on board then considered himself at liberty to amuse himself as he thought best. The men generally congregated in the waist, and played at 'leap-frog,' 'hunt the slipper,' or one of the elegant games before-mentioned, or would gather aft and look on at the feats of the quarter-deck heroes. The officers and midshipmen made a tolerably large party by themselves, and often danced reels to the sound of a fiddle, until compelled to desist by sheer exhaustion, and this with the thermometer at 70 degrees. The passengers would occasionally have a quadrille, and the ladies were nothing loath to have a smart young officer as a partner. There was a great deal of promenading after sunset, and tittle-tattle, and flirtation, when the young cadets were uncommonly killing in their own estimation.

14*th*.—A most delightful day. Passed the group of islands called La Trinidada, scarcely visible from the deck.

16*th*.—Suspecting, from the quantity of nearly fresh water brought up by the pumps, that there must be considerable leakage from the water-butts, examined those stowed in the forehold, and made the unpleasant, though timely discovery, that no less than seven thousand and forty gallons had leaked out from the second tier, which was wholly owing to the weakness and inferiority of the butts supplied by some rascally contractor. In consequence of this discovery, the allowance of water, which had been scanty enough before, was further reduced, so that we had only one quart per man daily. This was to serve for washing and drinking, for soup, tea, and coffee. We suffered intensely from this deprivation; so much so, that we took every opportunity of stealing water from the steward's cask when he incautiously left it unlocked. In our night-watches we often contrived to open a cistern in which rain-water was collected for the use of the live-stock, and although the beverage was far from being clean or palatable, we took such ample draughts, that the roguery was detected, and the lid of the cistern fitted with a stout padlock. Having lost this invaluable resource, we hailed with delight a heavy shower of rain, which, being caught in the hollow of a tarpaulin, was greedily sucked up in spite of its tarry flavour. An old soldier, who,

with his wife and family, were quartered in the berth adjoining our mess-room, sometimes took pity on us, and gave us a portion of his own small allowance, in return for which we supplied his family with the refuse from our table. I often used to think of the wasteful manner in which I had seen the servant-maids in England rinsing down the door-steps and pavement with nice sparkling spring water on Saturday nights, and the thought of it only made my thirst the more unbearable. We could have obtained water by putting into the Cape, but the captain did not think the emergency sufficiently great to warrant his thus delaying the voyage.

27th.—A dead calm. The surface of the sea moving in long undulations, but undisturbed save by a wandering zephyr or occasional cat's-paw. A boat was lowered, and a party sallied forth to shoot whatever might come in their way. They were successful in bringing down a fine albatross, which they brought on board, together with some masses of broad, ribbon-like sea-weed, which they had found floating on the surface, covered with venerable barnacles.

28th.—Quite an event. After long dallying with the bait, a shark swallowed the hook, and was triumphantly dragged on board amid the cheers of the sailors, both white and coloured. The watery savage struggled tremendously, and lashed his tail about with such force, that we were glad to give him a wide berth, for the blow of a shark's tail is sufficiently heavy to break a man's leg. When he was at length dead, the backbone was saved for a walking-stick, and the jaws and head were cleaned by the fifth mate, to take home as a chimney ornament. I tasted some of the flesh when cooked, and thought it hard in texture, and rancid in flavour; and yet it might be considered delicate after the golden-hued pork to which we had been so long accustomed. An albatross was caught on the same day by means of a hook baited with a morsel of fresh meat. These birds are frequently captured in this manner.

31st.—One of our steerage passengers struck a porpoise with the grainse, an instrument which bears a considerable resemblance to the trident of Neptune, consisting of three barbed prongs fixed at one end of a staff, the other end of which is loaded with lead, not sufficiently heavy to sink the staff entirely, but enough to immerse it a few feet below the surface, thus flinging the barbed extremity into the air. We made a bargain for this fish, and had some steaks of it broiled for our supper. The flesh was of as dark a red as beef, and resembled that meat in coarseness of texture, but was very deficient in flavour and juiciness.

February 2.—The weather being very fine, and the wind nearly at rest, Mr Smart, the chief officer, thought it would be a good opportunity to give the young gentlemen a little lesson in practical seamanship. So at nine o'clock the midshipmen, boys, and idlers, were all ordered aloft to practise reefing and furling the mizen-topsail. This was very hot and fatiguing work, but of course it was calculated to do us great service. We had to go through the whole of the operations several times before the task was executed with sufficient smartness to give satisfaction. The only thing complained of was the excessive thirst produced by working so many hours under a tropical sun, for we well knew that the water-bucket in our berth was as dry as a bone, and that the fowl-cistern was under key and padlock.

'*4th*, *5th*, *6th*.—Calm, sails flapping heavily against the masts, in consequence of a long continuous swell, which caused the vessel to roll lazily from side to side, a movement by which the rigging was much strained, and the masts and yards kept constantly working, producing far more wear and tear than a gale of wind. A long-continued calm tries the patience of all on board, but more especially the captain, for whether there be wind or not, at four o'clock every day there are forty passengers clamorous for their dinner, eating and drinking being the grand business of the day with them; and the ingenuity of the steward is put to a great test in providing a sufficient number of dishes. Nay, dishes there are in plenty, but, generally speaking, their contents are most ridiculously scanty. The poultry had died off by scores, the sheep were running short, pigs, too, were scarce; so that, in spite of the ingenuity of M. Antoine, the French cook, salt-beef, from the harness-cast, in all its native ugliness, was a standing dish—a veritable *piece du resistance*.

The passengers, too, were getting weary of the ship and of each other; a newspaper was set on foot, but speedily given up by common consent, on account of the personalities which crept in, and the scandal which was circulated through the medium of its columns.

Stories were circulated of ships which had been detained in the same spot for upwards of six weeks, neither moving backward nor forward one inch; and we all confessed, with lengthened faces, that from the general appearance of the weather, such was very likely to be our own case. At length a cat's-paw was seen—the yards were trimmed; from the cat's-paw sprang up a steady breeze, and one that seemed likely to increase. Towards evening it had drawn aft, and surely, though gradually, freshened to a gale.

I shall never forget my first night off the Cape in a north-wester. Our cargo was principally bar-iron and shot; and a few dozen of the latter, from some little oversight in the stowage, got adrift about midnight, and were bounding and dancing over the bars, and rushing from side to side at each roll of the ship with a roar like thunder. It would have been almost certain death to venture into the hold, in order to check these missiles in their mad career, so the more prudent course was adopted of throwing down a number of bales of hay, which checked them, and deadened their velocity sufficiently to enable us to secure them one by one, and stow them in places from whence they could not escape. It was my first watch—that is, from eight P.M. to midnight; when it was over, I gladly turned into my hammock, and in spite of the roaring of the wind, the creaking of the bulk-heads, and the smell of rotten cheese (arising from a private speculation of the carpenter's, whose storeroom was abreast of my hammock), I fell asleep. At about three o'clock in the morning, the head lanyard of my hammock either broke or was cut by some malicious person, and I found myself, quite unexpectedly, sprawling upon my back upon the chain cable, which was ranged on the deck immediately under my hammock. The back part of my head had come in contact with the iron-bound corners of a sailor's chest, and was bleeding profusely from a deep, triangular wound. When I had somewhat collected my scattered senses, and comprehended my situation, I jumped up, ran into our berth, bound a handkerchief tightly round my head, and then commenced reslinging my hammock, standing meanwhile barefooted in the rusty water which flooded the deck,

and groping in darkness for the blankets and pillow, which, when found, were dripping wet. While thus occupied, I heard the boatswain's shrill call, followed by his hoarse voice, rolling along the gun-deck—'All hands reef topsails. Bear a hand here, young gentlemen. No time for tying up your garters when the ship's overboard!' Half-stunned as I was by my late blow, I went up with the rest, and the first thing that met my eye to windward was a large waterspout apparently bearing rapidly down towards the ship. One of the quarter-deck guns was loaded, and pointed in the direction of the advancing column; but just as the order was about to be given to fire, it dispersed, being at that time about a quarter of a mile distant. Scarcely an hour had elapsed, during which we were employed in shortening sail, when a whirlwind was seen smoking along, which appeared to be large enough in circumference to swallow us up with ease. Every eye gazed on it with some anxiety as it came swiftly onward, the waters whirling and boiling with inconceivable velocity, and all felt greatly relieved when it passed ahead of us, although not more than twenty yards from our jib-boom end.

The topsails having been reefed, I went below again, and requested the doctor to examine my cranium. Having cut away some of the clotted hair, and probed the wound, he declared that the skull was intact (although, I imagine, judging from the scar which remains to this day, that the bone was considerably indented), and dismissed me with a strip of adhesive plaster, not even offering to apply it for me; so I went to the galley, and with the assistance of the captain's cook, the ingenious Antoine, mended up the gap in a very secure, if not in a very scientific manner. The cutting down of hammocks is a common practical joke, but then it is usually done upon the humane system of cutting the foot lanyard, which is not dangerous. In the midst of this rolling, confusion, and bloodshed, we rounded the Cape of Good Hope. When dinner-time arrived, as the rolling was still incessant, we found that nothing could be persuaded to remain in a state of quiescence for a single moment upon the mess-table, notwithstanding forks were stuck into it in every available position; so, acting upon the ingenious suggestion of our caterer, we turned our table legs upward, placed the soup tureen and plates inside, and then squatting down upon the deck, took a mouthful whenever a convenient opportunity offered, each man of course helping himself, and looking out to keep his own plate on a proper balance. The soup having been disposed of, some on the deck, and some down our throats, the pork was brought in; and as no dish could be expected to live through such a gale, it was placed for safety in the tureen, and then, holding biscuits in our hands by way of platters, we each cut off a portion with our pocket-knives; the mess knives and forks had mostly rolled underneath the chests, and were consequently smothered in tobacco-ashes, &c. This was all done amid much laughter and merriment; many ludicrous upsets took place, generally ending in the smash of some article of glass or crockery which we could but ill spare. It would be difficult to form an idea of the fun which a scene of this kind creates: whilst one is laughing at his neighbour's disaster, he gets his own lapful of pease-soup, and another finds himself rolling amid a shower of plates, tin pannikins, pork bones, and other débris upon the sloppy deck.

Just opposite to the door of our berth (we had been removed farther aft during the passage), which now looked out on the square of the main-hatchway, the third mate slung his cot; and sitting astride on this, with their dinner between them, he and the fourth mate were congratulating themselves upon the cleverness of their manœuvre. Just at this moment the ship's bell, weighing about one hundred weight and a-half, which was hung on a hook, as is usual at the fore-part of the mainmast, having been unhooked by a loose rope, descended the hatchway like a meteor, chipped the steps of the ladder, grazed the cot upon which our worthies were discussing their viands, passed within an inch of both of them, and then alighted on the deck, making a very deep indent in the teak, to mark the spot where it fell. As nobody was injured, we all laughed heartily at the adventure, but it was really a narrow escape for the officers.

8th.—More rolling and reefing. Immense destruction of crockery in the mess-room.

27th.—Poor old Daniels, A.B., departed this life. The doctor pronounced the cause of his death to be old age and diseased lungs. He was a quiet inoffensive old man, and had latterly been so imbecile and helpless that he was not much missed. We buried him next day with the usual ceremonies. The body was stitched up in a hammock, with two or three cannon shot at the foot to sink it; it was then laid at the gangway upon a grating, the whole decently covered with a Union-Jack. All hands were called to 'bury the dead;' the crew were ranged in order along the deck, the officers grouped around the captain, who, when all were bareheaded and attentive, read the service in a distinct voice; the grating was sloped, and the lump of canvas, still retaining a ghastly resemblance to a pallid, swollen corpse, slipped off, and plumping into the sea, was immediately out of sight. That dull, heavy plunge haunted me for many hours afterwards, I know not why, save that it was a sound which had never before struck my ear. Since then, I have seen so many poor fellows, soldiers and sailors, passed over the gangway, that the sound leaves now but a momentary impression.

From this time forward until Good-Friday (April 9), which embraces a period of about five weeks, we had a wearisome succession of calms and light winds: the latter being fortunately in general from a favourable quarter. We still continued upon the short allowance of water before-mentioned—namely, one quart per diem for all purposes; and had it not been for the assistance of these fair breezes and smooth sea, which enabled us to slip along at an average rate of three miles an hour, we should inevitably have been placed in the disagreeable dilemma of having only a pint. As it was, we were beginning to think such a catastrophe far from improbable, and it was with great joy, therefore, that on Good-Friday we saw two native vessels, which, from the course they were steering, we judged had lately sailed from Bombay. We hailed these vessels, and upon their heaving to, sent a boat on board with an officer to ask them if they had any water to spare. The poor fellows, although their stock was but small, and they had a long voyage before them, willingly gave us a portion. Their joint contributions, however, did not amount to more than eighty gallons; but as we might now hope, with a moderate breeze, to reach Bombay in a few days, and we yet had a little of our

old stock remaining, this small addition removed all anxiety upon the subject.

On nearing Bombay, it was pleasing to mark the joy which animated the countenances of the Lascar portion of our crew. Many were the questions eagerly put as to the latitude and longitude at noon, and the probable time of arrival. Their love of country must be stronger, I think, than that which exists in the breasts of us phlegmatic Europeans; or, if this be not the case, their ardent and earnest manner of expressing themselves would naturally lead one to suppose so.

About a week before sighting our destined port, a holiday was allowed to the Lascars, in order that they might have an opportunity of duly celebrating a religious festival, known to us by the name of *Obson Jobson*. On this grand, and to them solemn occasion, they all attired themselves in their smartest scarlet turbans (variegated cotton skull-caps embroidered with gold) and robes of snowy whiteness; and in the afternoon went through a variety of strange uncouth dances, accompanied by much stamping of the feet to a certain slow measure, with a wild and yet not unmusical song, in which at certain intervals all joined in chorus. From the darksome recesses of the fore-orlop (the part of the ship appropriated to the use of the Lascar crew) arose clouds of incense, and there were performed many mysterious rites, of which the Europeans were not allowed to be witnesses: indeed our men had previously received strict orders not to give needless offence by impertinent intrusion. I gathered from some of the Lascars afterwards that each man had to pass through some kind of sword ordeal, the exact nature of which I could not precisely comprehend; but it appeared to me that it was resorted to in order to discover whether any of them had proved unmindful of their religious duties since the last Obson Jobson festival. Towards night they danced upon deck in rings to the sound of tom-toms, and their own monotonous and melodious chant, at the same time flourishing naked cutlasses—kindly supplied by the captain for the nonce—and long poles decorated with red streamers. This amusing, and to me perfectly novel spectacle, was at length put a stop to by darkness.

April 10*th to* 12*th*.—A strong breeze; ship making rapid progress, and every heart beating in joyous anticipation of seeing land. A number of bets were now made amongst the passengers as to the probable day, and even hour, of our arrival in Bombay. A fifteen-pound lottery was also established, tickets five shillings each: on each ticket was written a certain day and hour, and the fortunate holder of that ticket upon which was written the exact time that the ship came to an anchor became the winner. When the captain happens to be the holder of the prize-ticket, there are always many most uncharitable insinuations, made to the effect that he has retarded or accelerated the speed of the vessel by his management of the sails, in order to insure his own success.

13*th*.—One of our coloured crew, a Seedy, or native of Madagascar, died after a short illness this morning, and in the afternoon was thrown overboard by his messmates, without any religious ceremonies that I was aware of.

This day we were favoured with a strong breeze on our quarter, which was undoubtedly our best point of sailing. With every stitch of canvas spread, our ship was truly a magnificent sight. I have often seated myself

upon the waist hammock-nettings on a clear moonlight night, and looked aloft with feelings of intense admiration at the mighty cloud of swelling canvas above me, and inwardly exclaimed that of all the works of man, a gallant East Indiaman of the olden time is one of the most beautiful to look upon. The water was very smooth, notwithstanding the freshness of the breeze, and we bowled cheerily along at the rate of ten miles an hour. In another day we expected to see the land, and you may imagine that I was all impatience to gaze upon the sunny shores of glorious Ind.

Having now brought the good old *Weatherly* within about a day's sail of the much-desired haven, I purpose devoting a few pages to miscellaneous matters mostly connected with the manners of living and the daily routine of existence on board an Indiaman. The times appropriated to meals are as follow:—Breakfast at eight; dinner at noon; supper at half-past five or six. Our allowance of meat was the same as that of the men—namely, salt beef and salt pork on alternate days. Upon Thursdays and Sundays, which were beef days, a certain quantity of flour and suet was served out, in order to make a pudding, the mixing of which was performed by our mess-boy, one of the apprentices. The beef had been so long in pickle, and had consequently grown so uncommonly hard, that a very small portion went a great way. It was so destitute of fat, that I have seen two mids, who had hitherto been on the best of terms, become the most bitter enemies, merely from the circumstance of one purloining a fragment of fat from the plate of the other. I have heard people declare that capital durable snuff-boxes have been made of this salt-junk, or salt-horse, as it is usually called. Upon pork days we had pea-soup, which, in the way it is made at sea, is a very nice thing. I believe the only ingredients are soft water and peas—enough peas should be used to make the soup of the consistency of thin paste. On board ship, when the peas do not mash up readily, from the hardness of the water, a little soda is added; and occasionally the cook puts a round shot into the coppers, which, from the constant motion of the vessel, acts as a sort of crushing machine. Sometimes a few lumps of fat pork are boiled up with the soup, at others a red herring, which enhances the flavour greatly. Peas-pudding (*alias* dog's body) is often allowed upon pork days, which is serviceable in counteracting the greasiness of the meat.

Our pork itself was as destitute of lean as the beef was of fat, and from the effects of age, had become so rusty, as to be as yellow as a guinea. But the biscuit, or, as we called it, sea-cake, was perhaps the worst article supplied; from age and dampness it had contracted a very musty taste, and was literally moving with weevils and their grubs—the latter much resembling their cousins the nut maggots. Before eating it, we were forced to give it several sharp raps on the table, in order to dislodge the little strangers from their snug retreats. The water, which was from the bosom of old Thames, and which is notorious for going through seven separate stages of putrefaction before it is in a fit state for use, had, during the latter part of the passage out, become so inky in hue, so odorous from the quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen it contained, that, had it not been for excessive thirst, we should have cast it from us with disgust. As it was, we were always fain to strain it through a towel or

piece of rag before we could make it available for drinking. When it was my turn to go down into the forehold, and take care that the candle was safely placed while the water was being served out, I have seen a blue flame playing around the hole when the bung was removed. On one occasion, when the cooper took out the bung, and stooped down to smell the water, in order to ascertain its condition, he inhaled some foul gas, and went staggering from cask to cask like a drunken man. Notwithstanding the indifferent nature of our provisions, which were certainly worse than I have ever met with since, we always made a hearty meal; for our exposure to the open air gave us enormous appetites; besides, we had a few little dainties in our own mess-store, towards the purchasing of which each man had paid down £15 at Gravesend. These stores were of course used very sparingly. They consisted chiefly of hams, tongues, pickled tripe, Normandy pippins, cranberries, pickles, and cheeses, with a few tins of bouilli. We generally had our cranberry-puddings boiled in a deep pewter washhand basin, of the Mambrino's helmet form. Sunday was the day for the appearance of some of these dainties, when we also mounted a nice clean tablecloth, and tried to make as respectable an appearance as possible; but, curiously enough, we seldom ate our Sunday dinner in peace. Sometimes a squall came up, which rendered it necessary to take in the royals; at others a vessel was in sight showing signals, which we were called upon to answer.

One fine Sunday during this passage we were sailing pleasantly along on the starboard tack, with a moderate breeze and a lively jumping sea; divine service had been duly and decorously performed; all the mids were in their best togs—blue jackets, white ducks, and glossy pumps; the boy had laid the tablecloth, and displayed to the best advantage our rather diminished stock of glass, crockery, and Britannia metal; the soup was brought in, a splendid mess of preserved bouilli; then came the second course—salt-horse; the caterer commenced carving; we were all watching him with hungry eyes, when a mighty green wave came rushing in at the open port-hole, and washed caterer, mids, beef, plates, knives, forks, spoons, and all out at the cabin-door; and worse still, as the very climax to our disaster, the boy was just entering with the plum-duff, and coming face to face with the watery intruder, was taken off his legs, whilst the unlucky duff went rolling into the lee-scuppers. The man at the wheel had luffed up the vessel rather suddenly, which was the cause of the mishap; but as it happened two or three times, we suspected that it was done intentionally, by way of joke, perhaps by the orders of the fourth officer, who dearly loved a lark. Of course after this our dinner was a scramble; the beef was not injured, and the duff was just eatable. By dint of energetic baling and swabbing, we got the berth dry again in an hour. In spite of this inconvenience, we always preferred running the risk of shipping a sea to keeping the port closed, in which case we had no light save that afforded by a small swinging lamp, which never could be coaxed into brightness.

Besides the amusements before-mentioned of dancing and athletic games, we seldom found anything to divert us, or to relieve the monotony of a sea-life, so that any circumstance which afforded a little fun or excitement was hailed with delight. One incident of this kind is so fresh in my

recollection, that I am tempted to record it. After we had been to sea a few weeks, the young cadets who, at the commencement of the voyage, suffered awfully from the 'mal du mer,' got their sea-legs, and at the same time recovered their usual conceit and self-sufficiency. Consequently, when they saw the mids clambering aloft every day like so many monkeys, they felt a lively ambition to do the same. One afternoon, when it was nearly calm, several of the young militaires issued out from their dinner in high and vinous spirits, and burning to distinguish themselves in the eyes of the ladies by some remarkable achievement. Ere many minutes had elapsed, a few of the most active and enterprising were seen plodding their way up the mizen rigging. Now it is a long-established custom, and, in my opinion, a very excellent one, to secure hand and foot all such landsmen and novices as shall venture aloft for the first time, and not to release them until they have either paid their footing in coin of the realm, or made a solemn promise so to do if released. Accordingly, our young adventurers were no sooner three parts up the rigging, than half-a-dozen fine active young fellows of our crew, who had been slyly watching their opportunity, sprang forward, each provided with a stout lashing. The cadets, who, it is to be supposed, had some notion of the custom beforenamed, beholding these formidable preparations, now strained every nerve to escape; and a chase commenced which kept all hands in a perfect roar of laughter. Young Hoppner, however, a six-foot youth, afforded the finest sport. A sailor had caught hold of one of his feet, upon which he with much dexterity slipped off his boot, and again scrambled upwards until intercepted by the futlock rigging beneath the mizen-top. Whilst endeavouring to struggle through lubber's hole, his nimble pursuer grasped his other foot, and was again left with the same *booty* as before. The indefatigable Hoppner having wriggled into the top, jumped from rattlin to rattlin of the topmast rigging, but without his boots, he found the pain so unbearable to his tender soles, that he seized one of the backstays, and slid like lightning to the deck, thus escaping from the disappointed tars, who were quite astonished to see such spirit and agility displayed by a 'lanky lubber of a landsman.' Poor young Hoppner had evidently been aloft before, but I doubt whether he had ever before slipped down a backstay, for the whole of the skin was stripped, or rather burnt, from the palms of his hands, which generally happens to inexperienced persons making a rapid descent of this nature. Whilst this exciting and amusing chase was being carried on, the other cadets had been captured, and tightly lashed, hand and foot, to the shrouds; nor were they released until they had consented to pay a liberal footing. They had all the good sense to look upon the whole affair as a capital joke, and I believe their captors were very well satisfied with the ransoms obtained.

The second mate usually assists the captain in his navigation. He and the third mate keep alternate watches, and while on deck, are responsible for the safety of the ship, and the proper management of the sails as the wind varies. Great vigilance is required in watching the changes of the weather, which are sometimes very sudden, and show no warning of their approach. The third mate messes with the fourth, and, as I have before said, has charge of a watch, at which he is equally responsible with the second mate for the wellbeing of the vessel, and must always be careful

to keep his weather-eye open. Sleeping while on watch is one of the greatest crimes of which an officer can be guilty, and is punished accordingly. The fourth mate is not usually permitted to take charge of a watch, but does duty on deck with the chief mate, remaining forward, and attending to the trimming of the head-sails, under the direction of his superior. If, however, any of the other mates are ill, the captain can appoint him to do their duty if he thinks him competent and trustworthy. The third and fourth mates are respectively invited to dine with the captain once a week. The fifth mate messes with the midshipmen, and is their caterer. He assists the second mate in his watch in the same manner as the fourth assists the chief mate. Some of the largest-sized East-Indiamen carry a sixth mate; the *Weatherly* did not, therefore I scarcely know what are his duties, but I presume that he was placed in the same watch as the third mate, to render him such assistance as lay in his power.

The boatswain and carpenter of our ship were personages of very considerable importance, as is probably the case in all vessels of equal tonnage; but our carpenter was held in especial respect, being a remarkably shrewd, clever, and well-educated man; not only a perfect master of his own craft, but a proficient in the science of navigation, and well-informed upon all useful topics; in fact he was competent, in case of any great emergency, of taking charge of the ship. He, as well as the boatswain, had been in the East India Company's service; and some of the mids hearing them say that they still had their old Company's uniform coatees in their chests, coaxed them, with much difficulty, to wear them one Sunday at muster; but such was the universal laughter produced by the appearance of their ridiculous little bobsails, that the abashed warrant officers speedily dived, vowing that from that day forward they would never again be made fools of by a set of boys. The uniform of the superior officers was, on the contrary, very handsome and becoming; swords were worn by them, and dirks by the midshipmen. One day I was ordered by the captain to send the carpenter to him instantly, he having discovered a leak just over one of his book-shelves; I hastened to perform his bidding, and going boldly to the carpenter, said, 'Carpenter, the captain wants you in his cabin directly.' The person thus addressed looked at me with a quiet, and perhaps somewhat contemptuous smile, but not deigning to take any further notice of me, he calmly resumed his labour. I repeated my message, and insisted on the urgency of the case, when the 'carpenter,' as I had unwittingly called him, who was a tall, noble-looking old man, drew himself up to his full height, and said in a deliberate manner, 'Young gentleman, I am the carpenter of this ship, but my name is not "Carpenter," but Mauley; and you will further understand that I have a handle to my name: you will therefore please to address me in future as Mr Mauley;' saying this, and smiling kindly, he hastened to obey the captain's summons, leaving me 'taken aback,' but not offended at his just and plain-spoken rebuke. I found on inquiry that both himself and the boatswain were entitled, by usage immemorial, to insist upon the addition of 'Mr' to their surnames, and I never again gave offence on that score. In every ship where proper discipline is maintained, these matters, trifling as they appear, are strictly attended to, and with good results. In the next ship which bore me to the East, a craft of about 700 tons burthen,

the carpenter, a rough hardy Swede, rejoicing in the name of Burstrome, was not offended in the slightest degree at being called 'Chips' even by the black cuddy servant!

The midshipmen are divided into watches, according to their number, two or three in each watch. Sometimes they are appointed to keep the same watches as the mates, so that each mate may always have the same mids in his watch. This is very pleasant for the mids when they are upon good terms with the officer to whose watch they belong. We were made to keep watch and watch (which is four hours on duty, and four hours off, alternately), until after we left St Helena upon our homeward passage, when we were indulged with three watches.

The midshipmen are invited two and two, by turns, to dine in the cuddy. We all disliked this ceremony very much, on account of the inconvenience attendant upon dressing in our wretched dark and dirty den. The ale and wine we were allowed on those occasions were declared by some to be the only redeeming points. Conversation there was none; the passengers appeared to view us with contempt, and the captain seldom condescended to speak to us except in a jeering manner for his own recreation. When I received my first invitation to dine in the cuddy, I was considerably agitated, and naturally asked my messmates a few questions as to the usual etiquette practised upon such occasions; and they, always ready for a joke, told me that it was necessary upon my first entering the cuddy to make a formal bow to the captain, and then to make another, equally ceremonious, to the chief mate. I followed these instructions literally, and I have no doubt that my bows were pre-eminently graceful, for I could see both gentlemen smile approvingly as they returned the salutation; but why they should suddenly turn away their heads, and smother their faces in their handkerchiefs, I could not at the moment conceive. With my white kerseymere waistcoat, blue swallow-tailed coat, with tremendous double-gilt East India Company's buttons, stockings of immaculate whiteness, and polished dancing-pumps—it is scarcely possible that they could have found food for laughter in my personal appearance. Be this as it may, experience maketh wise; and from that time henceforward Captain Courtly never received any more politeness from me than was actually required by the discipline of the ship.

Place a landsman on the quarter-deck of a first-class Indiaman after she has been two months at sea; let it be on a fine Sunday forenoon, just before the hands are turned out to muster, and when every rope is belayed to its proper pin, and the spare ends arranged carefully on the deck in Flemish cheeses, fakes, and figures of eight; when the hammocks are neatly stowed in the nettings, and the deck is so smooth and clean that it seems a sin to tread upon it—and that landsman will say, 'Everything is perfect, everything complete, everything in its place; there is nothing in the world to do, so we may put our hands in our pockets and rest contented for a while.' But the chief mate, that unwearying taskmaster, knows better, as will be best shown by the following rapid outline of the employments of men and midshipmen during one day, which may be taken as a specimen:—

At four o'clock in the morning the chief officer's watch commences. The watch scrub, wash, and sometimes holystone the decks. The midshipmen and apprentices scrub and wash the poop, and then swab it up dry, taking

a laudable pride in having their deck whiter than any other; but, by the by, teak decks, owing to the natural colour of the wood, never look white, however clean they may be, although the tint is very pleasing, and affords relief to the eye in a glaring sun. The midshipmen are expected to pump all the cisterns full communicating with the quarter galleries, which is never less than an hour's job, and very severe exercise. At seven bells (half past seven) the hammocks are piped up; and then, will ye nill ye, every man who possesses a hammock must jump up, lash it neatly, and take it on deck. When all are brought up, they are carefully stowed in the nettings by the quartermasters, under the superintendence of two young gentlemen who are called up from their watch below for the purpose. If any of the hammocks are lashed in a slovenly manner, or merely bundled up in what is called a 'midshipman's roll,' the owner is punished by stoppage of grog, and made to secure it in a more ship-shape manner. Another midshipman of the watch below is turned out at six o'clock, to go down in the hold and act as a candlestick whilst the cooper pumps the water into buckets for the use of the ship's company during the day. I often used to drop asleep whilst holding the candle, much to the annoyance of the poor cooper. The purser, whose duty it is to see that the water is properly measured out, sits in an easy-chair upon the gun-deck, close to the hatchway, with his legs crossed, and smoking a Manilla cheroot, or sipping his coffee with the air of an Eastern prince. Our purser, who had risen from the situation of cooper, looked with extreme contempt upon the poor midshipmen, and openly expressed his anger when he saw that our names had the precedence of his own in the ship's articles. He would have been very friendly and obliging towards us if we had once admitted his superior rank, but this was a concession which we never felt any inclination to make.

At eight o'clock, pipe to breakfast: half an hour is allowed for that meal. After breakfast the watch on deck are set to work under the boatswain, repairing defects in the rigging, putting on Scotchmen—that is, chafing battens made of split bamboo—making spunyarn, sinneth, gasketts, mats, robands, &c. The mechanics—by which are understood the armourer, carpenter and his mate, the cooper—all set about their proper occupations. The sailmaker and two or three expert workmen repair and alter sails as necessary. The midshipmen of the watch on deck run errands, or sit down and paint ropes, or, if squally, clue up and furl the mizen topgallant sail, or royal; and when the squall is over, set them again. Of course in case of a shift of wind the whole watch is required to haul upon the braces; and the mids, although not compelled to pull, are always ready enough to lend a hand; indeed he must be an incorrigible lazy one who could stand and look on without a desire to 'pull his pound.' Time slips away quickly thus employed. When a midshipman's watch on deck is over, his watch below, as it is called, commences, and he gets but little time to himself, as it is usual to make him keep watch in the hold when the hatches are taken off for the sake of ventilation. I have spent many hundreds of melancholy hours in this gloomy employment, with no other companions than rats and cockroaches; no sound save the monotonous rippling of the water against the bends; no smell save the odoriferous exhalations of the bilge-water; and no sight save dingy casks and cases, bar-iron, shot, and small coal. At noon the boatswain *pipes to dinner*. One hour is allowed the men for this

meal; the mids only get half an hour, as they have to relieve each other (I allude to those who have the watch on deck); the oldsters are very apt to take the lion's share of this hour, and leave only ten minutes for their unfortunate messmates or watchmate. In such cases retaliation in the same coin is generally resorted to, which ultimately brings the subject under the notice of the officers, who insist upon justice being done.

After dinner the jobs of the morning are resumed. At five, the sailmaker stows his sails away; the spunyarn, mats, &c. are put in the boatswain's locker; and the boys get their brooms, and give the decks a clean sweep fore and aft. At half-past five, or thereabouts, the crew are sent to supper, for which half an hour is allowed. After supper the hammocks are piped down; all hands come on deck, and each fixes on his own 'dreaming bag;' midshipmen are stationed to preserve order and regularity; at a signal from the officer of the watch the boatswain 'pipes down,' which is done by a peculiarly prolonged stridulous whistle; away dart the men simultaneously, and tumble one over the other down the fore and main hatchways, laughing and jumping like so many boys just escaped from school. Thus ends the working-day. The amusements and skylarking after working-hours have already been detailed.

On Sunday, when the weather was fine, and there were no squally appearances to windward, we had divine service performed upon the quarter-deck, which, together with the poop, is covered by a stout canvas awning, and shaded by curtains of the same material. The capstan is decorated with an ensign, surmounted by a cushion, a Bible, and a Prayer-book, and thus serves as a reading-desk for the captain, alongside of whom stands the doctor or purser, to make the responses. All the cuddy chairs are set round for the use of the passengers, whilst the crew are seated upon capstan bars, with either end resting upon a bucket: when the ship is lively in her motions, these rickety seats cause a corresponding liveliness in the sitters, who sometimes go, half-a-dozen at a time, sprawling to leeward. When the weather is wet, and the wind unpleasantly strong, the service is performed in the cuddy, when all the men are at liberty to attend, but the majority prefer passing the time in their hammocks. During the first few Sundays in the voyage, Captain Courtly also read evening prayers in the cuddy, and insisted upon the attendance of all the young gentlemen. At these times he favoured us by reading a discourse out of some old sermon book; but his choice unfortunately was bad, for the lecture was so long, and so purely doctrinal, as to set the whole of his congregation a-yawning.

Sunday is a day of rest as far as wind and weather will permit, but in the course of my experience I have seen more squalls and gales, and reefing and furling, on Sundays than on any other day in the week. The crew are all dressed in their cleanest white clothes, and lounge about, pipe in mouth, on the forecastle. Those who can read, eagerly devour everything they can lay hands on in print, and drawl it out aloud for the benefit of a group of attentive listeners. The variety of their recreations is rather amusing: I have heard one man reading aloud from the 'Quaver,' a collection of 1000 songs, toasts, and sentiments; another spouting some modern melodrama; another engaged in a thrilling penny romance; whilst here and there, apart from the rest, was a solitary old graybeard quietly reading his Bible, with a short black pipe or dudheen between his teeth.

April 15*th*.—At half-past six, in the last dog-watch, the loom of high land was seen bearing from the ship north-east by east—a welcome sight for the poor mids, who were now at their wits' end for clean linen; many of them had been in most awkward dilemmas for want of a decent shirt, especially when invited to dine with the captain. The steward was instructed to invite the young gentlemen, each in his regular turn, which he accordingly did; but when the party invited happened to be short of clean linen, he would swear positively that it was not his turn, or be suddenly seized with a violent headache; and the poor steward, after being bandied from one to the other, would indignantly leave it to be settled amongst themselves—merely hinting that, out of respect to the captain, *somebody must come;* so that he who had best economised his wardrobe at the commencement of the passage dined most frequently in the cuddy towards the sequel: a circumstance which, even if noticed by the captain, would have been a source of amusement to him rather than of displeasure. I have often, when awakening on a Sunday morning, burst into a cold sweat, and my heart has sunk within me when the consciousness broke upon me that I had not a clean shirt wherein to make my appearance at muster. Frequently the loan of three, or even four coloured shirts was offered for the temporary loan of one white one: and still more frequently the contents of the dirty clothes-bag were examined, and the cleanest of the dirty ones selected for use. Etiquette forbade the use of coloured shirts at the cuddy table. We were not so awkwardly circumstanced with regard to trousers, for those which were made of canvas or duck could be rendered beautifully white by merely being washed in salt water; while the blue-cloth garments, if greasy and tarry, were restored to their original gloss by immersion in pea-soup—a plan which, incredulous as I was at first as to its merits, I am now convinced is a very excellent one.

At half-past seven Bombay Lighthouse reported to be in sight from the mast-head, and soon after it was visible from the deck. Fired guns and burned blue lights. Stood in for the land. At half-past nine passed the Fairway Buoy, and anchored in eight fathoms, with best bower, and furled sails. During the night a pilot came on board, and at daylight we hove up the anchor, stood in for our final lying-ground, and having there moored ship, at once commenced landing the passengers and their baggage. From the time we began heaving up until the final mooring of the ship, the young gentlemen were employed upon the gun-deck as messenger-men; which employment consists in 'lightening along,' or lifting a heavy hawser called a 'messenger,' which is the purchase used for weighing the anchor by the capstan, and which, in the present instance, was covered with a thick coat of very greasy clay, bespattering and bedaubing us until we bore a strong resemblance to Thames mud-larks. Of course under these circumstances no leisure was allowed for looking at the scene around us, therefore my first impressions of Bombay Harbour were not at all agreeable.

My duties upon the gun-deck being at length brought to a conclusion, I hastened to the upper deck, and there for the first time the beautiful harbour of Bombay, almost landlocked by fertile islands, presented itself to my admiring *gaze, bright and joyous* in the rays of the morning sun,

under a perfectly cloudless sky of intensest blue. Hundreds of stately ships, many of them the finest merchantmen in the world, were at anchor around us; and our own good ship, with all her yards exactly squared by lifts and braces, masts well stayed, and every rope hauled as tight as a harp-string, floated as proudly as any. Then there was the town, divided into the White and Black Towns: the former consisting chiefly of two-storeyed houses, with well chunammed green verandas, and roofs covered with pantiles; laying no claim certainly to architectural beauty, but still appearing suitable to the climate. The basement storey is arched, and appropriated to merchandise, the dwelling-rooms being all on the first floor. The Black Town is composed entirely of huts, embosomed in cocoa-nut, banana, and other trees, which cause it to look very picturesque at a distance; but it is found to be squalid and filthy on a nearer approach.

Whilst I was gazing in mute admiration at the beautiful landscape, a group of the oldsters, who were gathered together on the poop with a telescope, which passed rapidly from hand to hand, were discussing in purely nautical language the merits of the vessels within sight, finding fault with some, and praising others, with so solemn an air as they turned their quids in their mouths, that even I, young and green as I was, could not refrain from laughing in my sleeve at their assumption of knowledge: unfortunately they never agreed in their opinions, and great was the wrangling in consequence. 'Yon bark has made a snug stow of her sails,' said one. 'Do you call that a snug stow?—that shows what you know about it! Why, an old collier would furl her sails better than that!' 'Yonder is the *Berkshe;* I know her by the cut of her gaffs.' 'No, it isn't: I'll bet any money that it is the *Clarence.* But see what an awful steene she has in her bowsprit, and how badly her yards are squared—what can the lubbers be thinking of?' And so on; but I have omitted the oaths with which these oracular responses were rounded. Then followed an argument as to whether Yankee or Scotch vessels were in the habit of carrying the longest poles in harbour; an argument which was carried on with so much heat, that two of the young gentlemen nearly came to blows. If my opinion were now asked upon this highly-important subject, I should say that the practice was most in vogue among the Yankees, they being notorious for aspiring to pierce the clouds with their moonsail poles; but in one particular instance I saw a ship from Glasgow which aspired higher still, the altitude of whose fine-weather sticks was absolutely marvellous. My respect for the opinions of the second-voyagers had gradually diminished; for although I had at first looked upon them with a species of awe, as persons who had seen great wonders and undergone many hardships—a feeling which they seemed anxious to keep alive by their marvellous stories—as I grew older and wiser I began to suspect that half their adventures were fictitious—mere children of the imagination.

The *Weatherly* was soon surrounded by *dingees* (the native boats); and the decks became crowded with *doby wallahs*, or washermen, soliciting the favour of our patronage, and bringing forth the thumb-worn certificates which they had obtained from former employers. Upon reading some of these I found that they were far from complimentary; indeed some certified that the bearer was the greatest rogue under the sun, and contained a friendly

warning not to have any dealings with him. One of these doby wallahs insisted on his right to have my washing, having, as he said, washed for me last voyage; the rogue even congratulated me upon my improved appearance since he saw me last! Then came a host of shoemakers, tailors, and barbers; the services of the latter were soon put in requisition, and I well remember having my smooth face shaved all over, merely because of the novelty of being scraped by a native artist; my hair certainly required a little arrangement, for the last person who cut it was the ship's cooper, who did not trim it exactly in the newest London fashion. But the most welcome of our visitors was old Abraham, the bum-boatman, who, with his son Isaac, were engaged to attend the ship, as they had done for many voyages past, while she should remain in port. I cannot describe the eagerness with which we pounced upon his soft *tack* (bread), milk, butter, eggs, and fruit, or with what delight we quaffed his foaming toddy. A four months' passage really makes one truly appreciate the good things of this earth: we had had little else but maggoty biscuit, rancid salt-meat, musty suet, and putrid water, since we left Gravesend; and now we saw spread before us a profusion of white bread, eggs, and milk, besides bananas, mangoes, water-melons, and other luscious products of the glowing East.

In consequence of having sailed in the same ship with Lascars, I was not so much struck with the dress and language of the natives as I should otherwise have been; and yet there was much that was novel and interesting for my senses to dwell upon. The grotesque build of the native craft, the numbers of Turkey buzzards which hovered among the shipping, the voices of the fishermen in their frail canoes, clustering under the bows crying *mutchee* (fish) in a prolonged and plaintive tone, the tall cocoa-nut trees among the houses on shore, the very odour of the smoke produced by burning teak or cocoa wood—all were different from anything I had before experienced. We now set to work in good earnest discharging our cargo, the most disagreeable portion of which was the bar-iron. It was the duty of the young gentlemen to remain in the hold, and keep a correct tally, or account, of each bar as it was passed up; and in the same way with the shot and shell—a most tedious and unintellectual avocation, during which we were exposed to the full annoyance of the dense clouds of rust. Our work always commenced at daylight, and sometimes, but not invariably, ceased at sunset. But we were not now exposed to the horrors of hopeless thirst: water was plentiful, so that those employed in the hold always had a bucketful mixed with lime-juice and sugar—a most refreshing beverage, but one which must be used with caution in a climate where the slightest excess of this nature will induce dysentery. The water, which was supplied to us from the shore, was decidedly unwholesome when used alone; and in consequence of this being the latter end of the dry monsoon, when the tanks are nearly dried up, it was thick and muddy, of a deep yellow colour, and had a most unpleasant earthy taste: in short, it was nothing else than puddle water. From this cause, and perhaps from too free an indulgence in fruit, especially pine-apples, which are always dangerous, two of my messmates had very severe attacks of dysentery, while I myself did not wholly escape. The life of one of the patients was at one time despaired

of; and he scarcely recovered from the effect of his illness during the whole of the return voyage.

I will now try and give some idea of the great irksomeness of harbour work, which was so disagreeable as to cause us to rejoice when we saw Blue Peter flying at the fore, and heard the orders given to weigh the anchor, make sail, and stand out for sea. But before this consummation we had much to endure. I may as well mention here, among other harbour nuisances, the swarms of mosquitoes which buzz around one's hammock, almost preventing sleep, and nearly blinding him with their venomous bites: they used to punish me most cruelly. They are formed like an English gnat, but are only half the size; the body is variegated, black and white; the sting produces violent itching and inflammation; if the wound is rubbed, and the skin broken, it immediately festers, and spreads rapidly, as I found from sad experience in a subsequent voyage.

23*d.*—Busily employed in discharging cargo. Received the first boat-load of cotton, and commenced stowing. As, with the exception of Sundays, I was in the hold every day from this time to the day when the ship left Bombay—namely, June 5 (about six weeks)—I will at once give a sketch of a midshipman's life in harbour:—

At five o'clock in the morning the hands were turned out, and each person had a quart of rice gruel, flavoured with sugar, and a gill of rum or arrack, which is recommended by the doctors as a very excellent mixture to prevent dysentery in a hot climate; it is very palatable; and from what I have myself experienced, and what I have observed in others, I should certainly pronounce it to be highly beneficial. At six o'clock lanterns are brought forward, candles lighted, and stowing cotton begins. The sole duty of the midshipman is to look after the lights, to keep them trimmed, and to see that they are not put in dangerous situations. There are three gangs of stowers, under the superintendence of the second, third, and fourth officers—these are the European ship's company: the chief mate overlooks and directs the whole. Besides the Europeans, there are several gangs of hired Seedys—a very powerful race of men, I believe from Madagascar or the adjoining mainland, who are under the guidance of a superintendent of their own nation. These men work well; and it is astonishing to see with what ease they throw about the closely-compressed and heavy bales of cotton, and work the massive screws which are made use of in stowing. Every bale is driven so close to its neighbour that sixpence could not be insinuated between them. The Seedys never work without a great deal of noise, which, having some resemblance to a tune, and being furnished with a chorus, must, I suppose, be dignified with the name of singing. When well treated—that is to say, treated like men—they will work cheerfully; but if an attempt is made to impose extra hours upon them without equivalent pay, they manifest a great deal of independence. The heat down in the hold while cotton-stowing is intense; but apparently not injurious to health, if a person upon coming up does not expose himself suddenly to the cooler air while the perspiration is upon him. Flannels are universally worn, and prove a great safeguard against too rapid evaporation. We only came up to our meals, and then down we plunged into the hold again; and often did not cease stowing until eight or nine at night; but six was the proper hour for 'knocking off.' The reader will no

doubt agree with me that this was but a poor six weeks' amusement for a youngster. One day the men on the upper deck commenced hurling the bales down into the hold without giving any previous notice to stand from under, and I, happening to be just then passing under the hatchway, escaped by a miracle: the ropes with which the bale was secured had grazed my shoulders slightly, but no other injury was done save my being stunned for a few moments by the suddenness of the concussion. The Seedys raised a yell, to warn those on deck to avast heaving, and removed me from the place of danger, evincing the greatest solicitude for my safety; nor would they believe that I was unhurt until they saw me walking about again as usual. Poor fellows! they, too, had kind and feeling hearts, uncouth, uncivilised niggers as they were termed.

May 21*st* still found us fully employed in stowing cotton; but we had by this time brought our cargo within a short space of the hatchways, which was very fortunate, as the weather now became oppressively hot, as is always the case at this time of the year. Heavy stormy appearances were observed daily, with light, variable winds, and sometimes rain, thunder, and lightning.

June 5*th*.—Left Bombay for England, with light westerly breezes, and fine weather, but a heavy swell from the south-west, which proved that it had been blowing hard from that quarter, and showed us but too plainly what we might reasonably expect when we got outside. It is perhaps needless to remark here, that June is the month in which the change of the monsoons, or periodical winds, takes place from north-east to south-west upon this coast, and that they invariably blow with terrific violence at their first setting-in, as well as at their termination.

6*th*.—Moderate breezes at noon, with heavy masses of black clouds, and constant thunder. Towards evening, variable winds, with strong puffs, and much rain. I noticed on this day that although we were several miles from the land, the ship was swarming with butterflies and sphinges, which seemed to have taken shelter from the hurricane which their instinct taught them was brewing.

7*th*.—Forenoon, light breeze and rain. Afternoon, breeze increasing rapidly, with very severe squalls, until it blew a heavy gale, with still stronger squalls, and a tremendously high sea running.

8*th*.—The sea had now risen to a fearful height; the squalls were so heavy, as to threaten us not only with the loss of our sails, but of our spars also. We were, in fact, in a very awkward predicament, being on a lee-shore, and unable to show any canvas to the gale, on account of the crankness of our vessel. At three A.M. the horizon to windward looked blacker than ever, and I, being on watch at the time with the third mate, ignorant as I was of tropical phenomena, thought that there was mischief coming; and scarcely had this thought passed through my mind, when a blast of wind struck the ship, so as to lay her very nearly on her beam-ends, and she was yet heeling over still more, insomuch that she would inevitably have 'turned turtle,' as sailors say, had not the mainsail fortunately split, with a roar like thunder. You can form no idea of the uproar which was caused by the huge fragments of heavy canvas flapping in the gale: it was harsh, strange, and deafening. The blast passed

over, but the gale itself freshened. The hands were turned out, the remaining shreds of the mainsail secured, the topsails treble reefed, and the foresail hauled close up. At four A.M., finding the squalls increase in severity, and that the ship was drifting bodily, at a rapid rate, towards the land, moreover lying nearly on her beam-ends under snug canvas, we sent down the top-gallant-yards and masts, scuttled all the water-butts which were stowed in the waist on the upper deck; and at six A.M., finding the ship still drifting very fast towards the shore, the captain held a consultation with the chief and second officer and carpenter, and after due consideration of the danger of the ship's position, being then within a few miles of an iron-bound coast, where, in the event of striking, destruction would have been inevitable, and also considering the threatening aspect of the weather, it was determined to throw overboard part of the gun-deck cargo. This was accordingly done without delay, to the extent of upwards of one hundred bales of cotton and wool, in addition to which, one of the quarter-deck carronades was launched out at the gangway. At ten A.M. another mainsail was with difficulty bent; the treble-reefed topsails, which had been lowered to the cap, were hoisted; and at noon we ventured to set the foresail and reefed mainsail. At the time of throwing the cotton overboard, the sea was running what the song-books call mountains high—which, by the by, is not an inappropriate, though hackneyed simile. The cold rain drenched us to the skin, and five planks of the upper deck were under water, so much was the vessel heeled over. Solid green seas kept bursting over us, in such ponderous masses, that the poor half-drowned doctor (the usual name for the cook) could not get his fire to burn in the caboose, so that we were forced to make a meal off raw pork and biscuit, which, however, was not so very unpalatable when washed down with a goodly dram of arrack.

I will leave the reader to imagine how glad we were to see the black rocky coast gradually growing more and more indistinct. If the gale had not slightly moderated towards the afternoon, as I have mentioned, I should not now in all probability be living to tell the tale. Our mess-room needed but this adventure to put the finishing stroke to its wretchedness and discomfort. The plate-racks had come down, nearly all the crockery and glass were demolished, our chests were adrift (mine especially, in which a bottle of mango chutnee was smashed, and the contents soaked into my stock of clean white shirts), the legs of the table broken, our oil-can had sprung a leak, and the lamp-oil was dripping into our jar of moist sugar; and for the remainder of the voyage we were glad to drink our tea out of tin pots called pannikins, and eat our dinners off pewter—no great hardship certainly, but a much humbler way of dining than we were accustomed to at the commencement of the voyage.

9th.—Although, fortunately, the gale moderated sufficiently to allow of our gaining a secure offing, it soon renewed its bitterest fury; but all apprehensions for our safety were now over; we had a fine ship, as tight as ever floated, a good crew, and smart officers, so that with good sea-room we knew we could weather many a hard gale yet.

The gale had been increasing towards midnight of the 8th, and on the morning of the 9th we were forced to heave to under small canvas. At half-past ten it blew with tenfold fury, or, as Jack says, 'there was a fresh

hand at the bellows.' The squalls were even more violent than on that fearful night when we lost our new mainsail; we therefore shortened sail yet more.

13*th*.—Frequent light squalls, accompanied with rain. At night two whirlwinds were seen, which, from their phosphorescence, appeared like immense revolving globes of fire.

14*th*.—While washing decks in the morning watch, I saw a tremendous fish under the quarter, with two heads on its shoulders: it was broad and flat like a skate, and might have been ten feet long by eight feet broad. It was a hideous-looking creature: I was told that the common name for it was the Devil-Fish.

We now learned that we were bound to the Isle of France (the Mauritius) for water; for, as I have before had occasion to state, we were obliged to scuttle all the water-bulks which were stowed on the upper deck, in order to ease the ship of her top weight.

18*th*.—Crossed the line during the night. From this day until the 30th not a day or night passed without squalls and heavy chilly rain, so that dry clothes were absolutely at a premium.

July 1*st*.—A pleasant day. The trade, and fine clear weather.

2*d*.—The island of Roderigo was seen from the masthead; but from the prevalence of light winds and calms, we did not get to the Isle of France before Tuesday, July 6. At eleven A.M. on that day we anchored a cable's length outside of the Bell Buoy. I had no opportunity of going on shore here, but I was very much struck with the beauty of the island as seen from the roads: it appeared to be a succession of mountains and ravines, interspersed with fine patches of table-land, which were highly cultivated, the light-green yellow of the sugar pieces and the dark hue of the coffee ridges presenting to the eye a pleasing diversity of colour.

7*th*.—Crew employed hoisting in water.

8*th*.—Blowing fresh; anchor dragged; veered out chain to one hundred and ten fathoms. Very severe gusts off the land. A lady and gentleman left the vessel to remain in the island; and this reminds me that I have entirely forgotten to take notice of our homeward-bound passengers. These, with the exception of the pair now mentioned, consisted of a veteran sun-browned major, his young wife, and two lovely flaxen-haired boys; the widow of a captain, with her little girl; and several natives in the service of these parties. There was thus in our case, as in all others, comparatively few returning from a land which, while the field of easy fortune to some, becomes the grave to thousands of the brave and beautiful of our countrymen and countrywomen.

At nine A.M. weighed and loosed sails. The anchorage at the Isle of France is one of the worst known, as a proof of which, I may mention that when we got our anchor to the bows, we found that both flukes were gone. These latitudes are all liable to terrific hurricanes in the months of March, April, and May.

From the Mauritius to the Cape of Good Hope we had a strange medley of fine and bad weather, light winds and fair, followed by squalls, thunder, lightning, and rain. The young gentlemen were constantly exercised in sending up and down yards and masts.

28*th and* 29*th*.—*We experienced* an entire calm. We were then off

Cape Francois, on the Aiguilhas or L'Agulhas bank. A scene now commenced which, I fear, will prove too much for my powers of description. Fish of all sizes were caught with hooks by hundreds; anybody who could procure a few fathoms of twine and a rusty old fish-hook, baited with the smallest possible morsel of pork, was certain of a bite. I caught twenty or thirty with very inferior tackle, whilst those who were better provided pulled them in as fast as they could drop their baits into the water. It was the most amusing sight I ever witnessed, and seemed to partake of the character of a fantastic dream. Every soul in the ship was a fisherman that day, from the captain seated on the taffrail, with his beautiful line and polished hooks, to the little apprentice at the jib-boom end, with his tangled twine (stolen from the sailmaker) and crooked pin. I did not know the names of any of the fish, but the sailors, as usual, found names for them all. There were some which, from their scaliness and peculiarity of form, were called Cape salmon, but in flavour they differed entirely from our fish of that name; others, with enormous heads and wide mouths, were called Cape cod; these were obtained of great size; one of the largest weighed sixty-four pounds. There were many other smaller species: all, without exception, proved to be excellent eating. Having now a great deal more fish than we could eat whilst fresh, we cut them open, and sprinkling them with pepper and salt, hung them up in the air to dry. Our mess-boy had his hands full enough of work.

A breeze springing up, we saw Table Mountain on Friday, July 30th; and after much baffling with light breezes, about the 7th of August we fell in with a tolerably steady south-easterly wind, which is in those parts called the trade-wind. The south-east trade is said by the old sailors never to have been so steady since the East India Company resigned their charter as a commercial body. We found it blew true enough to one point; the sea was smooth, the sky cloudless, and the moonlight nights were absolutely enchanting; the stars were numerous and brilliant, and the air bewitchingly soft and balmy. The sails being once set, and the yards laid square, we had nothing to do but make all the ropes fast, and go to sleep in the night, whilst during the day we painted and beautified the ship both internally and externally; indeed we required a little rest after the months of rude buffetting among gales and squalls which we had lately experienced.

Sleeping upon deck is called, I know not why, 'calking;' and there is no doubt that the midshipmen are more practised 'calkers' than any others on board. During the trades, the youngest midshipman regularly came on deck to keep his night-watch, staggering under the weight of his 'calking-irons'—by which the reader is to understand that he brought up five greatcoats, whether his own or his messmates he was not very particular about. I never knew such a boy for sleep, nor one who did it so systematically: he had one coat on his back, another for a pillow; one to lay under him, and two to lay over him; and thus furnished, he slept for two hours as comfortably as if swinging in his hammock. When there were two midshipmen in a watch, they agreed to divide the four hours between them, each taking two hours' sleep, and two hours to keep awake and strike the bells. The officers of the respective watches, knowing that young people require rest, good-naturedly acquiesced in or rather winked at this pleasant

arrangement, which, if it had been faithfully carried out, would have succeeded admirably, and given satisfaction to all parties; but unfortunately nine times out of ten the lazy young vagabond, who ought to have been on the alert, was found in a deep slumber by the side of his watchmate whose *turn* it was to sleep. The call for 'young gentlemen' was unanswered, and then the incensed officers insisted upon both walking the deck for the whole of the four hours—the most dreadful punishment that could well be invented for these sleepy-headed youngsters. I have myself fallen fast asleep whilst sitting on a bucketful of water before commencing to wash decks, and been rudely aroused by the capsizing of the bucket caused by the ship's motion, and found myself sprawling in a pool of water; and yet I was always considered to be the most wakeful in the mess.

We passed several ships whilst running up the trades, and exchanged numbers occasionally.

On the morning of *Sunday, August* 15, at 7.40 A.M., saw the island of St Helena rising like a huge precipitous rock from the ocean. The duty of the ship—that is, preparing to come to an anchor—prevented the performance of divine service. At 11.30 anchored in James Town Roads in nineteen fathoms with sheet-anchor. We found lying here the most beautiful model of a vessel that can be imagined; she was a long, low, clipper-built craft, one of the slavers captured by our indefatigable though useless cruizers. Captain Courtly and others went on board, and they said she was quite a picture—all her belaying pins of highly-polished brass, ring-bolts grafted over with the greatest neatness, mahogany fife-rails, &c.; and the chief cabin was furnished in a style of positive luxury. The slaves, with which the vessel was found to be crammed when taken, were still detained on board, on account of their having some contagious disease, of which they were daily perishing by scores, and which rendered it imprudent to land them. During our short stay we procured several sacks of water-cresses, which, after our long-continued salt fare, were an inestimable luxury; knowing how wholesome they were under our peculiar circumstances, we devoured them in enormous quantities medicinally.

James Town has a pretty appearance from the anchorage, lying as it does embowered in trees in a sort of valley or large ravine, with the high and barren rocks rising around it, the summits of which are strongly fortified and bristling with cannon, some of which are placed in such positions as to make the gazer wonder how they could have been got there. We could see a clump of dark trees on an eminence behind the town, rather to the left, which we were told was the estate of Longwood, of Napoleon celebrity. The island to seaward generally presents to the view a perpendicular wall of gloomy rock of immense height.

August 16.—At four P.M. we left St Helena, and made all sail with a good trade-wind for England.

October 5th.—At 11.30 P.M. saw the Start Light, and on Wednesday, the 6th, passed the Isle of Wight.

7th.—Took a pilot on board. Passed Dover.

9th.—In the river. It being a drizzly, disagreeable morning, Mr Smart determined upon giving the young gentlemen a final benefit. He ordered them all to come on deck and wash the poop; but some of us having only come off watch at four o'clock, others having no inclination to

get a wet jacket, and all feeling a spirit of independence now they w
England, we flatly refused to obey his summons: long did he bellow
the main hatchway in furious tones, and long did we sit and mock
fruitless rage. But fear of the consequences at length made us cre
one by one, and then we were called up for punishment. Every one
mutineers was mast-headed. I was sent to the mizen-topmast-head
ordered to scrape sundry spots of grease and tar from off the paintw
the cap and masthead. I remained there four hours, and as the job
I had to do was merely nominal, I passed that time most delightfu
watching the manœuvres of the hundreds of vessels which cons
crossed the river. It was amusing, from my elevated position, to
the swift little steamboats dexterously threading their way among
groups of dingy-looking coal brigs, and to see our men at work w
the decks, looking like so many pigmy automata. This was th
mast-heading I ever had for punishment, and the last also: as it w
for a very heinous offence, I am not ashamed of giving it a place i
faithful narrative. At eight o'clock we were all ordered to come
We ate our breakfast with a keen appetite, as was proved by the
disappearance of several quartern loaves, with butter to match, whi
had purchased alongside.

10*th*.—Passed Gravesend during the night, in tow of two steam
and brought up off Purfleet.

12*th*.—Arrived in Blackwall import-docks—was dismissed—t
long, last, lingering look, with a somewhat moistened eye, at the g
old craft which so well had done her part, and went up by the Bla
railway to London.

CHAMBERS'S

PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

OCEAN ROUTES.

CONSIDERABLY more than a century ago, when the citizens of London were recovering from the losses caused by the South-Sea Bubble, and the citizens of Edinburgh were suffering on account of the Porteous mob—when the population of Liverpool was under 20,000, and the Customs' revenue of the United Kingdom was not a tithe of its present amount—before the battle of Culloden had been fought, or the United States of America had asserted their independence: there was granted to Jonathan Hulls a patent for a boat propelled by steam-power, 'for carrying vessels or ships out of or into any harbour, port, or river, against wind or tide, or in a calm.' The pictures we have of this vessel make her look very clumsy and queer when compared with a modern steamer. The single paddle-wheel of Hulls's boat was placed at the stern, and motion was produced by an atmospheric engine on Newcomen's plan: there was a small funnel, but there were neither sails nor masts. The boat, in fact, was merely a substitute for a rope and a strong windlass; but nevertheless it was the beginning of a long series of experiments that have led to the navigation by steam of almost every river, sea, and ocean of the world. Half a century afterwards, when Jonathan Hulls was in his grave, and during the same years that George Washington was elected first President of the United States of America, several experiments were made by Mr Symington, an engineer employed at Wanlockhead Mines in Dumfriesshire, in conjunction with Mr Miller of Dalswinton, and Mr Taylor, tutor in the family of the latter, by which a pleasure-boat was propelled by steam-power on a small lake, at the rate of five miles an hour, and a speed of seven miles attained in another boat on the Forth and Clyde Canal. The fame of these inventions having reached

the ears of an American named Fulton, he crossed the Atlantic to see wh the Scotch engineer could accomplish on the Scotch canal. Symingt accompanied the stranger on a canal voyage, and fully explained the co struction and working of the rude steamboat; and the result of th indoctrination was seen in 1807 on the Hudson River at New York, whe a steamer called the *Clermont*, but nicknamed *Fulton's Folly*, made a su cessful voyage up to Albany, and continued afterwards to ply regularl to the great convenience of the public and the chagrin of those who h prophesied its failure.*

In January 1812, a steamer, only forty feet long, called the *Comet*, a owned by Henry Bell, began to ply on the river Clyde. Its success l to the construction of others, which carried the people of Glasgow safe to Greenock by water in the comparatively short time of four hours. 1814, Scotland possessed five steamers, while neither England nor Irela had one. On the 28th November of the same year, after Napoleon had be about seven months in Elba, the London 'Times' was first printed b steam; and in the following year steamboats appeared for the first time c the Thames and the Mersey. Thus just after the battle of Waterloo ha sealed the doom of 'the greatest captain of the age,' and secured th blessings of peace to the exhausted nations of Europe, two of the mo important applications of steam-power were made: one to increase an to cheapen to an extent hitherto unknown the productions of the printin press, and the other to diffuse these, with a speed and a certainty parallele only in marvellous tales, to every region under the sun.

From that time the progress of steam navigation has been exceedingl rapid. In 1820, England had seventeen, Scotland fourteen, and Ireland thre steamers; twenty years afterwards, the numbers were respectively 98 244, and 79. The regularity, speed, and safety with which the voyages o these vessels were made soon pointed them out as the best conveyance bot for passengers and the mails. In 1821 they were employed on the latte service between Dublin and Holyhead, and between Calais and Dover; an

* An interesting reminiscence of the first voyage of this vessel was recently com municated to an American paper. A gentleman from New York happened to be i Albany at the time the *Clermont* first arrived there. He found that the vessel was general object of wonder, but that few people seemed willing to trust themselves i it as a means of conveyance. He, however, determined to sail down the Hudson i New York in this new steamer. He proceeded on board to secure his passage, an in the cabin he found a plain gentlemanly man, quite alone, and engaged in writin This was Fulton, and the following dialogue took place:—

Stranger. Do you intend to return to New York with this boat?

Fulton. We mean to try to get back with her, sir.

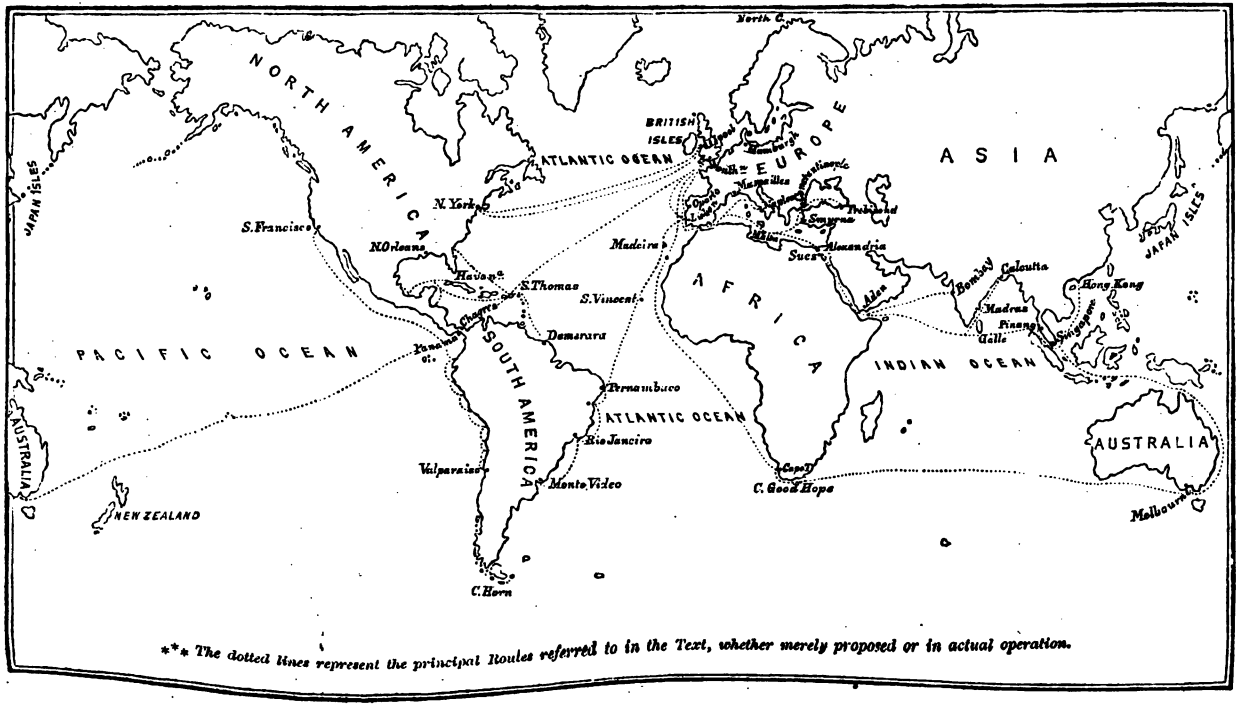
Stran. Can I have a passage?

Ful. Yes, if you choose to take your chance with us.

Six dollars were then paid as the passage money. With his eye fixed on t money, which he retained in his open hand, Fulton remained so long motionles that the stranger supposed he had miscounted the sum, and asked, 'Is that righ sir?' This roused the projector from his reverie, and as he looked up the big te was brimming in his eye, and his voice faltered as he said—'Excuse me, sir, b memory was busy as I contemplated this the first pecuniary reward I have ev received for all my exertions in adapting steam to navigation. I would gladly co memorate the occasion over a bottle of wine with you, but really I am too poor ev for that just now, yet I trust we may meet again when this will not be so.' Th did meet again four years afterwards: Fulton had not forgotten the incident, for fe *men ever forget the first* fee received for their labour, and at the second meeting t *wine was not spared.*

now, with few exceptions, all the Channel and ocean work of the post-office is done by steamers; and all the passenger, and much of the goods' traffic between the different ports of Great Britain and Ireland have been, within the last quarter of a century, transferred to them.

After the steamboat had thus passed through the various stages of infancy and childhood—had tried its strength on English rivers, in the Irish Sea, and in the British Channel—men began to ask, was it not strong enough and old enough to do more? Could it not cross an ocean as well as a channel?—take letters, and men, and merchandise to America, India, and Australia, as well as to Ireland and France? In this question were involved considerations of the highest importance to all the world, but particularly to this country. No other country has such extensive foreign possessions as Great Britain, or carries on such an extensive foreign trade. With the exception of the United States, all the colonies planted by the British remain part of the empire; while Spain and Portugal have lost nearly all those rich territories—extending over the fairest portion of the great American continent—that at one time acknowledged the sway of the Houses of Bourbon and Braganza. The foreign possessions of France are insignificant; and of the other nations of Europe the Dutch alone possess a territory abroad greater than they have at home. The only empire at all approaching the British in extent is the Russian, but its extent is the only point of comparison. Russia consists of one great unbroken mass, stretching through the bleakest and most barren regions of Europe, Asia, and America; she has no port of any consequence on the ocean; thousands of miles of her sea-coast are seldom or never navigable; and the population of her immense territory is only about 60,000,000. It is, therefore, not a mere figure of speech to say, that the British Empire is the greatest in the world; for it embraces a territory of nearly 6,000,000 of square miles, and a population of more than 150,000,000—or about one-eighth of the land, and one-seventh of the inhabitants, of the globe. Nor is it less true to say, that on these great possessions the sun never sets; for they are scattered all over the world—in tropical Africa and Asia, in the temperate zones of both hemispheres, and among the islands of every ocean; and whether occupying a rock, an island, a continental province, or a continent itself, as in Australia, their geographical position fits them well for upholding the power of the empire. The foreign trade of Great Britain is equal to the aggregate foreign trade of Russia, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, and Norway, and a third greater than that of the United States of America. The proud position of Britain among the nations, the necessities of her foreign trade, and the wants of her colonies and dependencies, apart from all other considerations, rendered it fitting and natural that she should lead the way in maritime enterprise, and teach the nations how to navigate the ocean by steam. Nor has she failed in this high task; for within thirteen or fourteen years since the question was first proposed, she has established lines of gigantic steam vessels that are now traversing with regularity and safety every ocean; steaming altogether more than a million and a-quarter miles every year, and distributing letters and newspapers all over the world at a cost to the country of about £650,000 per annum. Of these lines of steamships, and the routes they pursue, it is the object of the present Paper to give an account.



*** The dotted lines represent the principal Routes referred to in the Text, whether merely proposed or in actual operation.

ROUTE TO THE UNITED STATES.

When it was first proposed, about 1836, to cross the Atlantic by
am-power alone, the idea was deemed illusive. Some of the most
tinguished scientific men in the country gave a verdict against it, and
ophesied its failure in no unequivocal language. At the command of
ese philosophers, all kinds of spectres rose up from the Atlantic Ocean to
rrify the daring men who had determined to make the attempt. The
tion of the paddle-wheels on the water—the waves, and storms, and cur-
nts of the Atlantic—and the quantity of coal necessary to be used, were
l made the subjects of nice calculations such as no person could dispute;
d the theorem they all tended to prove was, that the project was
terly impracticable. To men who made no pretence to be philosophers,
e difficulties in the way were self-obvious. The distance to be traversed
s at least three thousand miles of clear ocean, with no intervening land
ere a vessel might run for shelter or supplies. Mariners know well that
e Atlantic is not only frequently agitated by terrific storms, but that its
rrents run across the track of any vessel sailing between England and
nerica. The effect of these currents is such, that while the fine packet-
ps called 'liners,' by which communication was chiefly maintained with
nerica, could sail from New York to England in about twenty days, the
e occupied by the same vessels on the voyage *out* to New York was usually
rty-six days. The estimated quantity of coal necessary to propel a steam-
t across the Atlantic seemed to stamp the project at once as impracti-
le. It was no doubt true that, in 1819, a steamer called the *Savannah*, of
) tons, had performed the voyage between New York and Liverpool in
nty-six days; but this vessel used sails as well as steam, and she was a
ek longer on the voyage than the time usually occupied by the 'liners,'
that her performance was neither a precedent nor a guide. But there
re steamships employed on government service in the Mediterranean and
other coast stations, from which data were obtained serving to show that,
accomplish a voyage of the same length as that across the Atlantic, two
s of coal would be used for each horse-power of the engines—that is to
, if the engines are of 300 horse-power, they would consume 600 tons of
l before they reached the terminus of a three-thousand-mile voyage. But
pare supply must always be carried, to provide against accident or delay;
that the quantity in the supposed case must be raised to about 700
s. On the other hand, it was said that if the tonnage of the vessel
re made more than four times its horse-power, the latter would be inade-
ate to its propulsion at the ordinary rate of steamships. The tonnage,
erefore, of the supposed vessel could not exceed 1200; and after making
lowances for cabins, ship's stores, machinery, boilers, &c. the space left
r fuel would not contain more than 500 tons, which would all be con-
med before the vessel arrived within 500 miles of the American coast.
hat could be plainer than this reasoning? There were the figures,
ouched and verified by government officers: to have questioned their
curacy would have raised doubts as to the sanity of the questioner; and
) the conclusions went forth unchallenged, calling up vivid pictures of a
agnificent steamboat suddenly stopped in its career for want of fuel, and

rolling like a helpless log on the ungentle bosom of the great Atlantic! To prevent such a consummation, it was proposed to reduce the sea-voyage to its least length, by taking the most westerly part of Ireland and the most easterly of America as the termini, and constructing a railway across Ireland to communicate with the steamer.

But among mercantile men another great question arose—Would the speculation pay? It is well known that a steamboat costs much more than a sailing vessel both in construction and working: the sails of the latter are filled by wind, for which nothing whatever is paid; but not an arm of the machinery of the former will move until the furnace has been fed with coal, never to be had, even at the cheapest ports, without a considerable outlay of money. The officers and men, too, must be more numerous, and the machinery, boilers, and fuel occupy a very large space that in sailing vessels is filled with goods. The number of passengers who crossed the Atlantic every year was certainly very great: in 1836 (the time at which the project was discussed) the number might be estimated at about 60,000; but all, or nearly all, of these were emigrants, utterly unable to pay such charges as the owners of steam-vessels would be obliged to make. The trade between this country and America was certainly most extensive; but in carrying the goods bought and sold no steamer could compete successfully with sailing vessels. Unless, therefore, a remunerative passenger traffic could be created by the certainty and speed of the communication, and a favourable contract obtained for carrying the mails, it was quite evident that the speculation would *not* pay.

There were, however, other mercantile considerations affecting the entire commerce of the country, which rendered it clear that if the regular navigation of the Atlantic by steam were practicable, it was essential to British commerce. Nothing is so important in extensive commercial transactions as early and regular intelligence, and a quick and speedy transmission of orders and goods. Judging from what steamers had already done, it was reasonable to expect that they would cross the Atlantic in half the time occupied by the old liners; that New York would be brought within a ten or fourteen days' voyage from London, Bristol, or Liverpool; and that the arrival of advices might be calculated with certainty to a day, if not to an hour. The effects of this, not only on commerce, but on every department of trade and manufactures—not only on the merchant and broker, but on the manufacturer and artizan—it was difficult to over-estimate. A glance at the extent of our commercial relations with America will present this in a clearer light. In 1836, the value of the exports from this country was £53,368,572, or a little more than a million of pounds sterling every week; of which, while about a third was sent to Europe, and a seventh to Asia and Africa, nearly a fourth was sent to the United States, and another fourth to other parts of America.* Again, our imports from America consist of

* The exact figures were as follow:—

Europe,	£18,977,416
Africa,	1,501,712
Asia,	5,915,205
Australia,	835,637
Carry forward,	£27,229,970

articles that have become essential both to the industry and subsistence of the people. The gigantic cotton manufacture is an example. The number of cotton factories in England is 1753, in which 292,862 persons are employed. If to this number we add that large class engaged in dealing in the raw material; that other large class employed in making the machinery; others in bleaching, dyeing, and printing; and the host of tradesmen and shopkeepers engaged in supplying their wants, we shall find that (including their families) about an eighth of the population are directly or indirectly dependent for support and subsistence on this great branch of industry. In 1836, the quantity of raw cotton imported to supply the factories with material, and the factory workers with employment, was in weight about four hundred millions of pounds; and of that quantity more than four-fifths came from the United States of America alone; while the value of the cotton manufactures exported from the United Kingdom during the same year was about £20,000,000 sterling. But further, a very large proportion of the dyes used in calico-printing, such as cochineal, logwood, &c. are brought from America; and from the same continent are procured the greater part of the supplies of those articles now become necessaries of life—sugar and coffee, which are perhaps consumed to a greater extent among the factory workers than among any other part of the population. It is obvious that whatever tends to give regularity and speed to the intercourse by means of which this immense trade is carried on, must at the same time introduce greater certainty and steadiness into all its departments, and prevent many of those fluctuations and changes so detrimental to the interests of all concerned, but especially of those whose labour is their only capital.

However, amid all this thinking and prophesying, amid the calculations of philosophers and the speculations of merchants, hundreds of workmen were engaged at Bristol in constructing a large steamer, to be called the *Great Western*, which should at once and for ever set the question at rest. The men of practice did not share the doubts of the men of theory; capital was supplied to a sufficient extent, and the public looked on in anxious expectation of the result. The *Great Western* was finished in 1838, and announced to sail on her first voyage on the 8th of April. The appearance of this magnificent steamer inspired all spectators with confidence in her fitness for the work. Seen from a distance, she had an appearance of strength rather than of beauty; above the long black hull rose a short thick funnel and four masts; the deck, 236 feet long, was not curved like those of many other vessels, but almost straight from stem to stern; her huge paddle-boxes, distant from each other nearly sixty feet, covered wheels twenty-eight feet in diameter, to which were attached paddles ten feet long. The horse-power of the engines was 450; the weight of the boilers and machinery 300 tons, and the burthen 1340, or less than three

Brought forward, - - -	£27,229,970
British North America, - - - -	2,732,291
—— West Indies, - - - -	3,786,453
Foreign Do., - - - -	1,238,785
United States of America, - - -	12,425,605
Rest of America, - - - -	5,636,859
Channel Islands and Man, - - -	318,609
Total value of Exports in 1836, -	£53,368,572

tons for each horse-power, and thus considerably within the limit prescribed by the philosophers. She seemed a strong and compact ship, and not likely to be easily turned aside from her course by either the winds or the waves of the Atlantic Ocean. But when the visitor went on board, he was filled with as much admiration of her beauty as of her strength; the cabin accommodation was of the most splendid kind, not excelled by any hotel on shore. Sofas, couches, handsome mahogany tables, and other elegant furniture, adorned the saloons; the decorations were most profuse and elaborate; while large mirrors multiplied all this splendour. The sleeping apartments were so neat, so clean, and so comfortable, that their improvement seemed to be almost impossible. The visitor, indeed, was more likely to imagine himself in a fairy palace described in some old tale, than on board a steamship about to proceed on a long and dangerous voyage; but when the elegant and luxurious cabins were left, and he stood before the colossal machinery, wonder seemed to be exhausted, and all doubts of the success of the enterprise fled away.

The *Great Western* sailed from Bristol on the 8th April 1838, having on board 660 tons of coal and seven adventurous passengers. Three days previously, the *Sirius*, a smaller vessel than the former, built to ply between London and Cork, had steamed from the latter port right in the teeth of a strong westerly wind, and with New York also for her destination. Never was there such a race as this struggle of two steamers, which should first traverse the entire breadth of the wild Atlantic. The very wind seemed to be angry with the ships. First it blew a strong gale from the west, that raised a heavy sea; but this, that would have retarded sailing vessels, never caused the two brave steam-pioneers to alter their course. This point of the compass would not answer, so the wind 'chopped round' until it had completely boxed the compass, and tried all its powers in strong breezes, fresh gales, and the like, but with no other effect than is indicated in the brief record—'vessel lurching deeply, but easy.' The wind then for some days kept veering round the west, as if to make a last effort to impede what it could not stop; but it was of no avail: the steamers went steadily on. The *Sirius*, that had the start by three days, made little way comparatively during the first week. She carried more weight in proportion than the *Great Western;* but as her coals were consumed, she became more lively, and, in sporting phrase, 'made more running.' Thus, during the first week she was out, her daily run was never more than 136 miles: on the second day it was only 89. The *Great Western*, on the contrary, made ten miles an hour during the second day, and her average daily speed during the entire voyage was 211 miles. At such a speed she would soon overtake the *Sirius*, that had the start by about 400 miles only. But as the little vessel got lighter she went ahead; on the 14th she ran 218 miles, as much as the *Great Western* on the same day; on the 22d she ran only three miles less than the large ship; but the latter was then in the same parallel of latitude, and only about three degrees of longitude behind. Still it was a close chase; but at last the *Sirius*, by reason of her long start, was the winner. She reached New York on the morning of the 23d, and the *Great Western* came in the same afternoon.

The excitement which prevailed in New York respecting these voyages was intense. Previous to the arrival of the steamers, crowds had daily

collected on the quay, gazing wistfully eastward over the wide Atlantic. Many of the watchers were old enough to remember the first voyage of *Fulton's Folly*, little dreaming then what the future of that *Folly* was to be; and as they now described that memorable voyage to their younger brethren, they remembered how the predictions of the wise had been falsified, and spoke in hope rather than in doubt of the success of the steamers from the Old World. And never were hopes so well realised as when on the morning of the 23d April, a streak of smoke, dim and undefined, was descried in the horizon by the watchers on the quay. 'Could it be a steamer?'—'Was it *the* steamer?' passed from mouth to mouth. The smoke came nearer; the hull hove up, as it were, out of the ocean, and a steamer was clearly defined advancing rapidly. The intelligence spread; the city poured out its crowds; and cheer upon cheer arose as the *Sirius* steamed into the harbour, and cast in the Hudson that anchor which, only eighteen days before, had been weighed at Cork. Scarcely had the good citizens time to recover from their first surprise, when the *Great Western* appeared. Streaming with flags, and crowded with people, the *Sirius* lay waiting the arrival of her competitor; and as the *Great Western* sailed round her, three hearty cheers were given and responded to. The battery fired a salute of twenty-six guns; and down came the flag of the *Great Western*, while the passengers, amid the most enthusiastic cheering, drank the health of the President of the Great Republic. As the vessel proceeded to the quay, 'boats crowded round us,' says the journal of one of the passengers, 'in countless confusion: flags were flying, guns firing, and bells ringing. The vast multitude set up a shout—a long enthusiastic cheer—echoed from point to point, and from boat to boat, till it seemed as though they never would have done.'

Between these passages and the first known voyages made across the Atlantic there are some points of comparison which are worthy of note. The project of Columbus and the project of the Great Western Steamship Company were discussed by assemblies of the most learned men of the day. The divines and philosophers who met in St Stephen's Convent at Salamanca during the year 1487, were perhaps as capable representatives of the learning of Spain at the time as the 'British Association' at Bristol was of the learning of Britain in 1836. The objections urged in each case were characteristic of the times and the countries: at Salamanca, those which were not founded on citations from the Bible and the Fathers were simply absurd—such as, if the surface of the globe be round, a vessel might sail to India easily enough; but it could not return, as even the strongest wind could not force it up the mountain of water down which it had previously sailed: but at Bristol the objections were both reasonable and scientific. Columbus was overruled by authority; the promoters of Ocean Steam Navigation by good logic, based on imperfect scientific data; but the assumption of infallible knowledge appeared both at Salamanca and Bristol. The verdict in both cases was against the projectors, and in both cases the verdict was wrong. It took Columbus five years to prove that the divines and philosophers were in error: the men of the nineteenth century did it in two. The two vessels Columbus took with him were mere undecked boats, scarcely seaworthy; the steamers that first reached New York were the largest and best ever launched. Both enterprises were accomplished suc-

cessfully under female sovereigns—Isabella of Castile, and Victoria of Great Britain; but the glory of the one shed a lustre over the declining years of Isabella, while the other was the triumph of the first year of Victoria's reign.

The *Sirius* was too small for continued Atlantic navigation, and she was soon withdrawn to pursue her original route between Cork and London, and was lost some years ago on the coast of Ireland. The *Great Western*, however, continued to ply regularly and successfully. From 1838 to 1844 she made thirty-five outward, and thirty-five homeward voyages—steaming altogether a quarter of a million of miles in all kinds of weather. The only accident that befell her during such service was 'the loss of a bowsprit in coming up like a whale to blow after a rather deeper plunge than usual, with fair head-way on her right course, and against a head-wind and sea.' The average distance steamed each voyage was nearly 3500 miles (one of the voyages was 4698 miles in length, but that was to New York *viâ* Madeira); the time occupied in going *to* New York was 15 days 12 hours, and in returning 13 days 9 hours. The shortest outward run was in May 1843, when the voyage was performed in 12 days 18 hours, or not much more than a third of the average time taken by the old liners; and the shortest passage home was in April—May 1842, in 12 days 7½ hours. The average speed outwards was 9½, and homeward 11¼ miles per hour. During these seventy voyages the *Great Western* carried 3165 passengers to New York, and brought 2609 home. She was removed from this route about five years ago, and in June 1847 became the property of the West India Steam-Packet Company.

Several steamships, some larger even than the *Great Western*, navigated the Atlantic between 1838 and 1843, but, with the exception of those employed by the Admiralty to carry the mail, they have all, for various reasons, been withdrawn. Our space permits us to do little more than give the names of these vessels. The *Royal William* was the first in order of time; but after making a few passages, she was withdrawn, and placed on another station. Then followed the *British Queen*, the *President*, and the *Liverpool*—all three of large size, and built at a cost of about £100,000 each. They had made very few voyages across the Atlantic, when the first was sold to the Belgian government; the second was lost in 1841; and the third was placed on the station between Southampton and Alexandria, and was lost some years ago on the Spanish coast. The following statement of the receipts and expenditure of three of these vessels will give some idea of the expense of Atlantic steam navigation:—

		Receipts.	Expenditure.
Great Western, 28 voyages,	-	£97,999	£84,838
British Queen, 18 ...	-	89,001	70,691
President, 6 ...	-	25,334	21,883
52		£212,334	£177,412

During these voyages the vessels steamed nearly 170,000 miles, so that their average expenditure was more than a pound sterling for every mile.

According to Captain Claxton, managing director of the Great Western Steamship Company, 'no sooner had the *Great Western* performed her voyage with the greatest ease to New York and back, than the directors found that steamships of larger dimensions would offer better chances of

remuneration.' 'They now determined that their second ship should be built of iron instead of wood, and propelled by the screw instead of the paddle-wheel.' Accordingly, the keel of the *Great Britain* was laid at Bristol in 1839, and the vessel was launched in 1843—Prince Albert acting as sponsor on the occasion. The misfortunes of this ill-fated ship began at the cradle. Perhaps some reader may have heard of the keeper of the lighthouse whose better-half throve so well in that useful building, that for years all exit through the narrow door was denied to her; and after her worthy husband died, his successor was obliged to take the stout widow 'for better, for worse,' as one of the fixtures of the establishment. The *Great Britain*, at the outset of her career, was somewhat like the heavy lady in the lighthouse: the addition of her machinery brought her lines of greatest breadth so low, that the entrance of the dock or basin in which she lay would not permit her exit, and the greatest ingenuity of the greatest engineers was exerted for her release. She was freed at last, and proceeded to London, Dublin, and Liverpool, to be inspected by the public previous to sailing for America.

This vessel was in every sense of the word magnificent. Her total length was 322 feet, breadth 51, and depth 32. She could stow away 1200 tons of coal; the weight of the engines was 340, and of the boilers 200 tons. The engines were of 1000 horse-power; they gave motion to a drum 18 feet in diameter, which communicated by means of chains, weighing 7 tons, with another drum one-third of the diameter of the first. The latter drove a shaft 130 feet long, passing immediately above the keel to the screw, which had six arms placed in a circle—each arm about 7 feet long, and shaped somewhat like the bent tail of a salmon. The screw weighed 4 tons, and wrought in a space left immediately in front of the helm. The want of paddle-boxes, and the consequently clear run of the ship, gave her a very handsome appearance; and when seen in the graving-dock at Liverpool from kelson to topmast, the admiration of her beautiful proportions increased as inspection became closer. The saloons and berths were elegantly fitted up, but not so expensively as those of the *Great Western*. Her six masts (afterwards reduced to five) could spread as much canvas (5000 yards) as a fifty-two gun frigate; but as the masts were all low, instead of requiring a frigate's complement of seamen, the comparatively small number of thirty was sufficient to manage the sails of the *Great Britain*. Even as a sailing vessel, it was expected that she would go through the water as fast as a frigate, and certainly much faster than any paddle-steamer under sail only, as the screw would not impede the progress of the ship to anything like the extent of paddle-boxes and wheels. Her entire cost was about £100,000.

All England was proud of this ship; her sailing and steaming qualities had been tested with satisfactory results, and it was considered that she would for many years be the swiftest and safest Atlantic steamer. A few voyages in 1845–46 seemed to confirm this idea; but her successful career was suddenly stopped in a most unaccountable manner. Every one knows that if you sail from Liverpool to America, you must go round either the south or the north of Ireland. The captain of the *Great Britain*, on her last outward voyage, intended to go round by the north passage. On his way he must pass the Isle of Man; but through some blundering it was

passed without being perceived; the Irish coast mistaken for it; and the poor *Great Britain* consequently went ashore. The reports of this disaster were scarcely believed in Liverpool until the passengers came back in the coasting-steamers to tell the sad tale. The proprietors were of course much disheartened, but their consolation was, that the noble ship was quite innocent of the accident, and that the same thing would have happened to any vessel that had been steered in the same direction. The *Great Britain* lay for a whole winter in Dundrum Bay; the finely-furnished 'ladies' boudoir' was completely dismantled, and converted into a snug apartment for sailors and mechanics cooking and drinking their coffee; berths were broken up; the water came and went with the tide through the lower saloon: but man did *not* 'yield these things to decay.' After much labour she was towed across the Irish Sea; and though she now lies in one of the Liverpool docks, a sad and melancholy sight, yet there is every reason to hope that she will soon again 'walk the waters like a thing of life,' and retrieve her tarnished fame. She was sold in the latter part of 1850 for £18,000, and in all probability ere 1851 has been brought to a close, the *Great Britain* will again be 'ruling the waves' of the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean.

But we now turn to a brighter page in the history of the bold adventurers on this Atlantic route. In November 1838, shortly after the successful voyages of the *Sirius* and *Great Western*, the government advertised for tenders for carrying the mails in steamers between this country and America. Both the companies to which these two vessels belonged made offers: the former to go once a month from Cork to Halifax for £45,000, and for £65,000 per annum if New York were included—the vessels to be of 240 horse-power. The Great Western Company proposed to perform the service to Halifax once a month, with three vessels of 350 horse-power each, for £45,000 per annum. Neither of these tenders was accepted; but shortly afterwards a proposal was made to the government by Mr Samuel Cunard, of Halifax in Nova Scotia. This gentleman had had, for fifteen or twenty years previously, a contract for carrying the mails between Halifax and Bermuda, for which he received £4460 per annum, his vessels running twice each month;* and he now proposed to take the Atlantic contract, and carry the mails once a week. This proposition was not acceded to at the time; but ultimately it was arranged that he was to receive £65,000 per annum for seven years for conveying the mails twice each month between Liverpool, Halifax, Quebec, and Boston. This was the commencement of what is now well known as Cunard's line. In the summer of 1840, a steamer named the *Britannia*, of 1200 tons burthen, 440 horse-power, and 230 feet in length (the same dimensions nearly as the *Great Western*), arrived in the Mersey to commence the fulfilment of Mr Cunard's contract. She left Liverpool on the 4th July, arriving at Halifax in 12 days 10 hours, and performing the voyage homeward from Halifax in 10 days. The other vessels placed on this line at the outset were the *Acadia*, *Columbia*, and *Caledonia*. They were all built in the Clyde, and their dimensions were nearly the same as those of the *Britannia*. More powerful vessels were afterwards constructed, and in consideration thereof,

* Mr Cunard still holds this Bermuda contract. The time occupied on the voyage is about 3½ days. Formerly sailing vessels were employed; but the service is now performed by screw-steamers of 360 tons, and about 90 horse-power.

the payment was raised to £90,000 per annum, subsequently reduced to £85,000 when the service to Quebec was taken off. Since the accident to the *Great Britain*, up to the spring of 1850, no other steamers than Cunard's were found on this route, and the regularity with which the mails were carried was a theme of general admiration. The vessels were looked for, and usually arrived on the appointed day; and passengers went on board to cross the Atlantic with as little apprehension as is felt in stepping into a railway carriage. Delays, indeed, did sometimes occur, the winds often succeeding in retarding the progress of the ships; the fogs off the coast of Newfoundland sometimes perplexed the captains, and caused them to reduce the speed of the engines; at certain seasons of the year large masses of ice floated down from the arctic regions over the steamers' homeward track, rendering the navigation somewhat dangerous; and once, during the long period of ten years, a serious accident occurred by the *Columbia's* striking on a rock called 'the Devil's Limb,' about 130 miles from Halifax; but no lives were lost, and indeed everything, machinery included, was saved, except the hull of the vessel—the mails and passengers being sent homeward by the *Margaret*, a spare steamer of 600 tons, kept at the Halifax station. But generally speaking, the voyages were made with such regularity, that it was no uncommon thing for the captains to tell, on the eve of sailing, when they would be back to dinner, and they usually kept their time. Let the reader imagine a man about to perform a voyage over 6000 miles of ocean, and instead of thinking about making his will or arranging his affairs, coolly specifying the time when, after having crossed to America, he will come back to dine in Europe! Where, even in the 'Arabian Nights,' can a parallel to this be found?

We have already seen that the first steamboats ever used for conveying goods and passengers were built at New York, and plied on the Hudson in 1807. Since that time the progress of steam navigation on the rivers and lakes, and along the coasts of America, has been both rapid and wonderful. In the five years ending 31st December 1838, the steamers departing from New York alone sailed in the aggregate 9,683,650 miles, and conveyed 25,366,000 passengers, of whom 70 lost their lives by seven accidents. But with the exception of the voyage of the *Savannah* in 1819, the citizens of the United States had not hitherto taken any part in conducting the steam navigation of the Atlantic; and it was not until after all but Cunard's ships had been withdrawn, that American-built steamers began to ply between England and New York. The formation of several companies for this purpose made Mr Cunard anxious to extend his contract, so as to carry the mails once a week, and thus render him more able to meet the expected competition. Mr Cunard said before a Committee of the House of Commons in July 1849: 'I was most anxious to have it [the extension of the contract] done, because I knew the consequences of having these rival lines of packets running against us, and that it would affect the government more than it would affect us. I could not increase the number of passengers; but the number of letters would be considerably increased, or doubled, because if one person writes, the whole must write.' The proposal was agreed to: the mails were to be carried from Liverpool every Saturday, and from Boston or New York every Wednesday (except during four winter months, when it was to be fortnightly), arrangements being made

by which the détour to Halifax was to be abandoned. To effect this service, the vessels must steam altogether about 272,800 miles every year, and for it Mr Cunard was to receive £145,000 per annum. This is the contract now in force. Mr Cunard considered it not as a new arrangement, but as an extension of the old; and as the service was doubled, and as the postage revenue of the steamers had hitherto been equal to the contract-money, he naturally supposed that the payment would now be doubled. But Mr Goulburn, then chancellor of the exchequer, would not give more than £145,000, which Mr Cunard said was 'a very unjust thing,' and quaintly added—'I beg to say this not with any disrespect to Mr Goulburn: he did it to save the money to the country; but he took £25,000 a year from me for the good of the country.'

The steamships originally possessed by Mr Cunard were now superseded by others of greater size and power, the tonnage being increased from 1200 to more than 2000, and the horse-power of the engines from 440 to 800. The *Columbia*, as we have seen, was lost; the *Britannia*, *Acadia*, *Caledonia*, and *Hibernia* were sold (the two last to the Spanish government, shortly after the attempt made on Cuba in 1850); and Cunard's fleet now consists of the following magnificent vessels:—

	Length.	Horse-power.	Tonnage.
Africa,	280 feet	800	2266
America,	249 ...	650	1832
Asia,	280 ...	800	2266
Cambria,	217 ...	500	1423
Canada,	249 ...	650	1832
Europa,	249 ...	650	1832
Niagara,	249 ...	650	1832

All these vessels have been built in the Clyde, and on the banks of the same river two of greater dimensions are now nearly completed, to be called the *Persia* and the *Arabia*. Besides these, there are two smaller vessels used as tenders. One of these, bearing the appropriate name of the *Satellite*, about 150 tons burthen, is kept in the Mersey to 'fetch and carry' for the larger vessels, round which it may be said to revolve. If space permitted, we could give a detailed description of the admirable and luxurious accommodation for passengers on board these ships; but it is sufficient here to say, that in them, as well as in all others that fall within the scope of the present Paper, the greatest skill, ingenuity, experience, and good taste have been exerted with marked success in rendering a long sea-voyage as agreeable and pleasant as it is possible for long sea-voyages to be. During the year 1849 the number of trips made by these vessels across the Atlantic was 86; the number of passengers carried was 3510 out, and 3340 home, or 6850 in all, being an increase of 2895 over the previous year. The sum paid by these passengers was about a quarter of a million sterling. The average length of passage from Liverpool to Halifax was 11 days 3 hours; from Halifax to Liverpool, 9 days 21 hours; Halifax to Boston, 34 hours; Halifax to New York, 55 hours; New York to Halifax, 62 hours; and Boston to Halifax, 41 hours. In the month of May the *Canada* steamed from Liverpool to New York in 11 days 10 hours; and in the same month the *America* occupied only 8 days 10 hours from Halifax to Liverpool. These returns show a marked increase in

speed over the early voyages of steamers across the Atlantic. Each of the vessels of this line consumes about 700 tons of coal between Liverpool and New York; at the former port the expense of the coal and putting it on board is about a guinea, and at the latter about £1, 7s. per ton. If coals were as cheap as wind, Mr Cuhard and his partners would save more than £70,000 per annum.

The American steamers that first plied regularly on the Atlantic route were the *Washington* and *Herrman*, of about 2000 tons burthen. They, however, did not depend entirely on the British traffic, but made the port of Bremen, at the mouth of the river Weser in Germany, their terminus in Europe, calling at Southampton on their passage up and down the British Channel. The line of vessels that entered into direct competition with Cunard's was projected by Mr Collins of New York, and consisted of five steamers of 3000 tons burthen, 300 feet long, and propelled by engines of 1000 horse-power. They are named after the various oceans of the world —the *Atlantic*, *Pacific*, *Arctic*, *Baltic*, and *Adriatic*. They are longer and more powerful than any steamer yet built except the *Great Britain*, and their competition is not to be treated lightly. The merits of the rival lines soon became a 'national question.' The citizens of the great republic spoke confidently of the superior speed their vessels would attain; the best builders of ships and makers of marine engines were, they said, to be found in New York, and they were determined that the Hudson river should always be ahead of the rest of the world in the power and speed of its steam navy. A statement of the resources of New York gave good reason for this confident boasting. In that city the principal foundries, eight in number, where marine engines are constructed, employ about 3675 men; at one, and that not the largest, 100 tons of iron are melted every month; and at another the value of the work sent out in 1849 was above a million of dollars (£200,000); while in one month of the past year there were in progress at the same establishment marine engines for eight vessels whose aggregate tonnage was 14,100. The performances of the *Washington* and *Herrman* were highly creditable to the skill of American engineers, and there seemed great probability that Britannia would not much longer 'rule the waves.' But, on the other hand, the feat which these American ships were expected to perform was of no ordinary difficulty. For ten years Cunard's line had navigated the Atlantic with a regularity and speed which it would be exceedingly difficult even to equal; and though the more powerful American ships might sail faster, was it to be expected that the builders and engineers of the Clyde, with Mr Caird and Mr Napier at their head, would be unable to maintain the superiority they had already acquired? The town where James Watt was born, and the river that received the first British steamboat, were not likely to resign without a struggle a pre-eminence acquired by so much labour and ingenuity.

While people were discussing the subject, and laying wagers on the voyages, the first of Collins' line, the *Atlantic*, sailed from New York on the 27th April. As the time of her arrival at Liverpool drew near, the interest felt by the people of that town in the voyage became intense. After the time occupied on the shortest run of any of the old vessels had expired, and no *Atlantic* had come up the Mersey, the partisans of the Clyde steamers

took heart, and began to think that the competition was not to
midable after all. They were further confirmed in this idea wh
thirteenth day after she had left New York, the *Atlantic* was te
off Holyhead. For some time before her arrival a small tug-stea
a number of commercial men and newspaper reporters on board,
waiting in the Mersey, ready to steam out to meet the *Atlantic.*
was setting as this little steamer sailed, and night had come on
Atlantic appeared in the river. As she came up, her great l
looking blacker and larger in the darkness, she seemed less like
made by human hands, and more like an island drifting in from th

No entrance to the Liverpool docks was sufficiently wide to
Atlantic, and she and her consorts had to lie in the river until a
that had been preparing for them, with entrance gates eighty
was finished. The length of the voyage of the *Atlantic* was acc
by a detention of nearly two days caused by accidents to the m
The *Pacific*, *Arctic*, and *Baltic*, have already crossed 'the big f
the *Adriatic* is expected to be ready for sea early in 1851.

Thus was commenced that rivalry which has made a gigantic ra
of the Atlantic Ocean*—a race-course so long, that the differer
longitude of its termini makes a difference of nearly five hours in
of day; and thus, while people at the American end are rising
beds, those at the European have got through much of their da
The 'flying horse Childers,' and other notables of the turf, have d
deeds in their way, but they shrink into utter insignificance comp

* The following abstracts of the logs of the *Africa* and the *Atlantic* on a
and outward voyage will enable any reader to trace the routes on a map:

'AFRICA'—HOMEWARD TO LIVERPOOL.

Date.	Wind.	Miles run.	Lat.	Long.	Remarks.
Nov. 20, Sailed from New York, 10 A.M.					Moderate and fir
21,	W.N.W.	266	40·25	68·38	Strong breeze.
22,	W.	300	40·27	62·04	Squalls and heav
23,	N.N.W.	296	41·10	55·34	Heavy sea.
24,	S.E.	260	42·54	50·12	Very heavy squa
25,	S.S.W.	260	45·06	44·50	Strong breezes a
26,	S.W.	309	47·09	38·00	Ditto.
27,	W.	302	48·40	30·50	Moderate and fir
28,	S.S.W.	304	49·51	23·20	Cloudy.
29,	S.S.W.	312	50·50	15·17	Strong breezes.
30,	S.S.E.	Abreast Cape Clear at 7·50 A.M.			Squalls and rain.
Dec. 1,	S.E.	In the Mersey at 8 A.M.			

'ATLANTIC'—OUTWARD TO NEW YORK.

July 10, Left Liverpool, 11 A.M.					Cloudy and signs
11,	N.W.	270			Off Cape Clear.
12,	S. and W.	288	51·20	16·43	Smooth sea.
13,	W.	286	50·53	24·06	Heavy swell.
14,	W.	273	50·25	31·19	Severe thunder-s
15,	Variable.	295	50·00	39·00	Hazy. Smooth s
16,	W.	295	48·25	46·04	Fog. Passed ice
17,	W.	290	46·27	52·17	Dense fog.
18,	W.	313	42·41	60·13	Moderate breeze
19,	S.S.W.	313	41·32	64·36	Fresh breezes an
20,	S.S.W.	295	41·35	70·36	Moderate winds.
21, Arrived at wharf, 4 A.M.					

the performances of a steamer propelled by a power equal to that of a thousand horses, sailing three hundred miles each day over angry, restless waves, twenty-four, and sometimes forty-three feet high, chasing each other at a distance of about five hundred feet, and at a speed of more than thirty miles an hour.* All the prizes of the turf are paltry compared with that for which these steamers are contending—the proud distinction of establishing the most speedy and safe communication between two great continents and two mighty nations. Hitherto the superiority has not been distinctly declared on either side, nor can any correct judgment be formed until at least a year has elapsed. The following is a return of all the voyages made by steamers across the Atlantic during the six months of 1850, from April to October—the average being taken in each case:—

OUTWARD.

FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

Ship.	Voyages.	Days.	Hours.	Min.	Days.	Hours.	Min.
Africa,	1	12	20	0	0	0	0
America,	4	12	22	50	10	12	0
Asia,	4	10	22	30	10	3	30
Cambria,	4	14	21	30	13	5	5
Canada,	4	12	21	0	10	9	43
Europa,	4	11	20	40	10	21	0
Hibernia,	3	0	0	0	12	16	45
Niagara,	4	12	21	5	11	6	0
Atlantic,	5	11	22	33	0	0	0
Pacific,	4	11	1	3	0	0	0
SOUTHAMPTON TO NEW YORK.							
Herrman,	4	18	12	0	0	0	0
Washington,	4	14	6	0	0	0	0
COWES (ISLE OF WIGHT) TO NEW YORK.							
Franklin,	1	13	18	0	0	0	0
GLASGOW TO NEW YORK.							
City of Glasgow, (screw steamer.)	4	16	10	42	0	0	0

HOMEWARD.

TO LIVERPOOL FROM NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

Ship.	Voyages.	Days.	Hours.	Min.	Days.	Hours.	Min.
America,	4	11	9	21	11	17	0
Asia,	3	10	12	15	9	18	52
Cambria,	4	12	17	30	11	16	22
Canada,	4	11	18	30	11	3	40
Europa,	4	10	22	45	11	17	0
Hibernia,	3	0	0	0	1	4	55
Niagara,	4	12	8	50	10	12	0
Atlantic,	5	11	20	41	0	0	0
Pacific,	4	11	7	45	0	0	0
Arctic,	1	10	16	45	0	0	0

* See Scoresby's interesting paper on Atlantic waves, read at the last meeting of the British *Association.*

TO SOUTHAMPTON FROM NEW YORK.

Ship.	Voyages.	Days.	Hours.	Min.	Days.	Hours.
Herrman,	4	15	12	0	0	0
Washington,	4	14	18	0	0	0

TO COWES FROM NEW YORK.

Franklin,	1	11	19	30	0	0

TO GLASGOW FROM NEW YORK.

City of Glasgow,	3	14	19	50	0	0

The swiftest outward passage was that of the *Pacific* in September, only 10 days 5 hours were occupied between Liverpool and New Y and the swiftest homeward that of the *Asia*, in 10½ days between York and Liverpool. The second six months (from October 18 April 1851) will in all probability show more favourably for the Cu line, as the *Cambria* and *Hibernia*, two of the oldest, have both been drawn, and the *Persia* and *Arabia*, the two newest, will soon be plac the route. The vessels of the Collins' line have met with some acci during the winter that will tell much against them when the year's wo summed up. The *Pacific*, in one of her outward voyages, ran short of and had to put into a port before reaching New York to obtain a supply, by which a detention of some days was caused; and the *Atl* on her outward voyage, while in latitude 46° 12′ north, and long 41° 30′ west, or much more than half-way across the Atlantic, brol the morning of 6th January the centre beam or shaft of the engines, consequently became useless. The vessel proceeded under canvas fo days, against heavy westerly gales, but finding that she made little the captain put the ship about, and ran for Cork, which was reached o 22d January. The *Cambria*, belonging to the Cunard line, the available steamer then in the Mersey, or perhaps in England, for At winter navigation, was immediately chartered to proceed to Cork carry the cargo, &c. of the *Atlantic* to America. We allude to this di simply as a fact; we would rather sympathise with the citizens o United States, to whom it will doubtless cause much chagrin, than over it as a proof of the inferior skill of our transatlantic brethren. accident proves very little, but it will doubtless be extensively us rather abused, by the partisans of the contending lines. Many peo New York seem to think that there is a feeling of hostility in th country against these steamers, and complaints have already been that justice has not been done to them by the British press. had complaints less foundation. As British citizens, we cannot pr ourselves from wishing that in this great race British ships may wi we are confident national feeling has been less obtruded, and ther been less boasting about the merits of the ships on this side o Atlantic than on the other. We trust that the arrival of the *Ca* at New York with the mails and cargo of the *Atlantic* will not relieve the minds of many who must be fearing that the latter has m same fate as the *President*, but will also convince them that the ri is prosecuted on our part in a generous and manly spirit.

ROUTE TO THE WEST INDIES AND SOUTH AMERICA.

The necessary result of the successful voyages of the Atlantic steamers, was the establishment of other lines of steam communication with countries beyond the sea. The value of our possessions in the West Indies, and the importance of our trade with the rich countries of South America, indicated very clearly the direction of the next Atlantic route. The postal communication with these countries was very defective. Even the best sailing vessels in the most favourable weather were four weeks on the voyage; and though the mails were despatched twice each month from England, yet the communication between the various islands and the American continent was neither regular nor certain. On 20th March 1840, a contract was made between the Lords of the Admiralty and the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company, in which the latter agreed, for the sum of £240,000 per annum, 'to provide, maintain, and keep seaworthy, and in complete repair and readiness, for the purpose of conveying all her Majesty's mails, a sufficient number (not less than fourteen) of good, substantial, and efficient steam-vessels, of such construction and strength as to be fit and able to carry guns of the largest calibre now used on board of her Majesty's steam-vessels of war, each of such vessels to be always supplied with first-rate appropriate steam-engines of not less than 400 collective horse-power, and also a sufficient number—not less than four—of good, substantial, and efficient sailing vessels, of at least 100 tons burthen each.' The steamers were to sail twice every month from some port in the British Channel to Barbadoes, and from thence the mails were to be distributed to the other islands and the continent. The original plan of the voyages of these vessels was described by one of its most earnest and sanguine promoters as a scheme 'which united the British colonies in North America with the British colonies within the northern tropic; which made Barbadoes the highway from all Eastern South America to Europe and to North America; which made Jamaica the great road from all Western America and New South Wales to Britain; which made Nassau the central point to catch everything from and to the Gulf of Mexico; and which connected all the western world in one unbroken line of rapid and regular commercial communication.' The total number of miles to be annually steamed was 684,816, and sailed 60,360—making altogether nearly three-quarters of a million, or not much less than thirty times the circumference of the globe. The contract was to be for ten years, to commence on 1st December 1841. The company had thus less than two years to make preparations for an enterprise that was truly gigantic. Twenty ships, fourteen of these steamers of the largest class, had to be built, equipped, and manned by the most experienced officers and crews that could be obtained. Arrangements of a far more comprehensive and complex nature than were necessary for a voyage to Halifax or New York required to be made; for though the voyage across the ocean was in both cases equally easy, yet the branch-lines of communication necessary to accommodate so many different islands could only be successfully wrought by a rare union of skilful arrangement and efficient management, of which the history of steam navigation afforded neither an example

nor a guide. The company, however, displayed so much activity that, though unable to commence the contract on the 1st December 1841, it was begun only a month later—on the 1st January 1842. Indeed Sir George Cockburn, when holding office at the Admiralty, stated that even the government, with their great naval resources, could not have succeeded so well as this private company in getting so many large and new steamers ready for sea in the time. The fourteen vessels were named after the rivers of the countries where they were built, as follows:—

Thames, Medway, Trent, and Isis,	built at	Northfleet.
Severn, and Avon,	...	Bristol.
Tweed, Clyde, Teviot, Dee, and Solway,	...	Greenock.
Tay,	...	Dumbarton.
Forth,	...	Leith.
Medina,	...	Cowes, Isle of Wight.

The total cost of these ships was not much under a million sterling. The *Forth* started with the mails from Southampton, and arrived at St Thomas, in the West Indies, after a voyage of 17 days 16 hours, returning home to Falmouth in 18 days 8 hours. During the whole of that year the voyages were performed with considerable regularity—some of the vessels taking only 17 days on the outward run, and few occupying more than three weeks either on it or on the voyage home. From August 1843 to August 1849, out of 147 mails that were despatched homewards by these vessels, 106 arrived before and at the estimated time, and only 41 arrived later than that period.

This company has sustained very heavy losses in performing the service. Six of their finest steamers have been entirely lost: the *Solway* on a dark night after leaving Corunna in Spain, where she had called to take in coal; the *Forth* and the *Tweed* on the Alacranes rocks in the Gulf of Mexico; and the *Actæon* in rounding the point near Carthagena in the Gulf of Darien, on a shoal extending much farther than it had been laid down in the charts. The *Isis*, in attempting to enter San Juan in Porto Rico before daylight, ran ashore, but though subsequently got off, and repaired in Jamaica, foundered off Bermuda on her way home; and the *Medina* was lost in the night, on a reef at Turk's Island, north from San Domingo. All these accidents happened near the shore: on the high seas the vessels seem to have sustained no injury. The fleet of the company now consists of the following steamers, though it will soon be augmented by the addition of larger and more powerful ships, now in course of construction:—

	Length.	Horse-power.	Tonnage.
Avon,	216 feet	430	1881
Clyde,	213 ...	430	1841
Conway,	186 ...	300	929
Dee,	214 ...	410	1848
Eagle,	164 ...	250	501
Great Western,	207 ...	400	1467
Medway,	212 ...	420	1666
Reindeer,	155 ...	260	554
Severn,	215 ...	430	1886
Tay,	214 ...	430	1858
Teviot,	214 ...	430	1793
Thames,	212 ...	420	1676
Trent,	212 ...	420	1666

ldle-boxes of many of these vessels are so constructed that they can as boats if necessary.

al alterations have been made in the contract of this company and tes pursued by the steamers. The scheme that came in force in r 1851 embraces the following routes, and establishes postal com- ion not only with the West Indies and Central America, but with merica as far as Buenos Ayres:—

Route.—A glance at a map of the West India islands will show tween the largest of these (such as Cuba, Jamaica, and Hayti) and antic Ocean, there is a long barrier, as it were, of islets, stretching ontinuous chain from the coast of Florida to the mouth of the river , a distance of nearly 2000 miles. Almost in the centre of this vith its eastern shores exposed to the Atlantic, and its western to ibbean Sea, lies the little island of St Thomas, belonging to Den- Though only 37 square miles in extent, or about one-seventh of of the Isle of Man, its spacious and safe harbour, and moderate duties, have long rendered it one of the greatest commercial empo- n the West Indies, a striking proof of which is found in the fact, value of the exports to it from this country in 1849 was £383,023, than treble the value of the exports to the great island of Hayti. tle island of St Thomas has accordingly been chosen as the great ous for the West India mail-steamers—the centre, as it were, from radiate all the branch-lines of communication. It is to the West and Central America what Southampton is to the British islands continent of Europe. From Southampton a steamer sails at six in the evening on the 2d and 17th of each month, and after a direct across the Atlantic of 3622 miles, at an average speed of nine miles , arrives at St Thomas in 16 days and 18 hours after leaving England. ails and passengers are then distributed as we shall afterwards e; the steamer takes in a fresh supply of coal, and after remaining and 17 hours, proceeds at five o'clock in the morning to cross the an Sea; and after steaming 690 miles in 3 days and 5 hours, enters ellent harbour of the old Spanish city of Santa Martha, on the north f South America. Six hours only are spent here, and in half a day he steamer has traversed 105 miles, and reached the best and largest that coast, near the city of Carthagena, with its fine old cathedral, its isterns, and its traditions of the Spaniards and Sir Francis Drake. stoppage of six hours, the steamer crosses the Gulf of Darien, and run of 280 miles, arrives at Chagres, a young town, but one rapidly in importance—the Corinth, in fact, of America, where, as we shall rds see, the whole transit trade of the isthmus is being carried on. hence the steamer proceeds 240 miles farther, and reaches the last f the voyage, Greytown, at the mouth of the river San Juan, which ts the Nicaragua lake with the sea. After remaining here four he steamer returns by the same route, omitting, however, to call at Martha: at St Thomas a fresh supply of coal is shipped, and after one day and 22 hours, she departs for Southampton, arriving there nswers to the letters with which, about two months before, she had —after having steamed altogether 9874 miles in 46 days, and spent han 16 days in stoppages.

Second Route.—On the day after the arrival at St Thomas of the vessel that left Southampton on the 2d of the month, a steamer, after receiving all that has been brought for her from Europe, starts for the port of St Juan, in the Spanish island of Porto Rico. The distance of 65 miles is traversed in 7 hours, and the steamer almost immediately proceeds to Port Royal, the old capital of Jamaica, distant from St Juan 643 miles. A supply of coal is here taken in; and in five days more the vessel has steamed 1118 miles, and arrived at Vera Cruz, a city built chiefly of madrepore, on the spot where Hernan Cortez first landed, and now the chief seaport of Mexico. After proceeding 250 miles northwards to Tampico, another Mexican seaport, the steamer returns by the same route, coals again at Jamaica, and arrives at St Thomas in time to transfer her mails, &c. to the steamer about to proceed to England, having steamed 4062 miles in 18 days 20 hours, and stopped 11 days 4 hours.

Third Route.—When the steamer that leaves Southampton on the 17th of the month arrives at St Thomas, a vessel is ready to start again for Porto Rico and Jamaica; but this time she calls on the voyage between these two places at Jacmel in the island of Hayti, and after leaving Jamaica, instead of proceeding, as on the second route, to Vera Cruz, the steamer turns to the north-east, and reaches Havanna, the capital of Cuba, and the largest city of the West Indies. After remaining here 16 hours, the vessel returns along the coast of Cuba; but instead of doubling Cape Antonio, so as to get into the track to Jamaica, she holds steadily on until she arrives at Belize, the port of the British possessions in Honduras, famous for its growth and exports of mahogany. After waiting here 5 days, the steamer returns by precisely the same route to St Thomas.

Fourth Route.—This route is traversed by the vessels twice each month, to correspond with the departures from Southampton. Though its entire length out and home is only 1838 miles, yet the vessel calls at no fewer than ten places, some of them distant only 11 miles from each other. They are—St Kitts, a little island, the greater part of which is occupied by a mountain 3711 feet high, bearing the sad name of Misery; Nevis, an islet only 6½ miles long, where the value of a slave, at the time of the emancipation, was said to be £39, 4s.; Montserrat, another tiny island; Antigua, with an area of 108 square miles; Guadaloupe, the best of the islands remaining to France; Dominica, once French, but now British; Martinique, where Napoleon's Josephine was born; St Lucia, with its magnificent harbour; Barbadoes, one of the oldest colonies of England; and Demerara on the mainland. 8½ days are occupied in steaming, and 6½ in stopping, from St Thomas to Demerara and back.

Fifth Route.—When the steamer mentioned in the last route arrives at Barbadoes, another is ready to exchange mails, and proceed to Tobago by way of St Vincent; Carriacou, a very small island, from whence the mails 'will be despatched by the inhabitants in a boat,' and where the steamer is not to stop if the boat does not appear through neglect or bad weather; Grenada, an island discovered by Columbus in 1498, where the West India Steamship Company have a coal depôt; and Trinidad, the largest, except Jamaica, of the British West India islands. The round from Barbadoes to Tobago and back, a distance of 702 miles, is steamed in 3½ days.

Sixth Route.—This is from St Thomas direct to Nassau, a port in New

rovidence, one of the Bahama islands, which lies in the route of the merican steamers from the Gulf of Mexico to the ports of the United tates on the Atlantic. The distance between St Thomas and Nassau is 60 miles—the speed being 5 miles an hour to Nassau, and 2½ miles back. rom Nassau there is regular steam-communication with Bermuda, and hence to New York and Halifax, so that there is one unbroken line of ommunication between Southampton and Liverpool *via* the West Indies nd the United States. This terminates the list of West India routes.

Seventh Route.—On the 9th of every month a steamer leaves Southampton or Rio Janeiro in South America, where she is expected to arrive on the th of the following month. She steams at the rate of 8 miles an hour cross the stormy Bay of Biscay, and down the Portuguese coast until, at he expiration of 4½ days, she arrives at Lisbon: after waiting a day at that city, she steams to Madeira, distant from Lisbon 535 miles; a fresh supply of coal, if required, is here shipped, and after waiting 12 hours, the steam is again got up, the helmsman steers due south, and the vessel, going now at a speed of 9 miles an hour, arrives near the far-famed Peak of Teneriffe in about a day and a-quarter: 6 hours are spent here, and then the vessel is running along the African coast to St Vincent, one of the Cape de Verde islands, distant from Teneriffe 850 miles: a day and a-half are spent here, more coal is shipped; and in little more than a week after leaving St Vincent, the steamer has crossed the Atlantic, and delivered her mails at Pernambuco, the third seaport of Brazil: in 6 hours she is running down the South American coast to Bahia, a seaport as large as Bristol, and from thence to Rio Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, and the largest city of South America. After waiting about 4 days, the steamer returns homeward by the same route, and arrives at Southampton 62 days 16 hours after her departure, having steamed 10,482 miles in 51 days 6 hours, the remainder of the time having been occupied with the intermediate stoppages.

Eighth Route.—This is a branch of the seventh. A steamer is in waiting at Rio Janeiro for the vessel from England, whose southern mails she receives, and then starts for Monte Video, capital of the republic of Uruguay, distant from Rio Janeiro 1040 miles: after waiting a day and a-quarter, she departs for Buenos Ayres, 130 miles up the mouth of the river La Plata, and arrives there in 16 hours. A fortnight after she starts on the return voyage to Rio Janeiro.

These details will show the greatness of the routes traversed by the vessels of this company every year—routes extending from 27 degrees north of the tropic of Cancer to 12 degrees south of the tropic of Capricorn —which embrace every island of importance in the West Indies and on the west coast of Africa—all the seaports round the Gulf of Mexico, and all the great commercial cities on the Atlantic shore of South America—and which bestow the blessings of regular postal communication not only on the possessions of Britain, but equally on those of Portugal, Spain, France, and Denmark—on the republics of Mexico, New Grenada, Uruguay, and La Plata, and on the empires of Hayti and Brazil. Every year in which these routes are traversed must link all these nations still firmer in the bonds of peace, good-will, and mutual dependence, and bring them into closer and better relations with that country under whose 'meteor flag' all these

vessels sail, and by whose resources and ingenuity alone this friendly communication has been established and is maintained.

The quantity of cargo carried by these steamers is about a hundred tons each voyage. Its nature will be best understood from the following specification of two cargoes brought to Southampton last year:—The *Trent* arrived on 3d July, with specie to the value of £243,910; 47 serons of indigo; 6 bales tobacco; 16 bags coffee; 63 bales sarsaparilla; 30 casks ginger; 34 bags pimento; 43 packages arrow-root; 4 live turtle; and 72 packages sundries. The *Great Western* arrived 18th September, with specie to the value of £166,762; 283 serons cochineal; 68 cases of cigars; 138 bales tobacco; 20 live turtle; arrow-root and sundries. The number of passengers carried is very different at different seasons of the year. From October to January the vessels leaving England are usually crowded, and so are the vessels returning to England during the summer, before what are called the 'hurricane months' in the West Indies set in.*

PACIFIC ROUTES.

Though not strictly in the order of time, the nature and importance of the routes on the Pacific Ocean will be best understood after an account of those to the West Indies.

Ever since America was discovered, men have ardently wished that the Atlantic and the Pacific should be connected by cutting through the Isthmus of Darien or Panama. The importance of such an undertaking, by shortening the voyage to China and other parts of Asia, as well as to Australia and the west coast of America, is obvious to all who cast even a hasty glance at the map; but the recent discovery of gold in California has rendered the cutting of the Isthmus an object of necessity. Two attempts are now making to cross this narrow strip of land: one by a railroad, the other by a ship-canal. The first of these is at Tehuantepec in Mexico, considerably to the north of Panama. The length of the railroad will be about 136 miles, and the estimated cost is £4,000,000. The other project is by the Lake of Nicaragua; its length will be about 110 miles, and its cost is estimated at £8,000,000. These projects have been the subjects of several treaties, with the view of rendering the lines of canal and railway, when completed, great public highways for all the nations of the world. The treaty between Mexico and the United States with regard to the first is dated 23d June 1850, and contains this remarkable stipulation:—'The line of route, with thirty miles on each side, shall be neutral in any war;' and in the convention between the United States and Great Britain, signed at Washington 19th April 1850, the object of the convention is declared to be 'that of constructing and maintaining the said canal as a ship communication between the two oceans for the benefit of mankind, on equal terms to all, and of protecting the same.' Such language, which is rarely met with in treaties between nations, calls to remembrance the noble words used by Louis XIV. of France when he

* See Evidence given by Captain Chappell, secretary to the company, before a Parliamentary Committee in 1849.

rohibited all hostility against the workmen engaged in building the ddystone lighthouse, declaring that he 'was at war with England, but ot with civilisation.'

In the meantime, however, the transit across the Isthmus is by land, nd the points of connection are Chagres on the north and Panama on the outh. From the latter two lines of steam communication proceed—one to he north as far as San Francisco in California, the other to the south as ar as Valparaiso; the mail service of the former being performed in American and that of the latter in British vessels. The contract with the Pacific Steam-Navigation Company came into force in 1846. The company possesses five steamers, the aggregate tonnage of which is about 3000, and horse-power 995. The mails are carried once a month from Panama to Valparaiso and back, calling at Guayaquil, the chief seaport of the republic of Ecuador (the Spanish name for equator)—Callao, the seaport of the large city of Lima—Arica, the outlet of a rich mining district of Peru—Copiapo and Coquimbo, also noted for their exports of silver—and at a number of ports of less note, thus establishing regular postal communication between all the civilised states of the western coast of South America. The distance steamed each year is 110,887 miles, and the sum received by the company £20,000. The history of this company affords an example of the necessity of a mail contract to make ocean steam navigation profitable. In 1840 the projector, Mr Wheelwright, obtained from the local governments the exclusive privilege for ten years of conducting the steam communication along the coast, but during the five years that the company were without the mail contract the losses of the undertaking amounted to two-thirds of the paid up capital.

To Panama these vessels convey very large quantities of specie, the produce of the world-renowned mines of Peru; and to the same port the American steamers bring from San Francisco the produce of the gold mines of California; and all this silver and gold crosses the Isthmus, and is reshipped for Europe and the United States at Chagres. The value of the gold dust brought by the steamers from California to Panama, from 11th April 1849 to 4th October 1850, has been estimated at 25,000,000 of American dollars, or about £5,000,000, being equal to the total value of the produce of *all* the American mines, both of gold and silver, in 1838.

ROUTE TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

In July 1850 the government advertised for tenders for conveying the mails monthly between England and the Cape of Good Hope, calling at Madeira, Sierra Leone, and St Helena. The vessels were to be of not less than 200 horse-power each, propelled by the screw, and to perform the voyage at a speed of not less than eight knots, or about nine miles an hour. This contract was obtained by the General Screw Steam-Navigation Company, who have undertaken to perform the voyage at the rate of 223 miles per day: the distance to be steamed is about 6700 miles, so that the time occupied will be about a month. The first vessel, the *Bosphorus*, left Plymouth on the 18th December 1850. On arriving at Madeira, the captain sent home extracts from the log, from which it appeared that in six days she

ran 1164 miles; on 23d December she ran 215 miles before a fresh 'nor-easter,' without using any steam whatever.

With the exception of the short route between Halifax and Bermuda, this is the only ocean route on which screw steamers are employed; and after the Cape mails have been carried for about a year, much valuable data will be supplied to determine the question, on which great difference of opinion now prevails, as to the comparative merits of the screw and the paddle-wheel. The case at present seems to stand thus: if steam alone be used, the paddle is superior; but in using both sails *and* steam, or *sails* alone, the screw is to be preferred. On routes where the winds are constant, the screw is certainly to be preferred, as then it can be disconnected, the fires put out, and as much canvas spread, and as great a speed attained, as with the swiftest sailing-vessel; while in passing through the region of calms, or of contrary winds, the sails can be taken in and the machinery used. The voyages of the *Great Britain* and the *City of Glasgow* across the Atlantic, of the screw line of steamers from Liverpool to the Mediterranean, and also to Dublin and Glasgow, have satisfactorily tested the efficacy of the screw, both in long voyages and in stormy weather, and shown that it is likely to be a much more economical and nearly as speedy a mode of propulsion as the old paddle-wheel.

ROUTE TO THE EAST INDIES.

On 16th August 1825, a steamer called the *Enterprise* left Falmouth for Calcutta. She arrived at the Cape of Good Hope on the 13th October, and at Calcutta on the 9th December, having thus been nearly four months on the voyage—or about the same time as a sailing vessel. It was clear from this that little or no advantage in point of time would be gained by establishing a steam communication with India by way of the Cape. It was easy to point out shorter routes, but impossible to find one which could be traversed from end to end by a steamer. A line drawn from London to Calcutta passes almost entirely over land, and an *ocean* route was wanted. By sailing up the Mediterranean a steamer could arrive within a few miles of a sea that formed an unbroken water route to India and the East, but these few miles consisted of an isthmus like that at Panama. The only feasible plan seemed to be to have two lines of steamers—one in the Mediterranean, the other in the Indian seas—and make the land transit at the most convenient point. But where was that point to be? The wisdom of the legislature was called on to answer this difficult question, and two plans were proposed. The most direct way seemed to be across Asia Minor to the Euphrates, down that river to the Persian Gulf, and so on to Bombay; thus as it were taking one side of a triangle, while the route down the Red Sea traversed the other two. From the coast of the Gulf of Scanderoon to Bir, on the Euphrates, the distance is only about a hundred miles; and though Bir is more than a thousand miles from the mouth of the Euphrates, yet it was considered that all that length of river could be navigated by steamers. But one of the objections urged against the voyage of Columbus was found to be applicable with truth to the navigation of the Euphrates—a steamer could go easily *down*, but it could not get *up*, for at Bir the river

is 628 feet above the level of the sea. Other obstacles, and the failure of an expedition fitted out for the purpose about 1836, caused this direct line to be abandoned, at least for a time. The other plan was by Alexandria, Cairo, and Suez, which would have a land transit of only eighty-four miles between the two last named places. This plan was adopted; the British government undertook the route between England and Egypt, and the East India Company that between Egypt and India. In 1837 the arrangement came into operation; the mails were sent from Falmouth once a month to Gibraltar in the vessels then engaged in the postal service with Portugal and Spain; at Gibraltar they were transferred to Admiralty steamers, which conveyed them to Malta, and from thence to Alexandria; they were then taken up the Nile to Cairo, and from thence across the desert to Suez, where the *Hugh Lindsey*, a steamer belonging to the East India Company, was in waiting to convey them to Bombay. The time at first occupied on this route was between fifty and sixty days, so that the communication with India was reduced at once by one-half. In order to reduce this time still more, a treaty was made in 1839 with the French government for forwarding a portion of the mails through France to Marseilles, from whence they were forwarded to Malta, where they met the steamer from Gibraltar.

Two years before this time a regular postal steam communication between England and the peninsula of Spain had been established. Under the old system of sailing vessels, the communication between Falmouth and Lisbon sometimes occupied three weeks, and irregularities both in arrivals and departures were of very frequent occurrence. The Peninsular Steam Company, on 22d August 1837, entered into a contract with the government for carrying the mails weekly from Falmouth to Gibraltar, calling at Vigo, Oporto, Lisbon, and Cadiz; and for this service the payment was to be £29,600 per annum, or less than the cost of the old, slow, and irregular means of communication. The advantages of the arrangement were soon apparent, for the vessels of the company brought in five days the mails that had previously sometimes been three weeks on the voyage. In 1839, the government being anxious still further to accelerate the Indian mail, requested the managers of the company to submit a plan for the attainment of that object. This was done: the company proposed to establish a line of large and powerful steamers of 450 horse-power, to run direct from England to Alexandria, calling only at Gibraltar and Malta, thus avoiding the inconvenience and delay of transferring the mails from one packet to another, and rendering the communication by Gibraltar nearly as speedy as that through France. The government adopted the plan, but advertised for offers to carry it out. Four were made: the highest being for £51,000 per annum, and the lowest (that of the Peninsular Company) for five years at an average per year of £34,200. The latter offer was accepted. The company procured two large vessels, originally named the *United States* and the *Liverpool*, and intended for Atlantic navigation; but which were increased in dimensions, and their names altered to the *Oriental* and the *Great Liverpool*, and with them and two other smaller vessels the contract was begun in September 1840.

The postal communication with India, so far as regarded the route between England and Egypt, having thus been made speedy and regular, a wish was

naturally expressed that on the east side of the Isthmus of Suez the communication should be extended so as to embrace not Bombay alone, but Calcutta, Madras, Ceylon, and China. After considerable negotiation, a contract was entered into with the Peninsular and Oriental Company, by which that company undertook, for the sum of £160,000 per annum, to convey the mails from Suez to Ceylon, and from thence northwards to Madras and Calcutta, and eastwards to Penang, Singapore, and Hong Kong. This contract was commenced on the 1st January 1845, by the three fine steamers, the *Bentinck*, *Hindostan*, and *Precursor*, of about 2000 tons burthen each, and 500 horse-power. Thus, in less than ten years from its first establishment, this company, which originally sent its steamers no further than Gibraltar, was navigating the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean, connecting the European shore of the Atlantic with the Asiatic shore of the Pacific, and conducting a constant communication between England and China. The rapidity with which this service is performed may be judged of from the fact, that on the 8th August 1850, the company's steamer, *Pekin*, delivered the mails at Hong Kong, containing letters which only fifty-five days, or less than two months, before had been written at New York. These letters, after crossing the Atlantic, had passed through Liverpool, London, Paris, Marseilles, and Malta, Alexandria and Cairo, to Suez, where they were placed on board the *Oriental*, which conveyed them down the Red Sea and across the Indian Ocean to Ceylon, where they were transferred to the *Pekin*, and by her conveyed, after calling at Penang and Singapore, to their final destination. The distance travelled by these letters was more than half the circumference of the globe. Such feats of science and energy will soon teach us to regard without wonder deeds of which even the glowing imagination of Eastern story-tellers did not dare to dream.

The fleet possessed by this company consists of the following vessels:—

1. MEDITERRANEAN AND PENINSULAR SERVICES.

	Length.	Horse-power.	Tons.	Materials.
Erin, -	199 feet.	280	797	Iron.
Euxine, - -	222 ...	400	1165	...
Ganges, -	237 ...	500	1200	...
Iberia, - -	155 ...	190	515	Wood.
Jupiter, -	158 ...	210	543	...
Madrid, - -	163 ...	140	478	Iron.
Montrose, -	166 ...	240	606	Wood.
Pasha, - -	160 ..	210	548	Iron.
Singapore, -	237 ...	500	1200	...
Sultan, - -	224 ...	420	1090	...
Tagus, -	182 ...	286	782	Wood.

2. BETWEEN SOUTHAMPTON AND ALEXANDRIA.

Hindostan, -	217 ...	520	2017	Wood.
Indus, - -	208 ...	450	1782	Iron.
Ripon, -	231 ...	450	1925	...

3. BETWEEN SUEZ AND CALCUTTA, *via* CEYLON AND MADRAS.

Bentinck, -	217 ...	520	1974	Wood.
Haddington, -	217 ...	450	1647	Iron.
Oriental, -	220 ...	420	1787	Wood.
Precursor, - -	229 ...	460	1817	...

4. BETWEEN CEYLON AND HONG KONG, *via* PENANG AND SINGAPORE.

	Length.	Horse-power.	Tons.	Materials.
Achilles, - -	205 feet.	420	992	Wood.
Braganza, -	188 ...	264	855	...
Lady Mary Wood,	160 ...	260	553	...
Malta, - -	205 ...	450	1217	Iron.
Pekin, -	214 ...	400	1182	...
Pottinger, -	220 ...	450	1350	...

5. BETWEEN HONG KONG AND CANTON.

Canton, -	172 ...	150	348	Iron.

f these 25 vessels, 14 have been built in the Clyde, 5 in the Mersey, 6 in the Thames.

The vessels engaged in the Peninsular service leave Southampton e times each month. The first port touched at, after steaming 663 s, is Vigo, in the province of Gallicia in Spain, near the mouth of the r Minho; from thence the vessel proceeds to Oporto, 68 miles further h; and thence to Lisbon, Cadiz, and Gibraltar; arriving at the latter in eight days after leaving Southampton, and after having steamed l miles. Little time is spent at Gibraltar, for the vessel returns on same day, the dates of sailing being the 5th, 15th, and 25th of each th. Another set of vessels leave Southampton on the 29th of each th, arriving at Gibraltar on the 6th of the month immediately follow- ; from thence they proceed to Malta, Smyrna, and Constantinople, re other vessels are in readiness to extend the communication along south shore of the Black Sea to Trebizond, the ancient Trapesius; thus necting one of the most flourishing seaports in England with a city of Euxine that was great and famous four hundred years before our era, n Xenophon entered it with his ten thousand Greeks during their eat from the disastrous field of Cunaxa. Some of the vessels also sail sionally between Southampton and Naples, calling at Gibraltar, Genoa, horn, and Civita Vecchia.

. The vessels for Alexandria sail on the 20th of each month, arriving ibraltar on the 26th, at Malta on the 1st of the following month, and lexandria on the 9th, after having steamed 2951 miles.

. At Suez, at the head of the Red Sea, two steamers are in waiting for passengers and mails conveyed from Alexandria in small steamers up Nile, and in vans across the desert. One of the steamers at Suez ngs to the East India Company, and has Bombay for its destination; other is the property of the Oriental Company. The 10th of the th is fixed as the day of departure; and all persons and things having n shipped, the vessels steam down the Red Sea to Aden, distant from z 1308 miles. Here they part company: the Oriental steamer pursues urse almost due east, across the Indian Ocean to Point de Galle in the nd of Ceylon, a distance of 2134 miles. Having exchanged mails with vessel for China, she steams up the Coromandel coast to Madras, and o Calcutta, where she arrives in about twenty-eight days from Suez, r traversing 4757 miles, and spending in stoppages about five days.

. The vessel in waiting at Point de Galle, as soon as she receives what other has brought for her, starts eastward, and after traversing 1286

miles arrives at Penang in the peninsula of Malacca; from thence, steaming down between Sumatra and the mainland, she arrives at the little island of Singapore, almost under the line, and then up the Chinese Sea, terrible for its typhoons, to Hong Kong, where the little steamer in No. 5 is ready to continue the line of communication to Canton.

The number of miles steamed by the vessels of this company under contract is 381,960, and the payment £204,500 per annum. The company makes an annual dividend of 8 per cent. on a capital of about a million; and supposing that the same fleet was kept up, and the revenue reduced to that derived from passengers and merchandise alone, not only could no dividend be paid, but an actual loss sustained every year of more than £120,000—another striking illustration of a fact already adverted to, that without a post-office contract such schemes of regular and efficient ocean steam navigation could not be maintained.*

PROPOSED ROUTES.

No one can suppose that British and American enterprise will pause until these ocean routes have completely encircled the globe. The settlers in Australia and New Zealand have greater claims to the benefits of steam communication with England than the people of Valparaiso or Buenos Ayres, to whom these benefits have already been extended. While the merchants at Canton are reading New York letters only fifty-five days old, the merchants of London are not likely to allow their letters from Sydney to linger twice that time on a journey of nearly the same length. Of 590 ships that sailed from this country to Sydney during the last ten years, the greater number took from 121 to 130 days on the passage; and considering that the inhabitants of Australia and New Zealand are now about 320,000, that they consume British goods to the value of about £10 per head annually, and live under British rule and protection, it is absolutely necessary that a more speedy communication than this should be established between them and the mother country. To effect this object, three routes have been proposed. *First*, by the Isthmus of Panama, from the terminus of the West India route across the Pacific to the Galapagos Islands, thence to Tahiti, and so on to Sydney. The distance to be steamed, with

* The money paid to the various companies on these contracts may be said to be all returned to the government in other ways. The postage revenue alone derived from the steamers is equal to two-thirds of the contract money; for though a letter is conveyed half round the world for two shillings, the immense number of letters despatched creates a large revenue. It was said that the *Cambria* on one of her trips last summer carried out more than 26,000 letters to the United States alone, exclusive of newspapers; and the Indian mail which left Southampton in August last filled 157 chests, each capable of holding 10,000 letters, and at Malta 120 smaller chests were added that had been brought through France. Making allowance for the newspapers contained in these, the number of letters must still have been enormous. All this writing and transmission of intelligence necessarily increase trade, and consequently bring additional supplies of articles to this country, the duties on which must more than make up the difference between the payments to the companies and the revenues of the post-office. But on higher considerations than those of mere profit and loss, we have no hesitation in saying that the blessings to the country of these lines of speedy communication would not be purchased dearly if not one farthing of the contract money were returned.

only two stoppages, would be about 7970 miles; but the present traffic on this route renders its adoption in the meantime quite impracticable. *Second*, by the Cape of Good Hope, across the Indian Ocean to Cape Leeuwin in Western Australia, and thence touching at Adelaide, through Bass's Straits, to Sydney. The run from the Cape to the most westerly point of Australia would be through more than ninety degrees of longitude, or about 6000 miles. It is difficult to see how this long distance could be traversed, even by screw steamers, using both sails and steam, in time short enough to justify the adoption of the route. *Third*, by a branch from the Oriental route, either at Penang or Singapore—the distance from the former to Sydney, by Torres's Straits, being about 5000, and from the latter about 4500 miles. This route would be among the East India Islands, and nearly 2000 miles of it would be along the Australian coast, so that it would be easy to arrange for fresh supplies of coal. This route has received the largest share of favourable attention from the public, and would have been opened ere now but for certain unexpected difficulties. The Oriental Company offered to open a monthly postal communication between Singapore and Sydney, on condition that the service between Bombay and Suez, and the service performed by Admiralty vessels in the Mediterranean, were transferred to them. They further proposed to establish new lines of steamers between Bombay and Singapore, Calcutta and Penang, Singapore and Hong Kong, and to run their vessels twice a month from Southampton to Alexandria, so that there would be a regular fortnightly communication with India and China, and monthly with Australia. The sum sought for all these services was £105,000 per annum, considerably less than the present cost to the government and the East India Company of the services they now perform. To this proposal the chancellor of the exchequer was willing to agree, and it was approved by the chief mercantile firms in the country connected with Australia; but the East India Company refused, on grounds both fair and reasonable,* to give up their line of steamers between Suez and Bombay, and the scheme remains one of those things that are yet 'to be.'

Efforts are also being made to diminish the time occupied on the route to the United States. One would have supposed that men would have been satisfied with crossing the Atlantic in ten days; but human desires appear insatiable. A commission is now collecting evidence as to the fitness of some Irish port for the transatlantic steamers. Galway, Cork,

* The chief of these were—'that the continuance of the Bombay and Suez line in the hands of the East India Company is essential to the efficiency of the Indian navy;' and that 'for the efficient performance of the mail service, there had been laid out, on account of the enlargement of docks, the formation of a steam factory and foundry, and the building of steam-vessels, nearly a million sterling (£1,000,000), besides the cost of additions to the permanent establishment of officers.' Since this was written, the government have advertised for contracts for carrying the mails to Australia, and there is every probability that a quick and regular postal communication will speedily be established with that country. It is also reported that the East India Company have consented to relinquish their Bombay contract, so as to facilitate such arrangements. A prospectus was also issued, at the beginning of this year, of a new company—'The Eastern Steam-Navigation Company'—which proposes, with a capital of £1,200,000, not only to effect a regular communication with Australia, but also so to supplement the operations of the Peninsular and Oriental Company as to double the present postal communication with the East.

and the Shannon, are all urging their claims, and those of the first are powerfully seconded by a little pamphlet, printed last year 'by order of the legislature of the state of Maine,' in which it is proposed to extend the railroad now finished between New York and Waterville to Whitehaven in Nova Scotia, from which the distance to Galway Bay is 2000 miles. The railway between Galway and Dublin will soon be opened throughout, and the communication between Dublin and London, by Holyhead, is regular and speedy. The 2000 miles of sea, it is considered, could be crossed by steamers at the rate of 20 miles an hour, and the 1200 miles of railway traversed at 40 miles an hour, thus occupying only about 6 days between New York and London. We should be sorry to say that this is impossible; but it will be many years yet ere it is done. We cannot see that very great benefit would be derived by towns on the Irish coast from being made packet stations. Where the trade is, the station must be; and just as it is necessary for steamers coming to Glasgow to steam up to the Broomielaw, instead of sending goods and passengers from Greenock by rail, so will it be necessary for the Atlantic steamers to come to Liverpool, even though they should touch at either Cork or Galway.

Again: there can be little doubt that at no distant day the Pacific will be as effectually bridged over as the Atlantic. Already the Americans at San Francisco, like the Spaniards of old at Darien, are gazing wistfully over the ocean to China and the East, and nursing great projects, which they will not allow to rest as idle dreams. A bill is now (January 1851) before Congress, having for its object the establishment of a line of mail steamers between San Francisco and Macao, calling at the Sandwich Islands, Hang Hae, Amoy, and Hong Kong. In all probability this measure will be carried out with that dauntless energy which characterises the American people. The circle will then be complete—

'The new world will launch forth to meet the old;'

and the young civilisation of the West will infuse its vigour and energy into the old civilisation of the East, with results that will be felt and seen to the latest period of the history of mankind.

CROMWELL AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

MR HUME'S perversions of the reign of Charles I., once so popular, and still quoted as authority in certain quarters, have, thanks to the industry and zeal of modern historians and commentators, lost all claim to respect; and the reaction naturally consequent upon a discovery of the injustice that had been done the great men of the Commonwealth, has reached to such a height, that there now seems a tendency to canonise as spotless saints and heroes the very persons whom it was so long the fashion to slander and depreciate. The truth, as ever, lies not in either extreme. Cromwell and his associates were men of like passions to ourselves; their motives, as their acts, a mingled yarn of good and evil, of spirituality and earthliness: the good survives to bless us; the evil has descended with their bodies to the grave. And even that dust, rendered sacred by the memory of their struggles, their toils, their sufferings, their apparent defeat—dying, as many of them did, amidst the shouts and execrations of an ephemeral restoration—we would reverently approach, remembering how many of the errors—crimes if you will—with which they have been charged are fairly attributable to the circumstances of the time in which their lot was cast, rather than to their own wills and purposes.

The aspect of Europe in the middle of the seventeenth century must have suggested utter despair to the timid lover of freedom—to the pale doubter in the progress of humanity. Despotism, enthroned on the ruins of the feudal system, and surrounded by disciplined armies dependent on the sole will of the monarch, had extinguished or enslaved all the independent jurisdictions of the continent. The Parliaments of Paris, which the war of the Fronde vainly strove to maintain in virility and power, were virtually subjugated; and in that country a government of autocratic *will* was, by the genius of Richelieu, rapidly consolidated, and covered by the ægis of success and victory. The Councils of Castile and Arragon had long since disappeared; and many years previously Cardinal Ximenes told the deputies of Castile—pointing from a window to the armed battalions of Charles V.—that it was by virtue of those men the king of Arragon commanded in Castile. The United Provinces was a republic but in name and form, so that the faintly-acknowledged liberties of these countries were the sole *rights* remaining to the human race. Happily for Europe, or the world, the English and Scottish peoples were faithful to their great trust, and neither kingly nor sacerdotal force or fraud was found able to

bend them to the yoke imposed upon the nations of the continent. To the Puritans and Covenanters of that period even Mr Hume was compelled to admit we owe the freedom which we, and if we, Europe, now enjoy. The parliamentary leaders—and there can be no higher praise—were equal to the high mission imposed by the time; and no unprejudiced man, versed in their histories, can refuse acquiescence in the testimony borne to their merits by Bishop Warburton, 'that the interests of liberty were conducted and supported by a set of the greatest geniuses for government that the world ever saw embarked together in a common cause.'

Constitutions, other than paper and ephemeral ones, it has been remarked with profound truth, are not, cannot be, made—they *grow;* and it is both curious and instructive to mark the growth of this English one, which, albeit that it envelops the entire land of Britain, guards our free homes, speaks million-voiced in our assemblies and countless printing-presses, cannot, it is often sneeringly reproached to us, be found neatly copied out and duly labelled in the pigeon-hole of any desk in the kingdom. It began, some tell us, with Magna Charta: the mailed barons set their seals, not being able to write, to the first assertion of English liberties. A very great mistake this of the eulogists of the illiterate lords. Those liberties date from before Alfred, and Magna Charta was more a declaratory than an enacting statute. A very valuable one certainly: *litera scripta manet* (the written thing remaineth). And there, in plain old text, principles were copied out which could always be appealed to, and which no minister or judge could successfully explain away. Slight thanks are, however, due to the iron barons for that great piece of service, for nothing is more certain than that they looked upon the instrument solely as a means of protecting themselves from the encroachments of the sovereign; and it was with as much surprise as indignation they afterwards found that the same weapon which restrained royal prerogative was equally potent to curtail baronial privilege. The reign of Edward III., the English Justinian, as he has been called, marks great and lasting progress on the part of the people. The nation had thoroughly recovered from the shock and stupefaction caused by the Norman invasion. The victories of Cressy and Poitiers had amply vindicated, in the eyes of the dazzled world, the reputation of English valour, ignorantly deemed to have been tarnished by the result of Hastings; the English language, the language of the people, illustrated by the genius of Chaucer, was again that of the government; the 'Commons' of England were a distinct and recognised estate of the realm; and the old foundations, deep and broad, were everywhere zealously widened and strengthened for the gradual erection of the system of government under which the British people have long dwelt in peace, freedom, and security, by example teaching 'the nations how to live.' The deposition of Richard II. is also an important passage in the constitutional history of this country—a practical verification of the theory which professes to restrain or punish prerogative. It was the Commons who gave validity and force to Henry IV.'s title and power; and no one was more thoroughly impressed with that truth than himself. In the reign of his renowned son, the fifth Harry, the 'privileges' of the Commons, that especially which debars the sovereign from taking cognisance, either personally or through any of his courts of law, of the speeches or acts of the Commons when assembled in

session, were granted or confirmed. This 'privilege,' we shall find, was the weapon which, reinforced by the terrible one of 'impeachment,' mainly enabled the Commons to bring the conflict of freedom with prerogative to a successful issue. Of the succeeding reigns, till the close of that of Elizabeth, there need little here be said. The wars for the retention of France, the conflicts of the White and Red Roses, the troubles, confiscations, persecutions, strife, and discontents, occasioned by the change of religion, and the alternate triumphs of Catholic and Protestant, thrust for a time all constitutional theories and maxims out of sight. They seemed lost amid the tumultuous hurly-burly of polemical warfare and sanguinary reaction; but they were rock-based, and again raised their sunlit pinnacles above the deep as the fury of the social storm subsided. The long and wary reign of Elizabeth closed amidst the rising murmurs of the people against the despotic authority which, taking advantage of the troubles of the time, had dared to tax the people by means of patents for monopolies, without leave of parliament. Cecil, going down to the House on the 25th November 1601, was alarmed at the expression of the growing discontent, and warned the Commons that a dangerous spirit was abroad. His royal mistress would withdraw those patents, since they had proved hurtful to her people. 'But, gentlemen,' continued the minister, 'remember that whatsoever is subject to public expectation cannot be good while the parliament matters are ordinary talk in the streets. I have heard myself, being in my coach, these words spoken aloud—"God prosper those that further the overthrow of these monopolies! God send the prerogative touch not our liberties!" I think those persons would be glad that all sovereignty were converted into popularity, we being here but the popular mouth, and our liberty but the liberty of the subject.' Elizabeth soon afterwards died, and James I. ascended the throne, his head full of notions of divine right, and confident that the devices of king-craft, on which he plumed himself, would enable him to successfully govern the most restive and stubborn nation in the world: a perilous experiment at all times, but especially so now, when the printing-press had become a power, and men were reading their Bibles after their own interpretation, by the light of the fires of Smithfield, and garnering up thoughts and aspirations—debased, it is true, but at the same time hardened, strengthened, by alloy of bigotry—which were anything but favourable to domination of any kind over the wills and consciences of men. The parliaments which the necessities of James obliged him to have recourse to, were much more lavish of advice and remonstrance than of money; a mode of help which terribly exasperated the upon the whole good-natured, well-meaning king. It was in this reign that the Commons again drew forth their ancient but long-disused weapon of impeachment. The first person that sank before it was the Lord Chancellor Verulam (Bacon), accused of receiving bribes from the suitors in his court, and prosecuted to conviction. The Lord Treasurer, Cranford, Earl of Middlesex, was next impeached of both oppression and corruption, and convicted. The Duke of Buckingham—the favourite of the king and of Prince Charles—a weak, haughty man, in a fit of popular caprice coincided with and supported the Commons in their attacks upon the great officers of state. James, who, although not quite the Solomon the elder D'Israeli would have us believe, was a shrewd observer, warned

Buckingham—Steenie, as he called him—of the dangerous nature of the weapon the Commons were wielding with such decisive effect. 'By God, Steenie!' exclaimed the king, 'you are a fool, and will shortly repent this folly; and will find that in this fit of popularity you are making a rod with which your own breech will be scourged. You will live to have your bellyful of parliamentary impeachments.' James, in this instance at least, was a true prophet; but he did not live to witness the fulfilment of his prediction, having died 'mysteriously,' as was said, on the 1st June 1624—not, however, till some time after he had with his own hand torn out of the journal-book of the House of Commons 'an insolent remonstrance' of that body, and had sent Pym, Sir Edward Coke, and several other members to prison, avowedly for their speeches and doings in parliament.

Such was the state of affairs when Charles I., at the age of twenty-five, ascended the throne, his head as full as that of his father—more so, perhaps—of notions of a king's divine, indefeasible right to absolute sovereignty. He was no doubt willing enough to govern with a parliament, provided the parliament willed what he willed, but otherwise quite resolved to rule by 'other counsels.' The nation was in an ill-humour for such assumptions; and it was evident from the first, to all calmly-reasoning men, that there was nothing for it but to frankly and sincerely accept the situation as it presented itself, and submit to conduct the affairs of the kingdom in accordance with the views of the Commons' House, now grown too powerful to be permanently controlled, much less ignored, by the sovereign. The new king thought otherwise; and when his first parliament, which met in 1625, after granting the usual subsidy, showed a disposition to inquire into 'grievances,' especially that 'grievance of grievances,' the Duke of Buckingham, whose insolence of power and manifold corruptions had not only disgusted the nation with the favourite, but partially alienated its affections from the crown, Charles, under pretence of the plague, then raging, hastily dissolved it. In 1626 a new parliament, 'a great, warm, ruffling parliament,' as Whitelock calls it, was summoned to Westminster to aid the king with counsel and money. The former part of their duty they set about with great alacrity: a 'committee of grievances' was appointed, and an unmistakeable determination shown to put an end to the government of favouritism and corruption which marked the commencement of the young king's reign. 'Are not honours,' exclaimed Sir John Eliot of famous memory, 'sold and made despicable? Are not judicial places sold, and do they not sell justice again?' The king's rage was excessive. 'I must let you know,' said his majesty, 'that I will not allow any of my servants to be questioned amongst you, much less such as are of eminent place and near my person. I see you especially aim at the Duke of Buckingham. I would have you hasten my supply, or else it will be worse for yourselves!' Brave words these, but utterly thrown away upon the stubborn Commons. The preparations to impeach the Duke of Buckingham, 'the source from which all this bitterness flows,' went on as vigorously as ever. Amongst his other crimes, Buckingham was indirectly accused of assassinating the late king, by administering to him 'a plaister and a posset-drink' without the knowledge or authority of the royal physicians. In a transport of fury the king arrested Sir John Eliot and Sir

)udley Digges, and committed them to the Tower. This manifest breach f 'privilege' the monarch had speedy reason to regret. The Commons ıot only declared their approval of all the imprisoned members had said, ɔut refused to proceed without them. After eight days' confinement, they were released, and the accusation against Buckingham was pressed as earnestly as before. All efforts to subdue the spirit, or mollify the resentment, of the Commons having failed, the parliament was dissolved, the king determining thenceforth to be governed by the 'new counsels,' of which he had previously forewarned the opposers of his will.

The new counsels, it soon appeared, were simply counsels to mulct and oppress the people under form and colour of law, and by the naked exercise of the prerogative. Forced loans, as they were mockingly termed, were demanded, chiefly of gentlemen obnoxious to the court party, under threat of imprisonment. Commissions were appointed, armed with the most inquisitorial powers for extracting 'Benevolences' from reluctant subjects. In the words of the royal warrant, 'they were to treat apart with every one of those who were to lend, or should make delay or excuses, and persist in their obstinacy, that they examine such persons on their oath, whether they had been dealt with to deny, to refuse, or to delay to lend, or make an excuse for not lending!' Charles, moreover, in order to give his new counsels a fair chance of success, in imitation of the practice of Elizabeth, 'tuned' his pulpits, as it was popularly termed, and reverend doctors were found to preach illimitable obedience to the king, under pain of illimitable damnation. Those of the clergy that refused to lend themselves to so impious a device were persecuted without mercy, at the suggestion of William Laud, then bishop of Bath and Wells, who had drawn up the instructions for the clergy, and who not very long afterwards, for that essential service, was made archbishop of Canterbury. Beside the loans, tonnage and poundage, or import and export duties, unvoted by parliament, were forciby levied. The city of London was peremptorily commanded to furnish the king's majesty with £120,000; the outports were compelled to equip a number of war-vessels, under pretence of danger of invasion; and the lords-lieutenant of the counties were ordered to impress and train men to arms to put down civil tumult. These lawless proceedings, instead of intimidating, served but to inflame and exasperate the public mind. Mr John Hampden of Buckinghamshire refused to subscribe to the king's loan, so did Sir Thomas Wentworth, John Pym, Sir John Eliot, and more than a hundred other of the principal gentry of the kingdom. They were all thrown into prison for their refusal. Hampden was first confined in the Gate-House, London, and afterwards imprisoned in Hampshire. Wentworth and Pym were incarcerated in the country. Mr George Catesby of Northampton, when imprisoned in the Gate-House, was visited by the Lord President, to whom he pleaded that he did not care for the money required of him, but that he feared to violate Magna Charta, and that his compliance might be construed as a precedent. The Lord President told the man in bonds that 'he lied!' 'I came not here to dispute with your lordship,' was Catesby's answer, 'but to suffer!' As for the common file who resisted, *they* were sent to serve in the king's ships, impressed as soldiers, treated, in short, as our trusty and well-beloved commissioners deemed fitting and proper. The parasites of the court were especially

delighted to find that the judges of the land were all on their side. Law, if its dignitaries were to be believed, was clearly against gentlemen imprisoned for refusing, or for being unable to lend the king any sum of money his majesty chose to name. Sir Thomas Darnel, Sir John Corbet, and others sued out their habeas corpus, and demanded to be released; but the judges refused all relief. The king's warrant, according to them, justified everything. Not, however, without shame and remorse was this done by the learned judges. 'The Commons little know,' exclaimed one of them, 'what letters and commands we receive!' Certainly the Commons did not; neither till long afterwards were they aware that the wording of the judges' patents had been changed from the old clause, *quamdiu se bene gesserit*, to *durante bene placeto*. How could they suspect dignified functionaries of accepting offices under such disgraceful conditions?

When all was done, these torturings, imprisonings were found to avail but very poorly and insufficiently in procuring money for the king's necessities, however much they might have gratified his pride and love of power. He was daily getting poorer and poorer—could not with all his counsels and contrivances find any adequate remedy for that consumption of the purse—and as a last and desperate resource, again in 1628 summoned his faithful Commons to meet him at Westminster. Charles on this occasion, in order, our historians tell us, to show a magnanimous example, released all the gentlemen, nearly eighty in number, whom he held caged for non-compliance with the voluntary loan; and the people, grateful as his majesty was magnanimous, returned nearly all of them to the new parliament. Yorkshire sent Wentworth; Cornwall, Eliot; Hampden sat for Wendover; Pym for Grampound.

The meeting of the king's third parliament was a very notable event in the world's history. The old leaders were all there, and another was now added to them. A stout, strongly-framed man, of very 'slovenly' appearance, as gentlemen curious in tailoring deemed him, entered the House for the first time, accompanied by Mr Hampden, who introduced him to Eliot, Pym, and others congregated about the Speaker's chair, as 'my kinsman, Mr Oliver Cromwell, member for Huntingdon.' Pym was soon in deep conversation with the stranger: there was something in him, he soon perceived, more than even the massive forehead, swift-glancing eyes, and firm-set lips at first indicated. He was not much of a speaker this Cromwell. Sir Philip Warwick says his voice was untunable and harsh; and he (Sir Philip) marvelled that so great an assemblage should have listened with so great a respect to such an ungainly fellow. He had a habit, too, we are told, of suddenly grasping the hilt of his sword with a fierceness that would have probably crushed Sir Philip's dainty fingers to a jelly, as if *there*, in his mind, lay the true argument, or at all events, that which would, all others failing, assuredly prevail. 'Who is that sloven you came in with?' asked Digby of Hampden. 'That sloven,' was the reply, 'if we should ever—which God forbid!—come to a rupture with the king, will be the greatest man in England.' The calm, keen eyes of Cromwell's kinsman had, we are now aware, read the character of the new member for Huntingdon aright, and it is supremely absurd to suppose that a man who could suggest such a prophecy to a mind like Hampden's, was the confused, heavy dullard, and hypocritical buffoon which prejudice

and folly would have us believe. Not an eloquent phrase-maker, if you will, but clearly of the true metal which discerning men had but to sound in order to discover its essential and sterling qualities.

Oliver Cromwell—to briefly recapitulate all that history has told us of trustworthy of his youth and early manhood—was the son of Mr Robert Cromwell, a gentleman of good family and moderate means, settled at Huntingdon—a brewer there, some say, but without much likelihood of truth. The Cavaliers used, we know, to call Harrison a butcher, for the excellent reason that his father was a large grazing farmer. Be this, however, as it may, Oliver, since his father's death, managed his mother's business, whatever it was, whether farming or brewing, and succeeded in doing so reasonably well. He had also received a good education, or at all events, what in those days passed for one; for we find he was entered of Sussex College, Cambridge, on the very day, it is not uninteresting to remark, that Shakspeare died! The stories told of the dissoluteness of Oliver's youth may equally, with the prophetic marvels which, after he had achieved greatness, were said to have marked his infancy and boyhood, be dismissed with almost entire incredulity. He was related to Hampden by marriage only, having espoused, on the 22d of August 1620, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Bourchier, a kinsman of the anciently-descended family of Buckinghamshire. Cromwell appears to have been a thoroughly sincere and fervidly-pious man; and well would it have been had the charity of his religious zeal equalled its earnestness and fervour. An excellent neighbour too, helpful to all who needed help, and a zealous protector of the Nonconforming lecturers, whom Laud was hunting and persecuting through the country; a man, in short, fitted for the perilous and anxious time; watchful and patient of passing events; eagle-visioned to the dawnings of the future; and, to use Milton's expression, 'nourishing his great soul in silence,' whilst calmly but mournfully awaiting the moment when the contest, now thickening, should be removed to a more decisive arena than that of the Commons' House, and men of bold deeds more than of eloquent words would be required.

The shadow of that time already lowered visibly over the land. The king was in no humour to part with the reality of the despotic power he had usurped, though he was profuse of promises that he would for the future, out of his own royal grace and favour, deal tenderly with the liberties of his subjects. It was not for a moment to be supposed that the Commons would be satisfied with mere words, and after agreeing to grant the king five subsidies, they clogged the gift with the precedent condition of redress of grievance, especially the intolerable one of arbitrary imprisonment, which his majesty claimed of divine, hereditary right. All in vain was it that the court party, seconded by the Lords, urged that, the affectionate duty of the Commons shown by passing the supply bills, the monarch would be in a more complying humour, and likelier to accede to their demands. A Petition, or, more correctly, a Declaration of Right, was framed by the House on the basis of the following resolutions:—1*st*, That no freemen ought to be restrained or imprisoned unless some lawful cause of such restraint or imprisonment be expressed; 2*d*, That the writ of habeas corpus ought to be granted to every man imprisoned or restrained, though it be at the command of the king or privy-council, if he pray for

the same; 3*d*, That when the return expresses no lawful cause of commitment or restraint, the party ought to be delivered or bailed; 4*th*, That it is the ancient and undoubted right of every Englishman that he hath a full and absolute property in his goods and estate, and that no tax, loan, or benevolence ought to be levied by the king or his ministers without consent of parliament. This Petition of Right was eloquently enforced by Sir John Eliot, Sir Thomas Wentworth, and others. Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, who had not yet abandoned the cause of the people, said —'We vindicate what? A new thing? No! but our ancient, legal, and vital liberties, by reinforcing the laws made by our ancestors by setting such a seal on them that no libertine spirit shall dare hereafter to disregard them.' Coke and Selden argued unanswerably for the legal soundness of the position assumed by the Commons. 'It is not under Mr Attorney's cap,' exclaimed Coke, with natural exultation, 'to answer one of our arguments.' But the king could not be persuaded to forego the power of arbitrary imprisonment, and the peers declared that the king's word was, after all, the chief security. 'The wrath of a king,' said their lordships, 'is like the roaring of a lion; and all laws with his wrath are of no effect; but the king's favour is like the dew on the grass—then all will prosper.' His majesty, moreover, condescended to send a letter to the Commons, stating 'that he would not part with the power of imprisoning the subject, but would promise not in future to imprison any man for refusing a loan, nor for any cause which in his judgment and conscience he did not conceive necessary for the public good.' The House, we find by the journals, 'laid the king's letter aside.' They could only take his majesty's word in a parliamentary way, and they sent the bill embodying the Declaration of Right up to the Lords. The peers passed it with the addition of a clause, 'reserving his majesty's sovereign power.' 'Let us take heed,' exclaimed Coke, when the bill came back to the Commons with this amendment tacked to it—'let us take heed what we yield unto. Magna Charta is such a fellow, that he will have no sovereign.' The amendment was struck out, and the peers reluctantly acquiesced. Nothing now remained but the king's formal concurrence; and that given, the coveted subsidies were at his disposal. Charles hesitated long, but finding the Commons inexorable, came down to the Lords, and the Lower House was summoned in due form to hear the royal assent given to the bill. To the surprise and indignation of all who heard him, the king, instead of using the legal formula, 'Soit droit fait comme il est desiré' ('Let right be done as desired'), said, 'The king willeth that right be done according to the laws and customs of the realm, and that the statutes be put in due execution, that his subjects may have no cause to complain of any wrong or oppression contrary to their just rights and privileges, wherein he holds himself bound in conscience as well as obliged of his own prerogative.' The wrath of the Commons against the advisers of this subterfuge was unbounded. Sir John Eliot thundered against the Duke of Buckingham as the prime source of all the evils which afflicted the nation; and the fatal weapon of the Commons, impeachment, was again about to be drawn forth, when the king, alarmed at what was going on, hastened down to the Lords, and gave his assent to the Bill of Right in the accustomed legal form. The money-bills were at once voted, and London was in a blaze of

umination at the supposed triumphant termination of the struggle with erogative. They reckoned too hastily. The subsidies secured, the king mediately prorogued the parliament, remarking to the astonished Commons, who had been debating a bill on tonnage and poundage, that 'as for nnage and poundage, it is a thing I cannot want, and was never intended y you to ask, nor meant, I am sure, by me to grant.' The statute embodying the Petition of Right was also published with the king's qualified sent, as at first given by his majesty, instead of with the legal form of ords—a manifest treachery, which greatly increased the exasperation of oth parliament and people.

Soon after this prorogation, Sir Thomas Wentworth abandoned the ranks f opposition, and obtained a reconciliation with Buckingham and the court arty by the sacrifice of his former principles and friends. Eliot had always suspected this man's sincerity; Pym, who was his intimate friend, had, on the contrary, strenuously vouched for his perfect truth and honour. The indignation of Pym was therefore, it may be imagined, extreme, when Wentworth—we have the anecdote on the authority of Dr Welland—sent for him to Greenwich, and began, as gently as possible, to break the tidings to his old friend. 'Say no more!' interrupted Pym; 'I understand it all; but remember what I tell you—you are going to be undone. And remember, also, that though you leave us now, I will never leave *you* whilst your head is on your shoulders!' Wentworth smiled in superior scorn; and well, apparently, might he do so, for before the year was out he was a baron, then an earl, and finally lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and speedily approved himself the ablest and most devoted of the instruments by whom it was hoped these nations might be reduced to the condition of the peoples of the continent. Not long after this important accession to the ranks of the king's friends, Buckingham was assassinated at Portsmouth by a fanatic of the name of Felton.

The parliament reassembled in January 1629, and the dispute between the Commons and the monarch became more vehement and envenomed than ever. At length, March the 2d, Sir John Eliot rose to move a formal remonstrance against the levying of tonnage and poundage without authority of parliament. The Speaker informed Sir John that he could not entertain the motion, having been ordered by the king to adjourn the House. A great tumult immediately ensued. The doors of the House were locked, and the Speaker was held forcibly in his chair by Holles and Valentine, whilst a resolution passed, 'That whatever merchant paid tonnage or poundage was a traitor to the liberties of England.' Whilst this extraordinary scene was going on, Charles had come down to the Lords, and commanded, in the usual form, the attendance of the Commons. His messenger found the doors closed. His majesty next sent for the sergeant-at-arms, but that officer was not permitted to obey the king's order; and Charles finally directed the captain of his guard to break in the doors of the House. Before this order could be executed, the Commons had adjourned to the 10th of March. The king, in his speech on dissolving the parliament, denounced the leading members of the opposition as 'vipers who should suffer for their conduct.' He was as good, or rather as bad as his word. Sir John Eliot, Holles, Valentine, and several others, were, notwithstanding the formal passing of the Bill of Right, arrested by his order, and

thrown into prison. They each sued out a writ of habeas corpus; but Charles changed the custody the evening before the return was made, and the judges refused a hearing to the prisoners' counsel in the absence of the fraudulently-withheld bodies of their clients! Soon afterwards, Mr Attorney-General filed a criminal information against Sir John Eliot in the Court of King's Bench. Eliot demurred to the jurisdiction of that or any other court of law or equity, none of whom had power to review the proceedings of the Commons' House of Parliament. The judges, however, decided that they *had* jurisdiction, inasmuch as parliamentary privilege only shielded parliamentary behaviour; but anything extra-parliamentary —*extra parliamentum*—was within their cognizance. Eliot, disdaining to notice so sorry a subterfuge, steadily refused to acknowledge or plead to their authority, and was condemned, in default, to pay a fine of £2000 to the king, and to be imprisoned till he made submission to his majesty —a sentence of death, as it proved, but not wittingly so, we may hope, on the part of the judges of the King's Bench, for they doubtless estimated the resolution of such a mind as Eliot's by the shrinking tremors of their own hearts. He was rich—he would of course pay the fine, and make any submission, however humiliating, which the king might require. Themselves would, they knew, and why not he? Only because Sir John Eliot was cast in quite a different mould from that in which they were framed; was in truth one of God's own noblemen, and disdained to purchase ease of body, pleasantness of life, or personal freedom, by the surrender of what he esteemed a great principle. His estates, in contemplation of such a sentence, had been passed to trustees; his two sons were intrusted to the generous care and guidance of Hampden, and Eliot resigned himself to bear as patiently as might be all that the vindictive malice of the king could inflict. He perished gradually, that heroic man, by slow, lingering degrees—perished of the rigour of the confinement to which he was subjected, and which was constantly increased in harshness and brutality. On the 26th of December 1631—a winter of remarkable severity—he wrote to Hampden, 'that his lodgings were removed, and that he was now where candlelight might indeed be suffered, but scarcely fire.' At last the prisoner, feeling that his end was rapidly approaching, did solicit the king to allow him a little freedom, if only for a brief space. Liberty to breathe once more his native air, ere the worn but constant spirit returned to God who gave it. 'Not humble enough,' was the king's pitiless reply. The frail tenement was in sad truth destroyed. His majesty had triumphed over that: it had become wasted, haggard, ruined, a pitiable spectacle, as the portrait the martyr had painted of himself a short time before his death, and still preserved at Port Eliot, a family seat of the Earl St Germains, the lineal descendant, we believe, of Sir John, testifies; but the tameless spirit was as vigorous and triumphant as ever. He died on the 27th November 1632. His son sent a petition to the king, a very humble one, praying for his father's body. He wished to give it honourable sepulture in the family mausoleum. 'Let Sir John Eliot be buried in the parish in which he died,' was the king's reply, written at the foot of the son's petition.

The slovenly, ungainly-looking member for Huntingdon was at this time, 1632, a farmer at St Ives, a place about five miles eastward of that borough,

and was, according to Mr Hume, in the constant habit of pouring forth long prayers before his friends, neighbours, and labourers, to the great waste of his time, says the same authority, and consequent detriment to his estate. His hand, we may be sure, as the recital of the close of the tragedy we have just related fell upon his ear, most probably from Hampden's lips, closed upon the hilt of his sword with convulsive force, and the prayer that ascended that night to Heaven from the stern Puritan's lips—'How long, O Lord?—how long, O Lord, holy and true?'—sounds to us distinctly audible through all the tumult and uproar of intervening centuries.

Immediately after the dissolution of the celebrated third parliament, a course of government began which, for illegality and violence, has no parallel in our annals of regular administration. Patents conferring monopolies in every article of consumption were publicly and unblushingly sold. There was scarcely an article which the hands of monopoly did not grasp: salt, starch, coals, iron, wine, pens, cards and dice, beavers, felt, bone-lace, meat dressed in taverns, tobacco, brewing and distilling, kelp and sea-weed, linen cloth, hops, butter, hats, spectacles, combs, tobacco-pipes, saltpetre, gunpowder, down to the privilege of rag-gathering. Next, a commission issued for 'curing defects in titles to land,' from whom any one, for a money consideration, could purchase a title good against all claimants. 'For the better support,' says my Lord Clarendon, 'of these extraordinary ways, to protect the agents and instruments, and to suppress all bold inquirers and opposers, the Council table and Star Chamber enlarged themselves to a vast extent—holding for honourable that which pleased, for just that which profited.' According to the same high and loyal authority, Finch, the lord-keeper of the Great Seal, declared that whilst he was keeper no man should dispute the orders of the Council: the wisdom of that board should be always ground enough for him to make a decree in Chancery!' And yet the noble historian who testifies to these iniquities, avers that one of the reasons which induced the people to welcome the Restoration was, that it promised to restore 'the old course of justice!'

The common-law courts were not a whit behind the equity jurisdiction in subserviency to the crown. Richard Chambers, a highly-respected London merchant, having refused to pay the illegal tonnage and poundage demanded of him, had his goods seized and sold. He applied to the courts for summary redress, and was refused. He then sued out a writ of replevin to recover his property: the Court of Exchequer superseded that writ! Chambers was next summoned before the Star Chamber, and commanded to make submission: he refused, and was committed to prison, from which, twelve years afterwards, he was released by the Long Parliament—a beggar!

The ingenuity of Mr Attorney-General, Noy, afterwards devised a new and very profitable expedient. 'A writ,' says Lord Clarendon, 'was framed in a form of law, and directed to the sheriff of every county in England, commanding them to provide a ship of war for the king's service, and to send it amply fitted such a day to such a place, and with that writ were sent to each sheriff instructions that instead of a ship he should levy upon his county such a sum of money, and return the same to the treasurer of the navy, in his majesty's name.' This device, enforced by threat and inflic-

tion of fine and imprisonment, brought in the king full £200,000 per annum. This was indeed a windfall, or rather lawyer-fall, for his majesty knowing that the writ was deemed illegal by the great body of the nation, consulted the judges, for the relief of the royal conscience, upon, in substance, the two following points:—1*st*, Could the king, in case of necessity, lawfully issue writs to sheriffs of inland and other counties commanding them to levy the money value of ships of war? 2*d*, Was the king the sole judge of such necessity? To these queries their lordships, who delivered their opinions in the hall of Sergeant's Inn, answered in the affirmative, by a majority of ten to two. This decision of course mightily pleased the court. It was immediately promulgated in the Council and Star Chambers, and the judges were ordered to read and enforce it at the assizes.

The fraudulent illegality of the writ, whatever the judges might say, was nevertheless so plain to common sense, that it was resisted by every man possessed of sufficient energy and courage to do so. Amongst many others less celebrated, by Mr John Hampden, who had already, the reader is aware, suffered imprisonment for refusing to subscribe to the 'voluntary' loan. He was of an ancient Saxon family, dating from beyond the Confessor, and possessed extensive estates in Buckinghamshire. Nothing daunted by previous imprisonment, he firmly refused to pay the twenty shillings demanded of him as 'ship-money.' With leave of the king—for without Mr Attorney's concurrence the learned judges would hear nothing impugning his majesty's prerogative—Lord Say and Sele for one, vainly endeavoured to be heard by counsel against 'ship-money.' Hampden brought the matter before the Court of Exchequer. It was said that the king, sure of his judges, preferred having a man of the 'rare temper and modesty' of Hampden as plaintiff to any other person. The case was elaborately argued; on the part of Hampden with consummate talent by Mr St John. It was learning and labour thrown away. Judgment was given for the crown by nine out of the twelve judges; and of the three dissentients—Hutton, Croke, and Denham—the first-named, Hutton, afterwards excused his unwonted uprightness in a cringing letter to the Earl of Strafford, with whom he was apparently on terms of intimacy. The faltering courage of Croke was sustained by his wife, a lady of great piety and resolution, who urged her husband to do his duty, regardless of the consequences either to himself or to his family.

This result threw the court party into ecstasies; and in very truth, as far as the lawyers were concerned, the liberties of England were surrendered. The Earl of Strafford saw at a glance the legitimate consequence of the judgment. 'This decision,' wrote the noble earl, 'well fortified, will for ever vindicate the royalty at home from under the conditions and restraints of subjects.' Then arguing that the same principle manifestly applied to land as well as sea forces, his lordship emphatically added—'This decision of the judges will therefore make the king absolute at home and formidable abroad.'

As far, then, as legal resistance to usurping power went, the matter was concluded; and no one, except it might be that praying farmer of St Ives, *seemed as yet to contemplate any other mode of settlement. But beaten down as resistance was in England in the year of grace 1637, there was still hope in the north*, where Janet Geddes, backed by a large and furious

congregation, was seen to throw a footstool at the head of one of Laud's deans or bishops in the cathedral church of Edinburgh. How this came about, and what it portended, we shall presently briefly relate; but first we must conclude our summary of prerogative doings in England.

William Laud, now archbishop of Canterbury, a man of the paltriest intellect and narrowest views, as his diary abundantly testifies, was a church reformer in the 'high' sense of the term—that is, he was zealous for surplices, prayings towards the east, and other formalities very repugnant and disagreeable to many even of the established parochial clergy. Those who did not conform to the archbishop's teachings were mercilessly hunted out of their livings, banished the country, and many of them very happy to escape so. Nonconformists, lay as well as clerical, he held in supreme abhorrence, and the Star Chamber was the ever-ready instrument of his cruel rage. We have only space to enumerate a few instances of his mode of propagating the religion of the Saviour. Leighton, a Scotch divine, for having libelled Laud and his coadjutors, was fined £10,000, publicly whipped in Palace-Yard, Westminster, had one ear cut off, one nostril slit open, and one cheek branded with the letters S. S.—Sower of Sedition. At the expiration of a week, the same operations were performed on the other ear, nostril, and cheek! The sufferer was then thrown into jail, from which he did not emerge till ten years afterwards, and then by grace of the Long Parliament. Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton were pilloried, and had their ears cut off, for similar offences; and indeed scarcely a week passed but some spectacle of human suffering was exhibited in the public streets. The terror of the people at these atrocities had risen to such a pitch, that vast numbers, in utter despair of England, embarked for the new states of America. But even this refuge was after a while denied by Laud and his helpers to the oppressed. An order was issued, that no person should embark for the New World without leave of the king; and on the 1st of May 1638 eight vessels bound for New England were arrested in the Thames. It has been said that Hampden, Pym, Cromwell, and Haselrig were on board these vessels. There is no truth in this generally-accredited story; though there is no doubt that subsequently to this time, but for a lucky and promising turn of public affairs, most of those persons, and many others of the same position and opinions, would have emigrated to America. Archbishop Laud and the Earl of Strafford mutually supported and encouraged each other in the tyrannous proceedings we have but very partially disclosed. The earl's favourite expression was, that he would be 'thorough and thorough in the matter,' no scruple or remorse should check him; and 'thorough and thorough' was echoed back to the noble lord by the archbishop.

During these doings there was little heard of Farmer Cromwell. He had, however, manifested his quality very distinctly in his own locality and neighbourhood. The Bedford Level in the fen county was in process of reclamation, when the king's commissioners quarrelled, not only with the Earl of Bedford, a popular nobleman, but with a number of small proprietors, relative to the spoil accruing to the crown from the drainage that was going on. Matters looked badly, when Oliver struck in, and by his fierce, restless energy, agitating here, haranguing there, so scared the trusty and well-beloved *commissioners, that they* gave over the business in despair,

and Oliver was unanimously decreed the title of 'Lord of the Fens.' He was by this time the father of a somewhat numerous family, three sons and four daughters, besides two boys who died in their infancy. Hampden, whose *vade mecum* during those long years of government without parliaments was, we are told, a history of the civil wars, frequently visited his farmer-kinsman. It may be doubted whether the marching and countermarching of York and Lancaster much interested Cromwell. How, rather, soldiers should be obtained, disciplined, made *really* soldiers, would be his thought. *That* once well accomplished, to lead and wield them efficiently would not, he must have felt instinctively, prove very difficult to a man of swift eye, bold heart, and ready arm!

We can only so far glance at the uprising of the Scottish people against Charles, as may be necessary to render the current of events in which the leaders of the Commonwealth became involved intelligible and clear. The king of England was, our readers are aware, also king of Scotland; but the two kingdoms, except being under one monarch, remained essentially distinct from each other till the passing of the act of Union. Laud, the primate of England, would also try his hand on the Episcopal Church of Scotland. His service-book was carefully prepared, and the virtual subjugation of the Scottish clergy to English prelatic rule or influence seemed imminent, when in Edinburgh, on the 23d July 1637, the dean who read the new service, and the bishop who attempted to address the people, were assaulted by the people, stimulated by the example of Janet Geddes—indignant that they should be 'saying mass at her lug!'—and driven forth of the sacred edifice amidst a storm of vituperation. The feeling against the attempted innovation, as far as regarded the Lowlands, was a national one; and finally, after many fruitless attempts to patch up a reconciliation, an army was raised, which in 1639 marched southward to maintain the ecclesiastical independence of the Scottish Church, and what the Covenanters deemed its spiritual purity. The words, 'For Christ's Crown and Covenant,' were conspicuously displayed at the entrance of each captain's tent. Those sturdy Presbyterians encountered no real opposition. The king advanced to meet them, it is true, at the head of what seemed a splendid army—got together by tyrannies and oppressions manifold—and the Marquis of Hamilton was despatched by sea to the Firth of Forth with a force of 5000 men. It was all a vain show. For the first time in English history an English army refused to fight—positively retreated before the Scottish skirmishers! and the king, finding how matters stood, was fain to consent to what was called the 'Pacification of Berwick.' A good understanding had been early arrived at between the Scotch and English malcontents. At the London meetings of the Scottish conveners, headed by Lords Loudon and Dumferling, it is well known that not only Pym and Hampden took an active part, but also the Earls of Essex, Holland, Bedford, and Lord Say and Sele; and that it was to the sagacity and genius of Sir Harry Vane that we owe the subsequent union between the English and Scottish peoples, which had so important an effect in the armed struggle against Charles. This natural alliance the crown lawyers denounced as high treason. Sensible men called it a measure of common sense, suggested by a *feeling of* common danger.

The Earl of Strafford was in the meanwhile getting on prosperously in

eland. He established the linen-trade there, and by various high-handed easures put down all opposition to his will. He had got together a nsiderable army, with which he suggested to the king his majesty night subjugate *this* kingdom.' This was the grave and fatal charge urged gainst him by the Commons in support of their impeachment; and his efence of it was, that '*this* kingdom' referred not to England, but to cotland!—a merely technical quibble, as it seems to us, and certainly aving the essential iniquity of such counsel untouched.

The Scottish disorders were skinned and filmed only—not healed; and he king eagerly longed to inflict exemplary vengeance on the insolent rebels to his will. But his exchequer was empty—his credit naught; and no resource was left, after all his expedients, but the distasteful and dangerous one of a—parliament! And now we come, passing over as immaterial the short-lived fourth parliament, to the famous one which met in November 1640, ultimately overthrew the monarchy, and remained supreme rulers of the nation till the day on which they, in their turn, were compelled to yield to masterful violence. In this great assembly Hampden was member for Buckinghamshire; Cromwell represented Cambridge, where he had been elected by a majority of one over Wheatfield the poet, or rather, not to profane that name, the rhymer—a defeat which Wheatfield afterwards revenged by exceedingly bad verses on the Protector. Coke and Eliot were dead, but Pym, Sir Harry Vane, Holles, Denzil, Valentine, had again been returned. The hour was come, and the men were ready! The king opened the session with a threat, though he in the same scornful breath said 'he disdained to threaten any but his equals;' and the chiefs of the opposing parties were at last fairly in presence of each other. The Earl of Strafford had come over from Ireland, where he had summoned a parliament, and not only procured from them a supply of money, but a declaration that they were ready to aid his majesty with their lives and fortunes in all eventualities. The earl, it was rumoured, had obtained written, incontestable proofs of the collusive 'treason' of the Scotch and English leaders, and meant in a few days to make efficient use of them. On the 11th of November, the day on which he was expected to open his charge, the House of Commons was observed to be sitting with closed doors. Four hours the House remained in secret conclave, then the doors were suddenly thrown open, and forth issued the Commons of England, nearly four hundred in number, headed by Pym, with their great weapon of impeachment boldly drawn, and flashing in their front. 'The Commons of England,' pealed forth the firm, sonorous voice of Pym, 'impeach Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, of high treason!' The astounded peers could not, after the recent examples of Bacon and Middlesex, refuse or delay to entertain the accusation; and my Lord Strafford, ignorant of what had passed, was suddenly arrested as he walked gravely into the House with his hands full of official papers, and immediately hurried off in custody to the Tower. His carriage was not in attendance, and he would have waited for it. 'You must go in mine,' said Maxwell the usher. There was no help for it, and the so lately haughty lord passed forth—'no man,' says Baillie, 'capping to him, before whom that morning the greatest in England would *have stood discovered*.' This blow for a time paralysed

the court. Mr Secretary Windebanke and the Lord-Keeper Finch fled at once—one to France, and the other to Holland. Archbishop Laud was next impeached. His Grace began explaining, protesting. 'Order! order!' exclaimed Lord Say and others. No defence could be permitted at that stage of the proceedings. His Grace must to prison, and ultimately to the Tower—next, unhappy old man, to Tower-Hill! The sheriffs who had executed the writs of ship-money and other vexatious exactions, were passed over in this retributive visitation; not so the judges who, through corruption or cowardice, had pronounced manifestly false judgments. They were subjected to the full penalty of their misdeeds. Sir Robert Berkeley, one of the most forward of them, was dragged from his seat in the King's Bench to prison, and the others were obliged to find heavy bail to answer the charges to be brought against them. The Commons soon afterwards declared their sittings permanent, and the revolution might be said to have fairly begun. One significant circumstance occurred early in the spring of this year, 1641—a large number of long, heavy swords, marked in the hilt with the letters O. C., arrived at St Ives, and were distributed as ordered.

The Earl of Strafford was convicted, and the king, with great pain and reluctance, gave his formal assent to the bill of attainder, which sent the ablest, the most devoted, and the most unscrupulous of his friends and servants to the scaffold—partly, it appears, induced to do so by a romantically-generous letter from the prisoner, absolving him from his promise to save his, the Earl of Strafford's, life, and requesting that no thought or care for the attainted victim should be permitted to interfere with the chances of a reconciliation between the king and his people! That the earl never for a moment believed the monarch he had unhesitatingly served would take him at his word, is manifest from his indignant and reproachful exclamation when the news of the king's assent was brought to him—'Put not your trust in princes nor in the sons of men, for in them there is no salvation.' The unfortunate earl, a man perhaps as much sinned against as sinning, soon recovered his usual sad equanimity. He died calmly, almost heroically. Nothing in his life, it may with perfect truth be said, became him like the leaving it.* Pym's vindictive threat was fulfilled.

There is not much else of importance to be noted till the beginning of January 1642, when the attorney-general preferred a criminal information before the Lords against Lord Kimbolton and five members of the House of Commons—Hampden, Pym, Haselrig, Halden, and Stroud—and warmly requested their lordships would order their immediate arrest. The peers, all aghast, hesitated—knew not what to do: they would, however, search for precedents, and report thereon. The next day the king, having, we suppose, no faith in precedents, went personally to the House of Commons, accompanied by a large number of feather-headed swash-bucklers, all of them armed, and many, it was said, intoxicated, to demand the five members. His majesty entered the House, but the birds were flown: they had

* The eloquent passage in Lord Strafford's defence, wherein he alludes to his children as pledges left him by a saint in heaven, is familiar to most readers. Unhappily there is little reason to doubt that the wife so affectingly alluded to died of a blow on the breast, inflicted when she was in an advanced stage of pregnancy, *by the noble lord* in a moment of strong irritation—very bitterly repented of, there *can be no doubt.*

taken refuge in the city. The king seated himself in the Speaker's chair—endeavoured to assume an air of ease and dignity—excused himself—protested, as usual, his excellent intentions—and went away amidst ominous murmurs of 'Privilege! privilege!' Four days afterwards the five members returned to the House by water, escorted by the civic authorities and two thousand armed seamen. Four thousand horsemen came up from Buckinghamshire to receive and greet their representative, and it was evident to the dullest eyes that the decision of the question had passed from the men of the gown to the men of the sword. The king retired, first to Hampton Court, next to York, and finally set up his standard at Nottingham—as nearly as may be the centre of the kingdom—on the 16th of August 1642. To your tents, O Israel!

The commissions of array were not yet issued; the parliamentary commander-in-chief, the Earl of Essex, had not received authority to levy forces and do battle, in the legal jargon of the time, for the king *and* parliament, when Cromwell was at work down there at St Ives and Huntingdon, getting his long-since morally-disciplined troopers into something like order and practical soldiership. The friends, neighbours, with whom he had so long held spiritual communion, eagerly enrolled themselves to fight what they deemed the 'battle of the Lord' under his guidance. They formed the nucleus of the world-famous Ironsides, so called from the long, heavy swords they wore; and their leader was indefatigable in his exertions to train them for efficient and decisive service. Incessantly active also was that leader in other matters besides drilling. He promptly stopped the plate of the Cambridge university from being sent off to be melted down for the king's use, then waited upon his uncle, Sir Oliver, a stanch Royalist, accompanied by a few troopers—craved his blessing, would by no means be covered in his presence, but at the same time respectfully and positively insisted that Sir Oliver's plate must be delivered up, as security merely, that it might not be misappropriated—nought else! At Lowestoffe in Suffolk, where a considerable amount of arms and stores had been collected, a meeting of persons of influence and distinction, partisans of the king, was held to devise plans for his majesty's sustainment. Thirty-two gentlemen attended, and so did Cromwell with a sufficient number of his half-drilled troopers, and carried the meeting unanimously off, not forgetting the stores and weapons. This was esteemed a great piece of service by men who could appreciate its value. The next act of this terrible farmer was to seize the stately person of Sir Thomas Coningsby, high-sheriff of Herts, who, one market-day at St Albans, was reading to the shouting populace a proclamation of the king, which declared the Earl of Essex, the parliamentary general, and all who should aid or abet him, to be traitors. Six of Cromwell's troopers first dived into the mob after the high-sheriff, but were repulsed; then twenty, and Sir Thomas was effectually secured, proclamation and all, and trundled up to London. Cromwell was rewarded for these services by the commission of a colonel of cavalry, and the independent command of a thousand horse, which he was to raise, arm, and train, as speedily as possible. He set to work at once, and with a will. Night and day he drilled and exercised his stalwart yeomen, nearly all freeholders or the sons of freeholders—preaching, exhorting, instructing, with tameless *activity and zeal*, and fully determined to undertake no

work of importance till his men sat in their saddles as if they grew there, and handled their long, heavy swords as freely as if they had been willow-wands. Whilst the future Lord Protector is thus engaged, let us glance at what was going on elsewhere.

Every county, city, village, and hamlet of England resounded with the din of warlike preparation. The queen, Henrietta of France, was sped to Holland to pawn the crown jewels for arms and ammunition. The great mass of the nobility, gentry, and populace, except that of London, were gathering, or preparing to gather, round the king. The burgess class and the yeomanry, especially of the south, west, and midland counties, were arming for the parliament. In London, four thousand men enlisted in one day. Hampden was down in Buckinghamshire at the first signal, and soon got together two thousand men, dressed in green coats, and waved over by smart flags, on which their leader's motto, *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*, was gaily blazoned. The Earl of Essex, Sir William Waller, the Earl of Manchester (Lord Kimbolton), held chief commands in the parliamentary army. Hampden served as colonel in the forces under the Earl of Essex. Neither of the parliamentary generals were possessed of military talent, though individually as brave as most men. The opposing armies first met, it is well known, at Edge Hill, and fought an indecisive battle there. The king's nephew, Prince Rupert—or Prince Robber, as he was popularly called, from his inveterate propensity, as soon as he had overthrown the forces opposed to him, to go scampering off in search of the baggage—was met, pursuing his favourite object, at Keyning, three miles from the field of battle, by Hampden, at the head of his green-coats, and Grantham's regiment, and sent quickly to the right about. Hampden, however, it seems, could not follow. It is unnecessary to enumerate the marchings and countermarchings of Essex, Waller, Rupert, Newcastle, and others. Their victories, when they gained any, were indecisive. Neither the fate of Charles nor that of England lay with *them*.

At last Cromwell had got his thousand troopers ready. They were disciplined to perfection, and every man of them was brimming over with enthusiasm for 'the good old cause.' One more test applied to ascertain if there were perchance any cravens amongst them, and then for action. He posted, Heath tells us, a number of trusty men in ambush, who, as his soldiers trotted by at exercise, were to suddenly burst forth upon them with blare of trumpet and war-shoutings. It fell out as Cromwell desired; and his keen eye marked about twenty men affected by panic. Men liable to panic were not fit soldiers for him; and having called them together, he mildly pointed out that, willing and zealous as they might be, they were not fitting instruments for the required service, and they would not, therefore, he trusted, object to transfer their horses and accoutrements—their own property, be it remembered—to men more capable of fighting the battle of the Lord. They acquiesced with as good a grace as, under the circumstances, was possible; and now, all being ready, the men drawn up in iron array, and awaiting the signal for departure, Cromwell, in order that there might be no misunderstanding upon essential points, thus addressed them:—He would not, he said, seek to perplex them as others *did, about fighting* for the king *and* parliament. He was a plain man like *themselves*, and did not understand such subtleties. It was for parliament

alone, for the liberties of the land, for the establishment of God's righteous rule on earth, that they were about to fight. For himself, he declared that if he met King Charles, he would as soon discharge his pistol upon him as upon any private man; and any soldier present who was troubled with a conscience that might not let him do the like, he would advise to retire at once from the ranks. A fierce shout from the Ironsides was the expected and welcome answer; the trumpet sounded, and away went the first levy of that astonishing cavalry, the most decisive soldiers the world has perhaps ever seen—men who never hesitated before any odds however great, or any enterprise however perilous, and with whom the day of battle was invariably that of victory.

On they swept through Lincolnshire, overawing, disarming malignants as they passed. Stamford and Burleigh House were taken, and they at length came up, near Grantham, with young General Cavendish, in our histories said to be son of the Marquis of Newcastle, but in reality his cousin only, and second son to the Earl of Devonshire. Cavendish was at the head of a large body of cavalry, '21 colours of horse and 4 of dragoons'—rather more than double the number commanded by Cromwell. He had been despatched to secure Lincolnshire for the king. After some slight skirmishing, Cromwell gave the order to charge; and the Ironsides, commencing with 'a pretty round trot,' burst furiously upon the Royalists, and overthrew them with prodigious slaughter. Many prisoners, colours, horses, and arms, were the result of the action. 'I believe,' says Cromwell in his letter—'I believe some of our soldiers slew two or three men a-piece.'

Cromwell's next considerable exploit—for the sleepless man rested not by day, and scarcely, it should seem, by night, and numerous services, small, singly considered, but of immense general result, must be omitted from this brief summary—was the relief of Gainsborough, unprovided against the attack of Newcastle's army, who, having beaten Fairfax at Atherton Moor, was advancing against it. When Cromwell's cavalry arrived in sight of Gainsborough, they found they had been anticipated by the advanced division of Newcastle's army, which, in thrice the numbers of the Ironsides, were drawn up upon an eminence commanding the town, and the only means of approaching which was through a narrow gap in a high, impassable fence. Cromwell did not pause a second. Regardless of a plunging fire of artillery, he passed his men through the gap, drew them up section by section, and then charged at their head *up the hill* upon the opposing force, pushed them fiercely over the ridge, and pursuing them into a bog, slew them without mercy! Young Cavendish was slain—'killed,' says Cromwell's letter, 'by a thrust under the short ribs by my captain-lieutenant.' Gainsborough was provisioned with powder and other stores, and then it behoved Cromwell to retire, for the main body of Newcastle's victorious army was coming swiftly on. The Ironsides retreated slowly, disdainfully, before that overwhelming force, halting occasionally in defiance, and to pour forth, in unwavering chorus, a verse of a psalm, and then again slowly, leisurely retiring. Newcastle, it appears, thought it better to let them go quietly—was very glad, indeed, that they *did* go, slowly as it might be. This exploit not only flashed the name of Cromwell vividly before the eyes of the nation, but procured the victorious colonel a distinguished associate: *Ireton, once a B.A. of Oxford*, and at the breaking out of the

war an embryo barrister, eating his terms in the Middle Temple, but now a captain in Thornhaugh's regiment, 'was so charmed,' Mrs Hutchinson says, 'with Colonel Cromwell's conduct in the Gainsborough affair, that he immediately exchanged into the Ironsides, and two or three years afterwards married Bridget, Cromwell's eldest daughter.' Ireton, a valiant and sagacious soldier, saw at a glance where the true hope of the revolution lay, and very wisely associated himself with the rising fortunes of the farmer of St Ives.

The successes of Cromwell were gratefully recognised by the parliament, and he was empowered to increase his cavalry to three thousand men, or as many more as he could contrive to mount and discipline—a permission of which he actively availed himself. Recruits, attracted by the commander's growing fame, were numerous; but none but God-fearing men, and of them only the strong-limbed and bold-hearted, were accepted. The drilling of these men, as heretofore, was incessant. Cromwell prayed with them, exhorted them, showed them especially how a cavalry soldier should always have his horse well fed and in good condition, himself a secure seat, his sword sharp-edged and freely-handled, his powder always dry, his trust in God perfect and unchangeable.

The campaign of 1643 was disastrous to the parliamentary armies, and one death-note especially, which rang through the heart of the nation in June of that year, awakened emotions of the deepest sympathy and grief. Hampden had fallen!—had perished, too, in consequence of the sluggish incapacity of the Earl of Essex. It happened thus-wise:—After the fall of Reading in Berkshire, so loose a discipline was maintained by Essex, and so uncareful a watch was kept on the enemy's movements, that Prince Rupert, in a marauding expedition from Oxford, surprised two regiments at Portcombe and Chinnor, and slew them almost to a man. Colonel Hampden was indignant, for some time before he had remonstrated against the exposed position of the troops. A few days after this disaster, news was brought him that Rupert had attacked a detachment posted at Wallingford. First despatching a hasty message to the Earl of Essex to occupy Chiselhampton Bridge, which would have effectually intercepted the prince's retreat, Hampden threw himself on horseback, and hastened, at the head of Captain Sheffield's horse, to engage Rupert till a sufficient force could be collected to bar his return to Oxford. Hampden encountered the prince at Chalgrove, and in the unequal fight which ensued was struck by two carbine balls, mortally; and Rupert ultimately got safely back to his quarters unmolested by the parliamentary general. Hampden withdrew slowly from the fight, with bridle ungrasped and loose, and his arms dropped nervelessly upon his horse's neck. It is said that he was seen to turn for a moment wistfully towards the house of his father-in-law, Sir Richard Symeon, visible from Chalgrove, from whence in his youth he had borne his first wife, Elizabeth, as if he would fain die there; but Rupert's troopers ranging between him and the desired haven forbade the attempt. Very slowly, and in great agony, he continued on his way towards Thame, reached at last the house of one Ezekiel Browne, and was there assisted off his horse, and carried to his deathbed. Several days of extreme anguish were patiently endured, and then with the words 'O Lord, save my country! O Lord, be merciful to'—— trembling from his choked and

fainting voice, the noble spirit fled, which, if permitted to remain a few years more on earth, might have saved the Commonwealth from perishing by its own excesses, and converted the brute victory of the sword into a moral and lasting triumph of justice, moderation, and peace. He was buried amid the Chiltern woods with military funereal honours: his sorrowing soldiers followed with reversed arms and craped banners; the melancholy strains of the forty-third psalm mingled and alternated with the lonely wail of the trumpet and the muttered rolling of the muffled drums, and all felt, as they left him to the hallowed slumber of the good and brave,

> ——— 'Who sink to rest
> By all their country's wishes blest,'

that a true hero had departed—that a great light had been extinguished!

The news of his great kinsman's death found Cromwell still busy with the organization of his new levies, and he must have felt on hearing it—knowing, as no man better than he did, the military incapacity and half-heartedness in the cause of the chief parliamentary generals—that a greater burthen, a still heavier responsibility than ever had devolved upon himself—upon him upon whose skill and vigour he well knew the country now entirely depended for bringing the terrible conflict in which it was engaged to a successful issue. Is it not also very probable that amidst the natural regret excited by the sudden taking away of an intimate friend and wise counsellor, a feeling of something like relief, as from the removal of a restraint, would sweep through his mind?—for it can scarcely be doubted that by this time there mingled with his earnest enthusiasm for the civil and religious liberties of his country, and the aspirations of his thoroughly-sincere, if fanatical piety, evil suggestions, pointing towards personal eminence, and unchallenged supremacy and command.

In the fall of the year, the Earl of Manchester was ordered to join Cromwell with about 7000 infantry, and Sir Thomas Fairfax's horse. The junction was effected on the 9th of October, and on the 11th the earl, urged into activity by the restless zeal of Cromwell, commenced the campaign. On the 12th, Sir John Henderson, at the head of a considerable body of troops, intercepted Fairfax and Cromwell's march at Waisby Field near Horncastle. Slow-moving Manchester was several hours behind with the infantry, and the royal troops greatly outnumbered Cromwell's force. It is said that both he and Fairfax hesitated for a moment, for Henderson was an experienced leader, and his troops tried soldiers. The keen eye of Cromwell glanced eagerly along the serried ranks of his troopers: there was no hesitation there, and his own vanished in an instant! The words 'Peace and Hope' were passed along the line, the triumphant psalm pealed forth, and as its last accents died on the ear, the swords of the Ironsides flashed in the sun, the piercing tones of Cromwell, as he gallopped along their front, bade them charge home, 'in the name of the most High God!'—the trumpet rang forth its signal-peal, and away they went, a destroying whirlwind! A close volley, fired in their very faces, did not for an instant check their speed; they closed upon the astonished Royalists, and resistance soon became as hopeless as it was desperate. Cromwell's horse was killed, and he himself wounded, it was

said by Sir Ingram Hopton: luckily he caught the 'sorry horse' of a slain soldier, and was again in the mêlée, massacre rather, for Henderson's troops gave way in utter confusion and hopeless rout; pursued with terrible slaughter for upwards of six miles. Those who escaped did not, it was said, cease their headlong flight till they had reached the gates of Lincoln. The epithet of 'Slash Lane' still marks the locality or neighbourhood of this murderous fight. Many prisoners, stores, and other trophies rewarded the victors, who at last, turning from the pursuit, wiped their red swords, dripping with brothers' blood, on their horses' manes, sheathed them, and again uplifted the triumphant psalm to the God of mercy and compassion! So nearly allied sometimes is fanaticism with impiety.

This success threw a gleam of triumph over the otherwise unfortunate campaign, and taught Charles that his absolute crown was yet to win. 'I would,' exclaimed the king, when he heard of Henderson's defeat—'I would that some one would do me the good service of bringing me this Cromwell, alive or dead.' Bring him Cromwell! They could as easily have brought him the Tower of London or the Peak of Derbyshire! Soon after this combat the Earl of Manchester persisted, after the fashion of those times, in going into winter quarters, and Cromwell was compelled to acquiesce. He was soon, however, busy in the Isle of Ely and other places in various modes preparing for the next campaign.

Early in the following year the arrangements of Vane with the Scottish leaders bore fruit. Twenty thousand troops of that nation, chiefly veteran soldiers, under the command of Lord Loudon and General Leslie, entered England in aid of the parliamentary cause. As far, however, as numbers were concerned, this timely reinforcement was counterbalanced by the arrival of numerous detachments of the Irish army to the assistance of the king, the troubles in that country having been appeased. Indeed Ireland remained devoted to Charles throughout the struggle: it was his great recruiting field; and this accounts for, though it in nothing excuses, the revengeful animosity afterwards displayed by Cromwell and others towards that country. One of the Irish detachments, consisting of about 3000 men, under the command of Lord Byron, laid siege to Nantwich. They were attacked by Fairfax, and utterly routed. Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, was amongst the prisoners. After a short confinement as a prisoner of war, he purchased his liberty by abandoning the king's service, and obtained, as the price of his desertion, a commission in the army of the parliament. This is believed to have been Monk's first treason.

The main body of the Scottish army laid siege to York, numerously garrisoned by the forces under the Marquis of Newcastle. They were soon joined by the admirably-disciplined soldiers, in number about 14,000, under the command of Manchester and Cromwell, now Lieutenant-general Cromwell, and the siege was pushed with vigour. The armies of Essex and Waller were at this time marching and countermarching in the vicinity of Oxford and Worcester, marking time with that of the king, who in this playing-at-soldiers' game seems to have possessed considerable talent. At all events he puzzled and out-bothered the parliamentary generals; and *Essex, tired* of the exercise, went off with his forces to the west, leaving *Waller to try* conclusions with his majesty as he best might alone, and

Waller got of course very roughly handled. But before this happened, the king had sent off a pressing order to Prince Rupert, who was successfully engaged in Cheshire and Lancashire, where he had been powerfully reinforced from Ireland, to hasten to the relief of York, and in conjunction with Newcastle, attack and disperse the English and Scottish forces. Rupert obeyed, and at his approach the siege of York was raised, and the investing army—much to the disgust of Cromwell and Fairfax, who, it is said, vainly opposed Loudon and Manchester—instead of fighting, retreated. Prince Rupert, with his characteristic impetuosity, determined, spite of the remonstrances of Newcastle, to pursue the retiring forces, and compel them to an action. It was necessary, he said, 'to disperse—annihilate' those audacious rebels. Newcastle had seen at Gainsborough some of the troops whom the prince had determined to 'disperse and annihilate,' and he smiled derisively. Stung, however, by an implied taunt on his personal courage, he gave way to Rupert's counsels, and the combined Royalists marched in pursuit of the Scotch and English forces. They soon overtook them, drawn up in grim array on Marston Moor, in a position excellent as a defensive one, but not suitable for attack. Along the front of the parliamentarians ran a deep, wide drain; their left, where Cromwell commanded, was protected, and at the same time held back, by an extensive tract of broken and difficult ground. The right was free and clear. Rupert hesitated to attack men so strongly posted, and the two armies, together perhaps about 60,000 men, stood gazing at each other till a quarter past seven o'clock in the evening of the 4th of July 1644. Cromwell could remain inactive no longer, and with a brief, passionate address to his Ironsides, he went off to make a circuit on the left, in order to fall upon the flank of the 'dissolute Goring.' Manchester and Loudon, seeing this, advanced their infantry, and the battle on the right commenced at the same time. The fight in the centre was terrific: the infantry and cavalry of Newcastle and Goring sweeping the men as they emerged from the drain they were compelled to pass with fiery destruction. Accounts vary with respect to this attack of the main body of the Scotch and English infantry. Some writers assert that the parliamentary troops were, after prodigious efforts, thrown into irretrievable confusion, and that Manchester, Loudon, Fairfax, and others, abandoned, or were about to abandon the field. Others say that the fight in the centre was obstinately and equally disputed. It is, however, quite certain that the right, where Fairfax commanded, was broken through, defeated, and dispersed. It was more than half-past eight o'clock when the dark squadrons of the Ironsides, having at last extricated themselves from the broken and tangled ground, were seen charging upon Newcastle's flank. In brief space the aspect of affairs changed, and the royalist infantry were either dispersed or slain. But the victory was not yet won. There was Rupert's triumphant cavalry returned from victorious pursuit, and far more numerous than Cromwell's horsemen, to encounter. The ranks of the Ironsides, slightly disordered by victory, closed sternly up at the call of their chief, and again his piercing tones, echoed by thousands of voices, rang along the line—'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!'—and Prince Rupert was literally swept from the field, with frightful carnage. Cromwell, in his letter to the Speaker of the Commons, *dated July 5, 1644, says*—'God made them as stubble to our

swords;' and of the large army the prince brought into the field, Oliver, though he was too hurried at that moment to give the particulars, is of opinion 'that Rupert has not more than 4000 men remaining with him.' It was ten o'clock before the battle and pursuit had ended, and the summer moon, as she arose, threw her pale, melancholy light upon the white death-faces of 5000 Scotch and Englishmen, slain there by kindred hands!

The Scotch and English forces soon separated, the former remaining in the north, whilst Manchester and Cromwell turned to encounter the king, who was strongly posted at Newbery. The left of the royalist forces was protected by the castle of Dennington, and the centre and right were held by numerous troops, masked and shielded from attack by the nature of the ground, and the numerous buildings by which it was dotted. An attack was, however, determined on, and that on the left, by Cromwell, was thoroughly successful. Spite of an obstinate resistance, supported by the fire of the castle, the king's position was forced, and the royalist troops driven into the town. Manchester's attack on the right failed, and it was a drawn battle. The king, however, finding that, from the success of the Ironsides, his position was no longer tenable, withdrew silently in the night. The sleepless vigilance of Cromwell detected this movement, and hurrying to Manchester's tent, he urged him to throw himself at once upon the king's flank. The earl refused. 'A forward movement of the horse then?' 'No.' The commander-in-chief would not permit it, and in gloomy discontent Oliver returned to his quarters, not, we may be sure, to sleep. What was perhaps worse, Manchester refused to assault the castle of Dennington; and the king, reinforced by Prince Rupert, returned in little more than a week, and carried off the heavy guns and stores he had left in that fortress, in the face of the parliamentary troops.

What was to be done? must have been the incessant self-questioning of Cromwell. Waller had been beaten all to pieces at Devizes; Essex had got cooped up in Cornwall, and though his cavalry, bursting through the royalist lines, had escaped, the infantry had surrendered, and the earl had narrowly saved himself from capture in a fishing-boat, which had landed him at Plymouth; and now this Earl of Manchester was refusing to fight, or to allow others to do so! A sad termination this to a campaign that had witnessed Marston Moor! Oliver's mind was soon made up. He was off to London, and was immediately in close conference with Sir Harry Vane. The result of their counsels was the proposition to the Commons of what was called the 'Self-Denying Ordinance,' which enacted that no member of either House should be competent to hold any civil or military commission. The proposal had all the gloss of high-flying patriotism; and it apparently aimed at Cromwell himself as member for Cambridge, as well as the military earls. After much opposition in both Houses, the ordinance passed, and the noble commanders were in consequence deprived of their commissions and authority—a measure which perhaps could not have been effected in any other manner. The army generally was also remodelled—weeded of all whom the party of 'Independents' deemed untrustworthy or faint-hearted. The king appears to have been much pleased with the new arrangements that were going on in the army of his foes. The new commander-in-chief, Sir Thomas Fairfax, although as brave

as steel, was a general of slight capacity; and the royal forces had never been so numerous, so completely equipped, or in higher spirits. His majesty opened the campaign of 1645 by taking Leicester, garrisoned by 1500 men; and he wrote to the queen, on whom he appears to have literally doted, 'that his affairs were never in so hopeful a way.' The dreaded Cromwell was no longer in his path, and the crown appeared once more within his reach. He little knew the men with whom he had to cope. If he could have perused the resolutions of the Commons '*permitting* Sir Thomas Fairfax to confer the command of the horse upon Lieutenant-general Cromwell as long as the House should be pleased to dispense with that honourable member's services,' it might have enlightened him as to the fatal significance of the recent changes. The welcome resolution was instantly communicated to Fairfax, and he the same day wrote to Cromwell soliciting his immediate presence with the army, menaced by the king with an overpowering force. The letter reached Cromwell on the 9th of June, and on the 11th he had joined Fairfax at Northampton with 1000 chosen horse. 'Well! where was the king—the king's army?' Fairfax did not quite know—but certainly in the neighbourhood. Cromwell suggested that this material point should be ascertained at once. Fairfax acquiesced, and Ireton, taking a few colours of horse with him, drove in one or two of the king's outposts; and from the prisoners he brought in, it was ascertained that Charles was posted in strong and splendid array a few miles distant on a rising ground, not far from Harborough, or Haverbrowe, as it was then called. Cromwell at once decided for battle—decisive, thorough battle on the next day. Fairfax agreed, and the generals, with Ireton, immediately surveyed the ground in the neighbourhood, and selected a fallow-field about a mile and a-half in width, about half-way between Harborough and Naseby, as an eligible spot whereon to intercept and encounter the king's numerous and formidable forces. There, accordingly, the parliamentary army drew up at sunrise the following morning. Cromwell was on the right with his Ironsides; Fairfax and Skippon commanded the infantry in the centre; and Ireton, with a strong body of horse, was posted on the left. They lay there motionless for several hours, singing psalms at intervals—their swords thoroughly sharp, their powder perfectly dry, and their confidence in the triumph of the righteous cause unbounded.

Charles, yielding to Rupert's impatience, advanced to battle. The main body of the king's infantry, more than 15,000 men, was commanded by Lord Ashley; and Rupert on the right, Sir Marmaduke Langdale on the left, headed his fine and numerous cavalry. The King's Life-guards, Prince Rupert's regiment, and the Royal Horse-guards, formed the reserve, commanded by the king in person. Rupert's impetuous charge on the king's right, spite of Ireton's fierce and valiant resistance, was completely successful. Ireton himself was wounded, and taken prisoner, but rescued during the subsequent rout. Rupert, as usual, went off in search of the baggage, from which, however, he was driven back by a few smart discharges of the strongly-posted baggage-guard. The fight in the centre was bloody and obstinate. Fairfax and Skippon, forgetting, in the growing confusion and thickening danger of defeat, their position as generals, fought desperately in the ranks. Spite, however, of their frenzied efforts, their troops were manifestly giving way

before the terrible odds opposed to them, when decisive help came as ever from that astonishing farmer of St Ives. He had pushed Langdale completely off the field, and leaving one or two squadrons to hinder him from rallying, now wheeled with the mass of his Ironsides full upon the flank of the almost victorious royal centre. The shock was decisive; the king's infantry gave way at once, and the reserve shared the same fate: one regiment, more obstinate than the rest, was destroyed almost to a man. Rupert returned to the field; but his exhortations, aided by the prayers and commands of the king, failed to induce his cavalry to encounter that of Cromwell. They had made acquaintance with those gentlemen at Marston Moor, and nothing could induce them to renew it. They fled, and with them the last hope of King Charles. The victory was thoroughly decisive. 8000 prisoners, a hundred colours, the royal standard, the king's carriage and his cabinet of letters—sad but incontestable evidence of his majesty's utter want of sincerity—remained in the hands of the victors; and all effectual resistance on the part of the Royalists was over. 'Honest men,' said Cromwell, writing from the field to the Speaker of the Commons—'honest men served you faithfully and well. Sir, they are trusty. I beseech you, in the name of God, not to disturb them.' They were not disturbed; and Cromwell, sometimes with Fairfax, but more frequently alone, swept like a destroying tempest through the land. Taunton, besieged by the 'dissolute' Goring, and defended by Blake, afterwards the great admiral, was relieved. Leicester had been instantly retaken. Bristol, into which Rupert had thrown himself, surrendered upon terms after one assault. Devizes, Cromwell carried by storm. Berkeley Castle and Winchester surrendered to him. Basing House, held by the Marquis of Winchester, and in those days esteemed almost impregnable, was carried by assault. 'Sir, I thank God,' wrote Oliver on the 14th October 1645—'I thank God I can give you a good account of Basing.' Sweeping westward, he overthrew Lord Wentworth at Bovey Tray almost without an effort, capturing 500 prisoners and six standards. Lord Hopton he routed at Torrington. The last English force in the field for the king was about 3000 cavalry, commanded by Sir Jacob Astley. These were overthrown, and Sir Jacob himself made prisoner. 'Your work is done,' said the baronet to his captors, 'unless, indeed, you choose to fall out and fight among yourselves.'

Cromwell was now approaching Oxford, where the king had sought refuge. His majesty could not but perceive that he had lost the game. The defeat of Montrose at Philiphaugh had quenched the hopes raised by the meteor successes of that remarkable man in Scotland, and by the advice of Montreuil, the French envoy, the king left Oxford, disguised as a groom following his master Ashburnham, and surrendered himself to the Scottish forces at Kelham. We have no space for any details of the complicated negotiations which ensued—of the deceptive, and, for himself, fatal game which Charles attempted to play, not only when with the Scots, but for nearly three years afterwards, persisting to the last as he did in his efforts to deceive and play off one party against another. The English parliament at length claimed the custody of the king, and the Scottish generals reluctantly surrendered him for, it has been said, a sum of money —*£200,000*. This statement is not borne out by the facts; for the whole *of the £200,000* was voted, as appears by the Commons' Journals, on the

21st, 27th August, and 1st of September, though the final settlement of the vote did not take place till the 8th of December, being arrears of pay due under contract to the Scottish army; and it was not till after the last date (December the 8th) that negotiations for the surrender of the king commenced. Whether, however, the parliament would have actually paid them if they had persisted in retaining Charles, is another matter. Neither is it needful to dwell upon the seizure of the royal person by Colonel Joyce, his subsequent escape from Hampton Court, recapture by Colonel Hammond, and confinement in the Isle of Wight. The catastrophe, a sad and melancholy one however viewed, it was evident, in the beginning of 1648, would not be long delayed. Events were occurring which convinced the victorious chiefs of the army and parliament that some decisive step ought to be taken without delay, and showed Cromwell, who had been received in London with extraordinary honours, and had had a pension of £2500 per annum settled on him, that his work was as yet but half performed.

Captivity and misfortune, especially of fallen greatness, appeal strongly to the sympathies and imaginations of mankind, and thousands of persons who had strenuously resisted Charles the despot, were moved with compassion for Charles the humble captive. An insurrection in his favour, headed by Colonel Poyer, broke out in Wales: the English fleet, consisting of six ships of war fully equipped, mutinied, and sailed for Helvoetsluys, to place themselves under the command of the young Duke of York; and worse than all, the Scotch government, having secretly concluded a treaty with the king to restore him upon conditions, for the due performance of which they were to hold certain of the English northern towns, sent an army across the Tweed under the Duke of Hamilton, a nobleman who does not appear to have possessed one quality fitting him for such a command. The Scottish army, reckoning the four thousand cavaliers under Langdale that were with them, did not exceed two or three-and-twenty thousand men—a force altogether inadequate to contend against the veterans of Cromwell, when he should have done with the Welsh outbreak. Hamilton appears to have been conscious of this, for he came on with such timidity that in forty days he had only marched eighty miles, though opposed only by Lambert with inadequate forces, that slowly retired as he advanced. At length Cromwell, having finished with Colonel Poyer and the Welsh insurgents, hastened with rapid strides to the north. Hamilton was near Preston, on the left bank of the Ribble, when Cromwell joined Lambert at Otley Park; but his rearguard under Munroe were miles off, at Kirby Lonsdale. Cromwell, as usual, attacked at once, and Hamilton and Langdale were overthrown with immense loss. Except stragglers, only the regiments commanded by Munroe regained their native land, and when Baillie surrendered at Warrington he had but three thousand men with him. Hamilton escaped with the cavalry to Uttoxeter, where his men mutinied, and the duke took refuge with Lord Grey of Groby. Cromwell marched northward. The defeat of the Scottish Royalists induced the Covenanters of that kingdom to rise in arms again; and headed by Lords Loudon and Eglington, the Whiggamores marched on Edinburgh. They could not, however, have successfully withstood the disciplined forces under Lanark *and Munroe, and* Cromwell proffered his assistance. It was

accepted, and Oliver marched to Edinburgh: matters were arranged, and the English general turned slowly towards the south. So slowly indeed did he, usually so fiery-active, march, that he contrived not to arrive in London till the 'purification' of the parliament, by the expulsion of every Presbyterian or other member opposed to the designs of the prevailing party, had been effected by military violence—by Colonel Pride's purge, as it is called—that officer professing to act under the orders of Sir Thomas Fairfax.

The army, through its officers, now openly demanded judgment on the king; and the 'purified' Commons sent up a declaratory vote to the Peers, 'that it is high treason in the king of England to make war upon his people.' The Peers' House, consisting of but twelve members, negatived the proposition. They would, however, make it treasonable in any future king to do so. On the next day they again met, to the number of six, disposed of some formal business, and adjourned till the morrow. That morrow was the 25th of April 1660, for a few hours after their adjournment the Commons voted their Lordships' House 'useless and dangerous,' and abolished it.

With the particulars known of the trial and execution of Charles I. for high treason every reader must be abundantly familiar. That in those days, when a divinity did really hedge a king, it was a deed of unexampled boldness may be readily admitted; and it is perhaps true, as Mr Carlyle expresses it, that it struck a chill to the heart of universal flunkeyism from which it has not since recovered; but it seems impossible to coincide in that writer's apparently unqualified admiration of the act. In the first place—and this surely ought to have excited Mr Carlyle's indignation—all that solemn preparation and apparatus for trying the king was a huge sham—an unreal simulation of a grave investigation! The men who presided there were executioners—righteous ones some may hold—but certainly not *judges* met to inquire into the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, and to decide calmly and impartially according to the evidence. It was previously determined to execute the king; and better far—more manly and honest at all events would it have been—to have pronounced his doom without going through all that hideous and mocking formality. The palpable hypocrisy of the whole affair makes even the king's assumptions of divine irresponsibility appear respectable. And if the putting the monarch to death under the pretext set up was a crime, it was far more conclusively a blunder: the instant the head of Charles I. rolled on the scaffold, Charles II., who was beyond the reach of parliament, started into life. The dramatic dialogue at the place of execution between the king and the bishop, true or false, or partly true and partly false, as it may be, gained thousands of partisans to the cause of trampled royalty; and occasion for the publication or invention of such a scene should have been carefully avoided by wise statesmen. Few can read the account of the last moments of the king without emotions of sorrow and compassion; and only that the pale face and wasted form of Eliot obtrude before that sadly-proud complaining eye, and the broken petition—'A little air, your *majesty*, that I may gather strength to die'—drowns the sonorous tones of *the king* and his prelate, it would seem impossible not only to forbear *pronouncing* the execution of the monarch to have been an act of injus-

tifiable vengeance, but that the king himself was a victim deserving the profoundest respect, pity, and compassion.

There was much work yet to be done by Cromwell. The royal cause was again in the ascendant in Ireland. The revolted fleet under Prince Rupert rode triumphantly along the coast, for Sir Harry Vane had not yet had time to organize the dreaded fleets which afterwards won England the sovereignty of the seas. Inchiquin in Munster, the Scottish regiments in Ulster, and the great body of the Catholic population, had proclaimed the king. Cromwell, armed with the highest civil and military authority, must go over with his Ironsides, and quench that mischief. He did so effectually and remorselessly. We cannot, after a careful perusal of the pleas put forward in defence of those Irish massacres, find any, the slightest valid excuse for them. They appear to have been as unnecessary as they were frightful, hideous. It is, however, right to give the lord-general's own defence of them. Here it is. He is writing of the slaughter at Tredagh:—'I am persuaded this is a righteous judgment of God upon those barbarous wretches who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood, and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future, which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret.'

Scotland again rose for the king. Charles II. was invited over and crowned there. This was esteemed a declaration of war against England, and Cromwell hastened from his Irish command to meet the new danger. He crossed the Tweed at the head of 20,000 veterans, before the raw levies of the Scots were in any condition to encounter him. The battle of Dunbar followed; Cromwell was once more in Edinburgh; and although his military measures were vigorously directed to put down armed resistance to the parliament, he appears to have treated the Scottish people with respect and consideration. Some years afterwards, in his correspondence with New England in America, he expressed to the Puritans there—whom, by the way, he strengthened and supported in every possible manner—the deep regret he felt at fighting against the Scottish Covenanters. 'He was afraid he had slain many of the godly at Dunbar.' In the next campaign his flag waved over Perth; and further resistance seemed hopeless, when the young king, seeing that the country was clear towards the south, prevailed upon his Scottish army to march upon England. A wilder project, with such a general as Cromwell in his rear, was perhaps never conceived. Oliver, as soon as he heard of the king's march, which was not till three days after it had commenced, despatched letters to the parliament to be under no alarm at the southward movement of the king; and to Harrison he sent directions to press on the flank of the Scottish forces from Newcastle. Lambert he at once despatched from Fifeshire to hang upon the king's rear, and as speedily as possible followed himself with 10,000 veterans along the east coast towards Yorkshire. Charles was overtaken at Worcester, and spite of the gallant resistance offered by the Scottish troops—'five hours of the hottest fighting he had known'—Cromwell obtained a complete victory on the 3d of September 1652, the anniversary of the battle of Dunbar, and thenceforth called his 'lucky day.' The young king, *at the head of a brigade* of cavalry, burst out of the city by the

northern road, and escaped. This event Cromwell called 'a crowning mercy.' It was the last military resistance offered in England to the Commonwealth whilst he lived.

The next important page in this eventful history records the dissolution of the remaining members—the Rump, as they were called—of the Long Parliament by the Lord-General Cromwell, who, with the aid of his soldiers, turned them unceremoniously out of the House, locked the doors after them, and walked home to Whitehall with the keys in his pocket. The parliament had just before been debating, and were about to pass a 'reform bill,' of which one of the provisions was, that the present members should continue to sit without re-election.

The only possible justification of this act of violence would have been to immediately assemble a new, full, and legal House of Commons. But that course was opposed to the lust of power which now, whatever his excusers may say, dominated the mind of Cromwell. A parliament of a certain sort was, it is true, summoned. Gospel ministers were directed to take the sense of congregational churches in the several counties, and return the names of 'faithful men, fearing God and hating covetousness;' and out of these the Council, in the presence of the lord-general, selected 139 for England, 6 for Wales, 6 for Ireland, and 5 for Scotland. These men assembled, only two being absent, on the 4th of July 1653, and set about reforming the common law and abolishing the Court of Chancery, until one fine day Colonel Sydenham proposed, that as they evidently had no talent for government, they should resign their authority into the hands of the lord-general. This was accomplished by the aid of a little gentle violence, and the 'Little Parliament,' as it was termed, was dismissed. Others followed of various patterns and devices, none of which, however, suited Cromwell, now Lord Protector, with a civil list of £200,000 per annum. In 1658, the last new constitution had extemporised two Houses, and we find his Highness addressing the new parliament as 'My Lords and Gentlemen!' To further show how power had corrupted, dwarfed, vulgarised, shrunk up, this once great, vigorous-minded man, we make one quotation from the 'Court Circular' of that day:—'Yesterday afternoon, his Highness went to Hampton Court; and this day the most illustrious lady, the Lady Mary Cromwell, third daughter of his Highness the Lord Protector, was there married to the most noble the Lord Fauconbridge, in the presence of their Highnesses and many noble persons.'—*Merc. Pol. Nov.* 19, 1657.

The old fire had not yet burned out; but its flashes were visible only in the Puritan-farmer's foreign policy. 'I will make the English name more terrible than ever the Roman's was,' was Cromwell's vaunting expression; and had life been granted him, he appeared likely to have gone nigh to realise the vainglorious boast. The till then undisputed maritime supremacy of the Dutch, supported as it was by the genius and bravery of Van Tromp, De Ruyter, and De Witte, was destroyed during his protectorate chiefly by the skill and valour of Blake. Prince Rupert, who had been roving the seas at the head of the revolted English fleet, took refuge from the pursuit of that admiral in the Tagus. Blake demanded *permission to pursue* and attack 'that pirate' there. Don John, king of *Portugal, refused,* and Blake made reprisals upon the Portuguese commerce. *Don John* was forced ultimately to submit, paid a large sum of money for

the expenses of the war, and conceded a commercial treaty which secured great and unexampled privileges to the merchants of Britain. The piratical powers of Barbary were humbled; Spain was crippled on the sea, and despoiled not only of wealth, but of territory. Jamaica was wrested from her; and the last exploit of Blake was the destruction of the Spanish fleet in the harbour, and defended by the batteries, of Vera Cruz. France courted the Protector's alliance, and four thousand of his veterans co-operated with Turenne in the reduction of Dunkirk.

But the bright page in the Protector's foreign policy was the firm and resolute stand he made in defence of the Vaudois, persecuted by the Duke of Savoy 'for conscience' sake.' The Princes of Piedmont were hunting them down like animals of prey, when the stern voice of Cromwell echoed amidst those Alpine wastes, and the persecutor turned in terror and dismay from his work of blood. The reader familiar with Milton's invocation beginning with—

> 'Avenge, oh Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold,'

may conceive the excitement of the Ironsides, eager as bloodhounds on the start, to fight 'the battle of the Lord' against the partisans of Rome. The Protector informed the Vaudois through Stouppe that they might count upon his instant help; eager preparations were commenced; the pope was plainly told that if the persecution of 'the people of God' continued, the English cannon should be heard in St Angelo—when the Duke of Savoy, wisely counselled by France, abandoned his violent measures, and restored to the Vaudois their religious privileges and immunities. Cromwell is said to have heard the announcement of the Duke of Savoy's submission, conveyed through the French ambassador, with grim discontent. He would rather have effected his object by the sharp swords of his valiant soldiers. Perhaps, too, he thought he might have recovered in that 'holy' war, as he would have deemed it, a portion of the moral health and vigour lost to him since he had dwelt in the perfumed atmosphere of palaces, and amidst the glittering shows of a court.

It was not to be. The once lion-hearted man, betrayed from the high path he had once so firmly trod by the enticements of power, and vainly struggling in the mires of intrigue and fair-seeming falsehood, visibly declined in mind and body; became even personally afraid of the miserable Royalists who threatened him with private assassination. Cromwell afraid! What miracle is this? No miracle, reader! True courage dwells not with usurping violence; and how could he be otherwise than afraid as the names of Eliot, Hampden, gleamed through his troubled brain, and he felt that he had betrayed the great cause for which they died; brought it in the eyes of the unreflecting into derision and contempt? Albeit as the Lord Protector, after patient watching by the lingering deathbed of his favourite daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Claypole, came himself visibly within the shadow of the tomb, his old spiritual strength seemed to return again. The world with its vain shows was vanishing, and as it rolled away, the Heaven of his youth and healthy manhood flashed, with its awful and unspeakable splendours, light upon his soul. They read to him, at his own request, *a passage of St Paul* to the Philippians—'Not that I speak

in respect of want, for I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content. I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me. As these words fell upon his ear, he ejaculated in broken accents, 'This Scripture did once save my life when my eldest son—died; which went a a dagger to my heart: indeed it did.' He alluded to his son Oliver, slai in the civil war, but at what place or under what circumstances remain unascertained. He is supposed to have served in Harrison's troop. Th day before the Protector died, when his wife and children were weepin round his bed, he exclaimed, speaking of the Covenant of God with man- 'It is holy and true—it is holy and true—it is holy and true! Who mad it holy and true? The Mediator of the Covenant! The Covenant is on And even if I do not, He remains faithful. Love not the world,' he co tinued, addressing his family: 'no, my children, live like Christians. leave you the Covenant to feed upon.' 'Yea, my true one,' adds Mr Ca lyle, commenting on this scene. 'Even so: the Covenant, and the eterna soul of Covenants remains sure to all the faithful: deeper than the found tions of this world—earlier than they—more lasting than they.'

The tempest of the night of the 2d of September 1658, extending to th shores of the Mediterranean, and strewing land and sea with wreck, wa the appropriate death-dirge of that great, stormy being; and on the mo row—his fortunate day, the 3d of September—the mighty, reverential, errin —for he was human—spirit passed from earth, its last aspiration a praye for the country he had strongly loved and bravely served.

Of the brief Protectorate under Richard Cromwell which followed, an of the subsequent restoration of the king, we have not here to speak. W may merely notice, in conclusion, that in the first year of the restore monarch's reign, the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Blake were dug ou of their graves, dragged on hurdles to Tyburn, exposed on the gallows, an then huddled into a pit amidst the shouts of a brutal populace—and, hark —there is an echo to those shouts! It is the thunder of De Ruyter Dutch cannon in the Thames!

The widow of the Protector died at the house of her widowed son-in-la Claypole, October 8, 1672; his daughter Mary, Lady Fauconbridge, die 14th of March 1712; Frances, first Mrs Rich, then Lady Russel, Decembe 27, 1720; Bridget, married first to Ireton, then to Fleetwood, on th 11th September 1681, at Stoke-Newington, near London. His successor i the Protectorate, Richard, died at Cheshunt, July 12, 1712; Henry o the 23d March 1673.

LIFE AT GRÆFENBERG.

BY A CONVALESCENT.

I.

DEAR R.—Are you surprised to see me once more on the wing? 'Whither is she *now* bound?' methinks I hear you say. Well, then, tell you in as few words as possible, that I have again set out in h of that almost first of earthly blessings—health; and that I am going, rsuit of it, to the once obscure but now far-famed hamlet of Græfen-

'Is it really possible I have a friend so *very daft*?' I think I hear ow exclaiming. Even so, my dear; and faith and hope, moreover, m me on; and I trust you will find that I shall have no cause to t my temerity in thus venturing in my weak state so far from home. you will add—'It is not the travelling I dread for her; it is that rous, that absurd so-called "*cure*"—the *water-system*—that makes remble.' Eh bien, ma chère, nous verrons. If I return from the lapius of the Silesian mountains no better, no stronger, no happier ng than when I bade adieu to the shores of England, with its hosts of ed doctors, why, then, I will give you permission to exult over my ; meantime do not despair on my account, or allow your mind to be closed by prejudice, but try and believe it possible that I may be to add *my* testimony to the good effects of leading, for a time, an st amphibious existence.

y companions will, I am sure, do all in their power to aid and cheer and should I be prevented from writing as frequently as I conclude impatience will desire, one of them shall occasionally act as my uensis.

w, do not imagine, my dear, that I have taken this step inconside- y. Health and life are far too precious boons to be trifled with; I therefore used the poor powers which God has given me for weighing judging; I have read much of what has been written on the subject e *water-cure*, and having also partially tested it in England, and found what no medicine could effect, I think I cannot greatly err in going to ountain-head, and carrying it out with *prudent* vigour. I am sure you mite with me in praying for a blessing on my proceedings, and that a

good result may be granted to my undertaking, even though it should not arrive in the exact form my short-sighted vision might anticipate.

The few days we spent in London were taken up chiefly in making preparations for our departure, procuring passports, circular letters, &c. I did not omit to purchase those most useful travelling companions—Murray's Hand-Books—without which one wonders what travellers could formerly have done, for they really are invaluable, warning us in danger, guiding us in difficulties, being pleasant companions in solitude, and even acting as experienced planners of our amusements when perplexed among a multitude of tempting excursions.

Before five, on a dull and rainy morning, we entered our watery dwelling bound for Hamburg—watery, in every sense; for what with the rain over our heads, and the wet under our feet from the buckets of water just liberally poured over the deck, we were forced against our will to take refuge in my horror of horrors—the cabin. We did not leave port until eight, the tide not sooner serving. There were altogether about forty-six passengers on board; among them Americans, Germans, Russians, and Scotch. We were fortunate enough to be put into what is called the state-cabin, which we had to ourselves. It is not often that I enjoy anything like exclusiveness, but on this occasion it was particularly agreeable. At midnight on the second night we entered the Elbe, and when I rose the following morning my eyes were charmed with the sight of green banks and trees—a refreshment I assure you to one who for so many hours had been suffering all the tortures incident to sea-sickness.

Tedious was our passage up the river. The tide and wind not permitting, we were compelled to lay to for an hour or so in shallow water, there being a sand-bank to fear for large vessels.

As we approached Hamburg, I was surprised to find the left bank so diversified and pretty—green banks rising from the water's edge, interspersed with pretty woody dells, and villas peeping through them. At length high-pointed houses and masts of vessels announced the town itself. Our view of Hamburg was external and superficial; but I understand it is wonderfully improved since the conflagration. Many of the shops are gay as well as good, and the streets are at this season amusing to a stranger, from the singular and picturesque costumes of the flower and strawberry girls. The servant-maids, too, with their long red gloves, lace caps, showy shawls, and marketing-basket covered with a scarlet or crimson handkerchief, add to the liveliness of the picture. But I must not stay to describe even the hospitalities we enjoyed during our brief sojourn, for 'the curse of the wandering foot' is upon me.

II.

At five o'clock on Sunday morning we entered the steamer for Potsdam and the ladies' cabin being full, took our places in the general one, nichin ourselves, like the rest, in an arm-chair-like leathern seat fixed against the wall. Here the ladies knitted all day (Sunday work!) and slept all night and about two o'clock on the second afternoon we arrived at the Prussian Versailles—Potsdam. This is a town of palaces, and has about 34,000 in-

habitants, including the large garrison. Although not founded by Frederick the Great, it owes to him all its attractions. We set out to see first the palace within the town, where the union of extreme plainness and decayed grandeur produced a singular contrast. In one part we passed through whitewashed corridors, and in others beheld tattered hangings of richest satin and tarnished silver! What a defacer of *man's* work is time! In the *natural* world he often accumulates and enriches: not so with works of art—these he usually defaces. 'Ay,' you will say; 'but please allow him some merit even here. Remember my *old port!*' Agreed; and now to proceed. The most interesting part of the palace is that containing the apartments of Frederick the Great, and which have been visited by one whose deeds will occupy a no less important chapter in the world's history than do those of the Great Frederick. You will guess I allude to Napoleon Bonaparte. There is his writing-table, blotted all over with ink; his piano; music-stand, with music in his own handwriting, and of his own composition. There, too, are his books, chiefly in French—in many of which there are criticisms in the handwriting of Voltaire, whose apartments in a contiguous building were pointed out to us. But perhaps the most interesting memorial of him is a small room with double-doors, in which he could be entirely secluded from observation. In the centre is a table over a trap-door, so that his dinner could be served and removed without the presence of servants, and he could thus enjoy a repast with a friend without being either overheard or overlooked.

We next went to see the Garnison Kirche, where Frederick is interred, or rather where his remains were placed in a perfectly plain metal sarcophagus above ground, under a gorgeous pulpit, meant apparently to serve the double purpose of pulpit and monument. The door into the vault is behind the pulpit. 'The sarcophagus was decorated with what the Prussians highly valued—the sword of Frederick. When Napoleon entered the church, he walked up to the tomb, and bowed the knee before it, saying—"Hadst thou been alive I never should have been here;" but in rising he stole the conqueror's sword from the conqueror's grave!' All traces of it have now been lost; but over the tomb, on each side of the pulpit, now hang the eagle standards taken by the Prussians, as a sort of retaliation for an affront which was most sorely felt. The pulpit is little in keeping with the lessons of peace which should issue from it; and the emblems of war, such as casques, swords, shields, &c. seemed sadly misplaced.

After a good night in our Hermit (Einseidler), we rose to resume our wanderings among palaces, which I assure you was a tax my poor stock of strength could scarcely bear; but 'Oh, I must see *that!*' or sometimes from others, 'You must not indeed miss *this!*' led me on, till, though with great fatigue, I contrived to see as much as the rest of the party.

We procured a large and easy carriage, and proceeded to view the palaces in the neighbourhood. We drove first to the Bräerhausberg Palace, belonging to Prince William of Prussia. It is a pretty and tastefully fitted-up building, full of comforts and elegances, more in the style of an English nobleman's country residence than that of a sprig of royalty. We remarked many English works lying about, as if in every-day use, and among them was 'Loudon's Encyclopædia of Gardening.' There was also an *English* bedroom, with carpeted floor, &c.

Are you tired of palaces? If not, I must tell you we saw what is called the Marble Palace—from the marble with which it abounds; and likewise that enormous pile of bricks and mortar built by Frederick the Great, called the *New* Palace. He erected this pile to prove to his enemies, after the termination of the long war, that he had still not exhausted his resources. It was constructed in 1765—the erection occupying six years—on a spot, too, which had formerly been a morass. It contains 200 apartments, some of which are of great dimensions, especially the dining-room. The hall designated the Grotto took my fancy amazingly, as it seems it did that of Napoleon. The guide said, 'C'est unique dans son genre;' and I should conceive it must be so. It is of enormous size, and circular, and entirely lined with shells and minerals, which must afford a brilliant effect when lighted up. I see my friend Murray says, 'it is in bad taste;' but as Frederick and Napoleon thought otherwise, I suppose I may venture to side with the heroes. This really gentlemanly old guide had conducted Napoleon over this palace, and told us which rooms he had admired, &c. I longed to make further inquiries, but his French and English were so all but unintelligible, that the attempt was vain. The marbles here are splendid, and the remains of furniture give the idea of costly magnificence. It is said that as the bills came in Frederick threw them into the fire, so that no one should ever know the cost of this huge folly. There is a theatre fitted up for Greek plays, and we were shown Frederick's books, with criticisms in Voltaire's handwriting; also a great many paintings, some of which were not overpleasing or delicate.

From the New Palace we drove through the grounds of Sans Souci, within which stands Charlottenhof; a villa built by the present king in the style of a Pompeian dwelling. The rooms, however, I should conceive, must be both too large and too light closely to resemble those of Pompeia; the doors also must be higher. The baths in the grounds may perhaps more closely imitate those of the ancients, as they seem better calculated for a warmer climate than this. They are not closed in from the air, and are spacious and tastily built. The Pompeians must, I think, have been acquainted with the use of the *douche*, there being a large circular bath, with an upright to hold by, and a spout above, at great height, from which the water descended.

I was much interested in the building styled the Antique Temple; the interior of which is fitted up like the late queen's bedroom, having festoons of muslin hung around it. The room is circular, and on it is thrown a blue light, giving a very sepulchral effect. In the centre is a statue of the queen, which took the sculptor Rauch fifteen years to complete. It represents her asleep, with her arms crossed over her breast, and is touchingly beautiful; especially when viewed in connection with her interesting character and most romantic destiny. The late king is said to have sometimes hung over it for hours together. It is no larger than life, and is an improvement on one we are to see at Charlottenburg in the neighbourhood of Berlin, where she was interred. 'Rauch was the court sculptor of Berlin; he had been attached to the queen's personal service, and so this statue was worked out in all the enthusiasm of love and grief. It was executed at Carrara; and a living eagle, which had been taken captive among the Apennines, was the original of that magnificent one he has placed at her

feet.' Christian Tieck was the old and intimate friend of Rauch: they trod their brilliant path together.

Of all the palaces at Potsdam, I most desired to see that of Sans Souci; but a peep at the exterior was all we could obtain, as, owing to the presence of royalty, we could not be permitted to view the interior. It is a long low structure, singularly situated at the top of a number of terraces, divided in the centre by broad flights of steps. These terraces are partially fronted with glass, sheltering various evergreens, creepers, and above all, the vines for which Sans Souci is famous, and which are said to vie in flavour with those around Vesuvius. At the termination of the terrace are the graves of Frederick's favourite dogs, and of the horse which had carried him through his various campaigns. He ordered that he himself should be interred with them, but this injunction he had no longer the power to enforce, and it was not complied with. It was a favourite place of resort for the old warrior; and he was brought to it in his arm-chair a short time before he died, and nearly his last words were 'Je serai bientôt plus près de lui,' meaning to his horse. Do not laugh at our enthusiasm, when I say we much regretted we could not see the room in which he breathed his last, or the clock he used always to wind up, and which had stopped at the moment of his death, and still is allowed to point to the time of his departure.

III.

Palaces, however, should be no business of mine at present; and bidding adieu even to Sans Souci, which excited our curiosity much, we posted on to Berlin, only twenty miles distant. Here we traversed that magnificent avenue of lime and chestnut trees called *Unter den Linden*, forming the main street of a great city. It is of magnificent width, and divided by the trees into five parallel walks, the centre one being the widest, and appropriated to pedestrians. Benches are placed under the shade of the trees, and thus a most charming relief is afforded to those who, without further toil, wish to enjoy a little relaxation, in conjunction with pure air. What a blessing would it be could we in our cities enjoy a treat like this, unalloyed by the contamination of smoke! You will shake your head, I fear, and say I am growing discontented with my *ain* land. But to return. Proceeding from our hotel to the right, I arrived at some of the principal buildings in Berlin, they being chiefly within the compass of this fine street. Some of these are extremely handsome, although most of them are but plastered—stone being difficult to procure. The new museum has a superb colonnade, and the arsenal is a noble and highly ornamented building. Statues abound here, as they do at Potsdam, and some of the public erections are *peopled* with stone. Berlin lies in a complete flat, and the surrounding country is a vast sandy plain, so that nature has not contributed her quota towards beautifying this city. We observed that the country partook of this character the whole way from Potsdam, varied only here and there with a plantation of fir-trees. But to return to the *strasse;* and now to that end of it where rises the far-famed Brandenburg Gate, in all its architectural taste and splendour. It is allowed to be the most majestic, simple, yet splendid portal in Europe,

and is built after the model of the Propylæum at Athens, though the Doric pillars are on a larger scale. The car of victory, drawn by four horses, now adorning the top, paid a visit to Paris in Napoleon's time; and her return to her old post was rewarded by the gift of the Prussian eagle and iron cross, which she now holds aloft in token of her triumph. The king, it is said, frequently wanders up and down this street, unattended, or followed only by a single domestic. How pleasant it must be to royalty to be able to move about in the capital of his own dominions so free from all the circumstance of pomp and power! The bustle of Berlin (if bustle it can be called) is of a very different character to that of Hamburg. It appears more like the life and flutter of leisure and pleasure, than the steady, pressing bustle of business.

Our second day in Berlin we devoted to the museum, the palace, and Charlottenburg. The collection of paintings ranks below Dresden and Munich, but is considered to possess good specimens of a greater number of masters (especially of the early German and Italian schools) than almost any other gallery. There are, too, some fine works of the great Italian masters, and it abounds with those of the Flemish and Dutch schools; but for the latter I confess *I* have little liking. The museum was not completed until 1830. It stands on thousands of piles, its site being on a branch of the Spree, which was filled up. It has a noble entrance, and before it stands an enormous vase, or rather basin, of polished granite, said to be above twenty feet in diameter, and hewn from a single boulder. The sculpture, vases, and collection of china we did not see.

The palace has an imposing effect, but this is owing rather to its size than to any architectural beauty. We were ushered up some shabby stairs, and through anterooms, to apartments of great magnificence. I noticed especially the Knights' Hall, as being both grand and uncommon: there is the throne of state, and opposite to it is a vast quantity of massive gold and silver plate, extremely ancient, and reaching from the floor to the ceiling. The effect of this is singular. The inlaid and highly-polished floors exceed in beauty any I have elsewhere seen, and no gentleman's shoes are permitted to come in contact with them—woollen slippers being provided to slip over their boots. One or two apartments are sumptuous beyond description, having silver-plated doors, &c. The decorations in others are in modern style. I did not observe many fine paintings. A modern one, by David, of Napoleon crossing the Alps, I remember admiring much. We were of course shown the room where Napoleon slept during his stay in Berlin. Among other curiosities I noticed an antique musical clock, which goes for a year without winding up; also various inlaid tables of great beauty, besides elegant vases, and the most magnificent chandeliers I ever beheld.

Through a thunderstorm and pouring rain we drove to Charlottenburg, about three miles from Berlin, our exit being through the far-famed Brandenburg Gate. Charlottenburg is a small village on the Spree, consisting chiefly of villas and taverns—being the resort of the rich during the summer months, and of the middling and lower classes as long as the season allows it to be attractive. It abounds with coffeehouses, and benches and tables fixed under the shade of outspreading trees.

The Schloss or Palace was built by Frederick I., who married a daughter

of George I., and is a favourite residence of the royal family. Some of the rooms are exceedingly elegant, especially the ball-room, which is surrounded with white marble, decorated with golden wreaths. I think, however, that the room so particularly delighted me from its lofty windows, commanding a view of the garden, and from the very beautiful trees which were waving their fine branches within arm's length of them. Had the same room looked into a court, it would have possessed, in my nature-loving eyes, many fewer charms. It was unfortunately too wet under foot for us to see the pretty gardens attached to it, the entrances to which are through the orangery, and has the theatre at its extremity, where plays are performed in the season twice a week. We also, for the same reason, lost sight of the fine carp which play in the sheet of water formed by the Spree, and which are called together by the sound of a bell, and fed by visitors. Here, at the extremity of a retired walk lined with cypresses, is a small Doric temple, in which repose the remains of the late king and queen, lying side by side under monuments of great simplicity and beauty. You will remember that we have already seen a statue of the queen at Potsdam. The statue here, like that at Potsdam, is also by Rauch, who took great pains to improve on his first effort; and certainly it is much more exquisitely *delicate*, being the size of life. Here, however, she was actually interred, and the king beside her; and here is a cast of his monument, also a recumbent figure, with his martial cloak around him. The interior is lined with white marble, over which (as at Charlottenburg) is thrown a blue sepulchral light. That they who were so distressed and divided in life should here together lie in undisturbed repose, confers an interest to this little cemetery which is wanting in the other.

The third morning of our stay in Berlin I struggled with feelings of great languor, and accompanied our party to inspect the Chamber of Arts. We were joined by a gentleman from Hamburg, who kindly interpreted for us, so that we saw all to much advantage. It is an interesting collection, showing in some rooms the progress and different stages of the arts; in others are illustrations of the manners, customs, and habiliments of different nations. Among these were exhibited the cases used to protect the long nails of the Chinese ladies, a cloak made of feathers belonging to the king of the Sandwich Islands, the saddle of a Turkish pasha, and a very elaborate and delicately-finished pagoda-like dressing-case belonging to some ancient king, and containing massive silver cards, articles for the toilette, chess-board, clasped Bible, &c. This, we were told, so took Napoleon's fancy, that he carried it off to Paris. In the historical department there are some relics that to the Prussians themselves must be particularly valuable—such as the cast of the face of their Great Frederick, taken after death; a bullet that struck him; and a cast of him in the very uniform he wore on the day of his death. Then there is the sword mended with sealing-wax by himself, his cane, flute, and even his *pocket-handkerchief*, which, by the by, exhibits a huge *patch!*—he being famous for his scanty wardrobe. Here, too, are the orders and decorations which had been presented to Bonaparte, and which had been seized in his carriage after the battle of Waterloo. But here I must pause in my enumerations of objects in this interesting collection, and not farther tax your patience or my memory.

In the afternoon we took a drive through Berlin, in order to gain a better general idea of the place. This occupied between three and four hours, the city being twelve miles in circumference. The streets are very wide, and the houses low. They were so built in compliance with Frederick's wish—he desiring a vast space which he had enclosed to be rapidly filled with houses, that he might possess a capital proportioned to his accession of territory. The Frederick Strasse is a mile long and perfectly level; and I understand that, owing to the heat of the sun reflected by the sand, and the want of a declivity to carry off accumulations, the streets in summer are most unpleasant. Ah, you will say, this is a set-off to our smoke! Few capitals can, however, exhibit such architectural splendour as this; and again and again we admired the fine structures in the Unter den Linden, as well as the noble statues that there abound. The arsenal I did not see, but the building is considered to be very perfect. The Opera House, the University, and especially the Museum, are splendid decorations to this grand street. The population (for I know you like to be acquainted with this particular) is about 400,000, including 8000 soldiers of the garrison and about 5000 Jews. The greatest drawback in walking along Berlin is the want of wide *trottoirs*, the sharp stones being very unpleasant. The churches are not very attractive in their exterior, and we did not enter any of them. We wished to see the manufactory of fine Berlin ironwork, but drove by mistake to a large foundry for engines, &c. There are pleasing ideas in connection with the delicate ironwork of Berlin; for when the Prussians were hard pressed by Napoleon, the ladies all relinquished their jewels, and received ironwork instead, with the inscription, 'We gave gold for iron.'

We spent another night in Berlin; and early on the morrow started for Wittenberg—the Protestant Mecca, as it has been called—a dull, quaint old town, interesting only for its being the cradle of the Reformation, and the burial-place of Luther and his friend Melancthon.

IV.

Leipsic was our next station, with its associations of war and letters; and then Dresden, the capital of Saxony, and one of the most delightful cities in Europe. Here during a two days' stay we visited the Picture Gallery, the Grosse Garten, the Japanese Palace, now the Museum, the Opera, and other sights and scenes of interest. I will not, however, fatigue you with details; and will only say that Dresden takes my fancy completely, although it cannot boast the splendid buildings of Berlin or many other cities. There are no broad streets like that of the Unter den Linden; in short, it has as to exterior few of the common attractions of a capital. But the want of this is in my estimation more than compensated by its very pleasing situation. Its very irregularity has to me a charm, and I like the variety caused by the union of the old and new town; and over all an inexpressible charm is thrown by its delicious climate, which can be better felt than described. Its population, I understand, is about 85,000 or 86,000, and includes many men eminent for their talents and learning. It is attractive as a place of resi-

lence to some from the encouragement afforded to musical talent: its Opera being good, and music being generally cultivated. It is considered, too, an advantageous capital for the young, as the German language is spoken with greater purity here than anywhere else, excepting in Hanover. It is, moreover, reasonable in point of expense, which will of course render it attractive to many, especially to those who, for the purpose of educating their children, are induced to take up their abode there for a lengthened period. Another important consideration is, that less of vice is known here than in any other capital. The inhabitants have the character of being very social, and of possessing all the light-hearted cheerfulness of the German character.

At Dresden our party was broken up for a time, a portion of our fellow-travellers preferring to post forward, while we chose the schnell post by Gorlitz and Breslau. Leibnitz came next; then Neisse; and then the frontier-gate between Prussia and Austria. Here we were turned back full twenty miles, having neglected to have our passports viséd at Neisse; without which ceremony there was no such thing as gaining admission to the territories of the Kaiser.

We at length reached Freiwaldau; driving through rows of small white-washed houses; then by larger ones, looking like lodging-houses; and lastly, along a straggling street into a good-sized market-place, where gents of all descriptions were sitting before the doors, and where the sign of the Græfenberg Hotel pointed us to our temporary quarters.

V.

We had just preceded a violent thunder-storm, and were more fortunate than we had anticipated, both in obtaining quarters at the only hotel in Freiwaldau, and also in finding that its landlord understood English. It is in exterior a small, neat building, but within its accommodations to an English eye are at most but second-rate. We were ushered into the only room at liberty. It is on the ground-floor, and must of course serve the purpose of sitting-room and dormitory. Another has been promised on the removal of a Russian prince. Singular quarters for the aristocracy of any country! but I understand all who come here rather pride themselves on their powers of roughing it. While partaking of a really nice and welcome repast, our *ci-devant* companions arrived, and were obliged to be taken to lodgings, where all their meals had to be sent to them. As they have a courier, this will not, I hope, much inconvenience them; but to us it would have proved a terrible discomfort: we therefore congratulate ourselves on having pushed forward in the way we did. In the evening we set off to walk to Græfenberg, but found the attempt vain—at least for me—so steep was the ascent, and so dirty the roads. On returning, we had to encounter the nuisance of Germany. Smoking pollutes even Freiwaldau, and our room is often redolent with the fumes of tobacco proceeding from the benches before our windows. It is really a very serious annoyance, and a great drawback to the pleasure of a sojourn in Austria. We were all too much tired not to sleep—*malgré* noises within and without. Very thankful did I feel as I laid myself down in my *wee box*, that we had reached our journey's

end in safety—so, grateful for the past and more hopeful for the future than I had long been, I closed my eyes for the first time in the Austrian dominions. . . . . .

I rose early this morning (Sunday), and took a stroll through the market-place, where buying and selling was going on, although there was service at the time in the church. After breakfast we were surprised by the call of a Scotch lady, who kindly desired to know if she could be of any service to us. On the previous day we had been greatly amused by receiving the compliments of Captain and Mr So-and-so, who desired to know our names. I lost no time in asking to see the hero of the Water-System—the once peasant, the now far-famed Priessnitz; so on his leaving church the landlord ushered him in, and remained during the short interview as interpreter. I had been anxious to catch a glimpse of Græfenberg—how much more so, then, to gaze on him whose useful and interesting discovery had transformed a poor hamlet into a place of such celebrity! And besides, had I not been sent a thousand miles to undergo the *scrutiny of his eye*, and then to go through any process his judgment should dictate? Almost my last hope of a renewal of health and strength seemed, under Heaven, to hang on what *he* can do for me. Is it not natural for me, therefore, to feel even more than curiosity regarding him, notwithstanding all the ridicule I am quite aware I may have to encounter from the ignorant or prejudiced, or (which weighs with me more) the anxious and affectionate remonstrances of those I love. Well, what did I behold in this *ci-devant* peasant? I beheld a person rather above the middle height, exceedingly erect, open-chested, and broad-shouldered, with a countenance in which great self-possession and good sense blended with an expression of remarkable shrewdness, penetration, and decision—the small gray eye denoting the former characteristics, the thin, compressed lips the latter. He has sandyish hair—is sunburnt and freckled; and the being pitted with the smallpox, and the having lost by an accident a front tooth, rather detract from his good looks. His smile is very pleasant, and his manners anything but vulgar. He entered, straw-hat and whip in hand, attired in a suit of gray, which is his ordinary costume. I observed he wore small gold earrings. He took my hand and kissed it, as is customary with all the peasants towards their superiors. This he did, however, without the least appearance of obsequiousness. His tone of voice is low, and his manner of speaking rapid but gentle. Altogether, the impression he left on my mind was most favourable. He is about forty-six years of age, although he has rather the appearance of being a few years older.

And now, having seen the ruler of Græfenberg, I wished much to see his domain, of which I had heard such strange reports: on being informed, therefore, that there was English service held in a house not far from the establishment, we hired a vehicle, and were with our former travelling companions jolted there. On turning the point of a hill about half a mile from Freiwaldau, we arrived at what is called the Colony, which consists of thickly-scattered white cottages, looking very pretty and picturesque, though for the most part entirely devoid of the substantiality of English dwellings, many of them being built wholly or in part of wood. We were driven to one that more merited the term of *house*, and which goes by the designation of Las Grosse Haus, and found

our way into a neat whitewashed apartment furnished with deal-benches, a sofa, a deal-table and deal bookshelves. There were three airy casement-windows, through which was wafted a most delicious breeze.

There were about thirty persons assembled, including ourselves and the proprietor of the apartment, whose wife has been here two years, and is now returning home with renewed health, highly satisfied with the result of the system, and which I understand she has carried on with much heroism, and for doing which she is now rewarded. After waiting half an hour a gentleman bustled in, cap in hand, of bronzed complexion, and strongly-marked though not unpleasing features, though with anything rather than a clerical air. He read a short service, and offered up a concise prayer for the sovereign of the country (as was done also in the English church at Dresden), after which he read us a printed sermon.

On our quitting our *church*, Priessnitz's large white hospital, full of windows, resembling a huge manufactory, appeared in sight. It is surrounded by other houses of smaller dimensions, and is situated still higher than they. The hills were varied and pretty, the fine day showing all to great advantage: the foreground is, however, too well cultivated to be picturesque; it has too much arable land, and is thus devoid of the beauty of wilder scenery. The hills above the establishment are fine, and clothed with fir to their summits. Those fronting his house are far higher and bolder, and have the usual livery of fir extending but midway up their sides.

While mounting up a steep and narrow path towards the establishment, we were overtaken by the clergyman we had just heard, and he very kindly addressed us, and inquired if we wanted to have lodgings at Græfenberg. On my replying that I should prefer indifferent accommodation there to the most comfortable that could be had in the town of Freiwaldau, he very kindly introduced me to a gentleman who frequently acts as interpreter; but I am sorry to say he gave me no hope of obtaining even one room at Græfenberg for some time to come—such numbers having flocked to the hills so soon as the warm weather commenced.

We were conducted up a high flight of steps to the front door, and then through a singular-looking lobby, where a part of the machinery, in the form of sitz-baths, &c. was visible, leading to another flight of steps conducting to the salle or saloon—a noble room, of about 120 feet in length, 40 in width, and 25 in height, having a double set of windows, 9 in length on the south side, with 9 above: on the whole about 36 windows. Three very long tables were prepared for dinner, having down the centre of each, over the tablecloths, a piece of oilcloth, with at intervals white chalk marks drawn across it, in order to divide the messes. A napkin was placed for each; but some, I remarked, were tied up, and appeared to contain something, and on inquiry I learned that white-bread—which has to be purchased separately—is often so secured. There was a plentiful supply of both the brown, common to the country, and the black or Priessnitz bread, of which I had heard so much. Over the entrance-door is an orchestra; and opposite to this is a whole-length portrait of the emperor, who, although represented in his robes of state, has no very imposing aspect. The tables may be extended so as to accommodate from three to four hundred guests, and Priessnitz takes his station at the head of one,

where, after dinner, it is usual to consult him. The lower end of the room is furnished with scarlet settees and a piano. I had time to look around me, as few of the cure-guests were in the room.

The Reverend Mr —— most kindly offered to conduct me to some of the cottages, to see if there were no possibility of procuring even the most humble lodging; and I thus gained some idea of a Græfenberg life. Nothing I had previously heard had at all prepared me for it. Our own saddle and apple rooms at home would here be considered about second-rate apartments, and are certainly superior to one as to which I hesitated, and for which I was asked two florins, or four shillings per week. It was a room of about 10 or 12 feet long by 6 or 7 broad, with a door and little casement-window at each end. It contained a deal-table, a small rude chest of drawers, and a wooden chair, the walls being whitewashed. To reach this we had to ascend rude wooden steps, and walk along a boarded balcony. Nearly opposite the door was a wooden shed, containing a plunge-bath, which, from its vicinity to the entrance, seemed to be esteemed no small attraction by my reverend conductor; indeed, the kind of bath and its situation are among the first inquiries made by those well versed in the mysteries of a Græfenberg life—bathing being one of the grand occupations of the place. Wishing exceedingly to be on the hill and in the heart of the thing, I consented to have this room engaged for the present; I was, however, soon informed that even this poor receptacle was not to be had.

When I can take a sketch of the cottage and all its appurtenances of heaps of manure before the lower door at which the cows have egress, with its other rustic accompaniments, I will without delay forward it to you: premising, however, that it is quite the rudest as to exterior that the colony has to exhibit; and even here, I believe, there are very tolerable apartments now occupied by a young Prussian. I had taken the precaution of writing to Priessnitz from Dresden, begging him to procure me apartments on the hill; but this, he informed me, he was unable to do, although he could engage very comfortable quarters for us in the town of Freiwaldau. I thought it, however, possible that he might have overrated our fastidiousness, and that I might perchance find some *wee* cot large enough for ourselves and our humility: not so; and disappointed not a little, I was obliged, with many expressions of gratitude for this stranger's kindness, to bid adieu to the hills for the present, and to drive back to our hotel in Freiwaldau.

VI.

When we returned to our hotel we joined the table-d'hôte, where we found only three gentlemen—an English military man and two English clergymen. In the conversation which ensued they gave the preference to the town as a residence, but failed to convert me to their opinion. During our repast we were complaining of having received no tidings from home, and were told that it is not unusual for letters in this country *to be opened*; other supervisions of the Austrian government of a most *absurd kind* were also alluded to—such as the obligation to obtain the

permission of the police ere whitewashing a house, or taking a wife, &c. The number of bakers to be allowed in each town is likewise settled by law, and must not be exceeded; and these take their turns in supplying the inhabitants with bread.

The day continued superb, and a delicious breeze just tempered the sun's power. We were therefore induced to stroll out and lounge on some of the numerous benches placed under the shade of the trees. We also returned the polite call paid to us in the morning, and found the lady, her husband, and a paralytic friend, sitting in their little garden. They all appeared to be greatly attached both to Priessnitz and his system, and had each received great benefit from their residence here. This was encouragement for me! Was it not? After quitting them, and while occupying one of the public seats, I was expressing my perplexity as to how I could in the morning communicate with Priessnitz, when who should at the instant pass and recognise us but some Berlin ladies who had come opportunely to our aid at Neisse, and who now again most kindly offered to relieve our difficulties; and thankful was I to accept the younger as my interpreter. As we sat, the scene that presented itself had at least the charm of novelty—all the peasants being most gaily attired in their holiday dresses. The caps of the elder women were decked with huge bows of broad ribbon, having ends of the same hanging nearly a couple of feet down their backs. The turbans of the younger, composed of bright red handkerchiefs, were both picturesque and becoming. Those who consider themselves a grade above these generally, we are told, pride themselves on their hair, which they dress with extreme neatness; others wear pretty caps—bonnets at this season, and for this class, not seeming to be in requisition. . . . . .

Monday.—This morning, punctual to her appointment, arrived the young Berlinite, who was followed at eleven by the Monarch of Hydropathy. After giving fixed attention to the little history of my case (which had been previously written in French), he expressed the hope that he could be of much service to me, and promised to order a baddeinerin (a bath attendant) to be in readiness to give me a tepid bath, when he would again see me in order to judge what course of applications I had strength to bear. Meantime he desired me to partake sparingly of but two dishes at dinner, to avoid soup, and to breakfast and sup on milk and mountain strawberries. . . . . .

After this came a work of no little difficulty—that of hunting about for a lodging, with no interpreter save the good-natured host of the Græfenberg Hotel, and in the midst of heat most unusual here, and which was to us overpowering. It was too perplexing, among contending opinions, to know what judgment to form as to taking up our quarters *permanently* in the town, or merely to engage a lodging there *pro tempore*, in the hope of procuring one erelong on the hill; for the Græfenbergers urge that the cure cannot be carried on vigorously in the town, and that the air and water are both purer and colder on the hill. The Freiwaldauites, on the other side, contend that we can obtain more comforts, and have more spacious apartments at far less cost in the town, and that in wet weather we should avoid the fatigue and annoyance of the dirty roads around Græfenberg. They declare, *moreover, that some* of Priessnitz's best cures have been

performed in Freiwaldau. Notwithstanding the cogent arguments of the latter, I felt far more disposed to coincide with the opinions of the Græfenbergers; chiefly, perhaps, because taste led me to long for the freedom of the country, as well as for that elasticity which mountain air and mountain scenery always bestow.

We at length engaged some apartments for a week not far from the hotel, but even this accomplished, much still remained to be done: an attendant had to be hired; all articles in daily use, down to knives, forks, plates, glasses, &c. had to be procured; and this without more knowledge of German than had been picked up by my spirited companions during the journey. Such little difficulties as these would be merely amusing to the healthy and vigorous, but to the invalid (especially during such a temperature) they really become rather serious annoyances. I shall therefore counsel all my acquaintances who may be thinking of turning their faces hitherwards, to gain a slight knowledge of German ere putting on their hats or bonnets for a sojourn at Græfenberg. We were in one of our greatest straits, endeavouring to comprehend the gesticulations and vociferations of our new and very funny-looking little landlord, who had worked himself up to a state of fiery animation, when a card was brought in, introductive of a young English clergyman who lodged in the same house with ourselves, and whom we had encountered yesterday at the table-d'hôte. This was most opportune, as during a few weeks' residence here he has been working hard to acquire a power of speech available with the inhabitants and shopkeepers, who speak only German.

We gathered from our host that the bath attendant sent by Priessnitz had some troublesome children, and a still more troublesome *tongue*, and that they wished me, for the peace of the house, to dismiss her, and engage another who had come at the same time to offer her services. Glad to escape farther remonstrances on this score, we at once hired the round-faced, merry-looking lassie who had presented herself to our notice. It is settled that we are to give her eight florins a month, or two florins per week, and her dinner, she providing herself with other meals. . . . . .

You would have been amused to have seen us sally forth, dictionary in hand, to make our household purchases. In this we were much aided at first by our kind fellow-lodger: he assisted also in initiating us into the mysteries of the coins current in the country—no small perplexity to the foreigner—Austrian money of the same denomination being divided into bad and good, so that there is the *schlecht* or bad *kreutzer*, and the *gut* or good kreutzer; besides which they often reckon in *groschens*, and then one has to do a sum to turn kreutzers into them. Notwithstanding these little difficulties, there is in many respects much assistance rendered to the *dumb* purchaser not to be met with elsewhere—for instance, there is a shop where they profess to sell *all things*, and where they are in the habit of serving as much by signs as words. They are said to ask an English person rather more for different articles than they would do their own countrymen; but perhaps they excuse themselves on the score of extra trouble demanding extra payment. Our beds, and everything pertaining thereto, had been provided for us, otherwise it is usual to hire such things. Our household not being yet in order, we continued our quarters at the hotel; and on going there for our evening meal, we encountered our former

travelling companions, who told us they had by means of their courier obtained two rooms in a cottage in *the colony*, and with almost unexampled kindness they offered me the use of one. The manner of making this offer was most friendly and cordial. Mr —— said, 'I feel for you: you have left friends, and made great sacrifices to come here; you cannot make progress during this hot season without mountain air, and I am perfectly honest in really *wishing* you to accept our offer; indeed you must, and shall do so. I can take no denial.' I of course protested against such a proceeding, but at the same time deeply felt the intended kindness. We are now in our new abode, which I do not at all like, it being in a street, and that a not over-wide one. The veriest cot on the hills would be preferable; but more of this to-morrow.

Tuesday.—To what an unusual style of things did I open my eyes this morning! Shall I picture to you my position? Do not imagine I looked out from a grand four-post bed, well festooned and curtained; but fancy me in a *wee* deal-*box*, about three-quarters of a yard in width, placed in one corner of a good-sized apartment; this box being first lined well with straw, on which is laid the mattress, and then the down-bed and *decker*—the latter happening to be a very superb affair, composed of green silk, quilted. The down-bed, you may believe, was dispensed with, and I quarrelled with the decker from its incapacity to *tuck in*, being made just the width of the bed; so it sate loose like a sheet of paper, falling first to one side, then to the other. On looking around, my eyes rested on the somewhat heterogeneous assemblage of furniture, serving the double purpose of sitting and bedroom —the sofa and dining-table betokening the former; while the washing-table, wardrobe, chest of drawers, &c. showed signs of the latter. Ere I was dressed, and before six o'clock, came barefooted boys and girls offering their mountain strawberries for sale; and fresh and tempting they looked. H—— E—— joined our ci-devant companions, and went in a coach to Græfenberg, in order to dine in the saloon, and to breathe colder air. Y—— and myself remained at home, and we were so entirely exhausted by the heat as to be unable to hold a book. We stretched ourselves on the sofa, with the lightest clothing possible, sighing for the breezes, which we supposed the hills would have afforded.

We had many comedies with our rosy maiden. As dinner-time arrived, we had to signify to her that she need only order two *portions* from the hotel: our fingers here were useful. This was our first dinner *at home*, and its style amused us not a little. It was brought in what is called a *manégen*, consisting of four or five circular vessels of white earthenware, fitting one on the other, having little open handles on the sides, through which a leathern strap was passed and buckled over the top, confining the whole together, and serving as a handle. The lid is usually turned upside down, and serves as a receptacle for stewed prunes or other fruit.

A gentleman this afternoon has been endeavouring to console me, by telling me that though we were surrounded by higher land, yet Freiwaldau is 1200 feet above the level of the sea—a high valley, certainly, and some solace for the sighers after mountain breezes! I expect henceforth to be too much occupied by my amphibious mode of life to be able to write as frequently as I have hitherto done; but I hope at least to send you an account *of my doings* once a week.

VII.

I was preparing to take a walk the day I despatched my last when our rosy-faced maiden, without cap, shoes, or stockings, came bustling in, saying, 'Priessnitz! fünf uhr' (five o'clock); and between that hour and six she again ran in, with great *empressement*, to announce his arrival, motioning me at the same time to undress. Priessnitz just entered, kissed my hand, and made his exit. When I had put on my bathing garment I was conducted to the bath-room, where I found my Esculapius standing by a long, narrow, movable bath, with about four inches of tepid water in it. He motioned for me to dash water on my face, and then to step in; when seated in it he splashed water on my feet and legs, while the baddeinerin threw it on my back, which she rubbed vigorously; a can of cold water was then thrown in, after which I was motioned to leave the bath, and Priessnitz withdrew. How he is enabled to judge of the power possessed by the patient to bear applications of water by seeing them in a bath like this I am at a loss to know; some say he notices the contraction of the muscles. Be that as it may, this is the process all go through ere Priessnitz chooses to decide on the nature of the treatment. He gave the attendant numerous directions, which I felt it most tantalising not to comprehend. After a slight rubbing in a dry sheet, the maiden led me to an open window, and taught me to *flap* the sheet about me in all directions; this is called an *air-bath*. In a few minutes she encircled me with a bandage about a foot in width and three yards in length, she having first wet in cold water, and then well squeezed out, about as much as would go once round the body; the remainder, being dry, was passed over it. When proceeding to put on my accustomed habiliments, one after another was laughingly withdrawn, and I was esteemed dressed, *sans corsets, caleçons, jupon de laine*, &c.—a really charming deprivation in such weather as this! A glass of cold water was then handed to me, with an intimation that I was to walk. This was my initiatory process, and very queer did the stockingless legs look to their owner as she went her first walk along the street without one of the articles of under-clothing she had hitherto deemed indispensable. Thus disencumbered of what it had for many days been a toil to carry, I exceedingly enjoyed my afternoon ramble along pretty walks by the side of the small river running through the town. I thus became rather more reconciled to Freiwaldau, and retired to rest in happier mood. I was ordered to sleep under a single covering, and to have my windows open throughout the night. These commands, at the present season at least, are extremely agreeable.

The following morning at five my maiden presented herself at my bedside with a wet sheet, well squeezed out, hanging over her arm, in which she was about to pack me in—*impacken*, as it is called. It was well for me I had been accustomed to this process, as I could ask no questions, nor utter any remonstrances: I was quite at the mercy of my attendant. You know, I think, what an envelop means. It is truly a singular operation: for the space of twenty minutes I had to remain in the sheet or *leintuch*; then came my maiden, straw slippers in hand, to raise up my down-bed, and to untuck the blanket and sheet in which I was wrapped, so as to

allow me with little steps to *shove* myself into the adjoining room, where a tepid-bath had been prepared for me. She had previously thrown a dry sheet over my head corner-wise, passing it over my chest, and holding the corners behind, so that in the event of my slipping, she could save me from falling. After my bath I set off for a walk, drinking five glasses of water before breakfast; a bandage and air-bath were included in this process, and they are regular parts of the system. Now, you must know that all this is what is here called having a *leintuch*, which one word will in future, you must bear in mind, comprehend the whole affair.

In the course of the morning my reverend friend from Græfenberg called, and while with us Priessnitz made his appearance, so he acted as my interpreter. Priessnitz's further orders were, that I should drink twelve glasses of water during the day; five of these to be taken before my morning repast, the others to be drunk before and after each process (or *kur*), two during dinner, and one at bedtime. I am for the present to have a dripping-sheet thrown over me at eleven A.M., in which I am to be well rubbed, and when dried to have a cold *sitz* or sitting-bath for twenty minutes. Previous to this and all baths (but the morning one) I am to drink water, and walk; so also after each. At five P.M. I am (for a few days) to repeat this *kur:* I must retire early to rest, and not rise later than five. If I am too minute in my details, you must really, dear D——, blame yourself; as for myself, I should be pleased to be spared giving them.

I was in the course of the day introduced to many new acquaintances, all engaged in the same pursuit. This seems to be a bond of union, and in some measure to break down the freezing barrier of etiquette, inspiring a kind of cordiality that is very agreeable. There are not usually to be found here those insurmountable obstacles to pleasant intercourse between persons of different nations, or of a somewhat different class, which but too generally exist elsewhere, and especially in our own country, tending to exclude all that interchange of ideas and feeling which, if encouraged, would be as conducive to enlargement of mind as to the increase of true charity. This spirit of *bonhomie* is a great help to new-comers, and it is astonishing how soon they meet with sympathy and real kindness from those who anywhere else would pause long, and make numerous inquiries, ere they would even bestow a bow or a curtsey. Even here, however, there are, I understand, the overscrupulous, the nice weighers and calculators as to the claims to notice; but they suffer for their exclusiveness, and are less happy and less liked, and gain for their pains little but ridicule.

The temperature has become cooler: great heat is, I hear, unusual, and only a fortnight since it was so cold that one of my countrymen told me he thought on that account alone he must have quitted the place; yet that was in the month of June. This gentleman has a most rigorous process to go through: he commences operations soon after four A.M., has two leintuchs, and a plunge-bath after, then takes a brisk walk, drinking five glasses of water, and ends his morning kur by having the douche before breakfast. The douche, you perhaps know, is a perpendicular fall of water from a considerable height, received chiefly on the back and limbs, never on the chest or head. This gentleman suffers from hoarseness and weakness of voice, so is ordered to throw open his shirt in a morning, and expose both throat and chest to the early breezes. The first I saw thus

undressed really startled me; for what of his throat was not concealed by his beard was reddened by exercise and the keen air of morning, while his long dark hair was blowing with the breeze; and being minus waistcoat and stockings, he appeared to my uninitiated eyes like a being escaped from bedlam. I understand that when we go to live on the hill our eyes will soon become accustomed to grotesque costumes, they being often adopted as much from whim and frolic as from obedience to orders from head-quarters. Liberty, it is said, chooses the mountain for her dwellingplace; I hope, therefore, soon to live under her sway, and enjoy her smiles, and so be spoiled, you will say, for the restraints of civilised life. Ah well! variety is charming; so let me enjoy this little interlude in existence, where custom, fashion, and opinion bind not down with their adamantine chains, and destroy all freedom of thought or action. I often think how much you would enjoy a few months' residence here, but I do not suppose you would have any desire to prolong your stay for years, as some do; that would partake too much of stagnation for you in these stirring times, and you would sigh for your half-dozen daily papers, &c.

I have been obliged to beg an English lady who speaks German fluently to speak to my maiden for me, as she does not altogether please me; but to scold by proxy is a very cool process!—anger evaporating by the way. I am now ordered to have a leintuch and bath in the afternoon; so you see I am progressing; but I have still tepid water, so cautious is Priessnitz. I already feel much stronger, and am able to walk farther. I often long for you at our morning meals; they are really delicious: the milk is capital, so is the white and brown bread, and the mountain strawberries are quite a treat. You would be amused to see us in a morning, surrounded by a group of bareheaded and barefooted peasants holding out jugs of strawberries, all clamorously calling out the price in kreutzers. We soon learned to say *Hie viel?* (How much?), and to give two or three kreutzers less than were asked; although many of them, poor things, trudged over the hills, &c. a distance of eight or nine miles, for the value of four pence. The peasants of this country seem stunted in growth, and though plump and rosy in youth, are shrivelled and wretched-looking when old. This is greatly owing to hard work and exceedingly poor living, as well as to their close dwellings, which they heat with their stoves in winter to a point almost suffocating and unbearable to those unaccustomed to such an atmosphere. . . . . .

Some days have passed since I wrote the above, and so great a change has taken place in the temperature that I am really shivering with cold. A lady has just told me I must have the cold-water fever; I would rather term it the cold-water ague. Gentlemen are exercising themselves by turning; and we have just had handles for skipping-ropes presented to us; so I mean to skip vigorously to restore a brisk circulation, and this in July! I am now about to retire to my cot, and am longing for a comfortable English bed, where I could turn about *ad libitum*, and be tucked in. Never was anything so ill adapted for its purpose as a little German bed; they would do well enough could one lie through the night as still as a corpse in its coffin; but, alas! one does sometimes want to turn (notwithstanding the Duke of Wellington's assertion, that when that is necessary it is high time to get up); and wo betide the poor wight who

does so! Out comes the decker on one side, down it goes on the other! and then the poor knees and back get most awakening knocks against the sides of this sleeping-box; but habit reconciles to most things, and so ere I again see you my *wee* bed and I may have become very good friends.

VIII.

One really does need the shield of hydropathy to bear the changes in this climate. Notwithstanding the chilliness of the weather, some young German ladies, our opposite neighbours, have just driven off in an open carriage, without bonnets and with short-sleeved dresses, to the usual Sunday-night ball, held in the Saloon at Græfenberg. I am glad to say it is very rare for the English to attend these dances; and, that they may not be quite excluded from such festivities, others are frequently appointed for other days in the week. My companions have attended the early Roman Catholic service, commencing at six A.M., and also the English one, held at Græfenberg, but I have been obliged to content myself with my books at home. The inhabitants of Freiwaldau and the neighbourhood are scarcely to be recognised on a Sunday afternoon, so gaily attired are they, and with shoes and stockings to boot. One young damsel has to-day amused us vastly as she sailed and rattled along under no less than four stiffly-starched petticoats. Fashion in these parts seems to counsel her votaries to conceal as much as possible from view all outline even of the 'human form divine;' and for this purpose she has devised such a mode of encumbering the poor limbs as would have astonished the eye of a Michael Angelo. The washerwomen all vie with each other in stiffening this part of female gear. A day or two since, as I was returning from the hill, I could not imagine what moving thing was proceeding upwards, till, on approaching it, I perceived it was a young damsel carrying a rake over her shoulders, to every prong of which were appended gowns and petticoats, standing out like so many balloons.

Monday.—I have become acquainted with an English gentleman and his wife, who, from their power of speaking German and several other continental languages with facility, have heard many particulars relating to patients of which, but for them, I should have remained ignorant, and which are indeed most encouraging. Among many other instances of benefit received from the water-system, I will here only mention two, respecting two ladies I had met when walking with Mrs ——, and whose healthy and truly merry countenances had attracted my notice. The one was Madame ——, who had for seven years suffered all those evils (physical and mental) that usually arise from premature confinement and other misfortunes akin, without ever having had a living child. She had consulted the first medical men in various countries, but all to no purpose, and was at length persuaded to try the water-system; which has been so successful in restoring health and strength, as to be the means, under God's blessing, of bestowing on her a little being, whom she considers a great treasure, as well as a pledge of happier days to come. The other lady I met was the Countess ——; on seeing whom Mrs —— exclaimed, 'Observe that lady; she is a wonderful *cure*. She was given up by the Faculty—nothing more

could be done; upon which her husband, who had previously received benefit at Græfenberg, wrote and asked Priessnitz if he thought he could do her any good. Priessnitz sent off immediately Madame B——, a person well skilled in the water cure, to see her, and to form some judgment of her state. When she arrived in Vienna, the poor countess was scarcely sensible, and was plastered all over with ointments and lineaments. Madame B——'s first care was to employ a plentiful ablution, and then to have her lifted by two persons into a carriage, which had to proceed at a walking pace. Whenever they came to a stream of water, the careful nurse alighted to wet the poor invalid's bandages, and when they passed a cottage, she procured for her a little bread and butter. When at length they arrived at Freiwaldau, Priessnitz dealt most gently with her, and allowed her to have an airing daily. By degrees she made progress, and at the end of a year and some months she got well through a confinement, and is now a stout and remarkably fine-looking woman, with the loveliest complexion I ever saw.' This little history interested me much.

I have again had a visit from Priessnitz, and am ordered, for exercise, to *saw wood;* so I must set up a saw and block *instanter*, or at least so soon as I can go on the hill; for this operation is better performed out of doors, and in the town that is not very practicable. I am also, then, to exchange my tepid-bath for a cold plunge, though at first I am to allow the latter to succeed the former, and even for a time or two to go back again to the tepid, which many say is a delicious kind of bath to have. You see how extremely cautious Priessnitz is; and what think you is his remedy for cold feet? (of which I complained). Doubtless you will say warm stockings, thick shoes, or perhaps friction. No, dear: he ordered me to walk barefooted over wet grass and clover after my morning bath; this, he averred, would be better than taking foot-baths. He then reiterated his orders for wearing no stockings, on which I exhibited my undressed ankles, which provoked a smile from him. I got into a little scrape with the doctor, owing to the impossibility of entering into explanations with my bath attendant. She told Priessnitz that I would add cloak and shawl to my bedclothing, though he had enjoined me strictly to have but one covering; whereas the fact was, I had substituted those articles, because I could manage to tuck them in, while the narrow decker, though much warmer, did little more than stretch across my poor little receptacle. Now, as I rather prided myself on my great obedience and docility, I was somewhat provoked to be charged with contumacy; but there was no help for it, so I drew upon my small stock of philosophy, and bore the charge as meekly as I could. How often I feel, with regard to languages, that 'knowledge is power,' and long to be well enough to make myself mistress of German! . . . . . .

Being most anxious to obtain quarters on the hill, I engaged rooms a few days since in the large house in the colony. I had not seen them, but despatched my maiden to prepare them for us. When she returned, she raised her hands and eyes, and exclaimed, 'These rooms are schön (beautiful) to those;' then pointing to signify length and breadth, she added—'so dirty! all dirt! and the rain comes in at the window, and swims through *the room;* the woman of the house, too, is cross and stingy, and will allow *you no basins,* water-jugs, or anything.' This rather alarmed me, at least

so far as dirt and crossness went; furniture signifying little, as there is every facility for hiring that at small cost. We resolved, therefore, on paying a visit of inspection; and when we arrived, I felt it would be vain to attempt hiring rooms on the third flat, as the Scotch would say, with I know not how many stairs to descend to a plunge-bath, in a house with numerous inmates. If I were alarmed at the height to climb before and after every bath, I was still more so at what the olfactory nerves would have to encounter on the landing adjoining; and what an assemblage of things did I there behold! Blankets and sheets suspended to dry, sitz-baths, &c. besides two beds, and their accompaniment for bath-rubbers. No wonder that the air in those precincts should be somewhat contaminated! I need scarcely add, we relinquished our claim on these apartments, and gladly paid a week's rent to be free of them. Now you must not imagine there are no better accommodations to be met with in the colony, or at Græfenberg; for even in the house I have now mentioned there are many very large, airy, cheerful rooms, in which those who choose to hire suitable furniture may be very comfortably lodged; and many of the apartments prepared for lodgers in the small farmhouses can, by a visitor of taste, be made to look quite pretty. The best, however, are bespoken early in the spring by those who have stayed through the winter in Freiwaldau, so that when we arrived in the beginning of July all were occupied. Those unfortunate mortals, however, whose happiness depends on frescoed walls, gilt panellings, satin draperies, or Brussels carpets, had better not set foot in Græfenberg, as whitewashed walls, uncarpeted floors, &c. would too sadly shock their sensitiveness.

I am now so much stronger as to be able to reach a summer-house on the hill near the establishment, from which there is a complete panoramic view, bounded on all sides but the Prussian by high hills. It stands about 1909 German feet above the level of the sea, and has broad gravel walks in many directions, some of which wind down to the public road. The air I found there so reviving, that it made me still more impatient to reside within easy reach. I see ladies, too, sawing in the wooden balconies attached to the cottages, and become envious; and I long, moreover, to be able to reach the extensive forests above the establishment, where good walks and springs of purest water abound. When the weather is fine, and the *kurgasts* are abroad, Græfenberg bears, I assure you, quite an animated appearance; but weather does make all the difference to hydropathists, for in general, however bad that may be, baths are taken and walking gone through: some exceptions, nevertheless, are made. Occasionally the rains here are tremendous; streams run from all the houses, and almost rivers flow through the streets; but I have now the satisfaction to hear that the season in England is no better, and that cold and wet prevail there. The months of September and October are here, I am informed, almost always fine and enjoyable, and are considered excellent months for the cure. Are you tired of my monotonous letters? Those who are not enthusiasts in the water-system, and who have not to make the restoration of health a business, are apt to pine for more variety than they can find among these hills; but to us all is novelty for the present. You must add variety to our lives by sending us intelligence relating to the busy world around you, and we will thus peep at all *through* our 'loopholes of retreat.'

IX.

Since I wrote last, we have all (nature included) been hydropathised even beyond our desires. The clouds, as if in frolic, seemed resolved to ascertain whether we lovers of water could have a too abundant supply of it. On Saturday torrents were poured down upon us through the night. Never had I heard such incessant or pelting rain! On the following morning the baddeinerin called me to the window, where I beheld water to a considerable depth flowing rapidly down the street, over which temporary wooden bridges had already been erected. Very soon the people were to be seen busily securing their cellar windows. On, on still came the rain, and higher and higher rose the water, rushing down the street with tremendous force. All now began to wear faces of considerable anxiety, such a flood not having been witnessed since 1827, and then it was not so terrific as this threatened to prove. They feared the consequences, both in the destruction of crops and in malaria. For some time men attempted to pass in boots reaching far above their knees. No doors could be opened, and all waited the result in a state of considerable consternation. During the early part of this scene we had a somewhat ludicrous rencontre with our opposite neighbours, a set of laughter-loving German damsels, with whose merry voices we had, by means of open windows, become familiar, but to whom we had not been introduced. They came to the window in their *bonnets de nuit* to reconnoitre—we doing the same; when all ceremony seemed instantly to vanish, and we mutually broke through the ice of etiquette, as people usually do when thrown together in some common peril or excitement. Conversation was attempted; but we found it vain to try to raise our voices above the noise of the rushing waters, and could only express our feelings in signs of wonderment and trepidation. At length came the hour of dinner, and with it some cogitation as to how it could be procured, which, however, our spirited maiden soon ended by climbing a wall at the back of the house, and placing the trophies of her achievement on the table. About five in the afternoon the rain had ceased, and we issued from our ark through a hole in the wall, and went as far as the Platz, where a most melancholy occurrence was related to us. A young man from Belgium, a Baron Beckman, the friend and companion of Count Zuleski, a Frenchman, had fallen into the swollen and rushing river by the giving way of a little wooden bridge, and was drowned. The Count was carried by the stream to a shallow part of it, where he seized hold of a tree, and there sustained himself for the space of an hour. He had first fallen in, and it was believed that his friend had sought to save him. The body of the poor young baron was not discovered for an hour and a half, and it was then unfortunately placed in the hands of a surgeon of the place, who attempted to draw blood, instead of immediately using the ordinary means of restoration. It is said that a few drops flowed, and that his heart was seen to beat. A second time the same measure was attempted; but the precious fluid had become stagnant. Priessnitz was sent for, who said he had never had to treat a case of drowning. He first tried the old-fashioned plan of holding up the body with the head downwards, and then

employed friction for a considerable time; but all to no purpose: life was extinct. . . . .

At eleven A.M. on the following Wednesday we attended the funeral of the poor baron. When we entered the church we found it lighted up, and decorated with much tawdry finery. As soon as the body was deposited in the aisle, lighted tapers, tied with black, were placed in the hands of both ladies and gentlemen, who occupied opposite sides of the church. The coffin, which, though black, was decorated with artificial flowers, had been preceded by three or four priests and young lads—the latter carrying flags. A long ceremony was followed by high mass, which, being unintelligible to us, became very wearying, especially as the heat both from the weather and lighted tapers was quite stifling. Many English were present, and among them I observed four clergymen: there was but one relative of the deceased present, and this a cousin. Ladies and gentlemen followed the coffin promiscuously, tapers in hand (which were almost extinguished under a burning sun), to a little burying-ground across the market-place, where again there was chanting and prayer until the coffin was lowered, and earth was scattered over him who but four days before was living and moving like ourselves, and enjoying everything in the full confidence of youth and buoyancy!

On the day after this notable flood we took a carriage with intent to drive to Græfenberg; but when midway, we found the roads in such a state, that, fearing our vehicle must be upset every instant, we dismissed it, and walked. When we reached the colony, we espied a knot of gentlemen to whom we had been introduced—and among them the Rev. Mr ——, who had formerly been so polite to us. There was also ——, who loudly remonstrated with me for having been so fastidious as to relinquish the rooms I had taken in the Grosse Haus, and now pointed out others in a whitewashed cottage, chiefly built of wood, just vacated by an English physician; and truly a curious little abode it was. Still, there was a rurality here which could not be found on a third flat in a comparatively large house: so far from having to climb, one step would conduct me from the road into my little sitting-room, and another would lead to my little dormitory. These rooms were about eight or nine feet square, with small casement windows. Two other apartments were to be found by mounting a sort of ladder in an inner passage conducting to a large half-darkened landing, where I observed a bed in one corner, and in another piles of the brown bread eaten by the poorer classes. The inhabitants of these cottages are small farmers, but look like wretchedly-poor labourers. Many of them have added rooms and wooden balconies to their small dwellings in order to accommodate visitors; and they must, I think, make more by letting lodgings than by farming. The family huddle together in one or two rooms, and seem to live in a most miserable manner, being apparently both half-clothed and half-fed. The visitors give them little trouble, as they hire servants of their own, as well as furniture and utensils of all kinds. There were some advantages attending this domicile, such as the cows and manure being kept in the background, and so forth. But ere finally taking it, we accompanied a young Prussian to see some rooms of a very superior character, then occupied by a German of rank, who had resided in them for a considerable time. We saw at a glance that we could make ourselves

(in Græfenberg style) very comfortable in these; and it was resolved we should ruralise in the wooden cot until they should be at liberty. It is always necessary to advance a florin or so on concluding a bargain, otherwise these good people do not deem it necessary to remember the transaction should any better price be bidden. The lodgings on the hill are more expensive, we find, than those in the town; but neither are very ruinous. In Freiwaldau we pay three florins per week for the rooms merely; and for the cottage above three and a half, not including furniture, which we shall have to hire. When we obtain our grander ones, we shall have to pay more than double this for the summer season.

Some days have elapsed since this transaction, and you may now behold me safely—shall I say snugly?—ensconced in our new abode. The latter you would perhaps dispute, when I tell you that we are, for two reasons, compelled to sit with our door open. In the first place, our little casement of four small panes scarcely affords sufficient light; and in the next—there being but a partition between us and the cows—there are certain evidences of their vicinity which I need the pure mountain breeze to dispel. The weather, however, is fine and warm—so to sit with an open door is no punishment, especially when through it the eye can rest on green banks, hills, trees, &c. I do not in the least pity myself, I assure you; so I pray you bestow none upon me. I am rather felicitating myself on the happy change we have effected; but I must give you some account of our ménage. We had no time for making preparations, but, supplying ourselves with brooms and brushes, we followed our beds and furniture—and when arrived, found the former would not be useless articles; for the first care of one of our party was to brush down hundreds of huge spiders, with which the walls were absolutely darkened. This employment caused no little merriment; but as I was not allowed to take my share in the murderous work, I sped up the hill to pay a visit to our old *compagnons de voyage*. When I returned, a complete metamorphosis had been effected. The spiders had vanished; our mahogany drawers had taken the place of the deal ones; a small sofa and sundry cushioned chairs had been substituted for wooden ones; and, to crown all, our deal and well-inked table had been covered with a new crimson cloth, on which snow-white napkins were spread for the evening meal of milk and strawberries which now graced the board. When seated at our repast, we viewed, I assure you, our little precincts with as much pride and complacency as many a fine lady does her newly-furnished boudoir, fitted up with all the pomp of fashion. I find it really delightful to be able to wander out, book and stool in hand, in perfect freedom, without even the encumbrance of a bonnet; and I am perfectly charmed to be amidst fields and hills, instead of having to trudge with great fatigue to seek them, and to be able to raise my eyes to hill and sky rather than to walls and chimneys. Nature! sweet nature! *she* has charms inexpressible, and capable of producing almost mysterious effect on the spirits and being of her votaries! How often she can rouse from despondency, and create even gladness of heart, when all else fails to soothe! They who possess no susceptibility for the charms of nature are excluded from one of the greatest and purest enjoyments on this side heaven. . . . . .

You say you are not surprised at my impatience to be on the hill; I hope, therefore, you will not be quite amazed at any *ecstatics*, now that

my object is accomplished. On the very first night I wandered long about under a bright moon and soft air, re-entering our cot only to court sleep in my new and not very inviting dormitory. Although my window was open all night, according to order, I could scarcely endure the mingled odour that saluted my olfactory nerves, arising from the contiguity of the cows, and (which was even worse) the peasant's *omnium gatherum*—a room containing all, and used for everything. I had, I assure you, to bear in mind all the advantages of my present sojourn as a *set-off* to this great nuisance; and doubtless habit will render it more bearable—if not, we must remember it is only for a very short time. I now enjoy my baths exceedingly—my first essay was from the tepid to the cold plunge, and back again to the tepid, which I found very pleasant. After my morning-bath, I walk for twenty minutes on the dewy grass or clover, as formerly bidden do, and I am sure this operation would excite your risibility. I have also set up a saw, and you might now see me sawing wood out of doors, as if I were working for my livelihood. What a curious contrast my employments form to yours! Though I must tell you that, rural as we are, we received some callers this morning of no mean station or acquirements. We also have sundry *pop* visits from passers-by, our unclosed door seeming to invite a 'how d'ye do?' ——, who is very kind and attentive to us, stood by our door for some time talking to us in praise of Priessnitz and his system. He is very enthusiastic (and what good can be effected without enthusiasm?), and thinks Priessnitz has made one of the greatest discoveries the world has ever known, because it will be the means of conferring more lasting services on mankind than almost any other. He also descanted on the character of Priessnitz, and declared him to be singularly disinterested —one instance of which he gave us, in his having refused to enrich himself at the expense of his poorer neighbours; as he might have done if he had consented to purchase land contiguous to his dwelling, for the purpose of enlarging it, as some of his friends advised. He remarked on this occasion, 'The people in Freiwaldau have gone to great expenses in rendering their houses comfortable and commodious, and I will not rob them of the gains they have been anticipating.' 'Priessnitz's character,' added he, 'has always been free from reproach; no one has ever charged him with a vice, or even with a folly, and his patience and good-temper are singularly eminent: he will go through snow to his knees, though perhaps the party who sends for him has only a headache, or some trifling disorder, and he never complains; he also bears persecution admirably, and his attention and diligence are so great, that he never receives a letter, though even the postage be unpaid, without replying to it.' —— farther informed us, that had not Priessnitz's father been blind, the world would have lost the blessing of his discovery, as the son would have been drawn for a soldier, from which he was exempted purely because he used to lead about this aged parent. . . . .

X.

From whence do you imagine I now write?—even from a capacious summer-house situated on a pretty hill, within five minutes' walk of our dwelling, called the *Eisenberg*, and where our milk and strawberries

are conveyed every fine morning by about eight o'clock. We also carry thither our books, desks, drawing-materials, &c. and pass an hour in it or on the banks around, and very much do I enjoy it! I have been spending so much time in sketching the establishment from hence, that my mid-day bath now awaits me, and I must for the present bid you adieu. . . . . I have returned from paying my first diurnal visit to the salle or saloon—the great centre of reunion and social intercourse for invalids and strangers. Here —— had kindly bespoken places for us; he also ushered us in, and placed us at a table set apart for occasional guests. There were four or five very long tables prepared for dinner, with oil-case down the centre, as I before described to you. Understanding that there are now persons here from seven-and-twenty different states and nations (including, I presume, the various principalities in Germany), and that among them there are Russians, Poles, Americans, Hungarians, Bohemians, a Greek, and a modicum of French and Italians, I was prepared to see a motley crew; but the first appearance of the *Kurgasts* (at least the male part of them), to an eye accustomed only to behold men under all the restraints imposed by custom or fashion, is more comical than can be conceived. The pen can give a very faint idea of the grotesqueness, the exceeding oddity, of the aspect of those who have from whim or freak exaggerated the pleasant orders given at head-quarters for emancipation from unnecessary covering or unhealthy restraints! The countenances and complexion of the guests attest their diversity of origin and nation, *not* the variety of their costumes. That is *à la Græfenberg*, and is unique! It consists for the most part of a checked or striped linen jacket or frock, which (as the lightest possible clothing is recommended) is worn for at least three parts of the year by the thorough-going Græfenberger. The pantaloons are of some light material, and the genuine Græfenbergers have them merely tied round the waist with a cord and tassels—thus dispensing with those harness-like articles called braces. Freedom for the muscles and also for the lungs is Priessnitz's sensible injunction; cravats and stocks are therefore never seen to incommode the neck of the true disciple, and galling I should think it must be to resume such symbols of slavery! How ludicrous are some of the tyrant Fashion's requirements! Yet man seems even to exult in his bondage; and there is a species of rivalship as to who can prove his tortured neck to be the most thoroughly captive, and the least able to employ its functions spontaneously. I cannot, however, admire the poor cropped heads of the gentlemen. The closely-cut hair may be very convenient to the constant bather, but is certainly far from being ornamental. As to the beard, that grows or is cut according to fancy; and as I am rather an admirer of a well-trimmed beard, and think nature never intended that man should be so entirely shorn of it, I was not at all disposed to find fault with those whose taste or convenience had allowed theirs to become somewhat luxuriant.

The beard of *demi-growth* (of an inch or two long) was decidedly *not picturesque;* and, coupled with a hatless head and exposed throat, gave sometimes the idea of an escape from Bedlam. Many are stockingless, but this is of course less visible with gentlemen than with ladies. As to the latter, there is at this season of the year no very striking peculiarity in their attire, excepting that the generality wear nature's own stockings only.

When seen out of doors, they would doubtless shock a Mussulman, for rarely either bonnets or caps wear they; and they certainly do not deem it necessary to conceal their features, or mountain bloom, by a veil! In winter, I understand, their costume is even more picturesque than that of the gentlemen, as they wear then *red Wellington's*, which are displayed to full advantage by the tying up of gowns and other habiliments. But now to the dinner. I left myself seated at the table expecting its appearance. The viands are raised by pulleys, in a recess adjoining the salle; and a dish or dishes being placed to each mess, the guests hand it, and help themselves. The appetite is so keen, that all this is done with no little eagerness and rapidity, and the enormous quantity consumed would surprise any one who did not know how all had laboured to earn their meal. This happened to be pork day; there were no vegetables but stewed prunes, and little hard balls made of flour, &c. and these composed the first course. For many years I had not ventured to touch pork, but Priessnitz and the cure enable one to do wonders; besides, necessity has no law, and the appetite was most vulgarly keen; so all was hazarded. Creed rice and prunes formed course the second.

Priessnitz did not enter until dinner was half over. He was in his ordinary gray coat, and came in with the most unpretending manner. I could not help mentally retracing his career, and wondering whether he himself ever did so. How astonished would he once have been could he have looked through the vista of years, and seen his present position! Who that had seen among the Silesian mountains a poor, barefooted peasant lad *cut his finger*, would have augured that *that* event was the germ of a discovery destined to be spread through the civilised world; that would transform a little insignificant hamlet into a place of resort for all nations, and lay the foundation of both fortune and renown for the youth himself? Yet such was the tiny event which first drew Priessnitz's attention to the curative powers of water!—*cold* water! Four years later, the same poor peasant again made use of his new-found remedy to cure himself of wounds and broken ribs incurred by a wagon passing over him. His fame soon extended through the little hamlet, and he was led gradually to try his powers of healing, first on the animals, and then on the peasantry around him, until at length his doings attracted the attention of the Faculty and the authorities in his neighbourhood, who persecuted him to the very utmost of their power, and drew upon him the inspection of government. After due inquiry, the Emperor of Austria granted him permission to have an establishment; and from that time to the present he has been gaining immense experience in treating diseases, and making farther discoveries, both in the application of cold water and in all the other natural means which his exceeding power of close observation have led him to adopt for the cure or amelioration of so many of the ills to which flesh is heir. His first *paying* patient was a curé at Freiwaldau, who had been a most strenuous opponent both of him and his cure; but being, after a dangerous illness, given up by the Faculty, he (after receiving the last consolations which his religion dictated to a person supposed to be in dying circumstances) sent, as a lingering hope, for the persecuted Priessnitz, and inquired of him if he thought he could do him any good. Priessnitz consented to try; and in a very short space of time the priest was enabled to resume his

duties, and did not fail to recant his former vituperations against Priessnitz and the cure as publicly as he had previously uttered them—namely, from the pulpit itself; and he has ever since remained his most grateful friend and stanch supporter. After the lapse of five-and-twenty years, he has returned to Græfenberg, to be again cured of some temporary ailment, and is attended by Priessnitz in our abode. But once more to the salle.

During dinner I observed glasses of milk being taken to some, eggs to another, and pudding of a different kind to others. What is called Priessnitz bread is very dark, and certainly cannot boast of its lightness. It has caraway seeds in it, and is not sour, like the brown bread of the country. I do not dislike it, and many are very fond of it. To some Priessnitz gives the recipe for making it ere they quit Græfenberg, it being in a measure medicinal. Most of the guests left the salle on dinner being ended. Priessnitz always remains in his place at the head of one of the tables, in order to give an opportunity for any one to consult him. We were introduced to a Danish lady, who spoke English very tolerably, and who was very chatty and agreeable. We have also seen the black gentleman from St Domingo of whom I had heard so much: by profession he is a teacher of dancing, and is a very first-rate performer and teacher in that department of science. He has been a perfect martyr to gout for seventeen years—seven of which have been spent in bed, or chiefly so. He is now so much better that he is the merriest of the merry, and can cut capers as in olden time. He sat at the head of our table. The whole scene was most amusing. On quitting the salle, we sat for some time on the broad terrace near the establishment, from which there is a very fine panoramic view—the brilliant day and exhilarating breezes tempting me to postpone for a while my intended chat with you.

XI.

You still desire a minute account of all we hear, see, and do. I will therefore again beg you to bear in mind that, shut up as we are among these Silesian mountains, away from the great Babel and all its stirring events and excitements, there must be no small degree of monotony in our manner of life, and that little of what is termed incident can be expected. This premised, I will from time to time notice any feature in our *aquatic* existence that I think may convey either interest or information. We are of course become much better acquainted now with both people and things around us, and have acquired a much more home-feeling than we had. I especially enjoy those blessings that are here open to all—the sight of the magnificent sun as he rises and sets; the delicious air, so invigorating and exhilarating; the cold, sparkling streams, and the bold outline of the landscape, though that is somewhat too bounded, too hemmed in by mountains for my taste, and wants also variety in foliage—the fir-tree too much predominating. I long, therefore, sometimes to shift the scene, as they do when exhibiting panoramic views; but I fear I must plead guilty to the charge of possessing an inquietness of spirit. I soon acquired sufficient strength to reach the woods situated above the establishment, where I found walks cut in all directions, up hill and down

lale, leading to different fountains where the patients drink. Every now and then there are fine openings in these forests, displaying the hills and valleys around.

During my first ramble in the woods I encountered Dr ——, who has been here some time under Priessnitz for his own health. He is not one of the enthusiastic admirers of either Priessnitz or the cure; but admits that much may be done by the use of cold water alone, and that the system, as now carried on here, shows astonishing application and perseverance in the discoverer. He conceives that it needs medical knowledge to carry it fully out; and yet confesses that no man possessing that advantage would have dared to put in practice the remedies which Priessnitz prescribes for gout, and which have proved to be so wonderfully efficacious. May this not be the case with other maladies also? Dr —— regretted that the profession generally would not see the good there obviously is in the system; for though it is their duty to watch against empirics of every kind, yet it is but wise, fair, and philanthropic, to institute a candid and impartial inquiry into that which has been the means of benefiting thousands — curing some, and relieving others — to whom medicine had for years been administered unavailingly. Some of its supporters have done harm to the cause by professing to regard it as a cure for every disease—thus asserting what Priessnitz himself often practically denies, as he does not undertake to restore all who apply to him. The system is not, I think, generally fully understood. The chief agent in his cure is certainly water—cold or tepid water; but he limits himself not to this alone, and thus his system should, I think, rather be termed the 'natural means-system.' He exercises a much more extensive power over his patients than the mere use of water would give. He makes them break through all the deleterious habits of artificial life, and obliges them to adopt others of a perfectly opposite and beneficial character. He has philosophised on man in his various conditions in society, and his close and keen observations have led him to detect the chief cause of that deterioration from the sound and healthy state of nature which ultimately produces disorder and disease. And seeing that this arises most frequently from the prejudicial habits acquired from an over-refined and artificial state of society, he strikes at the root of the evil, and forces his patients back to a ruder state of existence — to simple and healthy habits. He notices how generally free from physical evil is the honest (if not overtasked) peasant; and he makes his patients' manner of life in a measure to resemble his: he orders them to live in fresh air, and obliges them to earn food and rest by labour of body—prescribing at certain periods (sufficiently far apart) nourishment of the most simple kind—depriving them at the same time of all hurtful and stimulating beverages. All obstacles to returning health being thus removed, and his patients placed in a condition to derive good from medicine, he administers this in portions suited to their diversified states and wants. This remedy, which is administered freely both externally and internally, is nature's own medicine, pure and fresh from nature's own spring, and is that blessed gift of heaven—*cold water!*

How amused you would have been had you accompanied me in a call I made early one morning on kind Mr ——, in what I called their wigwam. Their dormitory is just capable of containing a bed; their sitting-room

is long and low, only dimly lighted by two or three casements of four small panes each. They had breakfasted, and were preparing for church —he being occupied at one end of the cabin-like room in shaving, and she at the other in braiding her long tresses. *Point de cérémonie* is here allowed, and so I was permitted to enter; and after chatting a while, we proceeded together to the church. In the evening of that day, as we were walking towards the establishment, we met Herr ——, who hoped we were going to the ball. One of my companions said frankly—'Not on a Sunday.' 'Oh,' he replied, 'I quite forgot the objection of you English to Sunday gaiety; we will have a dance some other day on purpose for you!'

We find to our no small satisfaction that Græfenberg can boast a small library of German, English, French, and Italian books—one of the *Kurgaste* being librarian. It is composed, as may be supposed, chiefly of works of amusement; but the subscription is not ruinous, being only one shilling a month. A deposit of five florins is made previously to taking out a book—this to be refunded on the borrower leaving the place, if the amount should not have been swallowed up by the subscriptions.

I longed much for a donkey to take me up some of the higher hills, and farther into the forests than I could walk; and I at last obtained the only one there was, which proved, however, so wretched an animal, that my first ride was my only one. We frequently regret the want of ponies and donkeys; but as walking is obliged to be the chief exercise, I suppose it would not answer any one to keep them, especially, too, on account of the general long continuance of snow on the ground, when they could have nothing to do. . . . . This morning was fine and warm, and I had for the first time the cold plunge without the tepid first; and at ten in the forenoon I took the douche for two minutes, and felt afterwards in a delicious glow. A fine dry day makes all the difference to a hydropathist who is not strong, the reaction after the baths being so much better. I hope soon to be able to have the douche before breakfast; having at present an abreibung, or dripping-sheet, followed by a cold sitz-bath, to take before dinner. The principal douches are situated in a little sheltered valley in the forest, and run into high wooden or stone buildings, which are open at the top. The water is always running, and falls perpendicularly from the height of eighteen or twenty feet, being generally a stream of three or four inches in diameter. The douche-rooms are always boarded, and there are dressing-rooms attached, where in winter, when the weather is very severe, a fire is allowed. The length of time for taking the douche varies much: some having it for one or two, others for five or ten minutes at a time; but the generality of persons seem to take it for about two and three minutes. I shall long remember how I enjoy the hours I spend in or near this Eisenberg summer-house whenever the weather and sun invite; and this I shall have more leisure to partake of when I can douche before breakfast.

XII.

You complain of my not sending a regular bulletin, so I think I must despatch one to-day by this post; for the brighter the day the

more buoyant and hopeful are my feelings regarding renewed health and strength, and it is this morning supereminently charming. Sometimes there is here such a combination of delights, all of nature's own—the sky so deeply blue, the sun so glowing, the breeze so softly cool and delicious, that the *ensemble* makes mere existence seem bliss. These almost Italian days have lasted some little time, so that it has mattered little our having only small and inconvenient apartments; for we have left the cows to themselves, and have lived out of doors. During this time I have sedulously pursued the water-system, my regular *cure* having been this: I have risen at five, or rather I have been wrapped in my sheet at that hour, or somewhat earlier, for twenty minutes; when my maiden has unpacked me so far as to enable me to walk through the cottage, and along a wooden balcony to the plunge-bath; when bandaged and dressed I have usually taken my trudge barefooted on the dewy grass or clover-fields adjoining, taking of course a glass of water previously. Afterwards I have mounted the hill and walked in the woods, where I have encountered always numerous patients; and when I have drank the remaining four glasses of water I have descended to the douche valley, where I have found my maiden and sheet in readiness. After three or four minutes' douching, I have hastened home, collected my books, desk, &c. and followed our mountain strawberries, &c. to the summer-house, of which we have seemed to take exclusive possession. There I have remained until eleven, when I have again walked, taking a glass of water previously, and having a dripping-sheet and sitz-bath, the latter for twenty minutes; then another glass and a walk, or half an hour's sawing, completed my forenoon labour. At one we dined. Do you think I earned my meal? And then came blessed rest again till nearly five, when another glass of water had to be swallowed, and a walk taken previously to being again packed, &c. as in the morning. Afterwards a glass of water, followed by a walk, ended the day's toil; and we returned to our rural supper of mountain strawberries, bread, cake, and milk, at seven. In the intervals of labour we often saw our acquaintances; and my companions frequently walked to Freiwaldau, and brought back letters and home news. So, usually, have passed the first three weeks of August, with of course some little variation; for instance, one evening we went to a concert, held in the salle, where we heard very tolerable music. These concerts (unless it be something quite extra) are held at one end of the large room where the supper-tables are laid, so that visitors pass close by the guests as they are engaged in finishing their evening meal, and this forms a strange medley of sights, quite *à la Græfenberg* — that is, unique! I forgot to mention that I have had another aquatic duty to perform ere retiring to rest; for sleepless nights the doctor has prescribed a foot-bath for twenty minutes; the water is cold, and not above an inch in depth; the feet rubbed one on another, and to be got into a glow by *trotting* up and down the boarded room barefooted.

We have also been invited to our neighbour's, a young Prussian, who has shown us much kind attention; we previously assisting to arrange the rural repast, and contributing our quota to the pic-nic. There is a great variety of character here, and much to interest the observer of human nature. It is quite an epitome of the world: the same passions that foment the great mass are at work here also, only exercised on comparatively minor

points; but as people are off their guard, they are often more unmasked. A writer of romance, or a satirist of human nature, might here both find subjects for their pens. I have just encountered a young military man, who has been long here, and expresses great faith in the cure, and also in Priessnitz's discretion and penetration. He says his disciples only are ridiculous, as they frequently carry things to an extreme which Priessnitz is far from favouring. You must not imagine there are no grumblers here, for there are many; but I have observed they are generally those who will not exert themselves to obey orders which are in some way irksome to them; and so, as might be expected, they derive little or no benefit, and perhaps also receive small attention from Priessnitz, as he quickly discriminates between those who have strength of purpose to go through difficulties, and those who have either little faith or no resolution; and he has been often heard to remark, 'It is useless to give orders to such a one, for I see at a glance he will not obey, or he will not persevere.' He says the English generally are hard-working patients, but are apt to overdo, both in the bathing and exercise. A life at Græfenberg seems an entirely selfish existence—one is during the whole day engaged in ministering to self; whereas, had we a thorough knowledge of German, it might be possible to be of some use to the poor deluded peasantry, who seem wrapped up in ignorance and superstition. I have often longed to converse with both them and my own maiden. . . . . I have not been so well since writing the above, and have been ordered the schwitzen, or blanket-packing. This is a very unpleasant process. I had to remain in a state of purgatory nearly four hours, when I was refreshed with a plunge-bath. It caused a feeling of great weakness, and Priessnitz desired me to douche in the course of an hour or two after it. I am now better.

There has been a grand lottery held in the salle for the benefit of the Poles. It was to have taken place in booths on the terrace had the weather permitted, which would have been far more pleasant. The Princess S——, Lady Lichfield, and Countess J——, and others, presided at the different stalls. The crowd was great, and the heat oppressive; so we were glad to make our escape in the early part of the proceedings. On Sunday last, sacrament was administered in our little church in rather a rustic style: a cloth being spread over a little deal table, and a few spoonsful of wine being brought in in a little bottle; two clergymen were present, and about fourteen of the congregation remained to partake of the ordinance. My companions have been to Freiwaldau to witness the nuptials of the maître d'hôtel. The bride was young, and rather pretty; but she wore not the chaplet of white roses allotted to those alone whose characters are without reproach. Hers was a green wreath. This custom must, I should think, be found useful, as it is considered a great disgrace to wear other than the white wreath—the evidence of purity.

To be concluded in next Paper.

LIFE AT GRÆFENBERG.

BY A CONVALESCENT.

XIII.

WE have now changed our abode for comparatively commodious and comfortable quarters just vacated by Count ——. We have now an excellent sitting-room with four windows, and a large balcony where we can take our meals when weather permits, and where I can both walk and *saw* on very bad days. We are now very *uppish*, I assure you; we consider our style of living to be somewhat *grand*, and we even attempt the *elegant*, having a *deal show*-table spread out with books and ornaments of various kinds, and adorned, moreover, with a moss-plate crowned with beautiful wild-flowers! But better than this, we need no longer sit with an open door on cold wet days; and there stands in the corner of our room a comfortable piece of furniture which seems to say, 'When shivering, apply to me!' But ere we dare light this stove we must apply to Priessnitz for permission to do so. We have been to one of the four large fairs annually held in Freiwaldau—no unimportant events to the people here. The bath-servants have all, on these occasions, a half-holiday granted to them, and many of the guests amuse themselves by attending them also. We walked for some time in the platz in the midst of the booths, watching flocks of country people in their holiday garbs: all kinds of goods were offered for sale suitable to the season.

We have now been here precisely two months, and I am congratulated on having a very fierce attack of what is here technically termed *umschlag*; before it appeared the umschlag or bandage had for weeks been quite pink. It came first on the right side, in the form of a ring, which daily increased, other rings forming until the whole body under the umschlag was covered. The irritation both by night and by day has been extreme, and could only be soothed by constantly rewetting the bandage. This state is quite common here, and usually precedes the crisis, of the nature of which all say my umschlag partakes, it being unusually severe. The umschlag has been succeeded by boils, and all have congratulated me on my misery, and I fear you will be hard-hearted enough to do so too! We have now a German master, but I find that study does not

suit me at all: and I am told that Priessnitz deems exercise of the brain incompatible with the cure; and in many cases absolutely forbids it, as being extremely dangerous. He is, on the contrary, extremely favourable to music, dancing, and all innocent recreations, though preferring in summer that all amusements should be carried on out of doors. Anything that leads to gambling he dislikes on every ground. Smoking, I understand, was once forbidden entirely; but the Germans being such inveterate worshippers of the 'fragrant weed,' Priessnitz was obliged to yield so far as to wink at it. He, however, never sets the example—a cigar being never seen between his lips. In the saloon smoking is of course strictly prohibited.

You know the horror the French usually entertain for cold water; we have an instance of this in one of the two Frenchmen now here. This gentleman shrinks from the bandage as from some poisonous application, and actually retains his glass of water in his hands at each spring, in order to moderate its temperature! I am sending you a sheet of scraps written at odd-and-end times, which *affront* you will, I hope, lay to the score of my amphibious mode of life.

XIV.

During these last few weeks of August the weather has been glorious, enabling us to breakfast in our balcony instead of in the summer-house, from which we are now too far removed.

Our greater vicinity to the woods has facilitated my douching in them before my morning meal, and has really seemed to bestow new life upon me. Often have I felt quite tired and inert on reaching the bath, but it has acted like a glass of champagne in giving a buoyancy to my feelings, which enabled me to run rather than walk all the way home. Our balcony is the scene of various occupations—sawing, sketching, studying German, promenading, receiving visits, &c. We cannot, however, expect this state of things to last very long. Autumn is approaching, with her retreating sun and shortened days. 'Let us enjoy while we may!' is our motto; and I can assure you we do so.

All tell me I must not attempt to leave the place in my present state of crisis, and say it would be extremely dangerous to do so. An anecdote has been related to me of a lady who, when in full crisis, wanted to go to Vienna. Priessnitz told her that it would be at the risk of her life, and begged her to get her business transacted by a friend. On her replying that this was impossible, and go she must, he urged her to carry on the cure at home. In a short time she returned in a dying state (as was visible to all who saw her), and die she did. It was then discovered that the important business which called her away was *the replacing of a false tooth!* She was a fine-looking woman, and her vanity cost her her life.

Few indeed, when they come to Græfenberg, can form any calculation as to how long they may have to remain. We call it 'the trap;' I wish, however, I may never be caught in one in which I may feel more restive. At present I bear my imprisonment very philosophically; for which piece of quiescent wisdom you know I was never very famous when confined in

a four-poster. You would, however, pity me if you were to see me sometimes almost maddened by the extreme irritation of the umschlag; but here it is like sea-sickness, and excites rather amusement than commiseration: indeed complaint elicits only congratulation. . . . . .

We have had a grand gala here in honour of the arrival of the Archduke Frang Carl, heir-apparent to the Austrian empire. He was received with much ceremony by the authorities and visitors, and lodged at the burgomeister's, whose house had been prepared for his reception. Triumphal arches were erected, very prettily decorated with fir and flowers. The exterior of all the houses in the Platz being ornamented according to the varied tastes of their owners, some appeared to be erections of moss, studded with dahlias, so completely covered were they; while others had festoons composed of the staple commodity of the place for all kinds of decorations—the fir, interspersed with dahlias, rosettes of various colours, &c. It had a very gay effect. The visit was presumed to be to Priessnitz, and he headed the little selection of representatives of different countries who assembled to pay their respects to this scion of royalty. Priessnitz had a most flattering reception, the archduke taking his hand and saying, 'It is happy for mankind that there exists a Priessnitz!' Those who witnessed this very interesting meeting asserted that Priessnitz maintained his native dignity of demeanour, though evidently accompanied with those pleased feelings to which such approbation would naturally give rise. In the evening both Freiwaldau and Græfenberg were brilliantly illuminated, and lights were also placed at intervals along the road between the two places. Priessnitz gave a grand ball on this occasion, at which the archduke and suite were present; and I am told by those who were there (for I was most unfortunately prevented from going), that it was a very interesting scene. Indeed it must have been so, and unique also—a little court held in the heart of the Silesian mountains in an hospital, and that hospital headed and conducted by a self-taught rustic. Mrs Priessnitz, too, is said to have acted her part admirably, and with as much ease as if she had been all her life accustomed to courts and the presence of royalty. She is a pretty-looking, simple-mannered, little woman, with abundance of good sense, and possessing (even more than the generality of her countrywomen) the useful merit of excelling in housewifery. The family of Priessnitz was there—all girls, the eldest being a pretty-looking and accomplished young lady of seventeen.* The younger are brought up at an estate Priessnitz has purchased at Johannisberg (about twenty English miles from Græfenberg), under a matronly French governess. But to return to the ball. Among the *élite* was the Grand Duchess of Hanault Cöthen, who introduced to his royal highness all whom she deemed worthy of the honour. When all were assembled, the archduke, looking round, asked, 'Where are the patients?' 'All you behold are patients,' was the reply, which elicited from him the remark that it was a most pleasant mode of regaining health, and that he should not desire a better. The salle had been most tastefully decorated for the occasion, and the whole scene was gay as well as interesting.

The following morning (Sunday) I encountered the archduke, accom-

* Since married to a wealthy Hungarian.

panied by Priessnitz and suite in the woods—his royal highness having come from Freiwaldau on purpose to inspect the different baths, and the douches in particular. He was dressed in regimentals, and was not at all a striking person in appearance—rather plain and ordinary than otherwise. One of the patients (a Swiss minister) met the duke when, with shoes in hand, he was going through his morning penance, and this afforded no small amusement to all parties. In the address presented by the different representatives to the archduke it stated, 'that it was reserved for the soil of Austria to give birth to the immortal author of a system which can already rank amongst the number of the sciences;' and then again, 'we do not know which to admire most—the rare genius of this gifted man, or the firmness and modesty which characterise him.' Would not his highness think Priessnitz possessed most admiring patients?

With all the air and exercise I get I cannot procure good sleep at night; so, in addition to the foot-bath before retiring to rest, my legs are to be bandaged from the ankles to the knees; but this is better than taking laudanum or henbane, for neither of these poisons ever gave me sleep, and should this new prescription not do so either, it will at least do no harm.

We have been to a concert given in honour of Priessnitz's birthday, and were altogether gratified. The horn was exquisitely played, and a young countess who sang had a fine voice. The scene again amused us vastly, all is so very unlike anything one sees elsewhere. Græfenberg and the colony were illuminated on the occasion.

A few days since it was so cold we begged to be allowed to have our stove heated, but were, however, advised not to do so. Now, the sun's power is again intense, though October has commenced. In a few days we may possibly have snow, so uncertain is the climate. Shall we not become hardy mountaineers?

We have now on Sundays two services which we may attend—one in Freiwaldau, and one in the colony. The latter is in French, and conducted by a pious and most eloquent minister, and being within easy reach, I usually attend. We consider ourselves exceedingly fortunate.

Priessnitz has received a silver temperance medal from Father Mathew, with which he is much gratified. The advocate of temperance says he looks upon the inventor of the water-system as if he were an old and much-loved friend.

I have just been reading Sir Bulwer Lytton's letter on the water-cure. He advocates it most powerfully, and seems to be himself a striking example of its good effects. It appears to be the remedy of all others for a case like his, there being for a time a complete overthrow of those habits which are prejudicial to the health and strength of both mind and body, while others are acquired which are equally beneficial to both. Instead of intense and exciting literary occupation, the mind is allowed relaxation and very gentle employment, while the body, in exchange for too much rest, gets an ample supply of healthy out-door exercise. We may suppose, too, that late hours and hot rooms are exchanged for early hours and abundance of pure air; and if the exciting beverages of wine, tea, or coffee, have been taken, the strengthening and not stimulating draught from nature's spring is substituted. The poor, ill-used, over-strained mind is blessed with rest, and all the muscles that have been weakened by inaction are again brought into

ealthful and active play. At the same time a process is pursued which ctifies any specific disorder, and, discreetly applied, usually either alleiates or removes it. Without the latter, I can from experience affirm that lteration in habits, change of scene, and strictest regimen are all unavailble: where real ailment exists there must also be employed the medical gency of water. I have heard many make the same assertion, and only a few days since a gentleman was relating to me how he had for years tried all that travelling, regular habits, and strictest regimen could do—all without effect. The disease was carried with him, and only kept somewhat at bay—an enemy always closing the door to comfort, yet not powerful enough to destroy him. This state had endured for years; he heard of Græfenberg, was persuaded to try it, spent one or two years here, and left it a different man. You should have heard him describe his present happy sensations as contrasted with all the oppression and depression he had for so many years experienced. How charming must be the feeling of renewed life and even youth! But few persevere long enough: though their sufferings may have lasted for the space of ten long years, they are impatient if they are not entirely dismissed in as many months. This is unreasonable.

When I am sawing I sometimes think of Elihu Burritt, the transatlantic blacksmith; and I feel sure were he to mount the hill with me at six in the morning, and witness the energy with which groups of gentlemen are chopping wood, he would be quite delighted. There I see them hatless, capless, with all burdensome restraints of dress removed, and throat and chest laid bare to drink in the morning breeze. As seen thus they would not be taken by a novice in the cure for men who had hitherto been accustomed to lead lives of ease and refinement, and to belong to the class whose privilege it is to say, 'Do this!' or 'Do that!' But Elihu Burritt would say, 'Labour is honourable!' And he carried out this feeling; for when a college life, with every facility for study, was offered to him, he declined it in favour of his own mode of life, which he conceived to be most conducive to health of both mind and body, and continued his eight hours of labour at his anvil. The literary man might easily impose on himself many manual occupations either in or out-door; and if these were preceded by a dripping-sheet, his frame would not so speedily rebel to avenge the injuries inflicted both on it and on the poor overtasked brain.

I am ashamed to see how long I have had this on hand. I began it ere August closed, and now October is here; but of our *howabouts* you will often have heard, which consoles me. We have had, on the whole, most glorious weather; slight frosts are now commencing; but the sun is sometimes so powerful as to enable me to sit out of doors basking in his beams. Some of the moonlight nights have been superb—so clear and bright. We have not, however, been so highly favoured as not to have our allowance of both cold and wet days.

XV.

I am just returned from a very pleasant breakfast at Herr ——, where I met Dr ——, a most intelligent and very agreeable man, who pleased me

by conceding that our Silesian Esculapius is an astonishing person, and that he has seen much good effected by his system; nevertheless he has, he says, witnessed failures also. Are there none under any other system? —some even under his favourite homœopathy, I should suppose. He tells me, by the by, that in Vienna, at the time of the cholera, there was an hospital on both the homœopathic and allopathic principle—two-thirds of the patients being saved in the former, and two-thirds dying in the latter; and that after this the Austrian government countenanced homœopathy, although it had before regarded it with jealous eyes. Dr —— has kindly acted as interpreter for me with Priessnitz, and he says he never finds Priessnitz unreasonable in his orders, although some of the patients are so in executing them, by doing more than they are bidden. In very unfavourable weather, or when feeling not so well, I am a little to relax the cure; and for sleepless nights, to persevere with foot-baths and leg-bandages. By the way, I have heard of a singular remedy prescribed for a gentleman who could not sleep. He was ordered to be put in a half *leintuch* from nine P.M. to twelve (that is, he was to be enveloped up to his waist, having his arms out.) At twelve he was, if awake, to unwrap himself, and merely to bandage himself till two, when his badadeiner was to re-envelop him till four—and then again; and in this way he obtained the desired blessing.

I more and more lament my ignorance of German, and feel that I have not half the chance of being cured I should have had could I have conversed freely and unreservedly with Priessnitz. I can now ask a few questions, and can understand his simple replies; but more than this I as yet cannot do, for he speaks with great rapidity in a low tone, and without emphasis; so that many who have been some time here find it difficult to enter into anything like conversation with him. I should, moreover, have liked to elicit his opinions on any other subject to which his observation could have been applied, as they say he often makes exceedingly shrewd remarks.

And then, again, from not speaking German, it is not always easy to obtain correct information regarding illnesses and treatment; and a case has just occurred, in which I should have wished to have had particulars that I could have depended upon. A poor Jew is dead—the first death among the patients since we arrived. I understand he came to be cured of violent headaches, and that this was effected in about the space of six weeks, when he wished to go; but Priessnitz advised him to stay a while, and ascertain if there was not something to come out. He was correct here, for his body was soon covered with a hundred boils. One arm suffered most—mortification ensued, and he died.

I have just been paying a visit to a very agreeable old gentleman, who suffers much from rheumatic gout. His faith and perseverance are astonishing; he tells me he has sometimes water poured a hundred times over his body when in the tepid-bath!

We have had singular varieties in the weather; one fog—dense too—just to remind us of England and November. Then came a bright sunny day, though frosty: this was succeeded by one wet and mild, which was followed by one so warm and sunny, that I could sit out of doors; and four days before there had been snow on the ground. Just now we have it cold, but beautifully clear. The distant hills look magnificent, their outline being so

sharply defined. Of the beauty and brilliancy of the moon and planets last night I can give you no idea. Never had I the good fortune before to witness such a November!

I sadly want a tongue to scold with; for after all the hard work I have to get through in the day, the good people in our farmhouse awake me at half-past two with their thrashing. I have been compelled to remonstrate through Herr ——, and I hope the nuisance will at least abate, and that I may be allowed oblivion until four or five. When I do walk in a morning, it is often by the light of the moon and stars. A lady who was here two winters, and who had to use a plunge-bath, common to all the patients, in her house, accustomed herself to rise at three o'clock, and took her walk, lantern in hand.

Priessnitz has been consulted as to my stay here, and he has given it as his opinion that I must remain until spring. Indeed, it is now rather late in the season to set off from hence; so I must brave what you will consider the horrors of a winter among the mountains. For myself I do not fear it, and hope it may be the means of great invigoration. Of my feelings as to home friends I dare not speak here. . . . . For their comfort tell them, when pitying me, that I hear the winters here are often delightful—cold but dry; snow peppering but not wetting; and the night often as light and clear as day. We will keep an account of the weather and temperature for your benefit.

You say that —— talks of paying Græfenberg a visit, and wishes previously to be provided with very particular directions as to route, expenses, &c. I will therefore give him the result of my own and others' experience in as few words as possible. And first, as to route:—The best and most expeditious is that from Hamburg to Dresden. When there, two ways are open to the traveller—that by Breslau (selected unfortunately by ourselves, the particulars of which you can give from my former letters); or that by Prague, which I much regretted not having taken, I should certainly recommend our friend to select, especially on the score of the lovely scenery up the Elbe to within twenty miles of Prague. From the latter place there is again a railway as far as Hohenstadt, from which place to Freiwaldau the journey is performed by private conveyance, taking from about seven to eight hours in summer, and two or three more in winter, when the carriage is ordinarily placed on a sledge. Judging from our expenses, one person might perform the journey in a straightforward course for ten or twelve pounds. When arrived, you ask whether —— should aim at being in the establishment; and if not, whether he should seek for apartments in Freiwaldau or on the hill. I have generally heard the establishment recommended for a single gentleman; but if our friend should be accompanied by wife or daughter, he had better select lodgings elsewhere. I should, on many grounds, advise his choosing the hill, where the air and water must be better, and where I have observed the cure may be carried on more vigorously. There is also less temptation to accept evening invitations, which, in leading to hot rooms and later hours, must in no small measure interfere with the cure.

The rate of living here for a single gentleman cannot exceed 28s. or 30s. per week, including all expenses.

Lodgings are dearer on the hill than in Freiwaldau. The best rooms

on the hill are from about two to three florins a week—that is, from 4s. to 6s.; and one apartment, with a screen, is sufficient for one person.

Dinner may be ordered either from the salle or from the hotel, and is brought as far as the colony either by one's own servant or by a peasant for about 8d. a week. If procured from the former, it is not pleasant to make any complaints; but from the hotel, some little selection of dishes may be made.

The milk is generally excellent, and can be purchased at any cottage on the hill, or readily procured in the town: it is also reasonable in price. The bread is good, and of every variety—there being the English white and brown, or the brown of the country, besides that made at the establishment. There is, therefore, little occasion to cook at home, although for a family residing in Freiwaldau it is said to be most economical to do so.

A bath-attendant, who acts also as servant, is well paid at two florins per week—having also the remainder of the dinner sent, of which there is always an abundance. Beds and sheets have to be hired; and there are several places in Freiwaldau where these things as well as furniture are let out; and —— should consult as to this the maître d'hôtel, who is a very obliging person, and speaks English. In winter a supply of wood has to be purchased for the stove; but this the lady saws, and the gentleman chops.

—— has doubtless heard complaints as to the length of time the water-system takes to effect a cure. In some cases it does do so; and more faith and greater perseverance are necessary than unfortunately are often exhibited; and this is one cause of failure, and in those, too, who have perhaps been fruitlessly pursuing some other remedy for years. Tell him from me that he need only bring with him about a fifth part of the patience he has shewn during his ten years of suffering and application to many physicians; and if at the end of that time he is not restored to the world, his friends, and himself a new man, or has not, *at the very least*, received every encouragement to persevere in his new course, he will not, at all events, have rendered his condition worse than before; unless, indeed, some unforeseen casualty arise, which might of course happen under any treatment. I do not want to raise unreasonable expectations regarding the water-system in any case, for that would only be injuring a cause I wish to serve; I would not tell him that all Priessnitz's patients are cured, for Heaven has allowed no panacea for the ills of humanity; nor would I say that none leaves this or other establishments dissatisfied with the doctor or the system. Some are incurable by this or any known system; some complaints admit only of alleviation; and some require a self-denial the patient has not strength of mind to exercise—all which are sources of dissatisfaction: beside which Priessnitz is fallible, and so are other water-doctors. Are the disciples of allopathy, or homœopathy, or any other *pathy*, *in*fallible? I only wish hydropathy to be candidly examined, and allowed to do all the good of which it is capable. Till this be done, the water-system will not be available to the many. It can only be so to those who have leisure or sufficient wealth to reside for the requisite time in or near an establishment. Nor will there be (till it be more generally adopted by medical men and the community in general) a fair trial given of its

powers in acute disorders—such as inflammations, fevers, &c.—for which, when properly applied, it is the very *speediest* as well as safest remedy known.

I wish hydropathic hospitals for the poor could be instituted, situated in healthy situations near large towns: they might be the means of great relief to those whose unhealthy employment had induced sufferings of either a chronic or acute nature. Do not, when offering these opinions to our friend, allow him to consider me so illiberal as to say that medicine in the hands of a skilful physician never did, and never can do good, and that the use of water should in *all* cases supersede its use, whatever be the situation of a patient, or whatever be his malady; and above all, do not permit him to think that even my poor pen would throw a slight on the science of surgery, which has now been brought to so high a state of perfection, and which has so long been a blessing to millions—but I *do* wish hydropathy were more frequently the accompaniment to it.

XVI.

Having now arrived at the last week in December, we are enabled to form some estimate of what is to be endured in the form of cold while passing through this season, usually deemed so formidable; and I can assure you, I only wish Providence may decree me no harder fate than that of spending a winter at Græfenberg—on the hill I mean, and not sheltered, coward-like, in the valley, or in the town of Freiwaldau, the resort of the many.

The winters are generally very severe, but so far the present, I understand, has been a particularly mild one—the thermometer not having fallen lower than seven or eight degrees (Reaumur) below zero; doubtless, however, we shall have a much greater degree of cold than this to bear during the ensuing month. I, for one, shall desire it; much preferring, for a continuance, the dry, hard, glittering snow to the alternate storms and thaws with which we have hitherto been honoured. Of the beauty of the forests, when the trees are laden with snow, and the underwood in thousands of fantastic forms is incrusted with its icy covering, reflecting every hue of the rainbow, I can give you no idea—it must be seen to be understood. It is not only the day that is adorned with scenes of beauty, the nights also have been superb. The moon and stars, set off by a sky of the deepest blue, have shone with a lustre before unseen by me; and I have often proceeded on my early morning walk under their light, admiring first the firmament as it thus shone forth in surpassing loveliness, and then its reflection on the snow, on which countless stars seemed to be actually dancing. Can you wonder, dear D——, at my enjoying such scenes? And should not you do so too? And would they not in your estimation also counterbalance all the petty roughings and deprivations one has to meet with here? Let not those, however, who are devoid of faith in the cure, and of all enthusiasm in the beauties and varieties of nature, come to Græfenberg, for disappointment would inevitably be the result. Hardships of various kinds would, in the estimation of such, outweigh everything else; a feeling of dissatisfaction would counteract much of the good that might otherwise have

been gained; Priessnitz would be but half obeyed; and the place and system would be evil spoken of. Fortunately for such, and for those who wish not to go so far from home, there is a choice of establishments in our own country—from that first formed under Dr Wilson at Malvern in Worcestershire, to the splendid one lately constructed in Yorkshire, situated among the beauties of Wharfdale; and I should advise your recommending our friend —— to inquire all particulars regarding these, rather than bring his large stock of refinement and fastidiousness here, especially as he possesses a heavy purse, and can afford to give the requisite time in one of the more expensive establishments in England.

There is ample provision made here for meeting the severity of winter, both in the arrangement of the houses, and in the manner of dress of the people—the former being furnished with double windows, air-tight doors, and warm stoves; and the latter then indulging themselves with warm stockings and shoes, thick woollen coats or jackets, and sometimes with fur-caps. Priessnitz, however, as you know, recommends his patients to clothe themselves as lightly as possible—in proof of which I must tell you that now, with the thermometer below zero, a delicate-looking young German wears only his linen jacket and trousers, thin stockings, and no waistcoat or cravat, his head being covered by a light Leghorn straw-hat; and yet he is here to be cured of rheumatism! In heavy rain he throws on a cloak, but never to protect himself from cold. There is a preparation for all kinds of weather—red or black water-proof boots, à la Wellington for wet; and felted boots, with soles made of rope, for slippery roads. Beside these we have Alpine or ice-spurs—these are very nice things, having three sharp points under the heel, which, fixing into the ice, render walking down slippery descents comparatively easy and safe; we have also walking-sticks pointed with iron. As I wear only thin stockings, I have set up a pair of peasant's slippers for the house, for you will remember we have not honoured ourselves with rugs or carpets; and the stoves not being low enough to warm the floor, some extra warmth is needed: these slippers are huge affairs, and give some supposition of their owners having had a visit of gout, being made of listing, and lined for an inch deep with *tow*.

We have become acquainted with two nieces of Marshal Blucher—the elder of whom encouraged me to persevere, telling me she had come here two years since in so sad a state of health, that all said she had come to die. There appeared for some time to be an aggravation of her complaints; but at length a turn took place, and she grew gradually better, until, at the conclusion of the second year, she became perfectly restored to health, and she tells me that she now sleeps, eats, and walks well; and though one of her numerous complaints was a serious stomach disorder, she can now digest anything, and is staying merely for her sister's sake, who is under Priessnitz for a spinal attack; but who is already so much better as to be able to walk twice in a day to Freiwaldau.

About the middle of this month we were one day in a complete fix—the snow had drifted, and even where this was not the case, was about a yard deep; we tried to walk in all directions, but were foiled, and I began to think we might be *snowed-up*, as so many of our friends had predicted. We represented to the people of the house, that if the path leading to the high-road could not be cleared for us we should be forced to take refuge in the

town: this had the desired effect, and we were soon liberated by our landlord's clearing away the snow—which he did by chaining several logs of wood together, a horse dragging them along. We still sank above our high boots, but that was a *bagatelle*. The next morning I could scarcely see to trudge out to the establishment, and had to feel my way with the aid of my stick. When there, I found three gentlemen walking hastily one after another along the only little trodden path, and which was before the house-well. Another guest was busy shovelling away the snow, in order to clear a path towards the woods. It was a curious scene by dusk-light. We go down in sledges now to Freiwaldau—the French service, in which we so much delight, being held there. Sledging on a bright day, free from wind, is really very exhilarating; and large parties are here often formed for considerable distances over the hills, attended sometimes by a band, the sledges being adorned with flags, &c.

In the beginning of this month the death of an old gentleman of sixty occurred, which threw a gloom over us all, he being a favourite with many, and his departure being extremely sudden—he died of inflammation of the lungs. We heard from several persons that he had douched too long, and also that he had allowed the douche to fall on his stomach—a thing most strictly forbidden; however this may be, he took cold, and for the first day of his illness neglected to take the prescribed cure, which made the matter worse. As is often the case, wherever these sad events occur, there were those who said, 'had he done this or that, he might have been saved.' He was gouty and asthmatical. Two deaths in so short a space of time is a very unusual occurrence here, and have affected us correspondingly. In all probability no other may happen should we remain six or even twelve months longer: and I now proceed to a very different subject.

XVII.

On the 24th (Christmas eve) a dinner was given in the salle at five o'clock, consisting of soups, by way of variety, fish, and all kinds of light puddings, tarts, &c. to which the favourite pastime, a lottery, succeeded. The band played during the repast, and transparencies were placed to divide the room: when these were removed a pretty fairy-like scene was presented to view. At the extremity of the salle a fir-tree was brilliantly lighted up, and hung round with toys, *jeux jeux*, &c.; branches of the same interspersed with tastily-arranged pillars, composed of white and crimson drapery, were illuminated also; and in the foreground were placed tables, on which were some prettily-turned book-shelves, bearing all the various elegancies intended for the lottery. The seats were occupied by ladies, crowds of gentlemen standing behind. The freaks dame fortune played were amusing enough; bestowing sometimes babies' caps, or some piece of female gear, on a grave, long-bearded Russian; and then again showing her caprice by throwing into a fair lady's hand a gentleman's cravat. This freak she played on me, and I became the possessor of a handsome satin stock, as if in revenge for all my vituperations against them. Priessnitz was there with his family, and appeared to enjoy the scene. The blazing tree, with all its accessories, fell to the lot of a little

boy, who looked as if he thought dame fortune had treated him very kindly. After spending a pleasant evening, we trudged home through the snow by the light of a lantern.

How little had I dreamed that I should pass Christmas-day among the Silesian mountains—a thousand miles from home and its ties! The morning was glorious, and the forests inexpressibly beautiful. At half-past eight we ascended the hill again to Herr ——'s, where we had been invited to breakfast, to meet a small party, among whom was Miss Priessnitz. After our repast we were ushered into an adjoining room, where was the *Christ baume*—a fir-tree lighted with tapers, to which were appended gilded apples, gingerbread, &c. A kind of lottery then took place, but in reality a distribution of presents; a little *anden kas* for each, with a more costly one for Miss Priessnitz, who was evidently to be considered the queen of the morning, and fully esteeming herself as such. To *reign* seems pleasing to human nature—be it over an empire, an isolated hamlet, or, to draw the bounds within a still narrower limit, even over one poor human heart! We returned too late for morning service in Freiwaldau, so we decided to sledge down to the French service at three, where we heard a most animated and affecting discourse.

We had previously been invited to take our Christmas dinner with —— and ——, where we met a very agreeable party. We had a real Christmas-day dinner, served up too *à l'Anglais:* turkey, a joint of roast beef, plum-pudding, and mince-pies gracing the feast. How surprised would our friends in England have been to see us so engaged! As soon as we were rejoined in the drawing-room by the gentlemen (who assuredly had not sat over *wine*), we united in a merry game, and all exerted themselves to add their quota to the general hilarity. At eleven we set off in a sledge, accompanied by ——; and bright and beautiful was the night—the cold little signifying to our well-muffled forms. We were in our *boxes* by twelve—and so ended a Christmas-day which I shall ever remember with pleasure, and which will probably be unlike any other I may have to pass. ——, our companion, by the way, had been at Græfenberg three years, and spoke in high terms of Priessnitz, acknowledging him to be a genius, and praising, among other qualities, his almost unequalled equanimity of temper. . . . . Since writing the above I have felt not so well, and have been ordered for two days to eat no meat, and to take little food of any kind; the douche I am to omit for a few days, and take other processes in its place. I am especially to rub the right side and stomach well with water, and to change frequently my umschlag. Last night we had a feast in our rural abode, and what dish, think you, graced the board of our host? You will scarcely believe me when I tell you it was a *roasted cat!* Many of these animals, I find, are kept and fattened for the purpose. It shocks our prejudices; and yet I have often wondered why these animals should swarm on the earth for no other purpose than to be flung into the nearest pond, in order to be got rid of before they have even seen the light of day. Our maiden considered herself above partaking of this repast; but I understand it is really rather a delicate dish, and one an epicure need not disdain. We could not but be aware there was an unusually savoury dish preparing for the evening meal, and I have rather regretted that I did not, for curiosity's sake, request to taste it. Do I shock you?

XVIII.

Many of the patients who have been long here, say that it is common to experience a touch of whatever ailments one has ever been at all subject to. This, though disagreeable, is perhaps well, as lessons in the cure are thus taken that may hereafter prove useful. I have had a complete *bouleversement* in the system for a fortnight, and old complaints have come thundering at the door, and demanding admittance; I have, however, done my best, with Priessnitz's aid, to frighten them away, and I hope they will at least assail me more gently if they visit me again. My kind young friend, Miss ——, made my moan to Priessnitz, who ordered a change in my afternoon treatment, advising, instead of the leintuch and plunge, that I should have two *abreibungs* for five minutes each, with an interval of ten minutes between, when air-baths and exercise were to be taken. These were to be succeeded by a foot-bath, with the width of the thumb of water, for one hour; the legs to be rubbed all the time with water; and when the rubber was tired, I was ordered to relieve her by perambulating the room barefooted. I have thus been obliged to decline joining in two sledging parties, which has been rather mortifying; but I ventured to accept Madame ——'s invitation to supper on the hill. I had become accustomed to the Græfenberg style of visiting, or I should have been even more amused than I was with the *ensemble* of the evening. The going by the light of a lantern, and groping with its aid through dark passages, and up wide, dirty stairs till we reached Madame ——'s apartment, serving the purpose of both bedroom and sitting-room, was quite *à la Græfenberg*. A large screen concealed the sleeping-box, &c. We found the company all assembled, and the feast already spread, consisting of milk-cakes, bread of all kinds, a light kind of pudding, and potatoes in their skins; and all save myself seemed disposed to do ample justice to the good things laid before us. After supper games of various kinds, some German and some English, occupied us till the Græfenberg hour of departure arrived.

On feeling better in health, I resolved to invite a few of our friends to breakfast. But much had previously to be done that does not ordinarily engage attention on such an occasion. For instance, our stock of cutlery, crockery, china, and glass, would not extend beyond the supply of our own wants; so these articles had to be borrowed or hired. As to a Græfenberg breakfast itself, nothing can be so charmingly simple. Chocolate, milk, and water, the beverages; and the viands, bread to suit all tastes—of both brown, white, sour, and sweet. Then they have the art here of making the prettiest and nicest pastry possible, in the form of large but light cakes, and elegant little nameless dishes, that may go under the denomination of puddings, tarts, or cakes, and to these are always added various conserves; and this forms a Græfenberg breakfast for state occasions. I have not, however, mentioned the *sour* milk which is often ordered by Priessnitz: it is thick like custard, and many persons become very fond of it. On the previous evening we were all very busy adorning our room and preparing our table. The next morning dawned upon us gloriously—fine, bright, and bracing; and at a quarter past eight arrived our friend Priessnitz, accompanied by his stanch admirer ——; and I then longed for a

common language—a few short sentences (spoken with hesitation too) was all I could muster; and I had to place in his vicinity those who could converse with him. We sat down altogether, a party of fifteen, Priessnitz of course being at my right hand. I should really have enjoyed our little party could I have freely conversed in German. As it was, I must confess I sat on thorns, fearing there was an undue proportion of English spoken. I am told it was a pleasant breakfast; if so, *tant mieux*.

On the following evening we had a party of Germans to supper, after which we had various games, and we flattered ourselves all went off more than passibly. This gaiety was succeeded by our accepting an invitation to a dance and supper given by Priessnitz to his guests. The heat was great, and I felt that neither mentally nor physically does dissipation suit me, so do not intend to repeat it very frequently. . . . . Last Sunday we had weather like spring; now the cold is intense, and the thermometer was, I am told, this morning at 13 degrees below zero (Reaumur.) I could with difficulty hold my glass at the spring, and a drop of water was frozen instantly on my cloak. I douched three minutes, though the douche-room resembled an ice-cavern! It is the most exhilarating kind of cold I ever felt! A degree or two extra is useful in the water-system, provided the air be dry. . . . .

XIX.

It is now some days since I wrote the above, and I have again been battling with ailment; but Priessnitz assures me it will all pass away in spring, if not before. He has for a time diminished my cure, and limited me to nine glasses of water daily: he presses me to keep my rooms cool, and to wear light clothing. I had invited Madame —— to breakfast, requesting her to interpret for me; so you see I have always some kind assistant at hand.

We have again had an English service, and the sacrament administered to a large number. It seemed quite strange to our ears again to have the litany read. I wish I could write our French sermons from memory, that I might give you some idea of ——'s eloquence—his prayers, too, are beautiful. After service I joined a lady who has been here nearly two years, and who has much confidence in the system, which she evidenced a few days since by sending for Priessnitz to her little boy, who was then suffering from croup. She told me that when at Genoa he had been almost killed by the severe remedies used to restore him from a similar attack, but that here the disease was subdued in a very short time, and by very gentle treatment. She came herself to Græfenberg in a deplorable state of health, being unable to walk, or, I believe, even to sit up. She now appears to be quite well. . . . .

Priessnitz has given his patients quite a grand ball in his saloon, with a nice supper after it. It was a lovely night for the occasion, and a very considerable number assembled, few liking to decline an invitation given in person by their doctor. It was a *bal costumé*, and a very gay scene indeed. The dancers had been practising a quadrille taught them by the happy M. ——, to whom I formerly alluded; and this gave a great addi-

tional interest to the whole affair, as it was quite exhilarating to see his black merry face while superintending and prompting, and he seemingly rejoiced to be himself again. It was a very pretty though somewhat complex dance, and admirably adapted to the room; as ere its conclusion all proceeded in couples on the light fantastic toe to the end of the long saloon and back, and thus shewed off their costumes to great advantage. The national dance of Poland gave also much satisfaction, and is a very animated affair. Some of the costumes were excellent, especially that of an Indian warrior, copied from the life by a young patient from the United States. There was the English sailor, the smuggler, the Spanish lady, the Swiss peasant, &c. We regretted that the whole of the saloon, so noble in height and length, could not have been devoted to the purpose, and the supper given in another room, for the crush was too great in the upper part of it to allow the dancing to be seen to advantage. But Priessnitz must have felt confidence in himself and his system to have built this one room, splendid as it is. The following day we braved snow and wind to dine with our new friends the Rev. —— —— and family, and found them, as usual, all kindness and hospitality. . . . .

On the 15th of this month of February the thermometer was 7 degrees Reaumur below zero, and on the 22d it was so bright and warm that the day seemed to be the harbinger of spring. How climate and weather affect the mind and spirits! Query—is it well to be at the mercy of what is purely external, over which one never can have any sort of control? Yet am I not at all disposed to quarrel with this susceptibility to the influences of nature, for it has conferred on me some of the happiest moments I have known. . . . .

I have had to go through a process which I think will not excite your envy. For eight days my favourite douche was withheld, and at eleven A.M. and five P.M. I was ordered a sitz-bath of an hour's duration, while the back and stomach were to be rubbed with water for five minutes each quarter of the hour. I was moreover told to drink water industriously, and to take my dinner perfectly cold—its having to travel a mile ere it could be placed on the table did not render it sufficiently icy, even at this season, so it was to be kept from one day to the other. I have a fellow-sufferer, who has three of these eminently disagreeable baths per day, and was not allowed to take other food for a week than sour milk and black bread!

Do not think we are too gay if I tell you we have been to a large evening party in Freiwaldau, consisting of persons from different countries, who varied the entertainment with music, conversation, &c. We sat down to a really elegant Græfenberg supper. . . . .

I have had a seizure of great oppression and tightness of breathing, attended with cough, for which I was ordered three or four abreibungs; but they not relieving, a leintuch, to be followed by a tepid-bath, 14 degrees of Reaumur for the first ten minutes; then cold water added from time to time for a quarter of an hour. During the whole time I was to be rubbed alternately on the back and stomach, sitting for the former, and lying down in the water for the latter. This I endured three times in one day. I was terribly cold ere I could leave the baths, and I began to think these half hours would never end. This discipline really required

no little resolution; but I was repaid; for it was most serviceable, and surely better than a dose of calomel, &c.

We have just had a call from an English physician, who says he blesses God that he came to Græfenberg, the cure having done such wonders for him. He has, I hear, written a letter of thanks to Priessnitz. In the course of his little visit he gave us an instance of the advantage of employing *fair words*—which, by the by, all say Englishmen are not in general fond of doing. When travelling in the back settlements of America, at a distance from any town, an innkeeper refused him admittance (not liking to have a *Britisher*), saying he had no room. 'What!' said the gentleman, 'have you not a fireside? One who has rolled himself in the sands of Arabia, to keep himself warm, can surely find a corner to sit in!' He was on this admitted, and so won afterwards on the innkeeper by his stories and adventures, that he at length gave up to him his own bed.

When Priessnitz dismissed this patient as cured, he advised him to take no animal food, saying, 'Men stronger than either you or I never touch meat.' He advised him, moreover, to seek some little change of air, and go to the hill. He added, 'You are now perfectly well, and may leave off all processes; but you have that about you which may cost you your life: you have too much rich blood in your veins.' After coming to the mountains, he in the course of a day or two lost half a pint of blood from the nose. Such an occurrence Priessnitz had anticipated, and he predicted a return, which took place, and relieved him much. This was better than losing blood by the lancet. Was it not?

XX.

Here spring, with all her charms and budding promises, has already appeared, and endued us with fresh life and spirits. We are beginning to seek afresh our friends the wild-flowers; and the sun is occasionally so warm, that even parasols are in requisition. We were surprised to find, on the opening of the month, that it is quite the custom here to make *April fools!* The family of Priessnitz did this on rather a wholesale scale. They invited a party to breakfast, and apparently a rich and elegant repast graced the board; but wo betide those who, with true Græfenberg vivacity, seized the viands that seemed so tempting! for the coffee was well *salted*, and the cakes were plentifully streaked with pebbles, &c. When all had tried and tasted, and had thus shewn themselves to be dupes, then the worse than Barmecide feast was removed, and replaced by another which the most fastidious taste could not but approve. We that evening took our supper at Madame ——'s on the hill. The conversation turned principally on the cure. She has been here before, when a son received great benefit; now she has brought an invalid daughter. She told me she perceived a great alteration in Priessnitz's mode of proceeding with his patients. Formerly, he sweated them very liberally (pray do not abuse this jockey-like phrase, for I assure you it is quite technical), and scarcely ever employed the abreibung: stockings, too, she said, had only lately been discarded. *A gentleman* there told her that were there any less tedious remedy, he *would* adopt it in preference to the water-cure; 'but medicine,' he added,

'has failed, and what can I and others so situated do?—there is no other mode of cure.' He mentioned one gentleman whom Priessnitz refused to undertake; but said he might treat himself a little if he chose. He did so; and his improvement was such as to encourage Priessnitz to take him in hand, and in eight months he quitted Græfenberg another being. I heard many regretting that the sweating process had been so greatly discontinued, as it frequently hastened the cure; the patients, however, had in many instances abused this remedy, and by continuing longer in the blanket, or taking it more frequently than Priessnitz ordered, had reduced themselves to a state of great debility, and thus caused him unnecessary anxiety. While hearing of several really splendid cures, some few failures were mentioned; but all encouraged *me* to persevere; and Madame ——'s faith is unshaken—and well it may be so, for she is taking home her daughter in health and strength.

Some have said that, like many other doctors, Priessnitz pays most attention to the rich and great. I must, on the contrary, give my testimony to the very reverse of this, and tell you how much pleased I have been with his prompt care of our maiden, who returned last Sunday morning from church exceedingly unwell. I found she was very feverish, and that her tongue was bad, &c.; so I sent for Priessnitz, who happened to be passing up the high road on horseback to his dinner. He came immediately, and stayed twenty minutes, giving her three abreibungs, and air-baths between each, and leaving her in a cold sitz with the window open. She was too ill to walk after these operations, and she was told to lie down with one covering thrown over her. In the afternoon she was ordered to repeat the cure: she did so, and was able to walk after it, and was so much better as to be able to wait upon us as usual. In this instance Priessnitz asked to see the tongue; and instead of counting the pulse, he felt the forehead. I was charmed to see how quickly the poor girl was relieved. She would certainly have been sent to bed, and would have had much to have undergone under the medicine system. For a day or two she continued to have a bath and rubbing. . . . . .

You say our friend —— complains that in his parish there is among the rich and educated a sad want of energy in doing good: he should, I think, seek for an introduction to a lady I have just heard of in a sister country, whose character and life have interested me not a little, and who is really in certain ways a pattern to her own sex. She is blessed with excellent health, and is unmarried, and so devotes her whole powers to benefit her less fortunate fellow-creatures within her personal reach: she is not only a most constant and active superintendent of schools (which alone, one should think, would afford ample employment for one individual), but being a convert to hydropathy, she has a number of poor patients whom she treats by its aid: she has also, I hear, been mesmerising some (at this you will perhaps smile), and declares a tooth has just been extracted in her presence without the slightest consciousness on the part of the sufferer. She deserves no praise, she maintains, in giving away her little all, as she has more pleasure in doing so than she would have in spending it on dress, or in other ways. You will say her faith is extensive when I add that she is a believer in phrenology, and says she ought to receive no commendation for certain points of *character, should she* act merely according to her conforma-

tion: for instance, if she is devoid of the bump of self-esteem, she disclaims all merit in not being vain; and so on. She is on principle never one moment idle, filling up her leisure moments with working for charities, and carrying on an extensive correspondence: while thus exerting her moral and intellectual powers, she is careful not to waste either her bodily or mental gifts, and carefully avoids late hours, and all that might injure them. Now, however you may differ from this philanthropist in some of her opinions, yet you will, I think, give her credit for excellent intentions: she goes about trying to do good mentally and physically to those within the sphere of her influence, and this sort of activity would just suit ——, as, while she attended to the part she thus allotted to herself, he would do all in his power to watch over (what is of still more importance) the spiritual state of his people. Ask him from me if such a person would not be very useful to him? . . . . .

XXI.

I think I have not yet mentioned to you one of the most striking and interesting cases of cure which our own eyes have witnessed: it is that of an engaging little girl of nine years of age, who was brought here two years ago for a white swelling in her knee, which had baffled the skill of some of the first medical men in her own country. Her young and interesting mamma was almost at the point of despair at seeing the increase of disease and decrease of strength in her child, when she happened to hear the zealous advocate of the water-cure (Captain Claridge) lecture on the subject; and she was so struck by his arguments, and the facts he related, that she resolved, as a last resource, to set off with her little charge, and commit her to the care of Priessnitz. It was fortunate for her that Priessnitz should be the man of feeling, discernment, and delicacy which he really is, for he immediately felt great interest in both mother and daughter, and became the kind friend as well as the medical adviser. It has taken nearly two years to reduce the swelling, which has been effected by producing in it powerful crises—the child's general health being in the meantime greatly improved and invigorated. She has gone through a most powerful process—douching usually twice a day; to do which she used to hop along on crutches. When Priessnitz was convinced that the complaint was entirely subdued, he advised her to be taken to the celebrated surgeon Dreſēnbach of Berlin, who had been the inventor of the very operation he wished her to undergo. No less than seven cuts were made under the knee, in order to liberate that joint, which had become immovably bent; irons were shortly put on to stretch the leg, and keep it straight; and when she returned to Græfenberg, she was enabled to place her foot on the ground, and walk without assistance, though slightly lame. Her health has suffered from the operation and the confinement she experienced at Berlin; but it is expected she will speedily regather her strength now she has returned to the hills and the cure. Her interesting parent is much attached to Priessnitz, and, as you may suppose, is deeply grateful too. Her courage and self-denial in quitting her country and friends to sojourn alone among strangers are thus *in a fair* way of being rewarded. Woman is proverbially weak—yet what *strength* she can shew on emergencies!

Easter Sunday was bright and beautiful, as if it wished to rejoice over the event we were about to commemorate. We have now another English clergyman, who administered the sacrament to us in a very devout and impressive way. We have given another mountain breakfast, but were not favoured by the weather as before, having a most unusual visitor in the form of a dense fog. We had also on the same evening a small party of Germans to supper, so you see we are no anchorites in our mountain dwelling. I have just become acquainted with the Græfenberg cure for bronchitis, and it reminds me of the reasoning of many regarding the water-cure. It is allowed that it may do very well in those cases where great delicacy does not exist, but would certainly be the death of all who have any tendencies to affections of the throat or chest. The patient who has undergone the treatment would once herself doubtless so have reasoned, as for six years she had wintered at Hastings (notwithstanding its having been often both wearisome and inconvenient so to do), because it was believed her very existence depended upon it; and after this it was deemed equally essential for her to pass the severe months for five successive years in Italy; yet this winter has not only been spent in the severe climate of Silesia, but she has actually been far better in health than during all those years when she was scarcely permitted to breathe the common atmosphere. The cure she has had to undergo for an attack of inflammation in the bronchial passages would formerly have astonished her, although to the inexperienced in remedies, it might be less terrific than her accustomed applications of leeches, blisters, &c. When seized at Freiwaldau she was very ill, and had much fever—and this I know from a physician who was with her; so much so, that Priessnitz deemed it necessary to see her three times in the course of one day. But now for the remedy prescribed. She was ordered to have a leintuch, and tepid shallow-bath after it—the latter for the space of one hour and a half at a time. It was to be about 65 or 66 degrees of Fahrenheit, and made colder by degrees: water was to be continually poured over her head and chest, and she had three people to rub her. There was she to be kept until quite cold; and she told me herself that her teeth absolutely chattered with the intensity of the cold she had to endure. She was speedily rewarded for her obedience to orders, and she has never since had an attack, and is highly delighted and most grateful: so is her husband, who is a patient also. I have heard from a physician of the remedy given him for violent palpitation of the heart. Priessnitz was sent for, who immediately ordered a cold foot-bath; a friend who was present demurred, and remonstrated, as some medical men had warned him never to put his feet in cold water. Priessnitz held to his advice, and ordered the water to be brought in, and then asked the patient whether he liked to use it or not. He instantly arose and put his feet in the bath, which had of course only the ordinary depth of water; and Priessnitz was so gratified by his compliance, that he crossed the room and kissed his hand. He was soon much relieved: umschlags were placed round the body, and over the region of the heart. When he had a similar seizure at Geneva, twenty-two ounces of blood had been abstracted, which had so reduced him that a dropsical affection ensued in his legs. He also is eminently satisfied.

I send our *friend* —— *a playful invite* to the water-cure and to the

mountains, which, if he receive kindly, I may perhaps follow by a more serious appeal:—

AN INVITATION TO THE MOUNTAINS.—*April.*

Come, where the gentle breezes blow,
Come, where the sparkling waters flow,
Come, where fair Hebe's roses glow,
Come to the Mountains!

Quit now old Physic's dull domain,
Cut Father Prejudice in twain,
Throw from around you Error's chain,
And freedom gain!

Haste ye! for Nature's smiles are gay,
Soon will she deck her brows with May,
While listening to the skylarks lay,
Haste thee! away!

Her tender arms around she 'll fling,
Her hand no bitter draught will bring,
But wine that sparkles at her spring,
She 'll offer free.

A pupil by her lessons taught,
Who with her wisdom fully fraught,
Has mighty wonders with her wrought,
Haste here to see!

Water 's the weapon that *he* wields,
His sick-room but the open fields,
Where Death his prey oft struggling yields
To health's strong sway!

No pill nor lotion e'er has *he*,
From blister, leeches, both set free;
Here only need you patient be
Till Water heal.

The Plunge, the Sitz, the Douche, the Sheet,
Sole terrors of this pure retreat,
Which soon may place you on your feet,
With joy to leap.

If fell disease too sturdy prove,
And from his throne refuse to move,
Still will not Nature fail to soothe
Her votaries' pain.

Contrast you now! In bed to lie,
Or to the Mountains quick to fly,
And there a Priessnitz's skill to try,
With Nature by.

Haste, then, where freshest breezes blow,
Come, where the sparkling waters flow,
Come, where fair Hebe's roses glow,
Come to the Mountains!—Come!

XXII.

In reply to your last kind and considerate letter, I will candidly tell
u that it is my wish to remain here as long as Priessnitz shall consider
necessary to do so; and I have been strengthened in this desire by
conversation with the mamma of the young lady mentioned in my
t, who says that, from long experience, it is her conviction that the
tients of Priessnitz should, if possible, stay the full time he prescribes,
l that if they do not, they will infallibly repent. I met at this lady's
tage the gentleman whose case I also alluded to in my letter, who
canted largely on the astonishing penetration evinced by our mountain
tor, as well as on his many other excellent qualities. He told us he
nself had come with palpitation at the heart, determination of blood to
head, and pain in his side, and had not strength to walk above half a
le. His sight, he declares, has been so much improved, that he can now
without spectacles. I remarked he would feel regret at leaving
æfenberg. 'Oh, indeed I shall; and I shall have many pleasant asso-
tions with a place where I have been disencumbered of so many obstruc-
ns of the wheel of life.' I praised his improved looks. 'Ah, had you
own me years ago, you would now see a great falling off! You should
ve seen me in the Peninsular war, when I used to sleep on ploughed
lds, perhaps under torrents of rain, and eat flesh merely seethed under
horse's saddle, in order to take off a little of the rawness! Ah, then
vas strong indeed!' He entertained us for some time, describing one
the most interesting battles of the Peninsular war, and which is well
ld, he says, by Napier.

I have just heard an anecdote which I will relate, to shew how some of
e false reports regarding Priessnitz get abroad. A German gentleman
ld us he had been requested to interpret for an Englishman, who, having
less than thirty-six boils, felt very ravenous, and was anxious Priessnitz
ould allow him to gratify his appetite, which previously he had been
rbidden to do. 'You may appease your hunger, but be moderate,' was
e reply; which our countryman declared to all his companions was per-
ssion to stuff himself as much as he liked.

I have gone through a great variety of processes for different ailments,
d Priessnitz says my disorders are *tief;* that is, deep-seated—obstinate.
ter bathing, walking, and douching in a morning, I was ordered a five-
nute sitz before breakfast, with much rubbing. This was to relieve the
ne. At another time long sitz-baths were prescribed, with rubbing for
ht days, and the douche to be omitted. After this I was told to take a
rter of an hour's sitz, with five minutes' rubbing; then to walk for a
rter of an hour about the room, and again another quarter of an hour's
. Priessnitz also desired me to sit down, and taking two logs of wood
lumb-bells, to exercise my arms and back by raising them up and down
n the floor. I am also to throw the dumb-bells over my head, and to
rcise my arms in all directions.

We had some days in April so fine and warm, that I could sit or lie
m out of doors for an hour together; and now, on the 1st of May, we

have a white world—the trees in the woods being bent under the weight of snow, and quite superb. A gay breakfast had been arranged to take place on the Koppe, a high hill near the establishment, on which is a summer-house. A band had been engaged, and so forth; but this weather of course forbids it. It will also interfere with the Vienna gaieties—this being the day for all to exhibit their carriage and selves on the Prada. Some of the patients are gone there by way of a little variety, and this is sometimes approved of and sanctioned by Priessnitz.

I have lately become acquainted with a German lady, who told me the history of her child's restoration by the water-cure; also of her arrival here, and of all the horror she had felt at her accommodations and prospects. At the household misery I was barbarous enough to laugh, having myself gone through it, and being now on this score very callous, as she too will soon learn to be. In the account of her child's recovery I was much interested. He had been, it seems, subject to croop, for which he had been constantly leeched, &c.; and at length was confined in a room with twenty degrees of heat (Reaumur) for four months (and this, too, in summer), till he became quite a skeleton. In despair she turned her attention to the water-cure, begging a lady with whom she had previously had no acquaintance (but who she knew had been for a long time at Græfenberg) to explain the process to her. In the course of a few days, after taking the water-cure under this lady's direction, he was able, though the weather was bad at the time, to be led into the garden, a very ghost in appearance. Four months' diligent perseverance in these measures brought him greatly round, and restored the spine, which had become slightly curved. He still, however, needed further invigoration, and therefore she brought him here. Her other children also go through a treatment. At home, I understand, she is surrounded by all kinds of comforts and luxuries, forming a contrast to her abode here, though she is favoured with one of the best cottages in the colony. I was amused when she told me she thought it quite impossible her children and herself could go out of doors to the bath, and that she had complained to Priessnitz of the draughts. Priessnitz assured her a draught was *good:* if there was anything amiss in the system, it brought it out; if not, it could do no harm.

I understand Priessnitz has advised our landlord, who is building a lodging-house, not to erect a large one, but one that will hereafter serve the purpose of a farmhouse; for he said—'I am mortal!' This advice has been the subject of some discussion; and some are of opinion that Priessnitz has not been wise in giving it, as Græfenberg, it is thought, would always command visitors—food being cheap, and all being ready-made and convenient for the cure, climate appropriate, &c.; and soon, too, when the railways now in progress are completed, it will become very accessible.

My maiden has been giving me an account of a very singular process a gentleman in Freiwaldau is now going through. He is ordered to have an abreibung the very first thing on awaking; then is put into a leintuch for a quarter of an hour; then another abreibung; and so on alternately; after which he walks, and ends by bathing in the river, to which he has always been accustomed, and which he begs to continue.

We have called upon an agreeable English lady just arrived, who, though no novice in the water-cure, is exceedingly amused with all she sees here.

As yet, she declares she must have tea *à l'Anglais;* and so, by dint of much inquiry as to how to supply herself with the needful apparatus and means of making it, she has bought a spirit-lamp to boil her water, and borrowed a tea-pot. But we tell her she will speedily accustom herself to take sweet or sour milk, like hundreds of others, who *at home* protest against either, and say it would make them ill. She has a room in the *ci-devant* barn, and is alone, without understanding one word of German. She needs, therefore, all the independence of character and elasticity of spirits with which she seems blessed.

We have now an English service in one of the most rural cottages in the colony, conducted by the Hon. and Rev. ——: the pretty sitting-room is nicely arranged to accommodate the congregation, a high table and desk covered with cloaks serving as pulpit. Four interesting sons form the choir—one playing on the piano. We took supper at M—— the evening after attending this service, and met one of our clergymen, whom we found very intelligent and gentlemanly. It is quite amusing to witness the heartiness of the appetites of all the cure-guests! and I hear of astonishing exploits in this way performed in the *salle.* I hope you will soon be contaminated when you arrive, or you will be shocked at our vulgarity. . . . .

A gentleman who came here merely on a visit, and to thank Priessnitz for a cure performed a year since, was seized with gastric fever, apparently the result of cold taken before he arrived. He became seriously ill, and Priessnitz ordered him three *leintuchs* (envelops) for a quarter of an hour each, and a tepid-bath after them for another quarter of an hour, with many folds of wet linen on his chest. Priessnitz came himself to see him enveloped, as in his case he wished the sheet to be quite loose. He had to undergo a very severe cure, and became very feeble, having a sad cough also. He had the requisite faith, was most obedient and persevering, and was restored to health. I almost feared at one time he would have sunk under his attack. When he was suffering, I encountered a friend of his, who told me that when in India he had a violent fever, when no less than forty grains of calomel were administered in the course of twenty-four hours. He was left, as supposed, in a dying state; but though he did survive, he was very long in recovering from the effects of this direful remedy, and attributes to it a skin disease from which he is now suffering. He had a fever here a twelvemonth since, when he was put into a leintuch for ten, then twelve, and then twenty minutes; and had a tepid-bath for a quarter of an hour after them: being too ill, he was put to bed, and so recovered without the aid of calomel, of which he has a horror. The time of year, the strength of the patient, and other circumstances, seem to make a difference with regard to the after-treatment—the going to bed or walking out.

While on this subject, I will tell you I met a lady before breakfast a few mornings since looking very ill; and I found she was in what is called the *crisis,* and this has taken the form of fever. She has no less than six envelops of a quarter of an hour each—one hour and three-quarters of a tepid-bath afterwards; she then walks, and has three abreibungs on her return before breakfast. She has also one or two sitz-baths of three hours.

I have endured much from toothache, after trying all the remedies Priessnitz could prescribe without avail. He advised me to have the enemy extracted. I rode down in our covered cart to Freiwaldau, and finding the priest (who is the best tooth-drawer) from home, I went to another; but when I was introduced to the man, and beheld his clumsy instrument, both together struck me with terror; courage failed, and my tooth and I returned together. My continued pain excited much sympathy, and it was proposed that I should set off for Neisse (about twenty-seven English miles), where I should find a good dentist. One of my companions and my maiden accompanied me; and after hard jolting, we arrived just in time to have the enemy removed before the arrival of one of our mountain thunder-storms. We remained all night. Imagine me without stockings in a garrison town of 2000 soldiers! How unwillingly shall I resume them!

It is June, and heat is now excessive; and it is said for want of rain the corn is in jeopardy. It is charming to be in the way of breezes! I live now entirely out of doors—our morning repast being spread in our balcony, where we read, draw, &c. unless the heat force us to re-enter our domicile. I must break off rather abruptly, which pray excuse; and believe me, as ever, yours, &c. &c.

XXIII.

I long for you now to mount the hills with me during these delicious mornings. To-day I rose up at four, and was soon after treading the green moss as high as the Priessnitz Quelle, where the water is very cold and pure, and the air most invigorating. A little beyond this, an opening in the wood gives a superb view of the surrounding hills and extensive valleys. I shall ever remember with pleasure the springy, delightful feeling I had when gathering wild-flowers and strawberries on this height. When on my way to the douche, I encountered our new acquaintance ——, who opened fully on a subject lately much discussed here, and which has caused no slight feeling of irritation among the enthusiastic advocates of Priessnitz and hydropathy. This is a mode of cure (if cure it can be called) carried out at Lindaviesa, a village about two English miles distant from Græfenberg, by a man of the name of Schrott, a contemporary and schoolfellow of Priessnitz. I have from time to time since I came here heard him mentioned; but lately there has been a kind of panic among those patients of Priessnitz who have been discontented with the results of the water-cure, and a spirit of rivalry has thus been engendered, which has placed the two modes of cure in such juxtaposition, that it has been difficult to close one's ears to the various discussions that have in consequence taken place—tiresome, as I must confess, they have frequently been. From what I have hitherto heard of Schrott's system, I have been inclined to bestow upon it no small measure of ridicule—so opposed did it seem to me to be to all the plainest dictates of common sense: but remembering that this is just the view many once took (and others still take) of the water-system itself, and wishing not to rank among those who decide before they hear, I determined to inquire at

length into all that could be urged in its favour. Madame de Staël, I recollect, speaks somewhere strongly on the subject of *prejudging*—though she had certainly little intention of applying her invectives to modes of cure for physical evils invented by two Silesian peasants. She was rather roving in imagination among the fields of literature and philosophy. She says, 'Les opinions qui diffèrent de l'esprit dominant, quel qu'il soit, scandalisènt toujours le vulgaire: l'étude et l'examen peuvent seuls donner cette liberalité de jugement, sans laquelle il est impossible d'acquérir des lumières nouvelles, ou de conserver même celles qu'on a; car on se soumet à de certaines idées recues, non comme à des vérités, mais comme au pouvoir; et c'est ainsi que la raíson humaine s'habite à la servitude, dans le champ même de la littérature et de la philosophie'—or, we may add, in the fields of medical or other sciences. But where am I wandering?—far away from the woods where I was walking, and from my companion W——: but now to return.

W—— says he is a liberal man in all his views, coveting only truth; and therefore, though a very warm advocate of the water-cure, he is not so wedded to it as to deem it a panacea for all the evils of humanity, or to suppose that no other cure can be found to equal its efficacy. He then proceeded to tell me he had heard of some wonderful cures performed by Schrott; and having one day an opportunity of being introduced to him, he took advantage of the circumstance to say to him, that though a friend of Priessnitz, and a patient under the water-system, he still desired to do justice to a mode of cure, the good effects of which were so obvious. Upon this Schrott opened out, and explained his mode of acting, which, so far as I could understand it, is this:—He makes the stomach the great engine of cure, by drawing the evil first there, and then making that organ expel it, which he does by denying water or any liquid to the patient, and allowing him to partake only of dry *semelus* (little dry rolls.) At first the patient can perhaps manage to swallow four or five of these in the course of the day; but after three or four days the dryness of the mouth becomes so great, that in general only one or two can be taken. The severity of the process depends on the patient's strength. The thirst experienced is dreadful, and the tongue sometimes becomes quite black, which is called a *crisis*. The body (not the limbs) is enveloped at night, or rather about midnight, in four wet sheets or wraps, loosely put on, with abundance of dry over-covering. Thus moisture is conveyed to the body; and the patients say it is the greatest possible relief to have these wet folds applied, as it appeases their intense thirst. When extremely exhausted, a little hot wine is administered; indeed this is usually allowed about the fourth day. The cures, as given by W——, were all but incredible (perhaps *you* will erase the *all but.*) There was first the restoration of two madmen—one of six, the other of nine years' standing; another patient was cured of fungus on the nose, and a swelling on the knee; a woman in childbed was cured of mortification, &c. W——, says Schrott, can set legs well, and perform other surgical operations, though only self-taught. There is now a Russian prince at Lindaviesa, who is eminently satisfied with his amendment, and who declares he will proclaim Schrott's merits in his country. Now what is to be thought of all this? First, I want to know if these facts be correct. I have no power to contradict them, and I feel as little capacity for fully crediting them. It seems,

indeed, a strange mode of curing diseases; and, unlike the water-cure, it puts no remedy into one's own hands to be self-applied, teaches no good habits, and therefore is no prevention of disorders. Nor can I see how it can strengthen when disease is banished. It might, indeed, be of infinite service to the gourmand, who would not be disposed to kill himself with repletion with no daintier fare than dry semelus; but, tired as I am of this subject, I think I deserve some commendation for having had the patience to write to you so fully upon it. Think you so? or might I have spared my pains? This may perhaps be the last letter I shall have to address to you before I leave Silesia, as I hope you will now resolve to come speedily and form your own opinion of the people and things that have been my subjects. When you shall have taken time to judge for yourself, I think you will agree with me, that the water-system is not the mere thing of a day, but that thousands yet unborn will grant (as many do now) that, under a kind Providence, they will owe renewed power and restored happiness to the genius and perseverance of a Silesian peasant.

You will see, too, that though Priessnitz is now an independent man as to property, yet he is still as much interested as ever in perfecting his system and rendering it efficacious; and you will hear from those who are now visiting his establishment, after the lapse of years, how clearly they perceive a considerable difference in his modes of treatment. Why may not others endued with knowledge and discernment follow his example? A system like this, which has been built up by degrees, must surely be susceptible of still farther improvement, either from Priessnitz himself or others.

I am not afraid of your thinking I have drawn too flattering a portrait of the hero of Græfenberg, for I would not assert that he is infallible in judgment or perfect in character; but I would say that, from all I have heard or witnessed, I believe him to possess more than ordinary superiority in both—and this persuasion has caused my frequent expressions of regret that my knowledge of German should not have been either so ready or so extensive as to enable me freely to converse with him without the aid of an interpreter.

You will perceive too, I think, that both friends and foes have been the means of injuring the system in the estimation of those who have not had an opportunity of forming their own judgment; the former by declaring it could never fail, and the latter by perhaps giving it too hasty a trial, or receiving impressions against it from grumblers—who, by the way, are often those who would be as ill satisfied with the prescriptions of the ordinary practitioner, and who, after trying doctor after doctor, would end by abusing them all.

A first-rate medical writer of the present day alludes to the ingenious modes in which Priessnitz has modified his applications of water, having, he says, his stimulant, his sedative, his tonic, his reducing agent, his purgative, his astringent, his febrifuge, his counter-irritant, and so forth. Now if this be so, as it undoubtedly is, can all these various modes of treatment be understood in a few days? And yet many medical men have come here, stayed a week, and then fancied they understood the system, and have gone home either to practise or to ridicule it. Is this fair?

In the hope of seeing you shortly, I shall lay down my pen, especially

as with this you will be receiving various details from others of our party, and so I might, by writing more, send you a 'twice-told tale.'

XXIV.

As you no longer receive communications from me through our mutual friend D——, I am expected, I hear, to write direct to you. You will have had letters from D—— and his party *en route*, and will not, therefore, I hope, have felt much anxiety on their account; still, it will doubtless gratify you to know that they reached us yesterday in health and safety. They arrived several days earlier than we had expected, and so gave us a most joyful surprise when in the act of entertaining a small number of our acquaintances in our balcony. We were busy partaking of our evening repast, when my companions heard well-known and much-loved voices inquiring for our domicile. I will leave you to picture the greeting: suffice it to say, our friends had too much kind consideration to prolong their visit, and we were soon immersed in the pleasing cares of providing accommodations, &c. for the new and dear arrivals. Various duties, indeed, awaited us; for where were four beds to be provided for our guests? To Freiwaldau we had to send; so it was very late ere the weary travellers could betake themselves to repose. Not unpleasantly, however, was an hour or two employed in chatting. D—— brought with him English ideas and wants, and called out for tea! We were laughing at the request, when our kind friend the Rev. —— ——, who had been joining in our repast, flew to his cottage, and sent a small supply of the article, which he happened to have in his travelling-bag; so the stove was lighted, and water heated in an earthenware vessel—the tea being made in a jug, as a substitute for a teapot. You may suppose that a second edition of the decoction was not required, and that this morning our delicious milk had the preference. You will be pleased to hear that all praise my improved looks, and wonder how I can have acquired a pair of arms as robust and vulgar as those of a milkmaid. We all felt we had very much to be grateful for, and retired to rest last night, thanking a kind Providence for a reunion under circumstances so favourable and so hopeful.

Greatly to our mortification, this morning proved less fine than it has long been; for much had we wished that Græfenberg should be seen by our friends to the greatest possible advantage. D—— would immediately become a disciple of the system, and not only took the cure, but doffed stockings, waistcoat, and all the removable obstacles, to the obtaining the delicious and unceremonious fanning of the pure mountain breezes of June. I introduced him to my enjoyable morning walks in the woods, while mounting higher and higher from quelle to quelle; but he grew ambitious, and soon ascended far higher than I had ever had the power to do. Of course he was speedily introduced to the monarch of the place, and regretted on that occasion, as I had done on many others, that there is no universal language.

We all walked down in the afternoon to the fair in Freiwaldau, where H—— and others lost their purses, thanks to some light-fingered gentry. ... As I find that H—— had written a few lines to say all are well

and safe, I deferred despatching this, and can now continue the history of our proceedings as time and opportunity may permit. . . . . Various have been our doings since I penned the above. The late arrivals have been introduced to our favourite walks, as well as to dinners, concerts, and dances in the saloon. We have, moreover, had many little parties in our balcony, and joined in pic-nics, &c. so that you may feel quite sure time has not moved onwards with leaden wings; indeed almost unheeded have flown the hours—

'For who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for its wings?'

A decision was, however, come to by Priessnitz, which for a time a little damped the joy and ardour of some of our party. It was, that I ought to remain until the autumn. This sentence was afterwards commuted to that of carrying on the cure for three months after my return to England. . . . . On the last day of June we had one of the most delightful days as to outward charms I almost ever remember. Existence was bliss; everything was enjoyed—baths, walks, and, above all, a rural repast on the Eisenberg, to which we had been invited by M. and M^me^ ——. A table was spread near the summer-house, with all that was tempting in the way of mountain strawberries, milk, fruit, cakes, tarts, &c. We were a large party; and after our al-fresco supper, we all joined in merry games until ten o'clock, when the stars lighted us home. You will laugh when I tell you that in this German party Blindman's-buff and Cat-and-mouse were among our games. How little, dear R——, could your friend once have looked forward to a position like this!—joining in games with the young and gay, among the Silesian mountains a thousand miles from home! In my days of languishing and despair, a vision of the future like this would have seemed too bright for me—in too strong contrast to the then dark present. If, again, in this changing scene, I should be plunged in wretchedness, I must remember this transition, and let patience and hope be my motto. . . . .

Ah, lackaday! I have now a sad mishap to relate to you. We had fixed to give our friends and acquaintances a farewell party; all were invited for the first evening in July, and on the morning of that day H—— and I had accidentally made an addition to the guests, which we felt sure would add greatly to the pleasure of all, and which we kept a profound secret, much enjoying the idea of the agreeable surprise we had prepared. All that puzzled us was, how to find seats for so many as we had asked, to say nothing of all the additional etceteras in the way of china and glass. Meantime all hands were busily decorating our balcony with festoons, composed of fir, &c. But, alas! we could not send an embassy to the winds and clouds, nor could we solicit his majesty the sun to shine on our project. So all was overturned by the unforeseen chance of a mountain storm. The wind blew, and the rain descended in torrents, cruelly thus crushing the *château en Espagne* which we with so much brilliancy had been raising. There was nothing to be done but a hasty removal of our preparations from out to in doors, and to limit our table-accommodation for the reception only of those guests who were within easy reach of us.

Our diminished party all played the amiable and the agreeable, and we endeavoured to defy the weather without by much cheerfulness within. So concluded what is destined to be, I presume, our last little reunion in our Græfenberg cottage. Heigh ho!

D—— and the rest of the party have been excursionizing, and want me to accompany them as far as possible in a wagon. I declined, fearing the fatigue, and also wishing to take some sketches. One of these I will send you—the subject being the cottage in which our English service is now conducted by the Hon. and Rev. —— ——, with which I have many pleasing associations. It is rather a picturesque abode. Not so the habitation of our Swiss minister, which is a large square house, forming no subject for the pencil. All connected with him must therefore be engraven on the mind and heart, which, when not of adamant itself, must have been deeply impressed with his most eloquent discourses. It has been a subject of congratulation with us that we have, on this important point, been so highly favoured. We went in our covered cart a few days since to dine with our kind hospitable friends the M——s. Knowing the trouble so many visitors would occasion, I felt ashamed to go in a body; but no denial would be taken. Everything on table was exceedingly nice, notwithstanding all difficulties. Madame told me that previous to marriage she had had no idea of the art of cooking; but that, for some little time during her residence in France, having but one room to serve the purpose of kitchen, parlour, and bedroom, and having herself all to do, she was compelled to acquire knowledge of that kind, and had even learned to skin a hare, &c.: yet her education had prepared her for a life of refinement. The useful has not, however, spoilt her for the agreeable; and her manners are as easy, and her countenance as beaming and kind, as if she had undergone no hardships, and had spent her life in a drawing-room.

I have had rather a serious alarm since writing the above. A few mornings ago I had taken my walk, douched and so forth as usual, and had sat down to breakfast, when I discovered I had not power in my right arm to raise the glass jug of milk from the table! It had become heavy, and almost powerless; at the same time, although the day was overpoweringly hot, I was very chilly. It was thought advisable instantly to apply to Priessnitz; and so, as he had gone down to Freiwaldau, we followed in our covered wagon, and meeting him in the Platz, told our grievance. He ordered me to return, and have five or six abreibungs with air leather between, and to exercise my arm with a stick in every possible way. At the end of an hour, if not better, to repeat the abreibungs, and to continue them so long as the evil lasted. He attributed the affection mainly to the stomach, which disturbed the circulation. There were also other causes at work he thought. It did not alarm him at all, and he said I need not on that account defer my journey. . . . . .

We have had a grand gala here in honour of Priessnitz, who has had a gold medal presented to him by the governor of Silesia, and sent by the emperor for the purpose. It is the second order of merit—order the first having a gold chain appended to it. The court-house had been decorated for the occasion, and at the conclusion of the ceremony all attended high mass. That the young as well as the old should unite in doing honour to the Hero of Water, it had been arranged that a juvenile procession, to the

number of eighteen, should be in readiness to present to Priessnitz, on his return to his home, a large basket of the choicest flowers, which had been procured at no small cost from a distance of some miles—repeating at the same time some complimentary verses penned for the occasion. These young people, and all who wished to be spectators of the scene, assembled in Priessnitz's private room; and when he entered the adjoining saloon, the door between these apartments was thrown open, and the procession advanced—two little girls, crowned with flowers, presenting the gift. It was really a pretty and gratifying sight, and Priessnitz seemed both pleased and affected. It is said, however, that he hates *scenes*, and shrinks from exhibitions and notoriety. At night a grand ball was given by our doctor and all his patients. The grand saloon was decorated with much taste, and was on this occasion wholly given up to the festivity—supper being prepared for the cure guests in a room below. Crowds collected, and gay was the scene, and unlike, I should imagine, in most of its features, any other assembly of people in any part of the habitable world. The gold medal graced Priessnitz's coat, and numerous were the congratulations offered to him. Madame Priessnitz looked exceedingly happy, and doubtless had more unmixed enjoyment from the whole affair than he on whom all smiles were bestowed. It was our last evening, and this rendered me somewhat melancholy, especially as I had to bid farewell to many kind friends whom I might never more see.

I had a parting plunge and a good-by walk on the following morning, which was very lovely. I also went to pay a pathetic adieu to the pretty Eisenberg and its summer-house, associated with so many pleasant hours, and then offered up a prayer for the future, and thanks for the past. I wondered whether I should ever be permitted to see Græfenberg again; and if so, under what circumstances: but speculation is vain. May a kind Providence guide, and all will be well!

I have now been rather more than a twelvemonth here; and what a happy change has been wrought! May I shew my gratitude by greater devotion to that Being who has dealt thus mercifully and bountifully with me!

Priessnitz called to say adieu, and to desire to hear from me; and I walked up to his house to take leave of his wife, whom I found busy in her kitchen like a good housewife, looking neat and nice as usual. We parted excellent friends. After our early dinner came a large circle of friends to say farewell, and to render us all the little services in their power. Their kindness was quite touching, and increased that tender regard and affectionate feeling which will ever be associated in my heart's memory with all that is connected with the once insignificant but now far-famed hamlet of Græfenberg.

XXV.

We started from Græfenberg about four o'clock in the afternoon *en route* for Vienna. For some hours we drove through bold mountainous scenery, which was more to my taste than the more monotonous though much-vaunted *Bergstrasse* between Heidelberg and Frankfort. About

seven we stopped at a most uninteresting-looking small town, where we partook of bread and milk, and where we overtook our luggage, which had preceded us in one of the curious little wagons of the country. You say you wish me not merely to name our route, but to mention time and cost. I must therefore add, that we paid for our roomy coach ten florins (about £1); five florins for our wagon, and three to the driver. We arrived at Hohenstadt at half-past one, and were speedily seated in the train for Vienna. Being very much overcome by heat and fatigue, we all slept at intervals during the night. When we awoke, it was to scenery of a very opposite character to that presented to us the previous day. All was perfectly flat, and very uninteresting, and parched, moreover, by heat and want of rain. About noon we arrived, and had to encounter more than the usual bustle at the terminus. Regarding the customhouse we had little trouble. This indulgence arose from our having merely arrived from Græfenberg, which created no suspicion of our having smuggled goods, *tabac*, &c.

On account of the greater airiness of its situation, we resolved to take up our quarters at the Goldenes Lamm, in the suburbs of Vienna; and should you come, I advise you to follow our example. We were at first, however, grievously disappointed, as we had to put up with close back-rooms. Airy and front ones were to reward patience; so this, notwithstanding the heat, we endeavoured to exercise; and I was strengthened in this matter by a cold embrace from an abreibung, more reviving and exhilarating, after a twenty-hours' journey, than a bumper of champagne. There is no table-d'hôte here, so we have to order our dinner *à la carte*, which is far less agreeable. I believe the only table-d'hôte to be found in the city is that at the Stadt London, a hotel situated in a confined street in the heart of the town. We had the troublesome business of seeking tailors, milliners, &c.; but when this was dismissed, we drove to the Prater, which you know is the Hyde Park of Vienna, and is nearly four English miles in length, being situated between arms of the Danube, and having noble avenues—the one most frequented leading to coffeehouses, the circus, panorama, &c. This is so broad, that eight carriages can go abreast. The great day in the year for visiting the Prater is the 1st of May, when people vie with each other in the splendour of their equipages; and it is said that frequently no less than twenty thousand persons collect together on these occasions, and that nowhere, with the exception of our own metropolis, is there such a crowd, or so much splendour to be seen, and that to move faster than at a hearse-like pace is at those times impossible. When we drove along it was almost deserted, and so it presented to our eyes a mournful aspect enough; for long, straight, broad roads need especially the animating presence of bipeds and equipages to give them any degree of interest. On Sundays and holidays, we are told, an immense concourse resort to the Prater, erecting their booths and huts on the green behind the coffeehouses.

When we returned to our lamm, more cheerful and very airy rooms awaited our acceptance at the front of the house, and glad we felt we had elected the suburbs for our residence. These encompass the city, and even surpass it in extent. Between them and the city walls is the Glacis, a wide open space, intersected by roads and walks, forming originally part

of the fortifications. The capital itself is still surrounded by high walls on which are public promenades, affording a charming view of the city and surrounding country.

Our first aim on the following morning was to procure a *valet de place*; an aid as much needed for those whose time is limited, or who do not speak fluently the language of the country, as it is in Paris. We were fortunate enough to obtain a very intelligent person in this capacity, who had been in England some time, and who spoke English well. We employed the morning in seeing something of the general aspect of the city, visiting different shops, &c. 'Vienna and its suburbs have been compared to a spider's web, as the streets all tend to one point in the centre near the cathedral of St Stephens, and radiate from thence to the Bastion and its suburbs as far as their outer line. The walls are washed on one side by a small arm of the Danube, which rejoins the main stream a little below the city. On the south side Vienna is separated from the suburb by a lazy, dirty stream called Wien, which gives the name to the capital.'

I delighted in walking on the bastions; so pure the air, and so commanding are the views of the city and country around. Twice did these ramparts form the bulwark of Christendom against the Turks; but now instead of being surmounted by cannon, they have become the resort of all classes, furnishing a promenade that few cities can boast. Within the walls the streets are narrow, and flanked by very high buildings, which are commonly large, and divided, like the Scotch houses, into flats, where different families reside. The old town contains the palaces and abodes of the nobility, and many of these are enormous erections. The shops do not assist in setting off the city, for though well stocked and capacious within they make little show without. Squares with statues and fountains abound among the principal of which are the Joseph Platz, where is the colossal equestrian statue of the Emperor Joseph II.; the square called the Neu Markt, where is a fountain, with four figures, meant to represent the four principal rivers of Austria pouring their waters into the Danube; and the Graben, where stands a column in honour of the Trinity.

All dine early at Vienna: we followed the example, and, by the recommendation of our guide, at the casino, which we found a remarkably quiet, and also, which was then of inestimable value, a tolerably cool place. After dinner we contrived, fatigued as we were, to visit the cathedral of St Stephens, the Belvedere Picture Gallery, the Volks Garten, and several other of the 'sights' of Vienna. Another night, and another hurried drive through the town, and to-morrow will behold us once more *en route* for Old England.

THE BLACK GONDOLA.

A VENETIAN TALE.

I.—The Dungeon.

WHATEVER philosophers of a quaint and fault-finding school may urge, civilisation is, after all, the great blessing of modern es. There are minds which are capable of regretting the past, with its ndours, its miseries, its darkness, its depravity, its wretchedness, its ines, its inquisitions, tyrannies, injustices, and all the tissue of horrors ch belong to an ignorant and barbarous age. But every well-regulated reflective mind must prefer what is to what was. One of the great mphs of modern civilisation consists in the amelioration of prisons and on discipline, to say nothing of the substitution of justice for arbitrary er. Prisons are no longer the horrible living tombs which they once e, even within the memory of living men. In this, as in all things, we the progress of enlightenment and knowledge—which is civilisation. the middle ages, and even until a very recent date, and still in some i-barbarous countries, to be cooped up in a dungeon was to be subjected nheard-of tortures. The frightful cells of the Bastile, of Spanish and ian state and monkish prisons, of German castles, form the standing erials for writers to horrify and astound. Thanks, however, to the and the voice—those two mighty weapons of our day, which are lually taking the place of pike and musket—mankind has decided ost everywhere on scouting these infernal inventions of wicked and bid minds. Wars of conquest and glory, instruments of torture, dun- ns of Chillon and the Bastile, are going out with stage-coaches and ls, and will soon be altogether matters of history. Society now confines an—not to be revenged on him, not to serve personal resentments, not rush his mind and cripple his body, but to guard against his recom- ing crime, to save and restore him to himself. In the less-civilised s of Europe, and in many parts generally considered civilised, abuses exist, but not to the extent which prevailed a few years ago.

he gloomy government of the republic of Venice, with its Council of its Inquisition, and its terrible system of despotism, it will be readily rstood was never behind-hand in setting examples of undue and even

cruel severity. Its whole history is replete with horrors, as is, indeed, the history of all countries during the period that matter prevails over mind, and ignorance and superstition have sway. It is not a few bright emanations of genius which can exempt a people from that charge. On the contrary, Italy was never more generally benighted and dark than when a few stars, such as Ariosto, Dante, &c. shone in the firmament. Not that the people had not a kind of civilisation, but it was one of a very false and unsatisfactory character, arising chiefly from that total absence of freedom of thought and speech which characterises countries lying under the sway and influence of a powerful priesthood.

In a low, damp, and gloomy dungeon of the state-prison at Venice, in one of those horrible under-ground, or rather under-water habitations, which served as the dwellings of such as were confined by the Ten, from policy, jealousy, or hate, reclined upon a miserable bed a young man of handsome though pallid features, musing sadly as he lay. His dress had been elegant and fashionable when he was first confined, but it was now much worn, and in all probability was no longer of the day. His hair, beard, and moustache, were all of a most luxurious growth, which made him seem far older than he really was, he being in reality several years under thirty. He had a lamp beside his bed, and a huge book was near at hand, upon which, however, he cast not his eyes, which pierced beyond the living tomb wherein he lay. The object on which these dreaming eyes rested was a splendid palace that adorned the neighbourhood of the prison, and within it, in a room where, surrounded by every splendour and luxury which immense wealth can give, reclined a young lady of great beauty, pensive in air, dark and Oriental in feature—a true child of beautiful Venice. She might not be there now; she might be dead, far away, married! A year makes sad havoc with hearts and hands, and woman is, the poet saith, a mutable thing. But to the young man she appeared even as she did when last he saw her, when, awakening from her reverie, she caught sight of her lover dragged away by rude and savage menials, who heeded not his struggles nor her cries.

And he had lain a whole year in this miserable dungeon, without trial, without accusation, without hearing from or knowing of the world, with no other companion save a splendid illuminated manuscript, which he had carried to his beloved as a present, and which, in the hurry of the arrest, had scarcely been noticed. It is true he had a talkative and droll jailer; but to the prisoner a jailer is like a chain in a stone wall, and it was long before Count Leonardo Montecali could reconcile himself to making a companion of him. But man cannot live alone, and commune for ever with those thoughts which consume the springs of life more surely than all the muscular efforts in the world. Mario was a chatty fellow, and tried all he could to draw his prisoner into conversation. He succeeded, but in a way totally unexpected. Leonardo had for some weeks attentively watched the countenance of his jailer, and obtained a perfect insight into his character. He came, therefore, to a strange and wild determination, which can only be explained by the long suffering he had endured, and which had in all probability slightly affected his clearness of intellect.

'Mario,' said he suddenly one day, raising himself on his elbow, and

looking fixedly at the pages of his manuscript, 'I have only about three weeks more to stay here; nay, I am mistaken, it is, I see, three months.'

'Holy mother of Heaven! what means my lord?' cried the jailer, considerably alarmed.

'My good Mario, you are an honest fellow, and I will not deceive you. It is not my intention to live in retirement much longer. If I have done so thus long, it has been out of pure good-nature. You are not perhaps aware that I studied the great science of astrology under the divine Maestro Cartini, and that I was even initiated by him into the mysteries of other arts a little more diabolical? Well, these arts inform me that my time of captivity is drawing towards a close.'

'I am most happy to hear it, my lord,' said honest Mario.

'Hum! But I fancy, my good fellow, you make a slight mistake. I shall not leave this with the consent of the Ten, but against it!'

'Then you shall never leave this, my lord,' replied Mario emphatically, and yet with considerable uneasiness.

'But it must be, my good fellow. I have examined everything in my mind, and I see that my presence will be absolutely required at home within a short space of time, and I must go. Not that I am not perfectly happy here. How could I be otherwise? I am lodged, and fed, and I have the pleasure of your society, honest Mario. But business, you know'——

'My lord, if you love me, you will not go. It is as much as my place is worth, to say nothing of my life, which they would take without mercy.'

'I am very sorry,' continued Count Leonardo; 'very sorry, upon my word. But I can't help it; I really must go.'

'No, my lord; think of a poor devil like me, torn to pieces without mercy for letting you escape. But you shall not escape: I will go and denounce your intention at once.'

'Then,' said the count coldly, rising and folding his book, 'I must go at once.'

'Forgive me, my lord,' cried the unhappy jailer, falling on his knees; 'I was mad with fright, and knew not what I said. I will be silent as the grave; I will not let one indiscreet word pass my lips. Only stay in prison, and Mario will be your obedient humble slave. You shall have everything, my lord, but liberty.'

'For your sake,' said Leonardo gravely, and yet scarcely able to refrain from a hearty burst of laughter, 'I will adjourn—mark you—adjourn my resolution for the present. But go your round; and when you return, bring me pens, ink, and paper, and I will draw your horoscope. Let me have, too, some better wine than that you generally bring me. Here is the money.'

Mario gratefully took the small golden piece, bowed low, and went out, perfectly convinced that the noble Count Leonardo Montecali only remained in the sombre dungeon of a Venetian prison out of pure condescension and good-nature. Nor must we be surprised at the credulity of the ignorant turnkey. It was more than two hundred years back, and how long is it since the reformed world burnt old women for witches? In Italy the belief in magic was at that time almost universal. Astrologers, necromancers, alchymists, were feared and respected; and even the most highly-educated and cultivated minds fell into the vulgar error of

believing in a science which upsets every received idea relative to mind and matter. With the common people, the votaries of the black art were devoutly credited; and if they opened their pockets to the divinist and fortune-teller, they bowed lowly and humbly to the higher professors of magic. The supernatural has indeed such intense charms for our finite minds, that such credulity is scarcely surprising; and the wonder is not, perhaps, that so much superstition of this sort exists, but that it is not more widely spread.

II.—The Letter.

Once alone, Count Leonardo Montecali indulged in a hearty though silent burst of laughter, the first he had indulged in since his incarceration in the dungeons of Venice. The terror of Mario had been so abject, his belief so sincere, that the young man, a bold and audacious thinker, could scarcely credit the success of his own scheme. When he at first conceived it, it was as much with a view to amuse his solitude as anything else; but it had taken effect so rapidly and surprisingly, that he almost began to conceive a hope that it might be made subservient to more important designs. Liberty, that first and most-valued of men's aspirations, was the leading thought of his mind. Two wild passions, more nearly akin, however, than any others, flamed within his breast — love and hate. He was warmly, sincerely, and devotedly attached to a young girl of high rank, and enormous wealth, the niece of one of the Council of Ten, and he was beloved in return. He had for rival Stephen Dandolo, son of one of the most powerful and able men of the day; and it was this rival who had had him imprisoned on some futile charge in the dreadful Pozzi. Leonardo was too much a child of his age to allow revenge to sleep within him. This passion, which is powerful in most men of energetic mind, is peculiarly so in the heart of an Italian. The young man longed for liberty as much perhaps in the hope of meeting his rival face to face, as to be able again to see Angelina Avarenza.

Mario bore about him a bunch of keys. It had often struck the count that a strong and determined man like himself might easily overcome the resistance of his jailer, gag him, take his keys, and try at least what could then be done. But he had reflected that a cry from Mario would bring assistance, while in any case their difference in height and size would render impossible any attempt at disguise. But now all the hopes of the young count revived. He determined to make an effort towards his liberty that very night, and to make Mario an accomplice. Mario had the sole charge of the range of cells, the Pozzi, in which Leonardo was confined, and could with ease spend an hour with a prisoner. It is true that jailers seldom sacrifice their time in so unprofitable a way; but Mario was an original.

In about two hours he returned, bringing with him the count's supper and a bottle of wine, which he placed before the young man.

'And the paper?' said Leonardo, severely determined to keep up his influence on the other's mind.

'Ah, my dear lord, I have got it, but it will cost me my place, I am

re. I dared not ask for it, as I should have been suspected; I therefore re a leaf from the registry of my accounts—I could do no more; I then ok a pen and an inkhorn. Here they are, my lord.'

'Thanks,' replied Leonardo. 'But first let me eat my supper: I feel ngry to-night. What hour is it?'

'Six o'clock, Signor Count.'

'Put thy lantern down, then, on the table. Good! Now uncork that ottle, my good fellow, and we will take some refreshment, as needful to ie body of us necromancers as to any others. Ah! the wine is better, in uth, than the last. I see that thou art a judge, my worthy Mario. xcellent! 'Tis Greek wine of the isles.'

'Ay, my lord,' said Mario, much pleased at the other's satisfaction, hich rendered it probable that he might sigh less for liberty.

The count ate and drank in silence. He kept his eyes almost constantly xed on Mario, but his mind was far away. He was thinking of a pair f deep dark eyes, of a head of clustering curls, of rosy lips and blooming heeks, and of a low, sweet voice, that had more than once said, 'I love ou, Leo!' But these thoughts brought him back rapidly to the present.

'Excellent! Well, friend Mario, I have supped like a prince. The ine was good, the bread excellent, and the cheese capital. That bunch of rapes, too, was a rich treat for a poor prisoner. But trim thy lantern, riend Mario, and let me try thy pens, ink, and paper.'

Mario hastened to obey with all the docility of a well-paid menial.

'Good! and now be silent as the grave,' continued Leonardo solemnly.

Mario sat down upon a stone bench, and gazed upon the count with some nxiety. Nor was he very much reassured by his examination. The hand- ome face of the young man seemed lit up by an unearthly fire. His eyes lashed, his pale face flushed, his lips moved convulsively, and a keen eye ight have seen that he was wholly absorbed by some master passion. In uth he was thinking of her he loved, and of him he hated, and the hope f perhaps seeing them both soon excited him wondrously.

'Mario,' said he suddenly, 'I cannot draw your horoscope to-night. You nust give me the precise instant of your birth. Then I will confer with a isciple of my old friend Castini, and he shall consult the stars for me.'

'Thank you, my lord.'

'How often dost go out into the town?'

'Every Monday, my lord.'

'And to-day is'——

'Sunday, count.'

'Good! Be silent still a moment.'

And the count seized the pen, and wrote a few hurried lines—at all vents he seemed to write only a few lines, so quickly did his pen fly, but is paper was nearly full. He then folded the letter, tied it with a piece f silk from his doublet, and directed it in a plain and clear hand.

'Dost know the Avarenza Palace?'

'Ay, my lord, 'tis close at hand.'

'Dost know one Agatha?'

'I did, my lord, know such a duenna about a year ago, but I have not een her since.'

'Ah!' said the count, turning pale, and with difficulty suppressing a

groan. 'But no matter; thou knowest the Avarenza Palace, and thou knowest Agatha by sight?'

'Certainly, my lord.'

'She was once the servant of the great Castini.'

'Of the necromancer?'

'Exactly.'

'Good, my lord.'

'To-morrow, when thou goest forth, thou wilt go to the Avarenza Palace?'

'I will, my lord.'

'Thou wilt ask for the good Agatha?'

'I understand, count.'

'And when thou seest her—alone, mark you—you will give her this letter?'

'Impossible, Signor Count,' said Mario suddenly.

'Impossible—villain!'

'Impossible, my lord count; ay, impossible: if you have me tormented by all the fiends at your command, I could not do it.'

'And wherefore?'

'Because, to carry out a letter for a prisoner, is in Venice punished with death.'

'But you will conceal it.'

'I shall be searched, Signor Count, and brought back to occupy the next dungeon to you, to go out next day under the Bridge of Sighs.'

'You refuse me, then, caitiff?' cried the count solemnly.

'I am sorry for it, count, but I cannot risk my life.'

'Then I must go myself,' observed the other with quiet composure.

'Nay, my dear lord, have mercy upon a poor devil! What have I done, holy mother of God! to be thus tempted and tried? If you go, my lord, I shall be put in a sack and drowned; if I carry your letter, I shall be punished with death, all the same.'

'You decidedly refuse?' said Leonardo rising.

'Again I say, pity a poor unfortunate turnkey. Signor Montecali, ask me for books, and I will smuggle them in; ask me for anything you will; but to carry a letter—impossible!'

'Mario, this can go on no longer. We must put an end to this trifling. We are wasting valuable time. Will you take this letter?—speak!'

'I cannot, my lord; I dare not.'

'Then,' cried Leonardo, advancing upon him with a menacing air, 'I must'——

The count had no time to say more. Mario fell senseless upon the floor of the dungeon, uttering a yell of anguish and despair; while Leonardo himself could scarcely stand. A fearful explosion, awful, inexplicable, like ten thousand claps of thunder, burst through the air; the cell shook, the walls seemed about to crumble around them, and then all was silent as the grave. The count, astounded, stood still an instant; but instinct told him that the moment was too opportune to be lost. Mario still lay senseless. He unfastened the bunch of keys from his girdle, using that to tie his legs firmly; he then took his cap and cloak, and the turnkey's dagger, and seizing the lantern, opened the door, and went out.

III.—The Gondola.

He found himself in a long, low, humid passage, upon which opened the doors of numerous cells. But he looked not at these: he hurried on towards the end of the gallery—the dagger in one hand, and the lantern in the other. All was silent as the grave. He shuddered as he went along that cold, damp passage; but his heart next instant beat tumultuously with the hope of liberty. How he had escaped from his cell he knew not: he only supposed that the same awful explosion which had so terrified Mario, and astounded himself, would occupy the attention of the keepers of the prison, and give him time for action. He soon reached the end of the gallery, but it had no exit: only a heavy iron door lay before him. He examined all his keys, and found one to fit it exactly. He opened the door: it pushed hard against him; and he fell deluged by water. Starting to his feet, he found himself in darkness, his lantern having gone out; and from the open door in rushed a stream of water. The count knew not what to do or think. The door opened upon the canal, it was clear, but below water-mark, and the gallery was flooding in every part. It was obvious that he had not the secret of opening that iron door properly.

'What is to be done?' cried he. 'I shall be drowned like a rat. I shall have left my prison but to die a mean and ignoble death. Better go back and ask Mario to explain the secret of this matter.'

At this instant something dark and movable appeared through the open door. The count put forth his hand.

'The prow of a gondola!' he cried joyfully. 'Then am I saved!'

To rest his foot on a stone step, and scramble into the boat, was but the work of a moment; and then Count Leonardo paused to reflect. A huge blaze of light in the distance, and a roar like that of a volcano, drew his attention. The awful report which Mario had taken for the manifestation of the necromancer's power was now fully explained. The arsenal was in flames; and it was the blowing up of the powder-magazine which doubtless had served the count so opportunely. All Venice seemed in an uproar. Gondolas were moving in all directions. It was a time of confusion and alarm, and most admirably suited for an escape. The fugitive examined his gondola. He shuddered. He recognised the dismal and fatal boat which was so often used to make away with the secret victims of the sombre policy which ruled in that despotic city. He knew it by the little flag at its stern, and by a peculiar lantern. This might serve him well, and yet just now it might betray him. He therefore carefully removed the flag, and made no attempt to light the lantern. He felt, however, about in the boat, and found an oar: with this he impelled his dark and gloomy gondola along, seeking a canal that led him past the Avarenza Palace.

Thoughts of hope—those thoughts which, when the heart has not been hardened by constant disappointment, are almost ever young—came tumultuously to the count's bosom. It is the fashion for philosophers of a certain continental school, very much in vogue in society, to paint man as possessed of little feeling or sensibility after the first flush of youth; these narrow-minded persons paint, it is true, from nature, but from nature

distorted. This philosophy is specially that of the popular romancists of France and Germany, who see before them only the men of the pleasure-seeking world, who, making a business of reckless enjoyment, have no freshness of heart after the first moment of juvenile joy with which they enter upon life. But fortunately it is not so. There are hearts, and many too, which remain for ever young, because they have not worn themselves out by rapid and unceasing emotions—because they have not made it their daily occupation to deceive and be deceived—hearts which enjoy the world readily, because they see much good in it, and always look with beaming eyes to the future—that terror of the hardened man of the world.

Leonardo Montecali was one of the happy ones of this world. He was rich; he had been a fortunate soldier, and had returned to Venice with glory, after serving in the Cyprus war. And then he loved, for the first time seriously; and after the usual delays, doubts, and difficulties, which are strewed upon the path of the tender passion, to give it more zest and force, he was beloved in return. The fair object of his affection was an orphan heiress, of great beauty, and vast wealth. Numerous, indeed, were her suitors; but so decided was she in her refusals, that Stephen Dandolo and Leonardo Montecali alone persisted. The first was powerful through his father, who was devoted to his son even to folly, and who, although energetic enough to others, knew no will but that of his spoiled, imperious, and haughty child. Angelina had been amused and interested by the fiery passion and impatient love of Stephen; but she was deeply moved by the respectful addresses of Count Leonardo. It would have been difficult for some time to have decided which of the two she preferred; for, like most women, she kept her secret as long as she could, and only revealed it when she saw the passionate young soldier almost inclined to yield the battle-field to his more audacious rival.

'You come to bid me adieu?' the young girl said, as the count stood before her cap in hand. 'And why, Signor Montecali?'

'Signora!—you cannot but be aware that I am the most humble and devoted of your servants. But I am a man, lady, of strong and powerful feelings; and it is clear to me that you prefer my rival, Stephen Dandolo. All I can do, then, lady, is say farewell, and seek to forget'——

'Leonardo,' said the young girl in a low tone, 'what makes you think that I prefer Stephen?'

'Angelina!' replied the count; and, according to the fashion of the hour, the lover was the next instant at her feet, whence he moved not until he had received from the lips of Angelina a confirmation of his dearest wishes. The next day Leonardo was a very proud and happy man, and Stephen Dandolo vowed in his heart to be revenged. This was not difficult. His father was powerful, the government despotic, and a pretended charge relative to the Cyprus war was easily got up. Leonardo was arrested, imprisoned, and then conveniently forgotten except by a few: but these few said nothing, for in Venice the air was not wholesome for murmurers.

But Leonardo was now free, and his thoughts dwelt with intense satisfaction on the fact, and with hope on the idea of Angelina Avarenza, his attached and doubtless faithful mistress. His plans were settled. It was perfectly useless for him to seek justice in Venice against a powerful faction; he would then realise his property secretly, collect together all

he could, and fly with his beloved to the court of France, where he could enjoy at all events liberty and consideration. While dwelling complacently, yet somewhat sadly, on these plans, he reached the water-gate of the Avarenza Palace.

IV.—The Avarenza Palace.

It was a splendid and princely residence. Steps led down to the water, and on these stood numerous servants and boatmen, watching curiously the ravages made by the flames. Several boats lay at the foot of the steps; and amongst them Leonardo, without being noticed, fastened his own; then wrapping his cloak around him, and drawing his hat over his eyes, he prepared for action. His heart beat wildly; for there, in a balcony overlooking the canal, stood one whom, despite the gloom of that dark night, illumined only by the vast conflagration, he recognised as Angelina Avarenza. Beside her was her old attendant Agatha. They were gazing at the burning arsenal; and Leonardo could even hear the low, sweet, melancholy tones of his beloved mistress.

He stood silent and thoughtful on the steps of the palace. Most of the servants knew his face and voice, and it was necessary that his presence in that palace should be wholly unknown. When his flight was discovered, it would readily be supposed that he would bend his steps thither, and it was necessary that he should not be seen. He observed with satisfaction that the principal entrance was open; that, drawn to the edge of the water by curiosity, all the servants and boatmen were occupied in watching the one great object of attention. He drew quietly and cautiously back into the gloom, and with a muttered prayer for success, glided up along the columns of the colonnade, and entered the house, the stairs and rooms of which were familiar to him.

Not a soul watched in the antechamber. The women were apparently on the terraced roof of the house; and Leonardo, who knew the way well, moved rapidly up the gorgeous staircase, crossed several magnificent rooms, and stood within a few yards of Angelina. His heart beat tumultuously: he was half dizzy: the dazzling light that filled the vast chamber made him close his eyes. But he listened, for he heard her voice—a voice which he had heard only in his dreams for a whole year.

'Holy Virgin, what a blaze! How it rises to the sky! How bright and glorious!' exclaimed Agatha, who seemed half-alarmed at the sight.

'It makes me more sad than ever when I look at it, Agatha,' said Angelina in a soft, quiet way, that spoke of deep and strong-rooted sorrow.

'Why, lady?'

'Because it is bright and gorgeous now. It rises with awful splendour to the skies; but presently it will be all dark and dead. 'Tis like the dreams of our youth—all sunshine and warmth; then night and gloom.'

'Still that one thought, lady! Always the count'——

'Always the count, Agatha: now and for ever! Mine is no weak and vacillating heart: it knows no change. They have murdered him! No matter; he is ever here: ever—ever! I ask not to die. I seek not to

do so. I wait. When the hour shall come, it will always find me ready. There is still one joy in life, and that is memory. They cannot kill that, Agatha! And thanks to its magic power, nurse, he always lives for me, and always will! He is ever present—brave, gentle, loving, tender! Oh, Agatha, I would not have not loved him for all the riches of the world! For I tell you, nurse, to love a good, and generous, and lofty mind, is something glorious in itself! He was all this; and I am proud to be his widow, as I should have been proud to be his wife!'

'My Angelina—my angel—my adored!' was all that Leonardo could mutter behind her, in low, choked accents.

'Heard you not his voice?' said Angelina sadly. 'It was there. I often hear it!'

'I heard nothing, my lady. I am deafer every day.'

'I heard it: it was but a whisper of memory, floating in the night air to my eager ears: it came like the sighing of the wind in the trees—like the murmur of the splashing waves; but it was there!'

'Nay, Angelina, it is I who speak!' cried the young count, overwhelmed with joy.

Angelina turned, saw behind her the well-known form and features, and fell senseless in his arms.

The count and the astounded and bewildered nurse, who looked with a strange expression at Leonardo, soon brought the lovely but pale and thoughtful beauty to her senses.

'My Leonardo!' she said, as she opened her eyes.

'My Angelina!' replied the young man, whose ecstasy at finding his mistress so fond and faithful can be far more easily imagined than described. Without being misanthropical, we may urge that fidelity to the dead is sufficiently remarkable to be noticed even in woman, the best, truest, and most holy thing in creation.

'They told me that you were dead,' said the beautiful girl, whose head was reclining on her lover's breast, still half doubtful of his existence, and glad to feel his arm as well as see his face.

'Nay, dearest, I was a fast prisoner in the dungeons of Venice; but thanks be to fortune, that smiles upon true love, I am once more free. I did not, could not expect such rare devotion as yours!'

'But you, Leonardo—had you changed, had you forgotten me? I will answer for you, since here you are. How pale and wan you look! You have suffered much, my Leonardo'——

'But I suffer no longer now, my beloved, and I am happy!' And he added, after a short pause: 'Look you, Angelina; it seems to me that for those who love, the world is a different thing from what it is to others. Since I loved you, the sun seems brighter, the day more glorious, night more radiant, life more excellent, than it was before! There was music in flowers, in rippling waters, in the trees of your garden, when we used to wander together. Well, in my dungeon-cell I was never wholly alone, never entirely despondent. 'Tis something—'tis everything—to know that somewhere there is a being who thinks kindly of us—at all events who thinks of us. I knew you thought of me: I was certain of it: I felt it! *Then* I was never alone!'

'*And I*, though I thought you dead, never gave way wholly to despair.

You existed for me. The heart has a life of its own—a secret, mystic life, which gives body and being to things that are not; and you existed ever in my heart!'

'Dearest Angelina'——

'But you were worthy of a woman's devotion; and I am proud, my Leonardo! A woman never really loves twice. One of her affections is always a hollow one. Well, had I looked around, and loved again, I must have owned to my weak heart that this passion I felt so proud of was a mere caprice, and I could not do that.'

'Generous girl!'

'Men think,' continued Angelina with a sweet and happy smile, 'that they love. They do sometimes, but rarely with sincerity, devotion, and an unchanging, unswerving heart. When such a man is found, 'tis indeed a jewel for a woman to prize with all her soul! But we, Leonardo, we live on love! As children, as girls, as mothers, woman loves always. It is our province, our existence, our all in all. While you feel ambition, love of glory, of fame, we still only love! You have divided feelings, we have not. We have, too, an ardent desire for fame, and for reputation, and for successful ambition; but then 'tis for our husbands, our children, and 'tis still love!'

Leonardo gazed in ecstasy on the beautiful speaker, who poured out her soul to him with all the fervour and ardour of her Italian nature, as the bird exhales its song, scarcely knowing what it does.

Agatha listened to all this in mute astonishment. Her hands were clasped, her eyes almost started out of her head. She kept aloof, listening, but scarcely hearing—astounded, petrified. At last, recovering her senses by slow degrees, she suddenly advanced towards her mistress.

'My lady, madame, marchesa, princess, you forget'——

'Forget what?' said Angelina quietly.

'My lady asks me what! Then she is mad'——

Angelina started to her feet—pale and trembling.

'Leonardo,' said she wildly, holding out her hands, as if to keep him off—'go—leave me—fly this accursed house! My God! my God! my brain was turned! I had forgotten!'

'Angelina, my love, my adored'—— began the wondering Leonardo.

'Hush!' said Angelina softly, while her hands held back her thick curls from off her brow, and she seemed wavering in intellect—'hush: he might hear you, and it would be very wrong!'

'Who?'

'My husband! Did I not tell you that I was married?' said Angelina with a look and a tone that made Leonardo fear for her senses. 'Ha, ha, ha! Yes! I, the faithful woman—I, Angelina, who have spoken to you of my undying love—yes, I am married! I had forgotten!'

'Explain yourself, dearest!' exclaimed the pale and agitated young man. 'What means this sudden change?'

Angelina fell once more upon his shoulder, but this time to weep scalding tears of sorrow. Leonardo, though chilled to the soul, knew that tears are the overplus of the bursting heart, and always give relief. He waited.

V.—The Explanation.

A long and sombre pause ensued. The nurse stood looking at them with a sorrowful eye. Leonardo, bewildered, astounded, knew not what to think; while Angelina continued to sit, without speaking a word. Her heart seemed ready to burst.

'But speak, my beloved!' at last said Leonardo.

'I will speak,' replied Angelina, raising her head, and moving gently away from him. She was calmer now. She had recovered somewhat of her self-possession.

'Angelina,' then continued the young count, 'will you explain your words?'

'I will explain them—I must explain them. Sit you down, nurse. You who know all, may well hear it over again.'

The nurse seated herself. Leonardo, pale and anxious, gazed eagerly on the beautiful face of the young woman.

'Leonardo,' said she with an effort to speak calmly, 'as this is perhaps the last time we may meet for years, if it be not the last time we may ever meet, let us be frank and sincere.'

'Angelina, have you not always found me so?'

'I have. Then answer me. You love me?'

'With all my heart and soul.'

'Well,' replied Angelina gravely, while a ray of satisfaction she could not control passed across her face, 'and I love you—I have no reason for hiding it—as much as I ever loved you.'

'Thanks!—thanks!' cried Leonardo passionately.

'You owe me no thanks. It is stronger than myself. But, loving me, you put faith in my word, and believe me?'

'As I would an angel from heaven,' added the young count warmly.

'Then hear me, and judge me gently. Be not too hard upon my feeble woman's nature. Be compassionate and just, for I have need of it.'

The lover looked his reply.

'You recollect the last time you saw me?'

'Perfectly. It was in this room.'

'It was. You were coming to see me. Our wedding was to take place in a week. You were used to spend your evenings with me. Well, that night a band of ruffians, collected together by Stephen Dandolo, rushed into this house, seized you, beat and bound my servants, and bore you away, they said, to the island where Stephen has a castle.'

'But I was taken by the satellites of the Arogaderi to the dungeons of Venice.'

'Yes! but I knew not that. I fell ill with terror and grief, my Leonardo, and my head became weak as my body, and I too readily believed all that was told me. Well, then, when they came and said that you were dead, I at once believed them. I doubted them not. Stephen himself dared, with your murder on his head, to renew his pretensions. I spurned him with horror.'

'Ah!' said Leonardo.

'I spurned him with horror, and yet I feared him. I knew his reckless-

ess; I had had good proof of it; and I lived in trembling doubt. He was ch, he was powerful, he was protected by men in high places, and his ather was Doge by that time.'

'His father Doge!' cried Leonardo.

'Ay, his father was Doge. All these things combined, made me live n constant dread. I knew that I was in the power of St Mark: that ny wealth, my rank, my name, were all considered of importance by them, nd that the awful government of our unhappy country regarded me as an instrument.'

'I listen to you with charmed ears, my Angelina; but all this I have long known.'

'No matter; let me repeat it, even if it be but to excuse myself.'

'Speak on.'

'Rumours reached my ears that the Council had taken my case in hand, and that my marriage was being debated. Stephen Dandolo had friends amongst those in power, and aspired openly to possess me. But there was hesitation. The patricians had no inclination, it seems, to strengthen the power and influence of the Doge's family.'

'Go on.'

'Still, Stephen Dandolo was persevering, for he was overwhelmed by debt. Every art he could put in practice was used to bring over the rulers above him to acquiesce in his wishes, and I learned at last that he had very nearly gained the day.'

'Well?'

'I was in despair. I knew the awful nature of the tribunals before which my case was being tried, and I trembled. I was a weak, broken-hearted, and despairing girl, and I felt convinced that resistance on my part would be useless. I could have killed myself, Leonardo, but I shrunk with horror from such a crime. And then, my Leonardo, I could still not be quite sure that you were dead.' And she looked at him with a smile of melancholy satisfaction.

'But what did you?' cried the count, frenzied with impatience.

'I had a noble friend,' replied the young girl, 'the venerable and mighty Prince of Papoli. To him I went. I knew he was of the Ten, a just and good man. I went to him. I fell on my knees, and I told him all. He listened to me calmly and kindly, and when I had ended, raised me up, and with a sweet smile, answered me: "My position," he said, "is such, that I cannot speak to you many things which otherwise I might. You know, Angelina, that I am, by my office, bound to secrecy in all things, and I cannot betray the secrets of St Mark and the republic. But, my poor girl, your objection to marriage appears to be general. If I save you from Stephen Dandolo, the senate will find you another husband." I replied that I asked but leave to end my days in a convent. "You are too rich and noble," he said, shaking his head; "I see but one way of letting you escape from what you dread so much."'

'And what was that?' exclaimed Leonardo anxiously and tremulously.

'Listen: "My daughter," he continued, "what the rulers of the republic chiefly ask is, that your estates and wealth shall not fall into the hands of foreigners. Let them be assured of that, and I have little doubt they will not care about giving you to Stephen."

'"Well, my father?" said I.

'"I see no other feasible plan but marrying you myself." I looked at him wild with astonishment.'

'Ah!' said Leonardo with a look which spoke volumes.

'He then explained all: he said that, old enough to be my grandfather, he had no wish or desire for a wife, but to save me from what I seemed to hate so much, he would ask my hand, have the ceremony performed, and then I should be free from all persecution. I accepted with humble gratitude.'

'And you did right!' exclaimed Leonardo, overwhelmed by this proof of her devoted love.

'Listen still. The prince spoke gravely to me. He bade me remember that his was a great and spotless name; that, once his wife, though but in name, he left his honour in my keeping. "Angelina," he said, "I am old, and know human nature. Your passionate remembrance of this noble youth will pass away, as all things pass away in this world. Then, seeing yourself the child, as it were, of a husband with one foot in the grave, the heart, which is a thing not commanded at will, may speak, and you may love again"'——

'But he was wrong, was he not, my Angelina?' said the count.

'He was indeed; but to continue: "You must, however, recollect," he added, "that as long as I live you are my wife; and your Italian heart must be steeled against the tender and seductive passion."'

'And what answered you?'

'That never, so long as he lived, would I ever listen to words of love from any man,' replied Angelina in a low but firm and resolved tone.

'And you married him?' asked Leonardo wildly, for he began to understand.

'I married him. His colleagues eagerly accorded what he asked. They knew him to be a devoted patriot, and were quite sure that in his hands my wealth would be safe.'

'Angelina, then the dream of my life is over! The hopes that have made even my prison bright and sunny are gone; and you, for whom I have lived, for whom I have escaped, are lost to me!'

'Alas!' was all the agitated girl could reply, bowing her beautiful head, and fixing her eyes upon the ground.

VI.—The Tempter.

Leonardo remained for some time in deep and painful silence, his handsome features convulsed by emotion. The young man loved sincerely, devotedly, with all the fire and energy of his Italian nature, and to him life without Angelina was a void. Wrapped up, then, in this one feeling, at that critical moment of despair and grief every consideration save his passion vanished. He saw but two things—his affection, and the obstacle. He did not reason—he felt. This accounts for his resolution and words.

'Angelina,' he said with forced calmness, while the hollow and choked tones of his voice told all he really suffered, 'I have heard, and I fully understand. You have acted generously—nobly. To save yourself from

being unfaithful to my memory, and from being forced to become the wife of my hated rival, you have contracted a pretended marriage with the Prince di Papoli.'

'I was married in this room, before discreet witnesses, the prince not desiring to make too public an act which looked like a whim of senility.'

'True, you have been married: still, this marriage is but a mockery. Here I am, my Angelina, the man whom you loved before you entered on this mad contract. You love me still: you have said it in my hearing—you have said it to me. Well, I love you as much as ever—more. What more can we ask?—what more can we desire? We have been long affianced—we have long loved—and there stands between us—what? A ceremony which declares you to be the wife of an old man on the verge of the grave!'

'What mean you, Leonardo? I may not listen,' said Angelina in a tone of heartfelt grief.

'You may, and you must!' cried the count, with a voice full of exasperation, and seizing her hand. 'Let us treat this union as null and void; let us fly to France; let us be married there; and for ever abandon Venice, where all is hollow, false, and fearful. I have riches beyond the republic's reach enough for us both. Let us then fly!'

'Impossible!' said Angelina, looking on the young man with a smile of intense love and profound pity.

'Say not it is impossible. We cannot be happy apart! We love! The Prince di Papoli but gave you the shelter of his name, because you both supposed me dead. But here I am; strong in my prior rights—strong in my deep affection—strong in your love: and I say unto you, by all your hopes of the future, by the memory of all your sacred promises to me, come, my beloved one; I am your husband in the eyes of God; for to me have you often sworn that no other should ever call you wife. Well, I, your real and only husband, abjure you to hearken to me.'

'Another, Leonardo, has received my vows before God, and near his altar,' sadly and sorrowfully replied the young girl.

'And I, have I not received your vows?' cried Leonardo warmly. 'I am not eloquent, or learned, but I can feel. My heart—my instinct tells me, that the only real marriage in the eyes of Heaven is that sentiment which fills our bosoms, and that which persons of congenial hearts and souls exchange, with no witness save God and their own consciences. This marriage exists between us. We love—we have sworn never to cease to love—never to love another. We are then married. It is true the world and the church have not sanctioned our union—a sanction which is doubtless necessary and sacred—but our contract exists still, and no mortal power can annihilate it.'

'And no mortal power ever will, husband of my love!' replied Angelina passionately.

'Then fly with me. The prince himself, when he knows all, will approve of what you do. A divorce will easily be obtained; and then free, our lives will pass in happiness too great almost to be credited.'

'It is a beautiful and tempting dream, my Leonardo, but it can never be.'

'What mean you? Speak!'

'I am the Princess di Papoli,' replied Angelina gravely; 'the spouse of a noble and great man, who, to serve me, braves the enmity of the Doge, of

his son, of many of his colleagues: who, to serve me, braves more—the scorn and ridicule of the world, freely showered upon a man of eighty who weds a girl of one-fourth his age. But he hesitated not. All he asked me was, that, once his wife, once the Princess di Papoli, I should recollect the glorious name I bore, and cherish it as he had cherished it. I found the name spotless—stainless! How would it be if the Princess di Papoli fled clandestinely with Count Leonardo Montecali?'

'You love me not, Angelina!' cried the count, who had no other reply to give.

'I do love you! But there are in me two beings, Leonardo: the young girl who, caught by the handsome mien and noble heart of Count Montecali, gives up and preserves for him her whole soul—who loves him with all the force of her maiden heart—who looks back with ecstasy to those happy days when neither doubt nor dread stood between us; the young girl who sees you still noble, generous, good, and valiant; the young girl who, having once had courage to let fall the fatal word, which gives our poor hearts up to the man whose fate is ours—who, having once said in the pride and joy of her young affections, "I love you," hesitates not to say that her feelings are unchanged. When we women once love a worthy object, we love well, and for ever. So it is with me'——

'But you torture my soul, Angelina.'

'Nay, I but speak frankly, to soften the seeming harshness of what I must add; and now it is no longer the young girl who speaks, but the Princess di Papoli. Signor Count, I am the wife of one of the noblest and most generous of men—a high and mighty prince, who deigned to save me from worse than death. He is old, venerable, and feeble. The more reason that I should watch with jealous care the jewel which he has confided to my care—his unsullied honour. It must not even be suspected. Peculiar circumstances, our past relations, your sudden and happy return from supposed death, alone excuse all that has already passed. But no more of this. The singular object of my marriage perhaps will not justify what I may add, but it will palliate it. We are young, Signor Count, and we love. If—mind you, I cannot bring my heart to hope it—I should ever be a widow—a circumstance which the great age of my noble husband renders only too probable—then, if you be unchanged, you will find me so.'

'This is your resolve?'

'It is, count. Our feelings and our past confidences render it unfit that we should meet. I am overwhelmed with joy to find you are yet alive. But now we must part—to meet no more. Attempt not to change my resolution. I excuse all you have said, on the ground of your deep affection; but should you persist in asking me to forget my duty and my gratitude, I should be forced to think less well of you.'

'Noble, generous, high-minded woman,' cried Leonardo, vanquished, 'you are right! What I asked of you was mad—was wrong—was ungrateful.'

'My Leonardo, now I know you. You would have been pleased at first had I yielded; but reflection would have made you respect me less, and then you would have loved me less.'

'Adieu, then,' said the count in a low husky tone. 'Adieu, until you

! You are right! As the wife of another, I could not bear to see

omforted, my Leonardo, for we are doing right, and that is much.
it be our consolation and our reward. But where go you?'
rance, to return only when you send me this ring;' and the count
lain gold circle off his finger.
u!' cried Angelina, whose strength both of mind and body was
er. 'Adieu!'
eld out her pure white forehead to him, but, quick as thought, the
oble caught her in his arms, and imprinted a passionate kiss upon

on me, my life, my soul! It was my first—it may be my last!'
hurriedly turned to go.

VII.—The Prince.

last!' said a grave and cold voice, proceeding from one who stood
e threshold of the door.
ina and the count started back, and stood beside each other,
d and alarmed.
last!' cried a second time the venerable and severe Prince di
advancing towards them. When he came close beside them, he
is arms, and gazed upon them with a strange and peculiar expres-
ountenance.
is young man your brother,' said he, 'that I see him bold enough
your lips?'
the Count Leonardo Montecali,' replied Angelina, who was as yet
ie influence of feelings easily comprehended, but who spoke with all
gy of innocence.
it Leonardo Montecali, I can scarcely welcome you to my poor house,
one of the guardians of the public weal, and have to ask how you,
er in the republic's dungeon but a few hours back, are here free in
ce of my wife, the Princess di Papoli?'
knew, then, that I was a prisoner?' said the Count Leonardo
y, looking at the same time with a meaning and reproachful
on of countenance towards Angelina.
!'
you allowed me believe him dead?' cried Angelina, scarcely able
her senses.
is my duty, as one of the rulers of Venice,' replied the old man
'to betray none of its secrets.'
God!' said Leonardo, again turning towards Angelina with deep
in his look and tone. 'Do you understand now? Are you
?'
ow not what to think. I still must believe that the prince acted
est,' replied Angelina, who could not bring herself to credit avarice
licity in one so venerable, and who bore so noble a reputation.
k you, Angelina,' said the prince; 'but no matter under what
ances, recollect that you are my wife, and that the presence of a

cavalier, who was publicly known to be, previous to your marriage with me, your suitor, is wholly unfitting.'

'I was about to retire that instant,' exclaimed Leonardo eagerly. 'The Lady Angelina did not receive me. The same good fortune which enabled me to escape, enabled me to enter this house. Prince, you are aware why this lady consented to unite herself to you? But when I came here, I swear I thought to find her free. I am free to confess, use the knowledge as you will, prince, that I proposed to Angelina—to the princess—to fly with me; she refused, and we were parting for ever when your highness entered.'

'I am willing to believe you, young man,' replied the prince with a gratified smile. 'But I have other business with you. The boat in which you came hither awaits you below, to restore you to your prison. But I wish, before you go, to ask you a few questions;' and the old man sat down.

'I am ready to answer, prince,' said Leonardo quietly. He had only left his prison for the sake of Angelina, and he cared little indeed for how long he was taken back to it.

Angelina clasped her hands together in despair. She almost regretted her refusal to fly.

'On what charge were you arrested?' asked the prince.

'I knew not.'

'You knew not?'

'I repeat that I am wholly ignorant of the circumstances which led to my arrest,' said Leonardo.

'You have no suspicion that some act of yours may have justified your imprisonment?'

'I have no suspicion, for I know that the jealousy of Stephen Dandolo was the sole cause.'

'Young man, I am willing and anxious to believe you; but there are strong facts against you. Come, look into your inmost heart. Recollect that little is hidden from the vigilance of St Mark. Question your own conscience, count, and see if no act of yours, which you think buried in the recesses of your brain, could explain the conduct of the government towards you.'

'On my soul, and by my salvation, I never did act or deed which could by any possibility have offended the government!' said the young man in a tone of solemn earnestness scarcely to be mistaken.

'Strange, and, if true, horrible!' cried the prince.

'I have spoken the truth.'

'Count, I will candidly say that I believe you. I hope the Council of Three may be as confiding.'

'Thank you, prince,' said Leonardo coldly. He put no faith on the belief or good wishes of the prince.

'Thank you, thank you,' cried Angelina warmly.

'I was very wrong,' observed the old man, shaking his head. 'Very wrong, as an old man of eighty always is when he takes a young wife.'

'You did right,' cried Leonardo energetically, 'for Angelina was worthy of the trust. But what I do not understand is, that, knowing me to be alive, you should have wedded her.'

'Young man, I believed you guilty,' replied Di Papoli gravely; 'and I stened to the prayer of the child of my best friend.'

'Guilty of what, prince?'

'I may not say: that is the secret of the state. Jacopo!'

An officer of the police, in his uniform, advanced into the room, and owed respectfully.

'I wait the commands of his excellency.'

'I am in haste, Jacopo, and precede you in my departure. I confide this prisoner to you. Let him be taken at once before the Council of Three.'

The prince, after bowing his venerable head to all present, went out.

'I knew how it would be,' cried the duenna, wringing her hands, and weeping bitterly.

'Angelina, was I not right? And when the prince could betray you so unmercifully as to wed you, knowing me to be alive, ought you to have been more tender with him?'

'If the prince has done wrong, I should not imitate him, Leonardo,' said Angelina mournfully.

'Count,' said the officer of police, advancing, 'you are a prisoner of the state, and must follow me.'

'I know it,' replied Leonardo; and, with a look of admiration and despair fixed upon the beautiful girl who was now lost to him for ever, he slowly followed the officer.

In the next room were six armed agents. He was placed in the midst, hurried rapidly down the stairs to the water-gate, where waited for him the Black Gondola, which, as gloomy as a starless night, without ornament of any kind, with the curtains of its awning as black as its hull, was a fit instrument to be used by the sombre and despotic city, which had dignified its tyranny with the name of republic, and which, perhaps, while the most singular of governments, was the worst.

The officer and his men went under the awning with their prisoner. The gondoliers, without a word, and at a simple sign from the chief, pushed off, and the hearse-like machine began to glide back towards the prison which Leonardo had three hours before left so full of hope, and where, he doubted not, at all events, one man would welcome his return. To say the truth, the count was very anxious about Mario.

VIII.—ANGELINA.

'Agatha,' said the princess, as soon as the count had departed, 'you love me—do you not?'

'Oh, signora, why do you ask me such a question?' replied the woman who had nursed her at her bosom.

'Because I am going to ask much of you,' said Angelina in a tone of determination which astonished Agatha.

'Speak, my lady.'

'But you must have much courage, and almost blind confidence in me,' added Angelina.

'I have hitherto obeyed your simplest wish, dear lady. Speak—I am unchanged.'

'Agatha,' cried Angelina in a tone of decision not unmixed with anguish, 'the count must be saved.'

'But what can we do?'

'Everything. It is I who ought to save him, for it is through me he is a prisoner: and it is I who will save him!'

'My dear lady, why speak you thus? You can do nothing. It is idle for women to struggle with the state.'

'Idle!' said Angelina. 'No!—it is not idle. What!—would you have me lie down calmly—would you have me glide away to my bed, and sleep, while my heart's husband is struggling for his life before his judges? I will not do it! What I refused to his persuasions, what I refused to his love, it would have been wrong to grant, for he was free, and in no immediate danger. But now, his life perhaps hangs upon a thread; and shall I, to whom he has been so faithful—shall I, when he has forgiven even my marriage—hesitate to take any step in his service? To save him from death or perpetual prison, I would die freely, nurse; and she who forms that determination can have no fear!'

'My lady, what mean you?' cried Agatha, clasping her hands in a paroxysm of new terror.

'I mean, Agatha, that no dread of idle tongues, no fear of blame, shall stay me in my holy purpose. It is my duty, as much as my wish, to save the count; and he must be saved!'

'But speak, lady—speak. How?'

'Go, fetch two mantles, hoods, and masks, and bid Alphonso prepare a gondola,' answered the princess.

'Merciful Heaven! whither go you?'

'To the palace of Stephen Dandolo,' said Angelina, forcing herself to appear calm.

'To the palace of Stephen Dandolo, the reprobate, the profligate!' cried Agatha.

'Even so. He is the accuser of Leonardo, and he alone can prove his innocence. I will humble myself before him; I will implore him, and he will take pity.'

'You, my lady, humble thyself before that bold, bad man! Do you know all the crimes of which he is accused? Do you know that no woman dare trust herself in his palace?'

'I care not, Agatha. I am strong in the purity of my heart, and in the holiness of my purpose. Seek not to stay me. My mind is irrevocably made up. Go instantly, and fetch the mantles and masks. No more words. I will!'

The terror-struck duenna moved away silently, scarcely knowing what she was doing, and Angelina remained alone.

The young and lovely princess threw herself on her knees, and, with all the fervour and faith of her Italian nature, prayed to her God that she might be able to save the man she loved. She prayed not for herself, nor for happiness, present or to come: she but asked that he might be spared, and might be free—free from shackles, free from the breath of suspicion. Having thus as it were cast the weight off her own shoulders, she rose more composed, and full of that exalted confidence which women often feel in the fortune of the man they love—at least

ıose women who give, like Angelina, their whole soul to one absorbing assion.

'Hasten, Agatha,' she said as the duenna returned. 'There is no time) be lost.'

The worthy old soul obeyed with a groan, and quickly concealed both erself and her mistress under the mantle, hood, and mask. These ssumed, they passed rapidly out of the splendid palace.

A gondola, with one gondolier, a discreet and favoured menial, awaited hem. They seated themselves in the cabin, and started. Agatha gave ı whispered order to Alphonso. He obeyed without a remark: a Venetian gondolier knows that his first duty is discretion.

Ten minutes brought them to the palace occupied by the son of the Doge. It was lit up; crowds of gondolas flitted mystically to and fro along the smooth waters; and sounds of mirth and music were heard from the flaming windows: it was clear that the young man was giving a festival to his friends. Angelina was thunderstruck.

'What is to be done?' asked Agatha in a voice expressive of the hope she felt that her young mistress would abandon the adventure.

'Go on,' replied Angelina hastily: 'the greater the danger of discovery, the more merit in daring.'

The gondola accordingly drew up at the steps, and Angelina and Agatha stepped out—the beautiful but trembling girl advancing, leaning on the arm of her alarmed servant. They reached the door. A confidential servant stood beside it.

'Paolo,' said Agatha, who knew him well, putting a purse at the same time into his hand, 'go tell your master that a young and beautiful lady wishes to have five minutes' conversation with him. But no delay!'

'Excellenza, follow me,' replied Paolo, bowing low.

They speedily found themselves in a small apartment furnished with dazzling splendour; and in a few minutes more Stephen Dandolo appeared. He advanced with a smile and a bow.

'Beautiful incognita!' he exclaimed gallantly, 'I have left all my friends to come to you. Pray, in what can I serve you?'

Angelina unmasked.

'Angelina, Princess di Papoli!' cried the young man with an accent of unfeigned wonder, looking wildly around him. 'You here?'

'Yes, Stephen Dandolo, it is I,' replied Angelina quietly; 'and my object is to obtain a few minutes' undisturbed conversation with you.'

'Madam, my palace is at your command. Shall I send away my guests?'

'No, count. Agatha, retire to the next room.'

Agatha, with wonder and surprise in her heart, retired, and left them alone. Ten minutes passed—twenty—half an hour; and then Angelina came out, led by the hand by Stephen. Her eyes were swollen with tears; the young count was very pale. He waited until Agatha had replaced the mask and mantle, and then taking the hand of Angelina with profound respect, he led her away. But not secretly this time. She went, guided by him, through the suite of magnificent saloons, and parted from him only as she stepped into her gondola. The young count then respectfully kissed her hand, and returned to his guests.

IX.—The Tribune.

Count Leonardo Montecali was deceived when he thought that his guards were taking him back to the gloomy prison near the Bridge of Sighs. They halted before a large and splendid palace. The gondola was checked, and the officer of police desired the count to follow him. The young man obeyed, and ascended once more the steps of a palace; the guards following close behind him. All gave way before the well-known uniform of one of the agents of the government, and the palace was entered without a word of questioning. A corridor was passed, then a long suite of apartments, and then the count was taken into a small side cabinet, rather dark and gloomy, where the officer left him under the charge of two agents, and went out to report his arrival.

Count Leonardo began seriously to reflect. The moment was a grave one. On his behaviour before his judges would perhaps hang his life; at all events his liberty. Despite the grief which had filled his soul at the discovery of the marriage of Angelina, he still wished to be free. With liberty, youth, and courage, he had everything to hope. The mind of Leonardo was not one of those which easily gives way to despair. He had been checked, but he did not consider himself beaten. It was in vain, however, that he racked his mind for answers to the charges which would be brought against him. He could not even form the remotest conception of what they might be. Himself a noble of rank and fortune, he had never, even in thought, acted against his country or his order. Under these circumstances it was useless, he felt, to puzzle himself farther with the mystery, and he therefore waited patiently.

'Enter!' said a loud voice from a door which opened suddenly, moving softly on its hinges.

'I am here,' replied Leonardo; and he obeyed the command of the unseen speaker.

He found himself in a vast and ill-lighted, though splendid apartment. Behind a table covered with papers sat three men closely masked, and wrapped in thick cloaks, that completely concealed the outline of their persons. At one end of the table sat a secretary also masked. There were no guards or attendants anywhere visible.

'Enter, Mario,' cried the secretary in a shrill and disguised voice.

Leonardo smiled, and turned round towards a door which suddenly opened beside him.

'The sorcerer!' cried the bewildered jailer, stepping back in unfeigned alarm.

'Himself, Mario,' said the count, 'and resigned to return to your good keeping. You see I did escape, as I threatened.'

'Ah, my lord, it was ungenerous of you! What a fright I was in! I am scarcely recovered yet, and cannot believe that you disappeared from before my eyes.'

'I will explain all when I return to my cell, good Mario,' said the count, still smiling; 'but there are gentlemen here who have claims upon us, and whose time we cannot intrude upon.'

'It is precisely in connection with your strange escape,' exclaimed the

retary, at a sign from one of the judges, 'that we are at present about examine you.'

'Speak. I am ready to answer,' said the count, turning towards the retary, and bowing to the judges.

'This man has told a strange story in relation to your escape, Count onardo. We wish, for our own satisfaction, to hear if his tale be true.'

'I am sure honest Mario has told the truth as far as he knows it; and ough my narrative will probably cause me to fall very much in that rthy man's opinion, I am desirous of explaining exactly how the affair ppened.'

'The Council listens to you,' said the secretary, motioning to him to ldress the three masked figures.

Leonardo bowed, and in as few words as possible, leaving out only rtles which might have compromised Mario, told the whole history of his scape.

'Your story tallies exactly with that of Mario,' observed the secretary, and will in all probability save him from severe punishment. But,' amining the paper before him, 'how came you to escape in the gondola sually reserved for the secret service of the state?'

Count Leonardo told them the end of his story as frankly as he had told the beginning. The jailer heard him with stupid astonishment. He was almost too much surprised to be angry at the deception put upon him. The Council had looked at each other during the whole scene, as if they were taking advantage of their masks and cloaks to be greatly amused at the narrative of the count, which was told with a great deal of dry humour.

'Thank you, count, thank you,' cried Mario, breathing more freely when he had concluded; 'but I 'm not half convinced yet. I can't see how any but a sorcerer could make such an escape.'

'You may retire,' said the secretary, nodding to the bewildered jailer, who, with a humble bow to the awful tribunal, and another addressed to the count, hastened with alacrity to obey, leaving Leonardo alone with his judges.

'Count Leonardo Montecali,' then said the secretary gravely, while the three assumed the solemn attitude of men about to try a question of life and death, 'this matter of little real moment being settled, we come to more serious business.'

'I am at the orders of their excellencies,' said the count quietly, 'though what of serious moment there can be between a young man like myself—whose life has been one of pleasure and of warlike duty—and the dread Council before which I stand, is more than I can imagine.'

'Your conscience is then perfectly at ease?' asked the questioner.

'Perfectly.'

'But, Count Leonardo Montecali, we have to bring against you a charge of treason against St Mark, of foul and base desertion of the interests of the republic.'

'Signor, you must be mistaken in the name. No such charge can seriously be brought against me,' replied the young man in a tone of haughty indignation.

'Speak calmly, young man,' said one of the judges; 'those who question have the right to do so, and the power to enforce their right.'

'I know it; but not all their right, nor all their power, can make of me aught save an innocent man, sacrificed by a base calumniator, to serve the purposes of his selfish passion.'

'You speak warmly, count; but you must submit to the usual course. We have questions to put, and those questions must be answered. When you have responded to all we have to say, we shall then be ready and willing to hear your defence.'

'I will be calm, excellencies; but a noble heart and a pure conscience cannot hear without indignation such charges.'

'We like your impulses, and regard them as of good omen,' said the same judge; 'but you will be pleased now to answer the questions of our secretary.'

X.—The Interrogatory.

'Signor, your name and style?' said the secretary, preparing to write down the more positive answers of the prisoner.

'Count Leonardo Andrea del Carego Montecali,' said the prisoner with all the pride of a man whose name, in his own opinion, carried weight in its very sound.

'Your age?'

'Twenty-nine.'

'You have been a soldier?'

'Ever since the age of sixteen I have striven to serve the republic; and it may be permitted to me, in an exigency like the present, to add that my endeavours were not wholly unrewarded with distinction in the Cyprus war.'

'That is duly recorded in your favour. But now we come to the first crime imputed to you.'

'Ah!' was all the count uttered, while at the word 'crime' an angry flush covered his face.

'On the night of the 2d of March ——, did not you, after the camp had retired to rest, and after the usual time for soldiers seeking sleep, wrapped in a cloak, and provided, by some unknown means, with the password, leave the camp in the direction of the enemy, and return as mysteriously some hours after?'

'I did,' said Leonardo firmly, after a moment's reflection.

The secretary raised his head with rapidity. Could his face have been seen, in all probability some such expression would have been noticed as crosses a man's countenance when he sees another rushing wilfully to destruction. The three judges whispered hurriedly amongst themselves.

'How obtained you the password?'

'From Stephen Dandolo,' said the count with a smile of contempt, as he noted the finger of his rival in all his misfortunes.

'Afterwards your rival in love?' asked a judge who had not yet spoken.

'One of my rivals,' replied the count coldly and bitterly, looking directly at the masked speaker.

'How came Stephen Dandolo on guard that night, to reveal to you the password?' continued the secretary.

The Signor Stephen Dandolo knew the object I had in view; and being n my friend, revealed it to me.'

And what was the object?'

Reverend signors, surely you have not sufficiently forgotten the feelings your youth, not to be aware with what object a young man usually kes such night expeditions!'

'You would insinuate, then, that instead of visiting the enemy's camp th a view to betraying the secrets of your country, you went to pay a iit to some fair lady?'

'Your highnesses have, with your usual far-sightedness, answered for me.'

'Were it necessary, could you bring forward the lady?'

'No!'

'Why not?'

'Because it was a mere caprice of the moment, and under no circumances would I reveal the name.'

'Such are not the answers usually given to the Lion of St Mark,' said ıe of the judges severely.

'I am sorry for it, my worthy signors; but while I am fully prepared to ll all my own secrets, I cannot tell those of other people,' replied Count eonardo calmly.

'Truth is our only object,' continued the secret inquisitor, 'and your xplanation seems satisfactory. But we have graver matter yet.'

Leonardo bowed.

The secretary turned over some documents, and took up a sheet of paper, hich looked like a letter that had been folded out, and thus kept for ome time.

'Look, count, at that letter,' said the secretary, handing it to him across he table.

Leonardo took it, and read it carefully. He raised his head then with strange smile. It seemed as if, in other circumstances, he would have ad some difficulty in refraining from laughter.

'You have read the letter?' continued the secretary.

'I have read it.'

'By whom is it written?'

'I presume you have not been unable to decipher so plain a signature.'

'You acknowledge, then'——

'I declare it to be in my handwriting, and addressed to Stephen Dandolo bout three years back.'

'At the date of the conspiracy of Paolo Liardo?'

'Ah! truly it was so.'

'Be pleased to read the letter aloud, and explain its meaning,' said the ecretary.

'Most worthy signors,' said Count Leonardo, 'you must pardon me if I an scarcely maintain my gravity, but I cannot help it. Still, I will strive o be seemly in my behaviour, and to read it with all due solemnity. The etter is as follows:—"It gives me much pleasure to rank you amongst us. he injured, first of all, are the life and soul of conspiracies; and to overhrow this hated and secret power is a great and holy purpose. The enerable Doge himself is not worth troubling ourselves about; but t is, above all, against his constant adviser, and against the secret and

veiled Council of Three, that you and all other victims of iron despotism must be eager to take revenge. For myself, I conceive, that when they are unmasked, we shall be better able to judge what sort of punishment will become our dignity and their deserts. Until to-night, then, adieu."'

And throwing down the letter, the young count covered his face with his handkerchief, his glistening eyes giving intimation that it was with very doubtful success he struggled against an inclination to laugh outright.

'When you have recovered yourself, Signor Count,' said the secretary somewhat harshly, 'you will perhaps recollect the presence in which you stand.'

'I stand in the presence of the secret and veiled Council of Three,' exclaimed the count, trying to disguise his merriment in an irreverent cough, which made the four strange personages who were examining him stare with astonishment.

'Count,' said the secretary, 'you presume too much. We wait the explanation of your letter and of your unseemly mirth.'

'Pardon me, excellencies, but the pranks of our youth cause sometimes joyous remembrances; and this, if I live, will always raise in my mind mirthful thoughts. I assure you, excellencies, that if you had not forgotten in more important occupations how to laugh, you would yourselves join me, when I relate the cause.'

'Speak on!'

'There lived, and I believe there still lives in Venice, for the misfortune of its youth, a certain Jew named Abraham, a money-lender, a usurer, who was in the habit of supplying our young spendthrifts with money when the paternal purse-strings were closed. This Jew had taken unfair and base advantage of the distresses of many, and one day it chanced that his numerous victims resolved on revenging themselves. I knew that Stephen Dandolo was one of those who had perhaps suffered more than any from his rapacity, and hence my desire to have him among the conspirators. At my request he freely joined us, and I wrote this letter to congratulate him. In the joyous thoughtlessness of youth, I very irreverently, I own, applied to the Jew the name of Doge, called his wife his "constant adviser," and designated his three pretty daughters "the secret and veiled Council of Three;" for which I humbly beg your lordships' pardon.'

The dreaded tribunal whispered; and then, after gazing at the speaking, and amused, and frank countenance of the young lord, there was a sound among them which the profane might have misinterpreted into that of repressed mirth.

'Per Bacco!' cried one of the three in a cracked but hilarious voice, 'I recollect the affair. The Jew Abraham was entrapped to thy house, young man, under pretence of lending thee money, and was only released from confinement after making amends for some of his rascalities by releasing certain of his most ill-used debtors.'

'And after sending for his three daughters, whom, finding them young, pretty, and innocent, we treated honourably, and sent back rejoicing,' said the count with a low bow.

A silence ensued, during which the three inquisitors recovered themselves a little, and then held council: it could be easily seen, however, that

they were under the influence of feelings not commonly allied to functions so terrible as theirs.

'Young man,' said one of them gravely, 'we are satisfied that you have spoken the truth. But there yet remains to be explained how this letter has been sent to us as a convincing proof of your guilt.'

At this instant an officer entered, and handed a paper to the secretary. The secretary at once transferred it to the Council.

XI.—THE JUDGMENT.

The members of the tribunal spoke together for a few minutes in a low tone. Their voices were grave and solemn, and even full of indignation. They seemed slightly to differ in opinion, but at last one gave way, and they were again of the same mind.

'Let Stephen Dandolo enter!' said the secretary to the officer on a sign from the Council of Three.

Count Leonardo started with unfeigned astonishment, and all his joyous looks vanished. His malicious and revengeful rival had doubtless heard of his presence before his judges, and, alarmed at the prospect of his being able to explain away the absurd charges made against him, was come to reinforce them by his testimony, or to add to them others more serious perhaps, and less easily answered.

Stephen Dandolo entered. He was dressed still in the somewhat fantastic costume which he had put on to receive his guests. His mien was lofty and haughty, and he bowed proudly to the tribunal, and politely to his old friend.

'What is there of such pressing moment that you present yourself thus before us?' said one of the judges.

'My lords, I come on an errand of duty. I had reason to suspect that you were this night about to judge one who for a whole year has been unjustly detained in the prisons of Venice.'

Stephen Dandolo paused. He had come in breathless with haste.

'Who is it that talks so boldly of Venetian injustice in this presence?' interrupted one of the judges, while Leonardo started, still more astonished than before.

'The author of the injustice, mighty lords. I, Stephen Dandolo, declare, to my shame and sorrow, that I am the author of the misfortunes which have fallen upon the Count Leonardo Montecali.'

'Stephen,' cried the young count gravely, 'what had I done to deserve your hate, and what have I done now to call for this unasked-for testimony?'

'You were my rival in love. We both loved Angelina Avarenza. To my rage and despair, I saw that you were preferred—that the lady, while scorning my affection, paid yours back with interest. Fury and revenge filled my breast, and I swore that if she could not be mine, she should not be yours. I have kept my vow.'

'Fatally!' said Leonardo in a low tone.

'Fatally I have. But what is done is done. A year ago, my mind, boiling with hate and passion, I turned over in my secret thoughts the

best means of separating you. At first I meant to have you slain, but I could not bear the thought of hiring an assassin to kill the man I had once called friend. I therefore denounced you to St Mark as a traitor and conspirator. I had two very strong proofs against you—your midnight visit to a lady during the Cyprus war, and your imprudent letter about the Jew Abraham. I tore off the postscript, which bade me burn a document which looked so treasonable, and I enclosed it, with a formal denunciation, to the Arogaderi. The next day you were arrested under my own eyes in the Avarenza Palace.'

'And are you not ashamed, young man, you, a noble and a prince, son of the chief magistrate of Venice, to own to such infamy?' said a judge severely.

'I am ashamed of having done the act, not of owning it,' said Stephen with haughtiness.

'Your repentance is tardy, Count Dandolo,' observed one of the judges; 'but to what cause are we to ascribe your unexpected presence here?'

'To the interference of an angel,' said Stephen Dandolo warmly. 'But an hour since, the Lady Angelina, Princess di Papoli, veiled, and attended by a single servant, came to my palace.'

'Ah!' said one of the judges.

'Angelina!' cried Leonardo.

'Herself. She came, and asking to see me, pleaded with all the eloquence of a woman's heart the cause of the man she loved. What moved me most was her unhesitating confidence in his innocence. The more innocent she believed him, it is true the more guilty I became; but I reflected not on this. All I saw was a beautiful woman, who knew that the man she loved, and whom yet she could never call husband, was in danger, and forgot everything to try and save him. I saw her come boldly and unhesitatingly to the palace of a young man, his rival, on an errand of mercy and love. My lords, I have now spoken, and I trust to your justice and mercy.'

'Jacopo,' cried the secretary.

The officer entered, followed by several guards.

'Remove the prisoners,' said the other quietly, 'and see that they have no conference together.'

The two young men bowed proudly, and were taken both to the chamber previously occupied by Leonardo alone, and placed one at each end, their guards standing between them. The young Count Montecali was much overcome. The generous act of his beloved Angelina, which had enabled him to prove his innocence in the most effectual manner, moved him much; while the retractation, tardy as it was, of Stephen Dandolo seemed to him to call for deep gratitude. It was true his rival could not undo all the evil he had occasioned, but he certainly had done his best; and Leonardo pardoned him from his soul. An eloquent look explained these feelings to Stephen, who responded by a friendly and courteous bow; and then both withdrew into their own thoughts.

'Counts Leonardo and Stephen, the tribunal summons you to hear its decision,' exclaimed at the end of that time the officer Jacopo.

The two young men followed their guide once more, and were again in the presence of the Council of Three.

he secretary motioned them to take a seat, which they both did, uring well from this auspicious beginning.

Count Leonardo Montecali,' said one of the judges in a gentle and a voice, 'the tribunal has to express its deep regret that, deceived by e appearances and lying reports, the government of Venice has been ust towards a loyal and faithful subject. The tribunal declares you free, divested of all suspicion. But the tribunal tempers mercy with justice, condemns you to one year's imprisonment for your imprudent trifling h sacred names in your letter read before this presence; although, ing into consideration the infirmities of our nature, it considers you ave already paid this penalty.'

Accept my warmest thanks, honourable lords!' exclaimed Leonardo.

Be not so impatient, young man. The government of Venice is just: l if, under false impressions, it commits a despotic act, it knows how repair its injuries nobly. The republic has under its tutelary guardian- p a young lady of great beauty and wealth, and it permits you, as npensation for what you have suffered, to take to wife its dear ward, gelina Avarenza.'

'Merciful God! what mean you?' cried Leonardo, unable to credit senses.

'The tribunal has spoken very clearly, I think. Surely you can have objection to this union?'

'My lords, it would be the fulfilment of the dearest desire of my life. t how is it possible—am I not in a dream?'

'Angelina Avarenza the wife of Leonardo!' cried Stephen, and his e might have seemed to indicate a momentary repentance of his nerosity.

'Do you desire to recall your evidence?' asked the judge severely, nstrating the feelings of the young man.

'No, my lords, no!' cried Stephen, shaking off the weakness of nature, d in a frank and earnest voice said: 'I am delighted, for they deserve to happy. I am truly glad it is in your power, noble signors, to reward e affection of this faithful couple; but I understood the Lady Angelina be the wife of the noble Prince di Papoli!'

'Well spoken, young man. The tribunal is pleased to hear these credit- le sentiments in your mouth, and consents to pardon you the heinous me of which you have been guilty. But be warned, Count Stephen! e Lion of St Mark is a dangerous animal to play with, and will not ily consent to be the tool of private vengeance.'

'My lords,' cried Leonardo passionately, 'speak once more. Do I hear ght? Is Angelina really to be my wife?'

'Young man, the tribunal has spoken, and what it has said must be. w go. The officers will take you back to the Avarenza Palace; and, reover, understand that it is the will of the state that the marriage ke place this evening.'

'This evening!' cried Leonardo almost stupidly; and gazing at the ree, as if to read in their veiled faces the explanation of the mystery.

'I claim to be your bridesman, Leonardo!' exclaimed Stephen.

'And I accept you with all my heart,' said the Count Montecali; and ey grasped each other's hand cordially.

'Well done, young men. This reconciliation is wise and noble. Now go. The tribunal has other matters of more moment to attend to than the resuscitation of friendship and the union of lovers.'

The late rivals and enemies went out arm in arm, and after the delay of about a quarter of an hour, were taken through the palace by the sbirri, put on board the Black Gondola—*the* Black Gondola, as it was called *par excellence*, for all the gondolas of Venice are black—and taken to the Avarenza Palace.

XII.—The Catastrophe.

They found the palace still astir. There were servants about; and to a hurried question they replied that the Lady Angelina was alone. The visitors waited not to be announced, but went rapidly up stairs. All the doors of the long suite of apartments were open; and they heard voices within—the voice of Angelina speaking to Agatha.

'What boat was that which just stopped beneath my window?' said the young lady in a somewhat anxious tone.

'It is I,' cried Stephen Dandolo, pushing back Leonardo.

'Count Dandolo!' almost screamed Angelina, while she drew back in alarm.

'Lady Angelina, we have come to return your charming visit,' said Stephen with a smile; 'but, lest I should be rudely welcomed, I have brought a friend with me to back me.'

'A friend!—what friend?'

'I, my Angelina—my adored, my love, my wife!' cried Count Montecali, advancing.

'Leonardo!' shrieked Angelina; and overcome by the excessive emotions of the evening, she fell, half fainting, in his arms. She soon, however, recovered under the caresses of her ardent lover.

'Stephen,' said she, rising and holding out her hand, 'this is noble, this is generous; but why were you not thus a year ago?'

'Fair lady, I comprehend your reproach. You mean that, but for me, you could now be happy as the wife of the man you loved. But it is a husband I bring triumphantly in my train. The republic is a great tyrant, we know, but still we must all obey it; and St Mark has decided that you this evening wed the Count Leonardo. This is but a short shrift, 'tis true.'

'But what means all this?' said Angelina distractedly. 'You talk to me of marrying—you speak of Leonardo as my husband: know you not that I am already married—that I am a wife—and that my husband is one of the first nobles in the state?'

'I know it perfectly. But then the Lion of St Mark has spoken; and I, who have a blind confidence in the wisdom and power of the infallible government of Venice, firmly believe that you will this night marry my friend here.'

Sounds of many footsteps were now heard, and the Prince di Papoli appeared in the next apartment with a large party. He alone, however, crossed the threshold.

Move not from his side, Angelina,' said he with a proud and happy
le. 'You have every right to lean upon his heart. The Count
phen, if I heard him well, has told you what has been decided. You
condemned, this very evening, to wed Count Leonardo. What answer
e you to the ambassador of Venice?'
Most noble prince,' said Angelina in a sweet and distinct voice, 'I have
ays been an obedient daughter of the City of Lakes, and I am not
posed to be a rebel now. But how can it be, my lord? Am I not your
e?'
No, Angelina, you are not my wife. Pardon the trick we played upon
ur inexperience and youth. No marriage ever took place between
. I knew the Count Leonardo to be alive, though my oaths allowed
not to tell you, and, wishing to serve you, I chose a middle path. I
contrived that a ceremony of betrothal passed for a marriage-ceremony
your eyes; and thus you are certainly my betrothed; but as we both,
elieve, are equally willing to release each other, all is well.'
'Generous prince!' cried Angelina.
'Most noble and revered lord,' said Leonardo, 'how can I excuse my
just suspicions?'
'Make this good child happy. The sweetest sight that can grace a
rent's eyes is the picture of his daughter a well-mated and happy wife.
am to Angelina a parent. Be to her a good and noble husband, and
sk no more of you.'
'My lord, there are women in this world so gentle, so good, so angelic,
at they cannot but meet good husbands. Who could be faithless, or
different, or neglectful, with an Angelina for a wife?'
'Flatterer!' said Angelina, whose tones, however, were those of a woman
ho believes implicitly the words of one she loves.
'Be happy, then, my children,' continued the prince; 'give me your
nd, my Angelina; and come, the altar awaits you: the priests and
tnesses are ready, and the chapel is lighted up. Come.'
Angelina put her hand in that of the aged prince, and followed by the
hole party, went out. A concourse of friends, hastily collected, were
the next room. No one was surprised; for Angelina was a ward of
e republic, and all guessed that there must be some reason for what
as done.
The procession formed, the altar was reached, and the august and
cred ceremony begun. All looked with reflected pleasure on the
ppy faces of the bride and bridegroom. Their tone of happiness may
ve been a little grave, influenced by the early events of the evening,
t it was real and unalloyed. There was on the countenance of
ngelina an expression of confiding love, of almost infantine affection,
hich would have made her beautiful, independently of the mould of her
atures. Hers was one of those faces which beam with purity and inno-
nce. She wore not a wedding costume, but the wedded heart was there;
d when the ceremony was over, she turned towards Leonardo with an
pression which said so plainly—'Are you happy now?' that he answered it.
'I am happy. Only six hours ago I was a poor caged bird. Now I
ve freedom, honour, love, and joy. Who ever had so much before of
essing showered on him in a single day?'

'My son,' said the prince gravely, 'continue to deserve your happiness, and happiness will remain with you. It is rarely, in this world, that felicity leaves us, except when scared away by the uproar of our vices and follies. Apart from evils common to our nature, you will generally find that we are happy according to our deserts. Nine-tenths of the evils of life we create ourselves. Strive to be happy, love one another, and all will be well. Ye have my blessing, my children.'

And the young married couple bowed humbly beneath his hands, and then, to the sound of gladsome music, all moved away to the superb collation which had been prepared by the orders of the careful prince.

ANCIENT PHILOSOPHIC SECTS.

TO fix the date of the origin of philosophy would be a matter of extreme difficulty, if not absolutely impossible; for, in a general and loose ceptation of the word, it may be said to have originated with man's first ertion of his reasoning faculties. But if the meaning of the word is stricted to the systematic study of the universe and of the mind of man, beginnings may be traced very clearly to the Chaldeans, the Gymnosoists, the Magi, and the Egyptian priests, who, in their several countries, re the first to reduce to order the various branches of learning which the ience includes. Egypt is usually considered as the first seat of learning, d the spring whence the stream of philosophy poured eastward over sia before passing into Greece; but notwithstanding the undoubted tiquity of the mechanical arts in that country, and the extraordinary oficiency of its priesthood in astrology and magic, it may be fairly estioned whether the study of the higher branches of philosophy did not mmence in Babylonia or India, coevally with, if not anterior to, its rise the banks of the Nile. The reluctance of the Egyptian priests to mmunicate their knowledge to others, the disparaging manner in which ato speaks of their philosophy, and the priority assigned by Aristotle to e Chaldeans, are among the reasons which may be adduced in support this opinion. Under the clear blue sky of the East the stellar and netary bodies must, at a very early period, have attracted attention; d from the contemplation of the star-gemmed heavens the Chaldeans rived the exoteric aspect of their theology, as evidenced in the popular rship of the sun, moon, and stars. The knowledge they acquired from e observation of the celestial bodies was applied to the purposes of trology, by means of which they maintained their influence over the ople. Their esoteric philosophy, which they reserved to themselves, as ual among the priests of antiquity, taught that the universe was originally an inorganic mass of darkness and water; that the earth was formed, d light called into existence, by the fiat of a Supreme Being, of whose vine nature the mind of man was an emanation; and that by the provinence of this Supreme Being the world was governed.

Great antiquity is likewise claimed by the Brahmins for the Indian ilosophy, and their country was as much visited as Egypt by the philophers of Greece, for the purpose of obtaining knowledge. The Gymnophists were divided into several sects, of which the Brahmins concerned

themselves chiefly with religion. The Samanæans were a society forme of those who devoted their lives to the study of philosophy, abjure family and property, and were maintained at the public expense. Th Hylobeans formed another sect, who lived entirely in forests, adopted a pu vegetable diet, and practised the severest abstinence. The system of t Gymnosophists may be thus summed up:—'God is light, not such as seen, like the sun or fire, but intelligence and reason; that principle throug whose agency the mysteries of knowledge are understood by the wis He is not comprehensible by vision, or by any other of the organs sense; nor can He be conceived by means of devotion or virtuous practice He is not space, nor air, nor light, nor atoms, nor soul, nor nature; He above all these, and the cause of them all. His existence had no cau In Him the whole world is absorbed; from Him it issues; He is entwin and interwoven with all creation. The human mind is of divine origi and has a near relation to God. When it departs from the body, it retur to its Parent, who expects to receive back the soul which He has se forth.' But like all the old religions, Brahmism has a dual character; a this pantheistic system the Gymnosophists reserved to themselves. T multitude were supposed to be not sufficiently enlightened to understa it, and were allowed to offer adoration to the Ganges, a cow, a serpent, any other natural object which they chose to consider as the representati of the divine nature. The Vedas provided, however, that these portio of the divine nature, spirit, or substance, should be worshipped, 'not wi the sacrifice of harmless animals, nor in temples, nor upon altars adorn with gold and gems, but with eyes lifted up to heaven, and with minds fr from criminal passions.' The most celebrated of the Indian philosophe of antiquity was Calanus, who is said, when he found the infirmities age creeping upon him, to have voluntarily burned himself upon a funera pile, exclaiming, as he ascended it, 'Happy hour of departure from lif in which, after the body is burned, the soul shall go forth into light!'

The system of the Magi had probably in its infancy a considerab degree of resemblance to that of the Gymnosophists—the principle th God is light; that is, intelligence, being the root of both. But instead allowing the multitude to worship the Divinity under any form which th chose—a practice which in India degenerated into a debasing and supe stitious polytheism—the Magi introduced the worship of the sun as t symbol of light, that luminary being the object of reverence among t uninformed masses throughout the ancient world. Zoroaster, who lived the time of Darius Hystaspes, introduced the worship of fire, which w kept continually burning on the altars of the Magian temples, and oth innovations, both in doctrine and ceremonies. Fragments of his works a still extant, having been preserved by a remnant of his disciples who resi in the neighbourhood of Bombay, and are called Parsees. He travell into India, was acquainted with astronomy and medicine, and after prop gating his system with much success, is said to have been assassinated Argaspis, king of East Scythia. The early Magi were careful to expla that they did not adore the sun, but the good principle of which it was t visible manifestation, and that intellectual light which it symbolised bett than any other object; but this pure and simple system was fast degen rating into idolatry, when Zoroaster appeared as its reviver and reforme

He introduced the worship of fire, in order that a symbol of the good principle might not be wanting at night, or when the sun was obscured; and forbade the worship of images under any pretence whatever. His great work, the 'Zend-avesta,' coincides so remarkably with the Hebrew Scriptures, as to have led to the supposition that he obtained a knowledge of the Jewish religion from Daniel, or some other of the Jewish captives at Babylon or Susa; but this is mere conjecture. The good principle is personified under the name of Ormuzd, and darkness, or the principle of evil, under that of Ahrimanes; and the story of the creation, and the fall of man from a state of innocence, closely resembles the account given by Moses in the book of Genesis.

The Egyptian philosophy did not differ essentially from that of the Chaldeans. Matter was held to have been in some form eternal; and before it became resolved into organic forms, it was supposed to have existed in chaos, and yet to have contained all the elements. An active intelligent principle was conceived to have been eternally united with this material chaotic mass, by the force of which the elements were separated, and the universe called into being. A constant tendency towards dissolution was supposed to be inherent in the universe—an idea which accords with the views advanced at the present day by some astronomers; and, in common with the nations of Eastern India, they believed in a succession of worlds, alternately destroyed and renewed. Their opinion concerning the human soul is variously represented by different writers, but it is universally agreed that they believed it to be immortal. Herodotus asserts that the Egyptian philosophers were the first to teach this doctrine; and Diodorus Siculus relates that, instead of lamenting the death of good men, they rejoiced at their removal to a better and brighter sphere of existence in the eternal invisible world. That they held the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, is evident from the customs of posthumous trial and prayers for the souls of the departed; but what their ideas of a future existence were, is not clear. Plutarch considered the Amenthes of the Egyptians to be the same as the Hades of the Greeks; but Porphyry gives the following as the prayer offered at funerals in the name of the deceased:—'Thou sun, who rulest all things, and ye other powers, who give life to man, receive me, and grant me an abode among the immortal gods.' Herodotus, on the contrary, states that the soul, according to the Egyptian belief, passed into the body of some other animal, then brought forth; and that, after making the circuit of the bodies of beasts, birds, and fishes, for a period of three thousand years, it again became an inhabitant of the human body. Probably these different opinions concerning the condition of the soul after death were held by different sects or colleges of the Egyptian priests. The pantheism which pervades the Indian system was probably the root of the Egyptian also; and we find upon a temple at Sais this inscription:—'I am whatever is, or has been, or will be, and no mortal has ever drawn aside my veil: my offspring is the sun.' The power or principle by which the universe was originated and presided over they called Phthas, which means one by whom events are ordained; and sometimes Cneph, denoting a good genius; and they represented it symbolically by the figure of a serpent with its tail in its mouth—an emblem of eternity. But as in India and in Persia, so in Egypt, the uninformed masses con-

verted what was intended for a symbol into a mythos, and in this manner arose the mythological idol-worship of the ancient world. Not only did the sun and moon become objects of worship among the Egyptians, but as the human mind was regarded as an emanation from, or portion of, the divine nature, legislators and public benefactors, as being animated with an extraordinary share of divinity, were deified and worshipped after death; and the Egyptian priests made no effort to stay this corruption, because the masses were incapable of appreciating their esoteric philosophy, and because they knew that their own influence depended upon some faith, however degraded and degrading, being held by the body of the people.

Passing over the poetic fragments attributed to Linus and Orpheus, but which are now regarded as inventions of a later date, the beginnings of the Greek philosophy may be found in Hesiod and Homer. The latter poetically ascribes the parentage of all things to the union of Oceanus and Tethys, or the earth; while Hesiod begins his cosmogony with Chaos, like the Egyptians; and this poet is generally quoted by Aristotle and other philosophers as the first among the Greeks who propounded a theory of the constitution of the world. These two poets reduced to a system the mythological fables which made up the theology of the people; and from these their cosmogonies are inseparable, which caused the true philosophers to reject and condemn them. Homer inculcates the immortality of the soul—a doctrine which Herodotus affirms was brought from Egypt; but it was not peculiar to that country, prevailing also in India, Scythia, and Western Europe, generally in connection with that of the transmigration of the soul. Homer and Hesiod, however, only displayed the popular theology as they found it; and Tartarus, or the abode of the souls of the wicked, and Elysium, or the happy region inhabited by the souls of those whose lives had been irreproachable, were myths of an earlier era.

For nearly three centuries after the time of Homer no attempt was made to elucidate the origin of the universe, or the nature of the human mind: all the philosophy of Greece was comprised in the cosmogonic fables and mythic genealogies of the poets. At the expiration of this long period Thales appeared, to found the first school of philosophy known in Greece. He was a native of Miletus, a city of Ionia, and was born B.C. 640. He visited Crete and Tyre, and afterwards Egypt, where he studied astronomy and geometry under the priests of Memphis, and soon surpassed his masters. His independence of mind, and the freedom with which he declaimed against tyranny, caused the Egyptian monarch, Amasis, to conceive a dislike to him, and the philosopher returned to Miletus, to communicate to others the knowledge which he had acquired. He afterwards visited the court of Crœsus, king of Lydia, and returning to his native city, died there in B.C. 548, while present at the celebration of the Olympic games. He propounded the theory that water was the first principle or origin of all things; but it is probable that he only intended by this expression that water was the chief element which enters into the composition of all things. Some resemblance in his cosmogony to that of Moses, and his views on the eternity and omniscience of the Deity, have induced a belief that he became acquainted with the Hebrew Scriptures while in Egypt; and the demons, which he sometimes calls divinities, of which he speaks, are sup-

posed to imply only the disembodied souls of men, of which he imagined the universe to be full. His astronomical knowledge was very great: he was the first who calculated eclipses of the sun and moon, and this he did with great exactness. He supposed the sun to be a body of fire, from which the moon obtained her light by reflection; and in his theory that all bodies were composed of atoms or indivisible particles, and in his researches into the science of forces, he came near to the systems of the moderns.

Anaximander, the disciple and countryman of Thales, succeeded him as the head of the Ionic sect of philosophers; but little is known of his personal history, except that he died about the year B.C. 547. He was either the inventor or improver of the sundial; and the method of constructing globes and maps is likewise attributed to him. In his philosophic system, he endeavoured to identify, as a first cause, what he termed the Infinite, which he considered the universal principle of life, comprehending in itself all the elements of matter. Creation was therefore effected by separation from the Infinite, from which worlds were formed, and into which they were destined to be redissolved. Man he supposed to be produced from minute and lowly forms of life, spontaneously generated in the moist earth when exposed to the heat of the sun, which, after undergoing successive transformations, each approaching nearer to the human form, at length reached the dignity of humanity. In his theory of the Infinite—which was not infinite mind, but all things, the All—may be perceived a tendency towards pantheism; and having asserted that the gods of Greece were planets, which would ultimately be destroyed, he was accused of atheism—the common charge against philosophy in unenlightened ages. He was succeeded by Anaximenes, of whose history as little is known. He taught that the Infinite was air, and that air was the first principle; contrary to Thales, who believed this to be water. Diogenes of Apollonia, his disciple, adopted this theory, and extended it, enduing air with life and intelligence, by which latter property the universe was arranged in order. Air was the soul of the world, and man's superiority of intellect was the result of his upright position, which enabled him to breathe a purer air than the inferior animals, which walked with their heads downward.

Heraclitus is usually placed among the philosophers of the Italic school; but as he held the Ionic theory, that one element was the source of life to all creation, he must either stand alone, or be classed with the followers of Thales. He was a native of Ephesus, but little more than this is known of his personal history. He is said to have received an invitation to the court of Persia; and it is probable that, either in that country or some other part of the East, he became acquainted with the system of the Magi, since he departs from the theories of Thales and Anaximenes, and makes fire the principle of life and first form of matter. His style is mythic and obscure, however, and some have supposed that he did not use the word fire in the sense of flame, which he deemed an excess of heat, but as an emblem of universal life, or as a dry vapour pervading all things. The Ionic philosophy had been much materialised by those successors of its founder who preceded Heraclitus; and in the hands of the latter it became more decidedly materialist. The harmony of the universe was supposed to be maintained by the poise of opposite elements, by which a

constant flux and reflux was caused, in obedience to an invariable and immutable law.

Anaxagoras, one of the most distinguished of this sect, was born at Clazomenæ in Lydia about the year B.C. 500, and was of noble birth and great wealth, but devoted himself to the study of philosophy in preference to indulgence in the pleasures to which the Lydian youth of his order were addicted. He introduced the Ionic philosophy into Athens, where he studied and taught for thirty years—Pericles, Euripides, and Socrates, the future statesman, poet, and philosopher of that city, being among his disciples. He differed in some respects from all of the Ionic sect who had preceded him; for instead of holding, with Thales and Anaximander, that the All was unitary, he taught that the Infinite was composed of elementary germs of endless variety, which were mixed by that supreme intelligence which he considered as the impulsive power of the universe. He considered that the senses were the sources of all knowledge, but at the same time maintained that the convictions arrived at through their medium were delusive—a seeming contradiction, but explained by the supposition, that he considered the senses were accurate in conveying ideas, while the ideas themselves were inaccurate. Though both Socrates and Aristotle speak disparagingly of him, it is evident that in physical science he was far in advance of the age in which he lived. His theory of earthquakes, which he attributed to confined air; of lightning, which he regarded as the result of friction of the clouds; and of wind, that it was the effect of the rarefaction of the atmosphere by the heat of the sun—press closely upon the heels of the moderns. Having declared that Apollo and Diana, the deities of the Athenians, were—the one a ball of fire, which gave warmth and light to the universe, and the other an inhabited planet like the earth, the usual charges of impiety and blasphemy were brought against him, and he would probably have been put to death but for the influence of his pupil Pericles. It is probable that this prosecution was aimed as much at Pericles as at Anaxagoras, and was the result of a political intrigue, to deprive the former of power by involving him in the charges against the latter; but though convicted and condemned to die, the sentence was commuted into one of perpetual banishment; and he retired to Lampsacus, where he died B.C. 428. His system was elucidated and extended by Archelaus, said by some to have been an Athenian, and by others to have been a native of Miletus: his school was at Athens, where he introduced the study of ethics. His principles of moral science, however, are based upon a very superficial view of human nature, since he makes good and evil to be determined by convention—a maxim which has a decided tendency to the annihilation of virtue.

The Ionic sect had now completed its first phase, and in the meantime another had risen, the sublime conceptions and aspirations of which threw it into the shade. This was the Italic sect, the founder of which, Pythagoras, was a native of Samos, where he began the study of music, astronomy, and medicine, afterwards perfecting himself by visiting Egypt and the East. On his return to his native isle, the tyranny of its king, Polycrates, was so distasteful to him, that he emigrated to the south of Italy, and there found opportunities of reducing to practice his political views, as related in a previous Paper (No. 18.) His system was the most compre-

hensive which the world had then seen: it occupied itself with the universe; with the mind of man; with theories of politics and of society, in which in some measure he anticipated Plato; with morals; and with domestics. In his collegiate institution at Crotona, attention was paid to moral improvement as well as to the culture of the mind, and even to the dress and food of the initiated. The severe probation of a long period of silence was required from candidates for admission; and when they had thus become habituated to self-control, the study of mathematics was entered upon, to complete their mental training. Women were admitted into the Pythagorean college, and Theano, the wife of its founder, continued to give instruction after his death. In physics, the Pythagorean system was not very widely separated from the Ionic; it was chiefly in its moral aspect, and in its comprehensiveness, that it differed from that of the school of Miletus. Like the philosophers of the Ionic sect, Pythagoras reduced matter to invisible particles, which formed the elements by certain numerical arrangements, according as the atoms were diffused or compressed; and by the combination of the opposing principles of the even and odd numbers, he supposed the universe to have been formed. The primary one, however, possessed the property of manifesting itself in a variety of things, and was the superior and beginning of all. God was the universal soul diffused throughout nature, and of this the minds of men were portions—a doctrine which approaches the pantheism of the Gymnosophists and the Magi, and does not differ much from the theory of Anaximander. A prominent doctrine of Pythagoras was the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, which was probably derived from India, if it be true that he visited that country; or he may have imbibed it during his residence in Egypt. He corroborated his theory by pretended personal experience, asserting that he remembered having assisted the Greeks at the siege of Troy, and having been slain by Menelaus, king of Sparta! To this doctrine was appended that of future retribution, the souls of the wicked being condemned to inhabit the bodies of unclean beasts and birds, while those of the good passed into the frames of human beings again. Reason and intelligence he considered as the appropriate qualities of the human mind, which was rendered comparatively imperfect by the predominance of the instincts over these. The morality which he inculcated was of a far higher and purer tone than that of Archelaus: it was the abnegation of self, the cultivation of prudence, simplicity of tastes and habits, and a conscientious observance of probity and justice. He shewed his ability as a legislator by arrangements which raised Crotona immeasurably above the other cities of Magna Græcia; and as a political instructor, by forming the minds of Zaleucus, Charondas, and others, whose wise laws were afterwards so beneficial to the Italians and Sicilians; and he evinced his love of peace by his exertions to terminate the intestine wars of the Dorian colonies, and the seditions which disturbed their tranquillity.

Contemporary with Pythagoras was Zenophanes, a native of Colophon in Ionia, and founder of the Eleatic sect—so called from Elea, a Greek colony of Lower Italy. This philosopher made his first public appearance as a travelling reciter of poems, in which he inveighed vehemently against Homer and Hesiod, on account of the support rendered by them to the vulgar belief by their pretended genealogies of the gods. He ridiculed

the idea of men worshipping beings in their own image, gods whose appearance each nation modified according to their own peculiarities of complexion and features—'the Ethiopians exhibiting their divinities of a black hue and with flat noses; while the Thracians gave them blue eyes and a ruddy complexion.' He argued against the possibility of a plurality of gods, by shewing that, as whatever is eternal must be infinite, one would limit the infinity of another; but he seems himself never to have advanced beyond a state of doubt. Sometimes he speaks of God as one, eternal, infinite, and immutable; at others he seems to regard nature as God; and while he confesses himself unable to discover the truth, he often loses himself in the mazes of his own reasoning, bewildered by tortuous subtleties. He has been suspected of atheism; but he must be regarded rather as an earnest searcher after truth, unable to satisfy himself of the existence of a Supreme Being, but never denying its possibility. He was banished from his country for his scepticism, and died at a great age.

Parmenides, who was a native of Elea, appears to have attempted to reconcile and harmonise the conflicting systems of his predecessors. Like most of the Italian philosophers, he turned his attention to politics; and the laws which he devised were considered so excellent, that his fellow-citizens took an oath to abide by them, which they renewed annually for a long time after his death. He makes, in his metaphysical system, a decided distinction between the ideas which are arrived at through the senses, and those which are obtained by reason—regarding the former as uncertain, and the latter as certain; but he obviates the sceptical tendencies of this system by admitting the existence of innate ideas, or certain fixed convictions in the mind. Opinions he considered to be dependent upon organization; hence he follows Anaxagoras in discrediting the impressions conveyed by the senses, and relying solely upon the deductions of reason. His physical system differed from that of Pythagoras, since discovered to be the true system of the universe, in making the earth the centre; but he seems to have had some idea of the laws of gravitation; and it is probable that, had his works reached us in a more complete state, he would have been found to have anticipated Newton.

He was succeeded by Zeno, his pupil and adopted son, who distinguished himself as much by his patriotism as by his love of philosophy and indifference to the splendours of rank. He plotted against the Elean usurper, Nearchus; but his conspiracy being detected, he is said to have been pounded to death in a mortar. He is chiefly remarkable as the inventor of the dialectic method of argument, which was subsequently used by Socrates and Plato, and consisted in establishing the truth of a proposition by reducing its contradiction to an absurdity. His style is terse and condensed; and though some of his arguments against the credibility of impressions received through the senses are strange and sophistical, yet many of his applications are apt and striking. He opposed the common notion of space, by teaching that each space must be in another, and this in a third, and so through a series expanded to infinity; and motion he held to be a series of spaces, in which the object is at each moment stationary. The whole force of these views consists in an ambiguity of terms, and they will not bear the test of sound logic. In his physical system he followed Zenophanes; but he did not share that philosopher's scepticism as to the

istence of a Supreme Being, in which he believed, teaching that God as one and infinite; and opposing the Ionic sect, by shewing the greater robability that the many were produced by the One than the One by the any. Melissus, a native of Samos, and distinguished as a naval commander, was the last of the Eleatic sect, and does not appear to have ttained the distinction achieved by his predecessors. He adopted the iews of Parmenides, and taught the infinity of the universe; but he naintained that the nature and attributes of Deity were subjects not to be ntertained by human knowledge.

Empedocles is considered by some as a disciple of Pythagoras, and by thers as the last of the Eleatic sect; but his place is more properly a eparate and independent one. He was a native of Agrigentum in Sicily, nd lived B.C. 445. On returning to Sicily from travelling in Greece, he requented the schools of the Pythagorean sect, to which Rollin considers im to have belonged; but Ritter places him among the Eleatics. He exerted himself to reform the constitution of Agrigentum and the manners of its people, as much as Pythagoras had done those of Crotona, and with the ame success. He was offered the supreme authority; but this he declined, his object being to render the constitution more democratic; with which view he obtained laws enacting that the council should be elected triennially, instead of for life, and that every citizen should be eligible to sit therein. While obtaining such renown and influence by his political abilities, he wrote poems, which were so much admired as to be publicly recited at the Olympic games, as those of Homer and Hesiod were, and acquired a reputation for medical skill and knowledge, which is spoken of by Hermippus, Diogenes Laertius, Galen, Celsus, Pliny, and Origen. The manner of his death is variously related. Diogenes Laertius asserts that, wishing to be considered as a supernatural being suddenly removed to his proper sphere, he threw himself into the crater of Mount Etna, that the circumstances of his departure from the world might not be known; and that the mountain, in a subsequent eruption, threw up one of his sandals, which was made of brass: but this account is doubtful, and Aristotle and others state that he died in Peloponnesus at an advanced age. In his abstinence from animal food, and the doctrine of transmigration which he held, declaring that he remembered having passed through the successive forms of life of a girl, a boy, a shrub, a bird, and a fish, before he became Empedocles, we find a partial adherence to the tenets of the Pythagorean sect; but in other respects he approximates more closely to the Eleatics. With the latter sect, he considers the senses imperfect, and prefers the knowledge gained by the process of ratiocination: and in his cosmogony he combines the notion of Heraclitus, that things were in a constant ebb and flow; with that of Anaxagoras, that the elements were not created, but arranged. But he stands distinct in his sublime idea, that the Divinity was led to arrange the elements into the various forms of matter by the principle of Love, whose pure and holy influence originally pervaded all nature. The Divinity, however, being himself subject to the law of necessity, Hate, the destructive quality, as Love was the creative, had entered the world, and produced discord, enmity, and disorder. 'The Divinity,' he says, 'is wholly and perfectly mind, ineffable, holy; with rapid and swift-glancing thought pervading the whole world;' and he discountenances the idea of

representing him in the form of a man. Empedocles, indeed, must be regarded as one of the brightest stars of the pre-Socratic period of ancient philosophy; for however ridiculous the doctrine of the metempsychosis may now appear, we must judge the philosopher by the general light of his time, and not by our own standard; and then we shall understand how perplexing a subject was the immortality of the soul even to minds so advanced as those of Pythagoras, Zenophanes, and Empedocles.

Leucippus, a disciple of Zeno, was the founder of a new philosophic sect, that of the Atomists, subsequently brought into considerable repute by Democritus. The place of his birth is unknown, and the information possessed concerning his personal history very scanty; but his philosophic researches appear to have been confined to the physical world. He taught that the universe was an infinite vacuum, in which floated material atoms, possessing the property of mutual attraction, by the combination of which different bodies, perceptible by the senses, were brought into being. This system was explained and extended by Democritus, a native of Abdera, a town of Thrace, who flourished about B.C. 431, dying at the age of ninety, or, according to others, of one hundred and ten years. His father was an opulent citizen; and entertaining Xerxes very munificently at his house, the Persian king, in return for the hospitality shewn him, left some Magian sages, who instructed Democritus in theology and astronomy. Their instructions engendered such a taste for philosophy in his mind, that, to gratify it, he travelled into Egypt, Persia, and India, until he had expended his entire inheritance, when he returned to Abdera, and henceforth lived in frugality and seclusion. The judges of his native city, before whom he was cited for having dissipated his patrimony, were so charmed by his genius and erudition, that they voted him a considerable sum of money from the public treasury; and so great was his reputation for wisdom and learning, that the sovereignty of the city was offered him, which he declined; and when he died, his fellow-citizens defrayed the charges of his funeral, and erected statues to his memory. He applied himself to all the sciences, but excelled most in mathematics and astronomy; and he is said to have taught that the galaxy was a confused light, emanating from a multitude of stars. He adopted the atomic theory of Leucippus; but in the additions which he made to it, a resemblance may be traced to the Anaxagorean theory of homæo-meriæ; the only difference being, that the Ionic philosopher taught that the atoms were inert and motionless, while Democritus ascribed to them inherent qualities and powers, in which he may be said to have anticipated the theory of inherent forces propounded by Leibnitz. His works being lost, no decided opinion can be expressed as to his religious views; but he is generally considered as a materialist. This opinion derives support from his hypothesis of creation by the combination of atoms; but he is said to have acknowledged some hidden First Cause, the nature of which he confessed himself, with Zenophanes, unable to ascertain. It is certain, however, that he rejected the mythology and superstitions of the age, and denied the immortality of the soul. Some young men are said to have once endeavoured to frighten him, by assuming the supposed appearance of ghosts, and approaching his secluded dwelling at night; but he merely rebuked the absurdity of the attempt, without noticing its reference to his own belief. Regarding atoms as the primary

elements, which, being too minute to be perceptible by the senses, are known only by reason, he conceived that mental impressions were the result of images thrown off by them, which, entering the mind through the pores of the body, were there reflected; but he does not explain the cause of the variation in the impressions of the same object which the mind receives at different times. The moral system which he deduced from these metaphysics resembles that of Robert Owen: opinions and actions being the necessary results of the images which, reflected from objects, are impressed upon the mind, he held man to be irresponsible for them, because possessed of no control over them.

Protagoras, the disciple and successor of Democritus, was also a native of Abdera, where he followed the humble and laborious occupation of a woodcutter, until the latter took him under his protection. Having the opinion of Anaxagoras, Parmenides, and Empedocles, relative to the uncertainty of all that we perceive by our senses, he became as sceptical in ethics as in theology, and his moral system does not rise above that of Archelaus. When he had completed his studies, he maintained himself by teaching; but having begun one of his works with the words, 'I neither know whether there are gods, nor what they are,' his works were ordered to be publicly burned; and he was banished not only from the city of Athens, where he then resided, but from the Athenian territory also.

After Protagoras, the Atomist sect declined, though its views were revived, with some modifications, in the subsequent systems of Pyrrho and Epicurus. Under his successors, Gorgias of Leontium, and Euthydemus and Dionysoderus, brothers of Chios, its teachings became more and more sophistical, and more imbued with scepticism, until truth and reason were completely obscured. Gorgias, who was a distinguished rhetorician, and lived upwards of a century, denied the existence of being, on the ground that it could not be proved; and undervalued the evidence of reason, because it was often opposed to the testimony of the senses. By the Chian brothers philosophy was still more corrupted and mystified. According to them, everything was doubtful, even our own existence; no opinion could be proved erroneous; certainty could be established upon no point; and neither right nor wrong could be defined by any fixed principle. Much of this corruption may be traced to the persecution which pursued all who distinguished themselves by their scientific attainments. All who taught a system of the universe at variance with the fables of Homer and Hesiod—all whose enlightened minds led them to reject the absurdities and superstitions of the national worship—were denounced as atheists, held up to universal opprobrium, and relentlessly persecuted. Anaxagoras, Zenophanes, and Protagoras, banished—Diagoras denounced, and a reward offered for his head—Theodorus condemned to the fate of Socrates—were instances of a persecuting spirit, and of a clinging to darkness on the part of the Athenians, not calculated to promote the study of philosophy in a manner conducive to the interests of truth, and the sterling progress of humanity. The intellect of Greece, cramped and fettered by Areopagitical shackles, expended itself in subtleties and sophisms, and the genius that might have measured the paths of the planets, or deciphered the stone record of the earth's history, frittered itself away in rhetorical flourishes and vain conceits.

From this school rose Socrates, who, as Cicero says, 'first brought philosophy down from heaven, where she had been employed till then in contemplating the course of the stars, and established her in cities, introduced her into private houses, and obliged her to direct her inquiries to what concerned the manners, duties, virtues, and vices of life.' He was the son of a sculptor, and born at Athens B.C. 470. In his youth he attended the lectures of Anaxagoras and Archelaus; but deeming the study of the positive sciences of less importance to mankind than the inculcation of sound principles of morality, he devoted himself entirely to the latter department of philosophy, and, according to Xenophon, not only considered the sublime science of astronomy unworthy of his own attention, but treated with raillery and sarcasm 'the folly of those who studied such matters.' But in moral philosophy the reputation which he acquired stands high, and even higher now, at this distance of time, than it did at Athens in his own day. The even tenor of his life, marked only by periods of military service in the expeditions to Potidæa, Delium, and Amphipolis, presents less scope for comment than the circumstances of his death. In the year B.C. 400, the philosopher being then in his seventieth year, he was suddenly arrested on a charge of reviling the gods of Greece, and corrupting the youth of his native city, preferred by Melitus a poet—the poets of Greece being always the most inveterate enemies of her philosophers. It is probable, however, that Melitus was only an instrument in the affair, and that, as in the case of Anaxagoras, political intrigue led to the prosecution. Xenophon professes surprise at the condemnation of Socrates, and circumstances probably rendered it necessary for both that eminent historian and Plato to write with caution respecting it; but Ælian states a circumstance which seems the most satisfactory solution. 'Socrates,' says he, 'disliked the Athenian constitution; for he saw that democracy is tyrannical, and abounds with all the evils of absolute monarchy.' In the opinion of Mr Mitford, both Xenophon and Plato have acknowledged enough to substantiate this assertion; and if further proof were required, it might be obtained from the writings of the orator Æschines, who was nearly contemporary with Socrates, and well understood the politics of the time. Indeed, though no charge of a political nature appeared in the indictment, it was urged against the philosopher by the prosecutors that he was disaffected to the constitution, and had cast ridicule upon it. 'He taught his numerous followers,' said they, 'youths of the principal families of the city, to despise the established government, and to be turbulent and seditious; and his success has been seen in the conduct of two of the most eminent —Alcibiades and Critias. Even the best things he converted to these ill purposes: from the most esteemed poets, and particularly from Homer, he selected passages to enforce his anti-democratic principles.' Nor did Socrates himself deny the charge: his defence, as reported by Plato, the most illustrious of his disciples, contains passages affording sufficient evidence of disaffection to the republican constitution of Athens for a charge of high treason to have been founded upon. 'You well know, Athenians,' said he, 'that had I engaged in public business, I should long ago have perished without procuring any advantage either to you or to myself. Let not the truth offend you: it is no peculiarity of your democracy, or of your national character; but wherever the people is sovereign, no man

who shall dare honestly to oppose injustice—frequent and extravagant injustice—can avoid destruction.' The accusations against him were supported by Lycon, one of the most powerful orators of the time; and Anytus, a general who had acquired a high reputation in the Peloponnesian war, and had been the principal associate of Thrasybulus in the war against the thirty tyrants and the restoration of democracy. His condemnation to death was pronounced by 281 voices against 275; and though Crito and Plato endeavoured to obtain a commutation of the sentence into one of fine, which they offered to pay, his judges were relentless. His sentence having been pronounced on the eve of the departure of the vessel which carried the annual state-offering to the temple of Apollo at Delos, he obtained a respite of thirty days, it being illegal to execute a criminal until the vessel's return. He was compelled to drink a decoction of hemlock, and met death with calmness and resignation, conversing with his friends until the last moment concerning the immortality of the soul.

As a moralist, Socrates was as superior to all who had preceded him as he was inferior to them in the field of natural and experimental philosophy; and in his religious views he came nearer to the Christian system than any of the philosophers of ancient times, with the single exception of Plato, who was his disciple. By declaring conscience to be the inherent arbiter of right and wrong, he at once took a higher place in the field of moral philosophy than had been held by Archelaus; and in insisting upon the reality of truth, virtue, and justice, he awakened the minds of the Athenians to a sense of the sophistries of the Atomists. But at the same time, it must be confessed that while Democritus and Protagoras were famed for the strict rectitude of their moral character, it is admitted by even the admirers of Socrates that he was deficient in the domestic virtues; that the principles of morality which he taught were not fully acted upon in his own practice; and that he considered it as meritorious to injure an enemy as to serve a friend. Indeed the fame which he has acquired as a moralist among the moderns must be ascribed to the circumstances of his death, and the assimilation of his political views to those of the writers by whom he has been lauded, rather than to any real superiority of his moral system. This is admitted by Mr Mitford, who considers that his fame would have been much less but for the circumstance of his having had Plato and Xenophon for his biographers. His theology occupies a similar position to his ethics: it hangs midway between truth and error, like the coffin of Mohammed between heaven and earth. While teaching the unity, omniscience, and omnipotence of God, and views of the soul's immortality approaching more nearly to those of the Christian than any which had been propounded by his predecessors, we yet find him believing in the existence of good and evil demons, and claiming foreknowledge on the ground of supernatural communications. His discourses on the being and attributes of God, as preserved by Plato, have been admired by many Christian writers; and he enforces the argument of design in the formation of organized bodies, as a proof of the existence of a Creator, in a manner which deprives the moderns of at least the merit of originality.

No sect was founded by Socrates. He was considered to belong to the Atomists; and the more distinguished of his disciples after his death

founded each a new sect. The first of these, in order of time, was the Cyrenaic, so called after the birthplace of its founder, Aristippus, a native of Cyrene, in Libya. He visited Athens to hear the discourses of Socrates but quitted it before the death of that philosopher, and lived some time at Ægina, where, being of a sensual temperament, and possessed of ample means he lived in great luxury, and abandoned himself to immoral courses. He afterwards resided some time at the court of the Sicilian tyrant, Dionysius who admired his wit and light-hearted gaiety; but the accounts of his latter years vary—one stating that he returned to Cyrene, and founded a school there; and the other that he died at Lipara, on his way home. He resembled Socrates in his rejection of the physical sciences, but in other respects there is a considerable difference between their respective systems. He agreed with the Eleatic sect in rejecting the evidence of the senses which he regarded as uncertain; but he maintained that though the senses might deceive with regard to the ideas they conveyed of objects, they were correct in the perception of pleasure and pain. Hence he concluded man is led by his organization to desire that which affords him pleasure, and to avoid that which causes him pain. Pleasure and pain were therefore regarded by him as the criteria of action; the former being considered the chief good to be sought, the latter the opposing evil to be avoided. Lest this doctrine should lead to immorality in his disciples, he placed the instincts under the regulation of reason; but this restriction was disregarded by Anniceris and others of his disciples, who maintained that the gratification of the senses was the sole end of life. Areta, his daughter, whom he carefully educated in his philosophy, attained considerable proficiency; but his successor was Theodorus, who was likewise a native of Cyrene. This philosopher varied the system of Aristippus, by teaching that the chief things to be desired or avoided were joy and sorrow, and that a rational course of conduct led to the former, as inevitably as the reverse course tended to the latter. Having publicly denied the existence of the gods, and treated the mythology of the Libyans as the offspring of ignorance and superstition, he was banished from Cyrene, and took refuge at Athens. In that city he would probably have been made a partaker of the fate of Socrates, had he not been saved by Demetrius Phalereus, by whose aid he escaped into Egypt, where he was taken into the service of the reigning Ptolemy, and sent as ambassador to Lysimachus. The place and manner of his death are uncertain; but it is believed that he eventually suffered the doom from which he had twice escaped, and was put to death by poison for his opinions.

The Megarean sect was founded by Euclid, a citizen of Megara, a city of Achaia, whose zeal for the acquisition of knowledge was so ardent, that though a decree existed in his time by which the Megareans were prohibited from entering Athens under the penalty of death, he visited that city every evening disguised as a woman, in order to hear the discourses of Socrates. From that philosopher Euclid imbibed the doctrine of the unity of God; but his system has more general conformity with the Eleatic, which he had studied previous to attending the Socratic school. He differed from Socrates in discarding analogy in argument, and confining himself to the original proposition. He was succeeded by Eubulides, a native of Miletus, who had been his disciple, and by whom his logical

system was expanded and improved; but the sect ultimately merged in that of the Stoics.

The Elian sect was founded by Phædon, a disciple of Socrates, and derived its name from his birthplace, Elis, a city of Peloponnesus. The tenets of this sect differ little from those of the Megareans. They held the unity of God, and maintained that no real difference could ever exist between the good and the true. From this sect sprang the Eretrian, so called from Eretria, a city of Eubœa, the birthplace of Menedemus, its founder, who was successively a tent-maker, a soldier, and a teacher of philosophy. The only point of difference between this and the Elian sect consisted in the total rejection by the Eretrians of all negative propositions, and their admission in argument of the affirmative alone.

The sect of the Cynics was founded by Antisthenes, and derived its name from the locality of the school—the Cynosayes, or Temple of the White Dog. Its founder was an Athenian, and a disciple, first of the Atomist philosopher Gorgias, and afterwards of Socrates. The Cynics were the moral antipodes of the Cyrenaic sect; for while the latter made pleasure the chief good of life, Antisthenes and his followers affected a disregard of the enjoyments, the refinements, and even the decencies of life, worthy of the fakirs of India or the monks of La Trappe. Moroseness and extreme asceticism were its characteristics; and there was an affectation in the latter which did not escape the observation of Socrates. 'Antisthenes,' said he, 'you carry your contempt of dress too far: I see thy vanity through the holes of thy cloak.' Diogenes, the most celebrated of his disciples, was a native of Sinope, a town of Paphlagonia, whence he was banished for debasing the coin—an offence for which his father, who was a banker, had likewise been banished. He went to Athens, where he attended the discourses of Antisthenes, whom he soon surpassed in his contempt of custom and opinion in all that relates to the ordinary usages of society. He always wore a ragged cloak, went barefooted, and lived in a tub, which he rolled about as he wished to change the locality of his habitation. Many curious anecdotes are related of him—as of his requesting Alexander, when visited by that potent monarch, to stand out of the sunshine, as the only favour which the Macedonian conqueror could confer upon him. In his misanthropy and austerity there was an affectation which constantly revealed itself in his actions; there was a Pharisaical egotism in his search through the streets of Athens at noon with a lantern to find an honest man; there was pride in his remark, as he stamped upon the rich carpet of Plato—'Thus I trample on the pride of Plato!' It was the pride of Marat, parading his soiled jacket, his yellow linen, and his bare throat, in the National Convention. In degrading human nature below the level of the savage, in continually outraging decorum under the pretence of opposing luxury, and in separating themselves from their fellows by a misanthropic disdain, lay the chief pretensions of this sect. Making a voyage to Ægina, Diogenes was captured by pirates, and being sold by them in the slave-market at Corinth, was purchased by Xeniades, who made him tutor to his children—a capacity in which he seems to have given satisfaction. His friends would have ransomed him; but he declined the offer, saying, 'Lions are not the slaves of those who feed them, but those who feed them their servants.' He died in this situation at the age of

ninety; and after Crates, a Theban of considerable wealth and distinction, the sect became extinct.

We now come to the most distinguished not only of the disciples of Socrates, but of all the philosophers of antiquity—Plato. This great man was born in B.C. 429, but it is uncertain whether Athens or Ægina had the honour of his birth. He was distinguished in youth alike by his virtues and his genius; his skill in music, and the merits of his poetical productions; the manly grace of his form, and his proficiency in gymnastic exercises. A few of his smaller poems, which have been preserved, are very beautiful; and it is to be regretted, on this account, that he should have destroyed his tragedies on commencing the study of moral philosophy under Socrates. He had previously studied the systems of Pythagoras, Heraclitus, Parmenides, and Zeno, and soon surpassed even Socrates, through his aptitude for learning, his earnest thoughtfulness, and his knowledge of the physical sciences, in which his master was so deficient. He studied under Socrates nearly ten years, and on the death of that philosopher took refuge with Euclid at Megara, whence he made a voyage to Cyrene, to study mathematics and geometry under Theodorus, who was considered the greatest mathematician of the age. He next visited Egypt in the hope of increasing his stock of knowledge, and afterwards made a voyage to the Greek colonies on the southern shores of Italy. At Tarentum he was initiated by Archytas into the secrets of the Pythagoreans—a circumstance to which must probably be ascribed those enlarged political and social views which he afterwards embodied in his ideal republic. The desire of the Pythagoreans to obtain an influence over the mind of the younger Dionysius, tyrant of Sicily, led him to make two voyages to Syracuse, where, though his mission was unsuccessful, he was received with the respect due to his character, and made the acquaintance of Aristippus and Diogenes. He had intended to travel into Persia and India, but being prevented by the disturbed state of those countries, he returned to Athens, after an absence of several years, and purchased a beautiful spot in the suburb of Academus, where he established his school. Here he had for his disciples Xenocrates, Aristotle, Demosthenes, Speusippus, and Theophrastus—men drawn from all parts of Greece, and forming a galaxy of intellectual brightness such as Athens had never witnessed before. Neither Aristippus nor Aristotle, both contemporary founders of philosophic sects, could eclipse the fame of one whose brilliantly-illuminated mind shed its light over distant countries, and was destined to exercise an influence over distant ages. Equal to Socrates as a moralist, and to Demosthenes as a rhetorician, he was superior to the former as a natural philosopher, and to both—and indeed to all the sages of antiquity—as a political teacher and a social theorist. Among the beautiful groves of Academus, the latter years of his life flowed calmly on in the practice of virtue, the pursuit of philosophy, and the refined and rational enjoyment of life—terminating, after a lingering illness, borne with resignation and fortitude, on his eighty-first birthday, B.C. 348.

The writings of Plato have been preserved, and his celebrated description of an imaginary republic, which has been treated of in our Paper on 'Social Utopias,' has been the foundation upon which have been raised the superstructures of Bacon, More, Harrington, Campanella, and others.

They were widely disseminated and read with avidity during his life, and were as much admired by the early Christians as by the philosophers of Greece and Rome—St Augustine expressing his commendation of them as warmly as Cicero. His style is so beautifully harmonious, and so highly poetic, that it was currently said in his time that, sleeping when a child on Mount Hymettus, the bees which swarm there dropped honey on his lips; and ancient and modern writers have vied with each other in expressing their admiration of it. Quintilian says, that he seems not to speak the language of men, but of the gods; and Rollin, that 'the flow and numbers of his elocution form a harmony scarce inferior to that of Homer's poetry.' His views upon the nature and attributes of God, and upon the immortality of the soul, imbibed from Socrates, but tinctured by his previous study of the writings of Pythagoras, and his subsequent connection with the Pythagorean sect in Italy, led the early Christians to prefer him before all the other philosophers of ancient times; and to this preference must be ascribed the tradition mentioned by Brucker, that in the reign of Constantine, his body was found with a golden plate upon the breast, upon which was engraved a prediction of the birth of Jesus, and a declaration of faith in him as the Saviour of the world. No one would have condemned this religious fraud more than Plato himself, who justly regarded truth as one of the first and most essential qualities of a virtuous character. His analytical powers were greater than were possessed by any of his predecessors and contemporaries, and perceiving the tendency of men in general to adopt whatever views might be propounded to them without sufficient inquiry, he subjected every theory to a profound scrutiny; to which he was likewise led by his knowledge of the principles of the Eleatic sect. This system, which proceeds upon the assumed tendency of general opinion to deceive, is usually termed the Dialectic, and on it Plato founded the criterion of truth contained in his celebrated theory of Idea.

Philosophy was divided by Plato into three parts—Dialectics, Physics, and Ethics; the latter comprising politics and the science of society, while the first included the other two branches, which were made subordinate to it. Dialectics was the science by which he traced the operations of the mind to certain fixed ideas inherent in the mind itself, though existing independent of it. Truth was tested by the concurrence with, or antagonism to, these innate ideas of the appearances with which we are presented by the senses—a theory which may be considered as an extension of the Socratic idea of conscience. He was very particular in the use of logical definition, in order to guard against fallacies arising from the use of ambiguous terms—a result which had often attended the inquiries of his predecessors. He believed the tendency of the human will to be naturally towards goodness, inferring, from the idea of an all-perfect Deity, that good is the general law, and that man is attracted to it by his nature. In order to account for the presence of evil in a world which has originated in the Divine goodness, and in which man's ideas and aspirations are all towards good, he considers evil as the result of ignorance, which is an imperfect or diseased state of the soul, impeding it in its progress towards that absorption into the Divinity, to which it nevertheless aspires. Moral disease being the result of ignorant or mistaken views of real good, he held it to be the aim of the philosopher to eradicate or correct them, and to elevate

the mind to a proper appreciation of truth and beauty. Hence he lays great stress upon education as a means of advancing towards moral and intellectual perfection both the individual and society.

The physical system of Plato combined the Atomic theory of Pythagoras with portions of the Ionic philosophy, as modified by Heraclitus. In his investigations into the nature of electricity and magnetism, and also concerning the physiology of absorption and nutrition, he is at once lucid and profound, and treads closely upon the discoveries of modern inquirers. His cosmogony bears a close resemblance to that of Moses, and some portions of the account are related in words which seem actually borrowed from Genesis. After describing the creation of a class of subordinate divinities, formed from fire, he makes God address them respecting the formation of man in terms very similar to the words of Genesis—'And God said, let us make man in our image, after our likeness.' The order of creation is likewise Mosaic: the heavens and the earth being first formed, and afterwards animals of every kind. 'When the Father who generated it,' says he, 'perceived both living and moving the generated glory of the everlasting divinities, he was filled with admiration; and being delighted, further contemplated the working it still more to a resemblance of the pattern.' The fate of Socrates made Plato extremely cautious in developing his opinions upon theological topics, and hence there is some difficulty in arriving at a correct estimate of them. In the 'Timœus' he says, that 'the Father of the world cannot be named;' and in his treatise 'De Legibus,' that 'we should not be curious to know properly what God is.' Elsewhere he says: 'the world, the heavens, the stars, the earth, souls, and those to whom the religion of our forefathers ascribes divinity—all this is God.' In other parts of his works we may trace the same fear of expressing his opinions on this subject freely and without disguise; nor was he without cause of fear, as we are told by Diogenes Laertius that he was once significantly reminded that 'some of the hemlock of Socrates was still left in the cup.' He recognises God as the Creator of the universe; and though he sometimes calls matter eternal, he is considered by his commentators to have believed, not that it had always existed visibly, but that it had existed intellectually in the idea of God from all eternity. 'The exemplar or model of the world,' says he, 'is from all eternity;' just as a picture may be said to exist in the mind of the painter before he transfers the conception of his genius to the canvas. The expression we have quoted is remarkable, from its accordance with a passage in Genesis, as explained by a French commentator, Guet, who observes that the words, 'and God saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good,' signify, 'that God, considering all his works at one view, and comparing them with each other, and with the eternal model of which they were the expression, found their beauty and perfection most excellent.'

The seat of the soul is placed by Plato in the head; and in a beautifully-expressed mythical figure, he represents it as forming opinion, partly from the action of the human body, by which sensation is stimulated. Between the soul and the Deity he supposes a connection to exist, through its aspirations after good, by which it is attracted towards the all-perfect and unchangeable God. The Divine Nature he held to manifest itself in

the three aspects of beauty, proportion, and truth—the combinations of which are so various and endless, that no single idea can possibly express the glorious nature of the Divinity, even if it were possible for an imperfect being to understand the nature of all-perfect Deity. The Divine Mind was therefore only conceivable through those works which, proceeding from its inherent love, were formed after the model of its own perfection—an idea which seems derived from the philosophy of Empedocles. Regarding the soul as a part of the Divine Spirit, continually aspiring to absorption into it, Plato was led to believe it immortal; and this doctrine he supported by his theory of innate ideas. But many of his arguments for the soul's immortality are so weak, that Cicero, though an admirer of the doctrine, thought them unsatisfactory. The condition of the soul after its separation from the body by death he made dependent upon the tenor of the individual's life—those souls which had contracted no stain during their earthly probation being absorbed into the Divine Spirit, as the state most adapted for their future happiness; while those who have become sullied by vicious indulgences are banished to a place of punishment. For the latter class of souls he introduced into his system the metempsychosis, with some modifications of his own; supposing that the future condition of each will be adapted to its characteristics while upon earth—the effeminate being changed into women, the indolent into beasts, the frivolous into birds, and the ignorant into fishes. He also taught that the evil propensities contracted by the soul during its sojourn in the body remained with it after separation—the polluted soul of the voluptuary being tormented with desires which he cannot gratify, and that of the drunkard with a perpetual thirst which he cannot alleviate.

We find in those writings of Plato which touch upon morals, sentiments of a far more elevated order than had been inculcated by any of his predecessors, not excepting even Socrates. He lays it down as an indisputable maxim of social life, that we ought not wilfully to injure any one, nor to seek revenge for injuries received from our enemies; but to live constantly in the practice of virtue, the forgiveness of injuries, and the benevolent application of the talents with which nature may have endowed us. This is very different from the maxim of Socrates, that it is allowable to injure our enemies, and shews how much Plato, from the cosmopolitan humanity which distinguished him, improved upon his master, and how near he approached to the sublime principles of morality enunciated by the Founder of Christianity. The manner in which he points out the difference between being and seeming to be virtuous, in his contrast of a good man in adversity with a bad man enjoying affluence and prosperity, also gives us a highly favourable view of his moral system. He supposes two men, the one devoid alike of faith, probity, or honour; the other virtuous and just, and aiming at being perfectly so, rather than seeming to be so. The first scruples not at fraud, injustice, or calumny, in order to attain his selfish ends; hesitates at the commission of no crime, provided he can but conceal it from the world; and blinds the eyes of the multitude by the frequency and magnificence of his presents to the gods. By this means he heaps up riches, acquires honours and distinctions, and enjoys all the advantages and luxuries which wealth and a high social position can bestow. The other, fervently attached to justice and virtue, intent solely upon the performance

of his duty, and aiming at the reality, not the mere appearance of goodness, is despised and neglected, blackened by the tongue of calumny, and pointed at by the finger of scorn, and eventually doomed to imprisonment, tortures, and death. 'Yet who,' says the philosopher, 'would not rather be this man than the other?' Here, again, we are forcibly struck by the contrast which such elevated sentiments present to the maxim of Archelaus—that virtue and vice were not determinable by nature, but by convention; and to those of Gorgias and the later Atomists—that there was no eternal and immutable law of right; nothing but a base expediency to determine human conduct.

Politics was considered by Plato as a necessary branch of moral philosophy; and he has aimed in his ideal republic at a system of government and of society based upon universal principles, and embodying the truth, beauty, and proportion manifested in the Divine Nature. Aristotle charges him with overlooking, in the pursuit of an ideal perfection, the impediments presented by the moral and physical conditions of man's nature; but the republic idealised by Plato is less visionary than it appears, since he only collected into a whole what appeared to him the best laws and institutions of the ancient states. He presents us with little which had not been actualised before his time in Sparta, in Crete, or in Crotona. His aim was to make men happy by making them virtuous; and though opinions may differ as to the means by which he proposed to attain an object which all must acknowledge to be desirable, the accordancy which he believed his system to have with the Divine Nature cannot but be regarded as a higher reference than the iron law of might, which was the origin of governments in ancient times.

After the death of Plato his disciples divided into two sects—the Academics and the Peripatetics; the former being the proper followers of Plato, the latter a new school founded by Aristotle. Speusippus, the nephew of Plato, succeeded him as the head of the Academic sect; but he was inferior to its founder both in talents and virtue, and held the chair only eight years, resigning it in favour of Xenocrates. This philosopher returned to the Pythagorean theory of number, expanding the idea, that the first One is not an absolute and universal good, but only one among many species of good, into the assumption of a plurality of gods, which he seems to have supposed the planets to be. Xenocrates was more conspicuous for virtue and integrity than for the brilliancy of his intellect; and he was the only one of the Athenian ambassadors to Philip of Macedonia whom that prince was unable to bribe. His strict integrity and disinterestedness rendered him so poor, that he was unable to pay the alien tax, he being a native of Chalcedon; and Diogenes Laertius states that he was sold as a slave to pay the arrears, and bought by Demetrius Phalereus, who gave him his liberty. Rollin doubts the accuracy of this story, on the ground that the Athenians would not have treated a philosopher of the reputation of Xenocrates so harshly; and prefers the version of the affair given by Plutarch, that the tax was paid by a friend as the philosopher was on his way to prison; but the banishment of Anaxagoras and Protagoras, the narrow escapes from death of Diagoras and Theodorus, the hemlock draught of Socrates, and the significant warnings received by Plato, are an answer to the doubts of M. Rollin; and the fact, that it was

emetrius Phalereus who saved Theodorus from the fate intended for him the Areopagites, affords considerable support to the version of the air given by Diogenes Laertius. Xenocrates died B.C. 316, at the age eighty-two, and was succeeded by Polemon and Crates, who made no parture from his doctrines, and are little known. Crates was succeeded Crantor, a native of Soli in Cilicia, whom Cicero mentions as one of e pillars of the Platonist sect; but after his death, little of the spirit of s founder remained in the school, which was from that time called the iddle, or Second Academy, to distinguish those who belonged to it from he proper disciples of Plato.

Arcesilaus, who introduced the innovations in opinion which led to this distinction, was a native of Pitane in Æolia, and was successively the pupil of Polemon, Aristotle, Theophrastus, Crantor, and Pyrrho. He possessed considerable genius, and much eloquence; but his character was a compound of brilliant virtues and deplorable vices. While degrading himself as a man and as a philosopher by reckless indulgence in vicious excesses, he yet delighted in acts of benevolence; and many pleasing anecdotes are told of his profuse generosity, and the delicacy with which it was exercised. Imbibing the sceptical philosophy of Pyrrho, whose tenets were then extensively promulgated, he denied the capability of man to attain certainty in any matter, and maintained that the reason and the senses were equally deceptive. Socrates had confessed that he only knew that he knew nothing; Arcesilaus doubted whether he knew even that. His rule of life was to seek good and avoid evil; and in this, man was to be guided by probabilities, since he held nothing to be certain, nothing determinable, either by the feelings or the reason. He died insane, from the effects of excessive drinking, at the age of seventy-five—the same degrading vice having destroyed his mind and sapped his physical energies. Lacydes, his successor, died palsied from the same cause; and neither this philosopher nor his successors, Evander and Egesimus, did anything to raise the Platonist philosophy from the slough into which it had fallen.

Carneades, a native of Cyrene, and a pupil of the last-named philosopher, was the founder of what is called the Later or New Academy, which did not differ materially from that which had been established by Arcesilaus. He differed from the latter in not absolutely denying that there are truths, but maintained that they were so mingled with errors and falsehoods, that it was impossible to distinguish between them. He was a keen disputant, and applied himself with so much ardour to the refutation of the Stoics, that he is said to have observed, that but for them he should never have attained any celebrity. He used the arguments of Chrysippus, then the chief support of Stoicism, to confute him; and while at Rome on an embassy, he one day refuted all the arguments which he had used the day before in praise of justice—a display of polemical skill which led Cato to regard him as a dangerous character. He died B.C. 133, at the age of eighty-five, and was succeeded by Clitomachus, a native of Carthage, under whom and his disciples the philosophy of the Academy sank lower and lower. Philo, who succeeded Clitomachus, taught both philosophy and rhetoric, but at different times, and had among his pupils the celebrated Cicero. Antiochus, a native of Ascalon, and a disciple of Philo, was the last of the Academic sect, and laboured, though with little success,

to restore the Platonist philosophy to its purity. Cicero, who at his lectures while at Athens, was charmed with his eloquence Lucullus, a Roman as eminent for his zeal for learning as for his s in war, was assiduous in the cultivation of his friendship.

Having thus briefly traced the Platonist sect to its extinction, w now retrace our way to the death of its founder, when, as already his disciples became divided, and a new sect was instituted by A This philosopher was a native of Stagyra, a town of Thrace, and w B. C. 384. His father was physician to Amyntas, king of Macedor dying while the future philosopher was very young, the latter was by his relatives under the care of Proxenus, who was his guardi tutor, until he attained the age of seventeen, when he went to At complete his studies under Plato. He is said to have dissipa patrimony while at Athens, and to have afterwards subsisted by t of drugs; but little is certainly known of him until after the d Plato, when he quitted Athens, and retired to the court of his fellov Hermias, king of Atarnea, a small state in Mysia, by whom he w received, and whose sister he subsequently married. Being aft appointed by Philip of Macedonia preceptor to his son, the con Alexander, he removed to the court of that monarch, where he until his pupil entered upon his military career, when he repa Athens. Xenocrates was then the head of the Academy; and A established a school in the Lyceum, where his lectures soon at a great number of hearers. From a habit of walking about while ing his discourses, which probably proceeded from the restless of his mind, he was called the Peripatetic—a name which was aft extended to his disciples. He taught in the Lyceum thirteen ye the expiration of which, the rancour of the Athenian priesthood wa manifested in an accusation of impiety, brought against him by of Ceres, and he was cited before the Areopagus. The charge wa upon a poem in honour of Hermias, and an inscription upon the p of that monarch's statue, both of which were written by the philo and were alleged to have an irreligious tendency. Aristotle did not to the citation, but taking warning from the fate of Socrates, left and retired to Chalcis, in the island of Eubœa, saying that he woul the Athenians the stigma of a second crime against philosophy. H shortly afterwards, in his sixty-third year, and his body was remo interment to Stagyra, the inhabitants of which erected a monument memory, and instituted a festival in honour of him. Quintilian sa he does not know which to admire most in this philosopher—his v profound erudition, the great number of works which he wrote infinite variety, or the beauty of his style. His writings seem t comprehended the whole of the sciences, as known at that time; the fifty volumes to which they extended, only ten have been prese the present day. He divides philosophy into three branches—Th Efficient, and Practical: the first including physics, mathemati metaphysics; the second, logic and rhetoric; and the third, ethi politics; which last he was probably induced to consider as a bra moral philosophy by the example of Plato. In his physical syst

opposes the older philosophers in a manner that has been considered unfair as well as illogical; and his astronomy derives a peculiar character from his theory of motion, and of the tendency of bodies to certain fixed points. His physics, however, need not be discussed here; since no advance was made in the study of astronomy, and of the laws of matter and motion, from the time of Pythagoras until that of Copernicus.

The theology of Aristotle is comprised in his metaphysics. Its tendencies are decidedly materialistic; for though he calls the stars divine bodies, and seems to attribute life and action to them, he evidently does not regard them as deities; and the terms in which he speaks of an overruling Providence are vague and ambiguous. Sometimes he asserts that Divinity resides solely in the principle of intelligence; and in other portions of his works he speaks of nature or the universe as God. He does not directly deny the immortality of the soul; but it does not appear that he held either this doctrine or that of the soul's immateriality. His views upon the nature of the soul are very obscure; but throughout his metaphysics there is a strong tendency to refer all impulses to the laws of matter. He considers the soul as the centre of sensation, and as the source of life as well as of thought; but the sensations are received through the flesh, which he regarded as the medium by which impressions of external objects are conveyed to the soul. It was the organ, he considered, not of reason alone, but likewise of nutrition and locomotion—the seat as much of the animal faculties as of that of thought. In his logic he proceeds upon the assumption, that truth and error do not depend upon things so much as upon words; for which reason he fixed rules of correct definition, by reducing all things to the ten categories of Quantity, Quality, Relation, Action, Passion, Place, Time, Position, Possession, and Substance. Besides these he adopted, in order to facilitate logical inquiry, five predicables—Genus, Species, Difference, Property, and Accident: thus *man* is a species of the genus *animal;* his colour is a difference, his capability of reasoning is a property, and his name is an accident. The syllogistic system of reasoning, of which Aristotle was the introducer, is defined by him as 'an enunciation in which, from certain admitted propositions, a necessary conclusion is drawn distinct from them, and yet employing the same idea.' Thus misery is the result of sin; war leads to misery; war, therefore, is sinful. In the departments of logic and rhetoric Aristotle holds a distinguished place; but in his practical philosophy he is much inferior to Plato. A fundamental tenet of his ethical system is, that the moral character of man is the consequence of his natural endowment; from which he assumes that a high order of virtue cannot exist apart from perfect physical development. But though he makes the character of man depend upon organization and natural exterior influences, he considered man so far a free agent as to be responsible for the proper exercise of moral self-discipline. Happiness he held to be the supreme good to be sought after, and this was to be attained by implicit obedience to the legislation of nature. His political system differs materially from that of Plato, and is based more upon expediency. He considered that the form of government should be modified according to the national character of different peoples; but he appears to give a preference to elective monarchy, with an aristocratic constitution. The most glaring defect of his system is its recognition of slavery; but in this

he was supported by the practice of all the nations of antiquity, even by that of Sparta, the institutions of which he seems to have taken to a considerable extent as his model. We may trace a resemblance to the views of Lycurgus, not only in this justification of slavery, but likewise in the sanction which he gives to the destruction of deformed children, in the importance which he attaches to physical education, and in the checks which he imposes upon the individual accumulation of wealth. He discountenances war, but only because it exhausts national resources. Governments are charged in his system with the moral supervision of the people, and with the education of the rising generation: it is their duty to reward and encourage virtue as much as to punish and repress vice, and to afford each citizen an education in accordance with the demands of the state upon him. The branches of education which he recommends are—grammar, music, gymnastics, and design; religion is excluded—the state concerning itself only with the cultivation of the intellect, and the inculcation of the moral and social duties.

Before his retirement to Chalcis, Aristotle had appointed as his successor at the Lyceum Theophrastus, a native of the isle of Lesbos, and as famous for the beauty and delicacy of his style as for his scientific knowledge. He filled the place of his master with so much reputation and success, that his hearers amounted to 2000, and he had for his disciple and intimate friend Demetrius Phalereus. He did not depart from the system of Aristotle, but gave particular prominence to his doctrine of the influence of external circumstances upon human happiness. After this philosopher, there is little to comment upon in the progress of the sect. Strato, who was the master of the celebrated Ptolemy Philadelphus, confined himself chiefly to physics, and taught that there was no other divinity than nature, and that nature was 'the principle of all productions and of all mutations.' Under his successors, Lycon, Ariston, and Critolaus, the sect fell into disrepute; rhetoric became more studied than philosophy, ethical investigation was abandoned, and the sect ultimately merged in the opposite schools of Zeno and Epicurus.

Zeno was a merchant of Citium, a Phœnician colony in the island of Cyprus; but being shipwrecked off Piræus, he took up his abode at Athens, and entering a bookseller's shop, to divert his mind by reading from his misfortune, he was incited by the perusal of the works of Xenophon to inquire where such men as the author were to be met. Crates happened to be passing at the moment, and the bookseller pointed him out to the notice of his customer, who immediately followed the Cynic, and studied under him for ten years. The morality of the Cynics pleased him; but he could not endure their rough manners and offensive habits, and he passed from their school to that of the Platonists, studying for ten years longer under Xenocrates and Polemon. His high character for integrity, and his habitual self-denial and temperance, having obtained him much repute, he opened a new school of philosophy in the Colonnade, where the public pictures were placed, from which locality the sect which he founded derived its denomination—*Stoa* being the Greek for porch or portico. As might be expected from his previous studies, the system which he taught occupies a middle place between those of Plato and Antisthenes—inferior

) the former, but excelling the latter. His physical system is more aterialistic than even that of Aristotle; but his ideas upon the nature of hings and the formation of the universe are expressed in language much learer, and with less doubtfulness, than are those of the Stagyrite. He aught that the universe is composed of but four elements, which make but ne continued nature, without division, and that nothing exists besides them; that the source of the universal intelligence, and of all souls, is the fire united in the ether, where its purity suffers no diminution, because the grosser elements do not mingle with it; that the whole universe is permeated by this fire, which is distinguished above the other elements by the property of intelligence, and which, through this property, operates upon them; that by the operation of this principle of intelligence in the fire all things were produced—not blindly, and by chance, but according to certain fixed and immutable laws; that the universe was maintained and governed by this pervading principle, which was the same as what some called Nature, and others God; and that the matter of which the universe is composed, as well as the intelligent principle resident in fire, had existed eternally. But while ascribing the formation of the universe to this pervading intelligence, which he says is what some call Nature, he yet considered that the sun and moon, and all the stars and planets, as well as the souls of those in whom the ethereal fire burned with uncommon brilliance, were a species of divinities; and that religious adoration was due to intelligence, the soul of the universe, under whatever name custom might confer upon it in different parts of the world. The formation of the universe, it will be seen, was a very different operation from that of absolute creation: both the matter, and the intelligence which arranged it in order, were supposed to have been eternal, as it was a principle strongly insisted upon by the Stoics that matter could not be produced from, or reduced to, nothing. The universe was ultimately to be resolved into fire; and with this idea Zeno connected his views upon the partial immortality which he ascribes to the human soul. He did not believe in its absolute immortality, but taught that it had an existence after the death of the body, and upon the final conflagration of the universe, became absorbed into the universal soul. Until that period, the souls of the departed inhabited the upper regions of the air, and engaged in the philosophic contemplation of the universe. The quietism of the Stoics led them to regard this future state of the soul with much satisfaction. 'We shall certainly be happy,' says Cicero, in commenting upon these views, 'when, with our bodies, we shall have thrown off all passion and disquiet. What now constitutes our joy, when, free from all care, we apply ourselves ardently to some object that engages and delights us, we shall then do with far greater liberty—abandoning ourselves entirely to the contemplation of all things, which it will be given us to know perfectly. The situation of the places to which we shall have attained, in facilitating our view of celestial objects, and kindling in us the desire of penetrating their beauties, will enable us fully to satisfy the insatiable ardour natural to us for knowing truth. And it will discover itself more or less to us, in proportion as we shall have been more or less solicitous to nourish ourselves with it during our abode upon earth.' The moral system of the Stoics was based upon that of the Cynics, but was immeasurably superior to it in the manner of its reduction to practice. It

was a point of faith with all the ancient philosophic sects, that the supreme good of human existence was a life regulated in accordance with the laws of nature; but from the different manner in which they explained this conformity, a diversity of opinions arose among them. Zeno made it consist in the strict and constant practice of virtue. He taught that a virtuous life alone could be a happy one; because it was the only one consistent with the teachings of nature, as reflected in the candour, simplicity, tenderness, gratitude, compassion, and innocence so generally found in children. Neither health, riches, nor reputation could, in the opinion of Zeno, increase the happiness of the wise man, nor could disease, poverty, or ignominy diminish it: virtue alone would be sufficient to render him happy, whatever might be the conditions amid which he lived. Other philosophers regarded pain as an evil which diminished the happiness of man, though the wise would support it with fortitude and resignation, and not allow it to render them miserable; but Zeno was of opinion that such an idea degraded and dishonoured virtue, which should alone, and of itself, be sufficient to constitute happiness—to which all the goods of life added no more than the light of the stars does to that of the sun, a drop of water to the immensity of the ocean, or a mite to the riches of Crœsus. This is a lofty idea of virtue certainly; but in the practice of the Stoics there was too much of that ostentation which distinguished the Cynics. Endurance of the evils of life without murmuring, and inaccessibility to tenderness or compassion—which they regarded as weaknesses unworthy of the wise man—were their chief characteristics. A Chippewa at the stake of torment would have realised their idea of a perfect man. 'They reduced their sage to an image of brass or marble,' says Rollin, 'in hopes to render him firm and constant in his own misfortunes and those of others. For they were for having him equally insensible to both; and that compassion should not make him consider that as a misfortune in his neighbour which he ought to regard as indifferent in respect to himself. They did not know that the sentiments they strove to extinguish were part of the nature of man, and that to root out of his heart the compassion, tenderness, and warm concern with which nature itself inspires us for what happens to our neighbour, was to destroy all the ties of humanity and of civil society.'

Zeno died B.C. 264, at the age of ninety-eight, and a monument was erected to his memory in the Ceramicus. He was succeeded in the Stoa by Cleanthes, a native of Assos in Troas, who was so poor a man that he toiled the greater part of the night in order to gain his subsistence, and enable him to apply himself during the day to the study of philosophy under Zeno. Being cited before the Areopagus to give an account of how he supported himself, he produced the gardener for whom he drew water every night; upon which the judges, struck with his zeal for philosophy, ordered him ten minæ (about thirty pounds) out of the public treasury. He filled the Stoic chair with great reputation, and was succeeded by Chrysippus, of whom Seneca speaks in terms of the highest praise. He was a native of Soli, a town in Cilicia, and a famous logician; his works were very numerous, but full of inaccuracies and tedious repetitions. Indeed the Stoics generally made no pretence to beauty of style, and their discourses were dry and unadorned. Quintilian, however, mentions with praise a work of this philosopher upon the education of children. He

associated for some time with the Platonists, and following their manner of maintaining both sides of a question, his own sect complained that he had raised such strong arguments for the Academic system, that he could not afterwards refute them, and supplied Carneades with weapons against himself. He made several innovations in the system of Zeno, teaching that only the souls of those whose lives had been blameless would exist until the final dissolution of the globe, and that the divinities would share in the general absorption into the eternal soul of the universe. He also advocated the community of women, which he probably derived from Plato; and in this arrangement he went so far as to sanction incest. The immoral tendencies of his teaching in this respect do not appear to have impaired his reputation with the Athenians; for on his death, B.C. 214, they raised a monument to his memory beside that of Zeno, and set up his statue among those of the most illustrious men of Athens. After his decease, Diogenes, a native of Seleucia; Antipater, said by some to have been born at Sidon, and by others at Tarsus; and Posidonius, a native of Apamea, in Syria, filled in succession the chair of the Stoa; but the two former attained little celebrity. Posidonius passed the greater part of his time at Rhodes, where his reputation was as great in politics as in philosophy. Pompey touched at Rhodes on his return from the expedition against Mithridates, in order to see him; and hearing that the philosopher was ill, forbade his lictors to strike upon the door with their fasces—a circumstance which Pliny notices as an unusual instance of the homage of power to philosophy. The Roman general expressed to Posidonius his regret that he should be unable to hear him discourse upon philosophy, upon which the Stoic began a long dissertation upon the sufficiency of virtue for happiness; and though suffering the most excruciating torments of the gout all the time, still refused to acknowledge that pain was an evil.

Athens does not appear to have been the chief seat of this sect later than the time of Antipater; and after Posidonius, we find the most distinguished philosophers of the Porch teaching at Rome. One of the most eminent of the latter Stoics was Panætius, a native of Rhodes, where he was born about the year B.C. 193. He belonged to a patrician family, and his ancestors had commanded the Rhodian armies; but devoting himself to the study of philosophy, he removed to Athens, and became a disciple of Antipater. On completing his studies, he proceeded to Rome, where the young patricians flocked to hear his discourses; the more so, as he did not disdain, as the other philosophers of the Porch did, the graces and ornaments of rhetoric, but united beauty of style with solidity of argument. Scipio became his friend as well as his disciple, and he accompanied that general in his several expeditions. He wrote a treatise upon the duties of man, which has not been preserved, but of which Cicero speaks in terms of high commendation. The fame of Panætius was eclipsed, however, by that of Epictetus, who holds a very conspicuous place, if not the highest, among the eminent men of this sect. He was a native of Hierapolis, a town of Phrygia; but nothing more is known of him until we find him the slave of Epaphroditus, an officer of the bodyguard of the Emperor Nero. How he obtained his freedom is not known; but it is certain that he subsequently attained a high reputation as a philosopher of the Stoic sect, and that he resided at Rome until all the teachers of philosophy in that capital

were compelled to quit it by a decree of the Emperor Domitian, gated in A.D. 96. Epictetus retired to Nicopolis, where he lived poverty, but respected by all who knew him, until the accession of when he returned to Rome. By that emperor he was held in high and after writing several moral works, which were long in great re died at an advanced age, but where or in what year is not known.

Philosophy became more and more imbued with materialism the close of the pre-Christian period of history: the Platonists v latest theistic sect; and when it is considered that, to maintain t of Deity, and to assert the eternity of matter and the sufficien laws, and those of motion for the formation of the universe, was equally blasphemous and heretical by the priests and magistrate heathen world, and that Socrates and Theodorus were doomed to t fate, it is not surprising that this tendency should have existed, i it should have been exhibited so strongly in the teachings of the A the Peripatetics, and the Stoics. The Cyrenaic sect also conti hold materialist principles; and they were imbibed about the time i we have now brought down the history of the philosophic sects l of the Megareans and Cynics. Philosophy was arraying all its f a grand struggle with the old mythology and superstitions; but failed to reach the masses, and hence the completion of the w reserved for Christianity. The idols and altars which were destin quietly undermined by the despised Galileans, tottered but littl the battering-ram of philosophy.

Contemporaneously with the Stoics rose the Pyrrhonist sect—s after its founder, Pyrrho of Elis, who, before he applied himsel study of philosophy, was a professor of the art of painting. His is somewhat obscure; but it is known that he visited India in the Alexander, the Macedonian conqueror; and it is probable that the s indifference to all things which afterwards characterised him was by intercourse with the Gymnosophists. The system of philosopl he taught on his return to Greece, united the principles of Arcesil those of the Atomists, and consisted in doubting all things, and of apathy which is almost incredible. Diogenes Laertius relate precipice or a chariot would not induce him to diverge from his inch to the right or left, and that his friends were obliged to follow protect him from accidents. Health and sickness, life and death to have been equally indifferent to him. 'Why do you not die he was asked by some one. 'For that very reason,' he replied; 'I have no more desire to die than to live!' He maintained criterion existed by which truth and error could possibly be distin because the evidence of the senses was fallacious, and that of reasc clusive—no philosopher having arrived at a satisfactory solutio great problems which had engaged their attention. Whatever he took up, he found as many reasons for denying as for affirming t at issue; and hence he was continually in pursuit of truth, with finding it. It was probably this state of constant doubt which led to adopt the maxim of Archelaus—that the honour and infamy, th and injustice of actions, depended solely upon human laws and c and to make the assertion—so degrading to human nature—th

feeding aboard a vessel in a storm was the true type of a wise man. It was the characteristic of his school to assert nothing, but to doubt everything; and this constant suspension of judgment caused his disciples to be sometimes called Sceptics, from a Greek word signifying *to consider, to examine;* because their arguments never proceeded further. 'They make use of their reason to inquire and debate,' says Montaigne, 'but never to determine. Whoever shall imagine a perpetual confusion of ignorance, a judgment without bias, propension, or inclination, upon any occasion whatever, conceives a true idea of Pyrrhonism. In a word, scepticism, as regards its claim to be considered as a system of philosophy, has been well defined to be a fugitive and transient phenomenon.' Pyrrho was held in high esteem by his countrymen, however; they conferred the dignity of pontiff upon him; and so much was philosophy considered to be ennobled by him, that they exempted all philosophers from the payment of taxes.

The last of the ancient philosophic sects which we have to notice was founded by Epicurus, the place of whose birth is doubtful, his parents having emigrated from Gargettus, in the territory of Athens, to the island of Samos, and it being a disputed point whether he was born before or after that event. His father was a schoolmaster, and his mother a wandering vender of charms and lustrations. It was a matter of self-commendation with the philosopher in after-years, that, having been in his youth an itinerant reciter of poems, he was self-taught; and that he had been a philosopher from his twelfth year, when he asked his father the puzzling question, As to who made chaos? He did not leave Samos until his eighteenth year, when he visited Athens, and after a brief stay in that city, proceeded in succession to Lampsacus, Mitylene, and Colophon, to which latter place his father had removed. In his thirty-sixth year he settled at Athens, where he purchased a beautiful estate, as Plato had done, and established a new school of philosophy. Over the entrance to the garden in which he usually taught was the following inscription:—'The keeper of this mansion—where you will find pleasure the supreme good—will, in his hospitality, liberally afford you cakes of barley, and water fresh from the spring; the gardens will not stimulate your appetite by the dainties of art, but will satisfy it with the supplies of nature!—will you not be well entertained?' His disciples soon became an immense throng; they came from all parts of Greece, from Asia, and even from Egypt, to hear him. A perfect community was established among them, which knitted them in the bonds of harmony; and while it enabled the philosopher to exercise a complete supervision over them for moral discipline, afforded his pupils constant opportunities of appreciating the goodness of his disposition, and his untiring efforts to promote their welfare. 'Though for many ages,' says Cicero, 'scarce three couples of true friends had appeared in the world, Epicurus was able to unite great numbers of them in one house, and that a small one.' Numenius, a writer of the second century, observes, that amid the discords and divisions which prevailed among each of the other sects, the disciples of Epicurus had continued in harmony and union down to his time. While from the school of Socrates sprang five different sects, and that of Plato divided into two branches immediately upon his death, to say nothing of the subsequent divisions of the Academics,

the Epicureans always remained one and indivisible. The natal-day of their founder was celebrated by them even in the time of Pliny, the eminent naturalist, above four hundred years after his death, when the entire month in which he was born was observed as a festival. Epicurus is praised by Diogenes Laertius for having never departed from his zeal for the good of his country; and Plutarch relates, that when Athens was besieged by Demetrius Poliorcetes, he did not quit the city, but determined to share the calamities which it endured. After a life as useful to others as it was honourable to himself, he died, at the age of seventy-two, of a very painful disease, the torments of which he bore with exemplary fortitude and equanimity.

The activity of this distinguished philosopher's mind, and the indefatigability of his studies, may be inferred from the fact that his works amounted to three hundred; but of this vast number only two have been preserved to the present day, and these were lost until the beginning of the last century, when they were discovered during the excavations at Herculaneum, after a lapse of about two thousand years from the death of their author. But even if these fragments had never been brought to light, we should be at no loss for a complete knowledge of the Epicurean system—Cicero in his philosophical works, Diogenes Laertius in his 'Lives of the Philosophers,' and Lucretius in his poem on Nature, having given us a full elucidation of it. In his theory of the formation of the world, Epicurus adopted the atomic hypothesis of Leucippus, though he claimed the honour of being its inventor, because he introduced some modifications which, in the opinion of Cicero, impaired rather than improved it. *Atom*, it must be understood, is a Greek word, signifying an imperceptible and indivisible particle of matter; and the teachers of the hypothesis supposed the atoms to be of every variety of shape, and diffused throughout infinite space. Both Leucippus and Epicurus believed these primal forms of matter to have existed eternally, and to have been endued with the property of motion, through which they adhered and united, and thus formed the world. The motion of the atoms was attributed by the latter to their gravity, when floating in vacuum, and to the natural tendency of all solid bodies to fall directly downward; but seeing that this direct downward motion would not suffice for the formation of the world, since it would be impossible for the atoms to meet and adhere, he furnished them with hooks, and imagined a slight obliquity of motion, by means of which provisions he thought it possible for them to meet and unite, and by their fortuitous aggregation form the world. He divides the universe into two parts—bodies and space, or void; the former being what the Epicureans understood by the world. Space was supposed to be an absolute, infinite void or vacuum, without which, they taught, there could have been no motion, and consequently no world. They also held the doctrine of a plurality of worlds, all formed, like our own, by the accidental cohesion of atoms—a doctrine which would alone suffice to distinguish them from all the other sects. Gassendi, who collected with great care every notice of the Epicureans to be found in the ancient writers, though he opposes this idea, admits that its falsity cannot be demonstrated; and the researches of modern astronomers have shewn that it is not so fanciful as was once supposed. The human soul was supposed by Epicurus to consist of atoms so round and smooth as to move

with ease through the frame; but being as material in its composition as the body, he taught that it was not immortal, but became resolved by death into its component particles, again to float in the infinity of space. The Epicurean theology is somewhat obscure, the philosopher apparently hesitating to declare his views upon this subject fully, probably from the same cause which influenced Plato in the discussion of the same questions. He appears, in general, to recognise the existence of a Supreme Being, dwelling in perfect beatitude; but he declares that nothing positive can be ascertained concerning a nature between which and our own there exists no analogy. Moreover, he recognises chance alone as the agent in the arrangement of the atoms into the form of a world, and he clearly denies the doctrine of Divine Providence — that is, that the Divinity presides over the government of the world, and makes the welfare of mankind its peculiar care. Cicero, who contends strongly for this doctrine, tells us that the denial by Epicurus of the Divine Providence caused him to be regarded as an enemy of the established idolatry, 'as one who undermined all religion, and who, by his reasonings, as Xerxes by his troops, levelled the temples and altars of the gods.'

The word Epicurean seldom fails to suggest to the minds of persons little acquainted with the sect and its founder the idea of one devoted to voluptuousness and refined sensuality; and it is undeniable that many of those who adopted the name, without being imbued with the spirit of its original, were distinguished by the immorality of their lives; but so far from this being the character of Epicurus and his immediate disciples, the case was directly the reverse. It is true, as we have seen, that Epicurus made pleasure the supreme good of life; but he was far from making pleasure to consist in sensual gratification. Seneca, who has preserved some beautiful moral maxims of this philosopher, speaks highly of his temperance and frugality; and Epicurus himself observes in a letter, that he did not expend quite an *as*, or about a penny, upon a meal; and that his attached disciple and friend, Metrodorus, who was not quite so old, expended a whole *as*. Did barley-cakes and spring-water constitute a repast which could be objected to by the most rancorous opponent of the sect? The Stoics, the moral antipodes of the Epicureans, incessantly laboured to lower them in the estimation of the people, by representing them as immersed in sensuality, and by maligning the characters of the female members of the sect. The latter, all of them wives of the friends of Epicurus, were more numerous than in any other of the philosophic sects; and the aspersions cast upon them by the Stoics are refuted by the celebrity, alike for virtue and for learning, which many of them attained. We may instance Themista, whose learning became almost proverbial; Leontia, who wrote several elegant dissertations in opposition to Theophrastus; and Philænis, as famous for her virtues as for her intellectual acquirements. The pleasures in which Epicurus considered the supreme good of life to consist were not those of the senses, but those of the mind; and it was only those who were incompetent to appreciate intellectual pleasures, and who could form no idea of pleasure which did not consist in the gratification of the senses, who perverted his system into one of refined sensualism, and brought disgrace upon the name even of the sect. Epicurus himself made pleasure to consist in virtue; in the untiring practice of benevolence;

in a life whose even tenor, undisturbed by the gusts of passion and the cares of avarice, should produce at no period either remorse for the past or anxiety as to the future. 'He declares,' says Cicero, 'that one cannot live joyously except with wisdom, honesty, and justice; and that one cannot with wisdom, honesty, and justice, live otherwise than joyously.'

The period at which the history of the ancient systems of philosophy closes, exhibits contemporaneously the sects of the Platonists, the Peripatetics, the Stoics, and the Epicureans; the inferior sects had become extinct, or merged in those which are enumerated. The last-named sect probably numbered the most professors at the time when the ancient polytheism began to wane before the growing light of the Christian religion. Only the Stoics and Epicureans are mentioned as opposing St Paul when he preached at Athens; and we find the philosophers of the latter sect among the most formidable adversaries of the new faith. The sects also disputed with each other with more vehemence than ever during this closing period of their history. The Platonists were opposed by the Epicureans and Stoics, both attacking Plato's theory of the formation of the world; while the former also made a violent assault upon his modified view of the metempsychosis. What, asked the disciples of Epicurus, must become of men's souls should the number of those leaving the body chance at any time to be greater than that of the creatures being brought forth? What, if more should chance to be born than are dying, will be the condition of the bodies that are waiting for souls to be infused into them? The Epicureans and the Stoics were also engaged in constant warfare; and the latter disputed with the Peripatetics concerning the supreme good though the difference between their respective doctrines on this subject appear to have been more verbal than substantive. Both sects agreed that to live conformably to nature was the chief good, and likewise that this conformity consisted in the practice of virtue; but the disciples of Aristotle thought that human felicity could not be perfect without the possession by the individual of health, competency, and reputation; while those of Zeno maintained that virtue alone was sufficient for happiness, and that, possessing this, the wise man ought not to count sickness, poverty, or loss of reputation as an evil. Once admit that these things are evils, said they, and you destroy the idea of happiness, which is incompatible with the existence of evil. But we do not argue so in any other case, replied the Peripatetics; we do not assert that a field covered with an abundant crop of corn has ceased to be fertile because it also produces a few weeds. In commerce, also, the gains far exceed the occasional losses; in everything the greater outweighs the less; and so with virtue. 'Put virtue into one scale, and the whole world into the other, and the former will always be infinitely the more weighty'—a beautiful idea, upon which the Stoics and Peripatetics were agreed.

THE WONDERS OF HUMAN FOLLY.

It is on record, that when Mr Lemuel Gulliver—the narrative of whose adventures, remarkable for its sagacity and veracity, is celebrated throughout the world—was in the isle of Laputa, he was conducted to the great academy of Lagado, where he assures us that the first person he met had been eight years engaged upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in vials, hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. Another was at work attempting to calcine ice into gunpowder. He also shewed Mr Gulliver a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire: he saw there an ingenious architect who had contrived a method for building houses by beginning at the roof, and working downwards to the foundation—a man born blind, with several apprentices in his own condition, was employed in mixing colours for painters: these colours they had learned to distinguish by feeling and smelling. There was also a device for ploughing the ground with hogs, to save the charges of ploughs, cattle, and labour: another person proposed, by employing spiders, to save the charge of dyeing silks, feeding his spiders with curious and beautifully-coloured flies, which would give a tincture to the colour of the cobwebs. Lastly, there was an astronomer who had undertaken to place a sundial upon the great weathercock on the town-house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings of the wind—such wonderful things did Mr Gulliver behold the philosophers of Lagado attempting to perform.

To many the enumeration of these paradoxes will seem simply ludicrous; yet so strange are the records of human perversity, that even the mad doings of the students of Laputa fall behind the realities of folly in the lives of some of our great European doctors. In order to illustrate the ridiculousness of human error, we need not throw our imaginations into the regions of fable; the stores of history, biography, and science—falsely so called—abound with tales so wild, and wonderful, and strange—chronicles of performances so worthless in themselves, yet frequently performed by persons so far from meriting the charge of general insanity, that they baffle all our ordinarily rapid methods of generalisation. It is at all times painful to read the story of mental humiliation; mournful and dark is this chapter in human history—the record of great gifts struggling with debasing superstitions, and prostrate and helpless beneath their power; of men willingly

and anxiously surrendering every gleam of judgment, reason, prudence, and walking about powerless in the nets and webs of craft and fraud; of folly attempting to set aside the most obvious of nature's laws, to perform impossibilities, and forsaking the dominion of sense and knowledge, to plunge into the unknown, the unseen, and the dark; and not only so, but demanding, as an article of faith, that the whole of the human race should also enter by the same path, and roam through the same dark 'limbo of vanity.' So wild and unnatural have some of the delusions of mankind appeared, that frequently whole kingdoms seem to be smitten with a kind of mental fever: their actions resemble those of the entranced and the delirious; the contagion spreads from clime to clime: it is as if some fatal intoxicant had bewildered the mind, and clouded all natural vision. It has been said that men think in herds; it will be seen that they go mad in herds, while they only recover their senses slowly, and one by one. Professor Porson said he would write the history of human folly in five hundred volumes; and perhaps he did not overestimate the capacities of the subject. We propose to ourselves, in the course of the following pages, to cite some of the more curious and extravagant of human errors, and to string them together upon a cord of interwoven reflections, which may in some measure help to the formation of a systematic arrangement of the long catalogue of the manias, illusions, and errors of mankind.

It is certainly difficult to begin, difficult to select, difficult to arrange. It was said in the days of witchcraft, that 'the whole world seemed only like a place for devils and witches to play their pranks in.' Certainly sometimes it seems as if the whole history of the world had been but one great folly. In the first place, superstition has touched and withered almost every earthly thing; apparitions and ghosts, strange optical and acoustical illusions, have terrified in all ages. Of all ridiculous follies, the impersonation of the evil principle has been the most ridiculous. The witches who were put to death in Elfdale confessed that the devil generally appeared as a little old man in a gray coat, with red and blue stockings, and exceedingly long garters: he had a very high-crowned hat, many-coloured linen, and a long red beard. At Tranent the devil appeared in a black gown and hat; his nose like the beak of an eagle; he had great burning eyes; his hands and legs were hairy; he had long claws upon his hands and feet; and he spake with a gruff voice. Then we have the long list of occult influences—trials by ordeal and by duel, the lengthy list of national prejudices and antipathies, and the prodigies of useless and unprofitable labour. What are the Pyramids but the wonders of human folly? Not many years since, Mehemet Ali, in one of those fits of caprice in which it is the pleasure of tyrants to indulge, ordered all the male population of a certain district to be set to work to clear out one of the ancient canals, then filled up with mud. The pasha gave them no tools; but the work had to be done: so to work they went, to the number of 50,000. They had to plunge to the neck in the filthiest slime, and to bale it out with their hands—and their hands alone!

Not only the deeds, but the language of folly is worth recording. It is as follows that Dr Dee, a distinguished astrologer, whom Queen Elizabeth condescended to consult, instructed his disciples—'The contemplative order

of the Rosie Cross have presented to the world angels, spirits, plants, and metals, with the times in astromancy and geomancy, to prepare and unite them telesmatically. This is the substance which at present in our study is the child of the sun and moon, placed between two fires, and in the darkest night receives a light, and retains it. The angels and intelligences are attracted by a horrible emptiness, and attend the astrolasms for ever. He hath in him a thick fire, by which he captivates the thin genii. Now, I will demonstrate in what thing, of what thing, and by what thing, is the medicine or multiplier of metals made. It is even in the nature, of the nature, and by the nature, of metals. . . . . In the great lion's bed the sun and moon are born; they are married, and beget a king; the king feeds on the lion's blood, which is the king's father and mother, who are at the same time his brother and sister. I fear I betray the secret (!!!) which I promised my master to keep in dark speech from every one who does not know how to rule the philosopher's fire.' Some Dr Saunders is quoted by the author of the 'Sketches of Deception and Credulity' as expressing himself in the following vein of extraordinary eloquence. He writes of astrology—'The Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Arabians, do observe many curious observations in this art—as translation of light, prohibitions, contraradiation, restitution, frastration, obssession, cursuvacation, cursutardation, forality, augedescension, meridiodescentia, luminiminution, numeriminution, via conbustia, which, although I do not wish to deny to have some power, yet I have often proved that overmuch curiosity doth rather deviate a man from concluding anything certainly.' These are follies: our readers deserve an apology for being detained with such absurdities; yet, as illustrations of the matter in hand, they are not without their value.

Now one would suppose that there could be but one opinion as to the desirableness of diffusing correct notions and well-established facts over all minds; yet some people, even among the highly-enlightened, cling to the old love of falsehood and misrepresentation, and throw a shield over the errors of mankind. There are some remarkable illustrations of this in one of the very early numbers of the Edinburgh Review, in an article supposed to be written by Dr Thomas Brown upon Belsham's Elements of the Philosophy of the Mind. Such paragraphs as the following stand out as singular evidences of obscurity of vision even in one ordinarily most acute: —'In the small events of that familiar and hourly intercourse which forms almost the whole of human life, *how much is happiness increased by the general adoption of a system of concerted and limited deceit;* for it is either in that actual falsehood which must, as falsehood, be productive of evil, or in the suppression of that truth which, as truth, must have been productive of good, that the chief happiness of civilised manners consists; and he from whose doctrine it flows that we are to be in no case hypocrites, would in mere manners reduce us to a degree of barbarism beyond that of the rudest savage.' The writer goes on to say—'In the greater events of life, how often may the advantages of erroneous belief be felt. The visitation of the murderer by the nightly ghost, which exists in the superstition of so many countries, and which forms a great part of that complex and unanalysed horror with which the crime continues to be regarded after the belief of the superstition has ceased, has probably been of more service to mankind than the truths of all the sermons that have been preached on the

corresponding prohibition in the Decalogue. Innumerable cases may be imagined in which other errors of belief would be of moral advantage; and we may therefore assume as established and undeniable, that there is nothing in the nature of truth which makes it necessarily good; that in the greater number of instances truth is beneficial; but that of the whole number of truths and falsehoods, a certain number are productive of good, and others of evil.' The most of the foregoing sentences sound very much like satires, and it may be hoped that they do not form the faith of the majority of the intelligent and thoughtful of the present day: that there is a mixture of truth and error in all things and creeds, few will be inclined to doubt; but that it is a matter of indifference that in human experience error and truth are frequently equally beneficial to humanity, and sometimes error more so than truth—such positions seem most untenable, most at variance with the interest, progress, and wellbeing of mankind. A cheerful faith, and one entirely in harmony with the convictions and history of man, is, that eventually, in the long biography of our race, truth, rectitude of fact, inference, and action, is alone beneficial; that it alone possesses the power of endurance and perpetuity; that at last the convictions of men seize on the truth; that error is essentially wrong, and necessarily the state of disease; that truth is essentially right, and the state of health.

We frequently wonder at the slow progress made by man—by the race generally—in excellence, in truth, in goodness. The great reason is, that the conservative habit is so strong in man. In poverty and misery, he is indeed impatient of the control of old opinions and modes, but in that state he is usually powerless to effect any great or lasting change in society: but in affluence or luxury, he is impatient of change; he is satisfied with things as they are, since they have aided his advancement and happiness. Indolence chains him to his parlour or his couch, fear and timidity hold him in check from any adventure after new light; and both of these combine to harden his character and petrify those sympathies which would make him active in aiding in the work of destroying the errors and follies, and advancing the truths and interests, of man. Somebody has very graphically spoken of mankind as 'tethered to the stump of old superstitions.' Some errors are consecrated, and any attempt immediately to destroy them is like a village wake on consecrated ground, and sure to be visited with condign punishment. The best way, therefore, of serving the cause of truth, is to say little or nothing about particular truths or falsehoods, but to create and educate in the mind a truthful disposition, a love of truth for its own sake—to educate the mind so, that it instinctively perceives the folly of all falsehood; to surround it with the terrible power of light—light, which of all things error most dreads; and thus, without a battle, right and justice are left possessors of the field. It is remarkable, and most worthy of note, that those errors and superstitions about which least has been said, and upon which no special attack has been made, have quietly retired; while those which have been the subjects of aggression and assault, have resolutely maintained their ground, and seem even yet far from defeat. Is not this to be accounted for from the fact, that in one instance there had been a quiet training of the general mind in principles developing the folly of the superstition; while, on the other hand, the attempt to destroy falsehood by a reliance on the animal passions and

rers of men, to a great degree recoiled on the very truth itself, and pre-ted its speedy success? Lord Bacon has augured from the errors of t ages a hope for the future; and in reviewing the labyrinth of error n which we have been rescued, a pleasing ground of encouragement and solation is offered to ourselves and to posterity. Time was, in the ldle ages, when our fathers enumerated among their sciences that of *relography*, and the great masters of the schools discussed such questions —Whether angels pass from one point of space to the other without ssing through the intermediate points? Whether they can visually cern objects in the dark? Whether more than one can exist at the ne moment on the same physical point? Whether they can exist in a rfect vacuum, with any relation to the absolute incorporeal void? And ether, if an angel were in perfect vacuo, the void could still truly be rned perfect? Perhaps the medical profession, of all other sciences, fur-shes the most remarkable and ludicrous illustrations of the follies of past es. In the fourteenth century, John de Gaddesden, the great court ysician of that day, attempted to cure a child of Edward II. of smallpox r hanging scarlet drapery round the bed and before the window. The me worthy doctor knew no better way of curing epilepsy than that of king his patient to church to hear mass. There is a ludicrous story told, lustrative of the folly of those ages, that on one occasion Francis I. of rance fell ill, and having a persuasion that Jews were by birthright essen-ally gifted as physicians, and not having a Jew on whom he could rely a the neighbourhood of his court, he sent to Charles V., the emperor of ermany, for the loan of a celebrated Jew physician; but the physician, on is way to France, was unfortunately converted to Christianity, and the ing refused to allow him to approach near his bed, supposing that, as he ad ceased to be a Jew, all virtue had entirely left him.

'Error,' says Malebranche, 'is the universal cause of the misery of man-ind.' Knowledge is principally valuable in dispelling the mists and clouds f *ignorance*, by shewing the relation and harmony *of cause and effect*. The istakes of men frequently originate in this blindness to all causation; and housands of our countrymen who boast of knowledge and intelligence are lark as the old man so frequently spoken of from the citation of Latimer, he good old bishop, who says—'Here now I remember an argument of Master More's, which he bringeth in a book that he made against Bilney; nd here, by the way, I will tell you a merry toy. Master More was once ent in commission into Kent, to help to try out, if it might be, what was he cause of the Goodwin Sands, and the shelf that stopped up Sandwich aven. Thither cometh Master More, and calleth the country before him uch as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could of likeli-ood best certify him of that matter concerning the stopping of Sandwich aven. Among others came in before him an old man with a white head, nd one that was thought to be a little less than a hundred years old. When Master More saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear im say his mind in this matter, for, being so old a man, it was likely that e knew most of any man in that presence and company. So Master More called this old aged man unto him, and said, "Father, tell me, if ye an, what is the cause of this great rising of the sands and shelves here

about this haven, the which stop it up so that no ships can arrive here? Ye are the eldest man that I can espy in all this company; so that if any man can tell any cause of it, ye of likelihood can say most of it, or at least-wise more than any man here assembled."—"Yea, forsooth, good master," quoth this old man, "for I am wellnigh a hundred years old, and no man here in this company anything near unto my age." "Well, then," quoth Master More, "how say ye in this matter? What, think ye, be the cause of these shelves and flats that stop up Sandwich haven?"—"Forsooth, sir," quoth he, "I am an old man; I think that Tenterden steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands; for I am an old man, sir," quoth he, "and I may remember the building of Tenterden steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenterden steeple was in building, there was no manner of speaking of any flats or sands that stopped the haven, and therefore I think that Tenterden steeple is the cause of the destroying and decaying of Sandwich haven."' This is a very admirable illustration of the method of the logic of the dark ages. This utter ignorance of causes and effects was by no means confined to simple villagers and imbecile age; it abounds in all the speculations of the scholars and men of learning of those times. Sir John Herschel, in his admirable treatise on Natural Philosophy, cites an illustration of the Aristotelian style of reasoning from 'Galileo's Systema Cosmicum.' The object is to prove the immutability and incorruptibility of the heavens; and thus it is done:—

I. Mutation is either generation or corruption.
II. Generation and corruption only happen between contraries.
III. The motion of contraries is contrary.
IV. The celestial motions are circular.
V. Circular motions have no contraries.
  α Because there can be but three simple motions:
    1. To a centre;
    2. Round a centre;
    3. From a centre.
  β Of three things, one only can be contrary to one.
  γ But a motion to a centre is manifestly the contrary to a motion from a centre.
  δ Therefore a motion *round* a centre (that is, a circular motion) remains without a contrary.
VI. *Therefore*, celestial motions have no contraries; *therefore*, among celestial things there are no contraries; *therefore*, the heavens are eternal, immutable, incorruptible; and so forth.

The whole of this nonsensical jargon is the consequence of ignorance of the meanings of the terms generation, corruption, contrariety—ignorance of all philosophic method, as well as of the proper dependency of causes and effects; and hence, in addition to the absurdities we have mentioned, a thousand others of a similar nature. It was ignorance that made the medical practice of the middle ages a mere routine of nastiness and folly. The art of physic consisted in the assemblage of every filthy and horrid substance that ignorance and superstition could jumble together—boluses, draughts, powders, pills, the recitation of verses, the hanging of charms round the neck. M. Gmelin, describing the state of some of the inhabitants

of the Russian dominions, says—'A great number of their medicines, like those of the old dispensatories of Europe, are taken from the animal kingdom. Of all their remedies of this sort, there is none they hold in such high estimation as the gall of a creature called *dom*, which is a native of the Altai mountains and of Thibet. Human and bear's gall are scarcely less precious. They think also that there is great virtue in human flesh and fat. The flesh of a serpent is esteemed as a specific for bad eyes; that of a wolf for a disordered stomach; a wolf's stomach for a sore-throat.'* 'I will give one instance,' says Pulteney in his 'Sketches of Botany,' 'from Apuleius, of that credulity and superstition which, sanctioned by antiquity, yet prevailed in the administration of remedies, and exhibits a melancholy proof of the wretched state of physic, which through so many ages had not broken the shackles of Druidical magic and imposition. As a cure for a disease called by the French *l'aiguillette nouée*, you are directed to take seven stalks of the herb lion's-foot, separated from the roots. These are to be boiled in water in the wane of the moon. The patient is to be washed with this water on the approach of night, standing before the threshold, on the outside of his own house; and the person who performs this office for the sick is also not to fail to wash himself. This done, the sick person is to be fumigated with the smoke of the herb aristolochia, and both persons are then to enter the house together, taking strict care not to look behind them while returning; after which, adds the author, the sick will become immediately well.'

Superstition has in nothing more plainly manifested at once its foundation in ignorance, and its mighty hold over the popular mind, than in the extraordinary variety of *relics* which have claimed and received the homage and adoration of mankind. It is but a few weeks since, at Stonyhurst College, in Lancashire, we were shewn a piece of the real wood of the Cross; and the following are some mentioned in Brady's 'Clavis,' which either have received, or are receiving, the wondering adorations of folly:—

'A finger of St Andrew.

'A finger of St John the Baptist.

'The thumb of St Thomas.

'A tooth of our Lord.

'A rib of our Lord, or, as it is profanely styled, of the *verbum caro factum* (the Word made flesh.)

'The hem of our Lord's garment which cured the diseased woman.

'The seamless coat of our Lord.

'A tear which our Lord shed over Lazarus. It was preserved by an angel, who gave it in a vial to Mary Magdalene.

'Two handkerchiefs, on which are impressions of our Saviour's face: the one sent by our Lord himself as a present to Agbarus, prince of Edessa; the other given at the time of his crucifixion to a holy woman named Veronica.

'The rod of Moses with which he performed his miracles.

'A lock of hair of Mary Magdalene's.

'A hem of Joseph's garment.

'A feather of the Holy Ghost.

* Jackson's Four Ages, pp. 27, 28.

'A finger of the Holy Ghost.
'A feather of the Angel Gabriel.
'A finger of a cherubim.
'The water-pots used at the marriage in Galilee.
'The slippers of the antediluvian Enoch.
'The face of a seraphim, with only part of the nose.
'The snout of a seraphim, thought to have belonged to the preceding.
'The coal that broiled St Lawrence.
'The square buckler, lined with red velvet, and the short sword, of St Michael.
'A vial of the sweat of St Michael, when he contended with Satan.
'Some of the rays of the star that appeared to the Magi.'

The true value attaching to knowledge is—that it enlarges the dominion of truth and happiness: beings without knowledge of some kind are as men walking in the dark. How many of the follies of mankind appear to us as such ludicrous and grotesque, only because knowledge has shed round about us a light altogether unknown to the actors in the farce! We are looking on the circumstance from altogether another point of vision. To us there is no possibility of deception; the doings of ignorance are always essentially foolish and ridiculous. The light of instinct is not sufficient for man; he has to learn from experience and observation; he has to spell out his way through life from the finger-posts his fathers have set up. Man, in the infant states of society, most resembles a child learning to walk; and the follies which excite our laughter or surprise resemble those false steps which excite our commiseration or our mirth when we look upon the first adventurings of our little ones. Ignorance draws the thick dark curtain before our eyes; we hear the noises behind the veil, and see the strange gleams of light reflected on the stage, and, unable to account for the one or the other, we fall prostrate in terror, when the lifting of the curtain would only invite us to admire. Ignorance is weakness: many of the achievements of men in other ages, which seemed to our fathers prodigies, were but the result of system and method—the invariable promoters of strength. Ignorance is imbecility: there can be no self-command where there is no perception: the haze and the mist pervert the vision, distort the few objects presented to the view; the mind, weak, and unable to comprehend the strange illusions, shudders in terror, becomes an easy prey, first to its own untutored fancies, and then to the subtle designs of a few more sagacious but cruel men. For every reason, a state of ignorance is to be deprecated as inimical to human happiness, and the parent of innumerable, unbounded mistakes, most fatal to the peace, the progress, and the prospects of society.

One of the most remarkable circumstances in the history of folly is—that man is prone to believe the false, and to disbelieve the true; and this also is the result of ignorance. It seems strange that men should disbelieve the sublime deductions of Kepler when he drew the chart of the heavens, but should give him bread, and pay him for uttering astrological fables. The monks of Rome could not believe that the earth revolved round the sun, but they could believe that St Dunstan pulled the devil's nose with a pair of red-hot pincers. Lord Bacon's simple method of logic was treated with

tempt, and he and his followers denounced as a 'Bacon-faced genera-
ı' by the men who believed all the monstrosities of witchcraft. Man
es the marvellous, it would almost seem, better than he loves the true:
can believe that immense worlds, millions of miles away from his dwel-
ş, can influence his poor destiny, but he cannot believe that those bodies
: worlds floating through the vast void night, with light, atmosphere,
rs, perhaps inhabitants, like his own world; and yet his disbelief is the
ıater folly, as there is a higher wonder always in the higher truth.

One of the great causes of human folly is to be found in man's *ignorance the proper subjects of physical inquiry*. Fontenelle has well described
m as 'a being with a great deal of curiosity, and very bad eyes.' How
equently he loses himself in speculations upon matters which are beyond
e limits of observation and inquiry! The restless spirit of man desires to
metrate and to know all things; and not only to know, but to settle and
termine all things, and frequently things altogether beyond the possi-
lity of man's knowledge or inquiry. Venerable Bede gives to us an
count of a council of Jerusalem, that, about the year 200, logically ascer-
ined the birthday of the world:—'When the multitude of the priests were
sembled together, then Theophilus, the bishop, produced the authority
nt unto him by Pope Victor, and explained what had been enjoined him.
hen all the bishops made answer: "Unless it be first examined how the
orld was at the beginning, nothing certain can be ascertained regarding
aster." And they said: "What day can we believe to have been the first,
cept Sunday?" And Theophilus said: "Prove this which ye say." Then
e bishops said: "According to the authority of the Scriptures, the evening
d the morning were the first day; and in like manner they were the second,
d the third, and the fourth, and the fifth, and the sixth, and the seventh;
d on the seventh day, which was called the Sabbath, the Lord rested from
l his works: therefore since Saturday, which is the Sabbath, was the last
y, which but Sunday can have been the first?" Then said Theophilus: "Lo!
e have proved that Sunday was the first day; what say ye now concerning
e seasons? for there are four times or seasons in the year—spring, sum-
er, autumn, and winter; which of these was the first?" The bishops an-
vered: "Spring." And Theophilus said: "Prove this which ye say." Then
e bishops said: "It is written, the earth brought forth grass, and the herb
elding seed, after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in
self, after his kind; but this is in the spring." Then said Theophilus:
When do you believe the beginning of the world to have been—in the
ginning of the season, or in the middle, or the end?" And the bishops
nswered: "At the equinox, on the 8th of the kalends of April." And
heophilus said: "Prove this which ye say." Then they answered: "It is
ritten, God made the light, and called the light day; and he made the
rkness, and the darkness he called night; and he divided the light into
ual parts." Then said Theophilus: "Lo! ye have proved the day and the
ason. What think ye now concerning the moon—was it created when
creasing, or when full, or on the wane?" And the bishops answered: "At
e full." And he said: "Prove this which ye say." Then they answered:
God made two great luminaries, and placed them in the firmament of the
avens, that they might give light upon the earth; the greater one in the
ginning of the day, the lesser one in the beginning of the night: it could

not have been thus unless the moon were at the full. Now, therefore, let us see when the world was created; it was made upon a Sunday, in the spring, at the equinox, which is on the 8th of the kalends of April, and at the full of the moon."'

Another of the immediate causes of human folly is to be found in the feeling of *vanity and ambition*. To this cause especially may be traced all the marvels recorded in the 'Golden Legend,' and most of the tales which abound in Alban Butler's 'Lives of the Saints.' Among those who have obtained immortal notoriety from a cruel flattery of personal vanity, St Simeon Stylites stands pre-eminent. Alban Butler tells us, in the monastery of Heliodorus, a man sixty-five years of age, who had spent sixty-two years so abstracted from the world that he was ignorant of the most common things in it; the monks ate but once a day; Simeon joined the community, and ate but once a week. Heliodorus required Simeon to be more private in his mortifications. With this view, judging the rough rope of the well, made of twisted palm-tree leaves, a fit instrument of penance, Simeon tied it close about his naked body, where it remained, unknown both to the community and his superior, till such time as it having ate into his flesh, what he had privately done was discovered by the effluvia proceeding from the wound. It took three days to disengage his clothes; the incisions of the physician to cut the cord out of his body were attended with such anguish and pain, that he lay for some time as dead. He then determined to pass the whole of Lent in total abstinence, and retired to an hermitage for that purpose. Bassus, an abbot, left him with ten loaves, and water, and at the end of forty days returning, found the bread and water untouched, and the saint lying without signs of life. He passed twenty-six Lents in the same manner: in the first part of a Lent he prayed standing; growing weaker, he prayed sitting; and towards the end, he prayed lying on the ground. He removed from the hermit's cave to the top of the mountain, determined to expose himself to all the severity of the weather's wildest inclemency, and, that he might fulfil his determination, he fastened his right leg to a rock with a great chain; but there was too much sociality and cheerfulness here. The multitudes thronged around him, desiring his benedictions, and seeking to touch him; he therefore contrived a high invention of sublimely original suffering. He constructed a pillar six cubits high, each cubit eighteen inches, and dwelt on it four years; on a second, of twelve cubits high, he lived three years; on a third, of twenty-two cubits high, ten years; and on a fourth, of forty cubits, or sixty feet high, which the people built for him, he spent the last twenty years of his life; and therefore he was called *Stylites*, from the Greek word *stylos*, a pillar. This pillar did not exceed three feet in diameter at the top, so that he could not lie extended on it; he had no seat with him; he only stooped or leaned, to take a little rest; and bowed his body in prayer so often, that a certain person who counted these positions found that he made 1244 reverences in one day, which, if he began at four o'clock in the morning, and finished at eight at night, gives a bow to every three-quarters of a minute; besides which, he exhorted the people twice a day. His clothing was the skins of beasts; he wore an iron collar round his neck, and had a horrible ulcer in his foot. During his fast in Lent he fastened himself to a pole. Thus from the pillar he delivered his pro-

ecies, and wrought miracles; there he received the sacrament; and there died, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, after having dwelt on the llars for thirty-six years. His corpse was carried to its grave in Antioch, tended by the bishops and the whole country, and worked miracles on s way.*

This is the account of St Simeon of the Pillar, handed down to us by Alban Butler: the history of Dominic the Cuirassier is like unto it. This remarkable personage was so called from his wearing an iron cuirass next his skin, which was never taken off till it was necessary to replace it by a new one. Conceiving that he had been guilty of simony, he resolved to do penance the remainder of his life; for this purpose, he entered into the monastic society of Santa Croce Fonte Avellana, whose exercises were so rigorous, that one of their amusements was to flog each other after the services. By these castigations, it was believed that the pains of purgatory might be mitigated; and the monks of Santa Croce determined that thirty psalms, said or sung, with an obligato accompaniment of one hundred stripes to each psalm, making in all 3000, would be received as a set-off for one year's purgatory: the whole psalter, with 15,000 stripes, would redeem five years from the fiery pain; and twenty psalters, with 300,000 stripes, fairly entered, would be equal to a receipt in full for one hundred years. This Dominic the Cuirassier, inflated with vanity and ambition, tasked himself generally at ten psalters and 30,000 lashes a day, at which rate he would have redeemed 3650 years of purgatory per annum. In addition to this, however, he used to petition for a supplementary task of a hundred years. Being, as he hoped, a creditor already to a large amount in the angel's books, and as no good works can be lost, he recited and lashed away for the benefit of the great sinking fund of the Catholic Church with more spirit than ever. During one Lent, he entreated for, and obtained the imposition of 1000 years; and St Pietro Damians affirms that in these forty days he actually recited the psalter 200 times, and inflicted 60,000,000 of stripes—working away with a scourge in each hand. In a heroic mood, he once determined to flog himself, in the jockey phrase, against time; and at the end of twenty-four hours had gone through the psalms twelve times, and begun them the thirteenth, the quota of stripes being 183,000, reducing purgatory stock sixty-one years, twelve days, and thirty-three minutes.†

The 'Lives of the Saints' form an ample catalogue of the wonderful follies of human vanity resembling those just recorded. Thus we learn that the divine love so much dilated the breast of St Philip Neri, that the gristle which joined the fourth and fifth ribs on the left side was broken, which accident allowed the heart and the larger vessels more play; in which condition he lived fifty years. Thus also we learn that when the venerable Bede was blind, and desired to be led forth to preach, his servant carried him to a heap of stones, to which the good father, believing himself preaching to a sensible congregation, delivered a noble discourse, whereunto, when he had finished his sermon, the stones answered, and said, 'Amen!'—that when St Denys was beheaded, with some other

* Alban Butler's Lives of the Saints. Also Gibbon's Decline and Fall, vol. iii. p. 429.

† Quarterly Review, July 1819, Art. 'British Monachism.'

martyrs, in the neighbourhood of Paris, the body of St Denys ro its feet, and carried its own head two miles. In a similar spirit ceived St Blase's receipt for a stoppage in the throat:—'Hold the party by the throat, and pronounce these words—"Blase, a se Jesus Christ, commands thee to pass up or down."' Of St Bl related, that when he was scourged, seven holy women anointed th with his blood, whereupon their flesh was combed with iron com wounds ran nothing but milk, their flesh was whiter than snow, an came visibly and healed their wounds as fast as they were made, were put into the fire, which would not consume them; whereu were ordered to be beheaded, and were beheaded accordingly. Blase was ordered to be drowned in the lake; but he walked water, sat down on it in the middle, and invited the infidels to a whereupon threescore and eight who tried the experiment were and St Blase walked back to be beheaded. We smile at these stories and follies of the old and legendary time; but things bel our own day are quite equal to these old beliefs in wisdom. The able G. S. Smythe, M.P., in his 'Historic Fancies,' published a fe few years since, waved his pen in behalf of the restoration of practice of touching for the King's Evil by the reigning monarch: it 'a graceful superstition—a direct communication between the and the lowest—between the king and the poor. Dr Johnson—a the people, if ever there was one—was yet prouder of having been by Queen Anne when he was a child, than he was of all his heroi misfortune.' Mr Smythe does not remind us that the touch of her was without effect, and that the doctor continued scrofulous to th his days; but this is an illustration of the *penchant* for old stories, and traditions; and even in many of the more than intelligent, lingers, that although the wonder-workers have now left the wo was when they lived and wrought their marvels. This was the o no less a man than Edmund Burke; and he has wrought the s into the earlier chapters of his 'History of Britain.'

But the follies of mankind cannot be estimated and understood inquiry into the nature of *disease*. Many, perhaps most, perhap follies and illusions which have deceived mankind, have been the disease—of disordered mental action, which is insanity—of di bodily action, which is perhaps the key to unlock the cause of Criminality and folly are children of the same family, and the stud one certainly leads to a consideration of the other: both result undue development of certain powers—a development enlar increased in the proportion in which its power is acknowledged. times the disordered mental action develops itself in circumst conduct and character simply ludicrous; and although perhaps to relatives and friends, terminating generally in its influence on vidual himself. These are denominated follies. But when the di action affects the welfare of others, or interferes with the sta society and social principles, we give to it the name of *crime*. I however, both manifestations are identical in their origin: the pe and powers are affected in their vision and their action. We are

aware that certain gases, drinks, food, derange the healthy functions of mind. In the delirium of fever, when the mental powers run riot in their disorder, we have an illustration of the condition of many a mind for whose freaks or sins men feel indignation or pity; but pity is the true emotion in which we should indulge alike for the follies, errors, and crimes of men —the same emotion with which we stand round the bed of the fevered and delirious man—pity, and the desire to restore. The teachings of modern thinkers upon this subject lead to the following important conclusions:— That the brain is a series of compartments, tenanted by as many active powers; that in proportion to the size of the compartment, is there room for the play of its particular power; and that certainly the inhabitant of the larger room will tyrannise over the dwellers in the smaller; that the increase of the organ or of the brain itself begins with an excess of sanguiferous circulation in the brain, or some part of it, and this is insanity—diseased organization; and this, when opposing general notions of propriety, excites laughter; when opposing general moral instincts and susceptibilities, excites horror. Now although any extended classification and illustration is beyond the possibilities of the present pages, we are surrounded with interesting cases: beneath the general view just expressed may be arranged all the instances of perverted piety, fanaticism, and superstition—all the strange phantasmagoria which haunt the chambers of the mind with spectres, apparitions, and fanciful pictures. With certain qualifications, to this cause are to be traced all the magnificent aberrations of genius, the gloriously-abstractive moods of the pure intelligence removed almost from all sensual considerations, and shining in the light of perfect thought; to this may be traced the whims and frivolities of men and women, the children of fashion and of freak; and to this those awful impulses which have terminated in murder, in self-destruction, and in social disarray.

Jonathan Martin, who in the year 1829 set fire to York Minster, was an illustration of diseased mental action. When asked, previous to his committal, if he had anything to say, in a very collected manner, and in a very firm tone of voice, he said, 'The reason I set fire to the cathedral was on account of two particular dreams. In the first dream, I dreamed that a man stood by me with a bow and a sheath of arrows. He shot an arrow, and the arrow stuck in the Minster door. I then wished to shoot, and the man presented me the bow; and I took an arrow from the sheath, and shot, and it struck on a stone, and I lost it. In the second dream, I dreamed that a cloud came down on the cathedral, and came over to the house where I slept, and it made the whole house tremble. Then I awoke, and I thought it was the hand of God pointed out that I was to set fire to the cathedral; and those things which were found on me I took, lest any one should be blamed wrongfully. I cut the hangings from the throne, or cathedra, or whatever you call it, and tore down the curtains.'

'Did you ever see a fairy's funeral, madam?' said Blake, the celebrated English painter, to a lady who happened to sit by him in company. 'Never, sir,' was the reply. 'I have,' said Blake; 'but not before last night. I was walking alone in my garden; there was great stillness among the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air: I heard a low and pleasant sound, and knew not whence it came: at

last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures the size and colour of green and gray grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose-leaf, which they buried with songs, and then disappeared.'

It is related that when the Roman army took Syracuse, Archimedes, the great geometrician, was occupied with some geometrical demonstration. He heard nothing of the sounds of confusion and strife, and was wholly insensible to all the scenes of suffering around him; and when the soldier who took his life entered the room where he was sitting, calmly drawing the lines of a diagram, and placed a sword to his throat—'Hold, friend!' said Archimedes: 'one moment, and my demonstration will be finished!'

And Peter the Great frequently illustrated the close neighbourhood of might and madness. Stælhim says: 'Nothing was so much the object of the czar's antipathy as a black insect of the scarabeus or beetle kind, which breeds in houses that are not kept clean, and especially in places where meal and other provisions are deposited. In the country, the walls and ceilings of the peasants' houses are covered with them, particularly in Russia, where they abound more than in any other part of the world. They are there called *taracans;* but our naturalists give them the name of *dermeste,* or dissecting scarabeus. Although the Russian monarch was far from being subject to childish fears or womanish fancies, one of these insects sufficed to drive him out of an apartment; nay, even out of the house. In his frequent journeys in his own dominions, he never went into a house without having his apartment carefully swept by one of his own servants, and being assured that there were no taracans to fear. One day he paid a visit to an officer, who stood pretty high in his esteem, at his country-house, which was built of wood, at a little distance from Moscow. The czar expressed his satisfaction with what was offered him and with the order he observed in the house. The company sat down to table, and dinner was already begun, when he asked his landlord if there were taracans in his house. 'Not many,' replied the officer, without reflecting; 'and the better to get rid of them, I have pinned a living one to the wall.' At the same time pointing to the place where the insect was pinned, and still continued to palpitate. Unfortunately it was just beside the czar, in whom the unexpected sight of the object of his aversion produced so much emotion, that he rose instantly from table, gave the officer a violent blow, and left his house with all his attendants.

Dr Robert Hamilton, the author of the celebrated 'Essay on the National Debt,' was esteemed a profound and clear-headed philosopher. In the 'New Monthly Magazine,' after speaking of the profound science, beautiful arrangement, and clear expression manifest in his writings, the writer goes on to say: 'Yet in public the man was a shadow: pulled off his hat to his own wife in the streets, and apologised for not having the pleasure of her acquaintance; went to his classes in the college in the dark mornings with one of her white stockings on one leg, and one of his own black ones on the other; often spent the whole time of the meeting in moving from the table the hats of the students, which they as constantly returned; sometimes invited them to call on him, and then fined them for coming to insult him. He would run against a cow in the road, turn round, beg her pardon, 'Madam,' and hope she was not hurt. At other times he would run against

posts, and chide them for not getting out of his way; and yet his conversation at the same time, if anybody happened to be with him, was perfect logic and perfect music.'

Now in all these instances we easily see the disease of mind, probably in every instance resulting from the intense abstraction of the mind, and employment in one pursuit. We have smiled in perusing them, yet we can scarcely call them follies; because, adhering to our vernacular language, disease is not folly. And may we not place in parallel columns some other instances which excite our pain, our abhorrence, or our disgust? Ideas, scenes, impressions, retain their place in the mind, because of some pleasure they impart, some sentiment they awaken. Thoughts, however they may enter uninvited, do not remain unsolicited; an impression, an idea, altogether new, creates perhaps a strange, an (until then) unexperienced delight; the gratification is sought again, and again, and again, until it absorbs the whole, or nearly the whole, mental interest: hence the dominion of passion; hence the monarchy asserted by a particular lust over the whole soul; hence the difficulty of giving new habits to the intemperate man; hence the fearful consequences of what is called ungovernable anger. All our passions are governable when they are young; if they are ungovernable, it is because they are uneducated. We have not attempted to subdue them, and they have succeeded in subduing us. The 'Metropolitan Magazine' for March 1840 contained a curious account of a person who had allowed a disgusting whim to captivate his character. The account is as follows:—'*Odd Taste for Newgate Ropes and its Consequences*—We know a healthy, robust, independent gentleman, who went some years since with the sheriff into the interior of Newgate to visit a malefactor who was to be executed the same day. After the drop had fallen, he went, with others, to the breakfast table, where he could think of nothing but the execution he had witnessed; and before he left, he requested the sheriff to procure the rope with which the man had been suspended. It may be mentioned that it was not an execution of common occurrence. Possessing one rope, it subsequently occurred to him, as the next much-talked-of execution was to take place, that he would also have the rope used on that occasion. In the course of a short time he had a collection of ropes, labelled, and carefully deposited in a drawer. About two years after the *penchant* for collecting ropes used at executions had manifested itself, it was observed by his friends that his conversation most frequently turned on the subject of the executions he had witnessed, and the success he had met with in procuring such a number of ropes, which he usually brought out to exhibit to his friends, expatiating on the comparative merits or demerits of the sufferers, until at length his society became unbearable, and he received the *sobriquet* of "The man with the penaile idea." He lived about fourteen years after witnessing the first execution, at last *putting an end to his own life* by suspending his body with one of the ropes he had collected from the common hangman.' The circumstance above cited tends to illustrate the mental method of much that is foolish and criminal in human conduct. It is curious to notice, too, that many of the follies of mankind do not seem to be the result of continually-operating influences of human character: the character is latent and hidden until some trivial incident kindles the fire, which then mounts

and blazes through the whole being: this has been denominated *insane impulse*. A Portuguese of the name of Rabello was employed by a mechanic in the western part of Lichfield County, Connecticut, to assist him as a shoemaker. He had been in the neighbouring towns, and his conduct seemed singular, but usually inoffensive. In the family of the mechanic he had appeared pleasant, and grateful for the kindness extended to him. One day a little son of his new employer accidentally stepped upon his toes. The lad was twelve years old only. Rabello was exceedingly angry, and in the moment of his rage threatened his life. The next day he appeared sullen, refused his food, and looked wild and malicious. The following morning he went to the barnyard with the boy, seized an axe, and killed him on the spot, mangling him in the most shocking manner. He went deliberately away from the house, but was soon overtaken by those in pursuit. He acknowledged that he had killed the boy, and gave as a reason that he had stepped upon his toes. It was found, from the evidence produced on his trial, that this was an offence he considered most heinous, and not to be forgiven. Many instances were given in which the same accident had produced the same excitement of temper, often accompanied with threats. One of the physicians who visited him in jail stepped, apparently by accident, on his toes while he was counting his pulse. The pulse rose immediately forty strokes a minute, the countenance of the unhappy criminal flushed up, and he appeared instantly in an ungovernable fit of rage.

There can be little doubt, then, that folly and crime are the offspring of disease; eccentricity and folly are insanity, and insanity is diseased mental, resulting from diseased physical, action: to those who would pursue these interesting reflections further, it may be well to recommend the perusal of 'Upham's Outlines of Imperfect Mental Action,' and Sampson's important 'Essay on Criminal Jurisprudence:' the consideration of this section—the connection existing between bodily and mental states—is one of the most important to which the mind can betake itself; it is connected with the work of the educator and the legislator, the minister and the missionary. The dissemination of these ideas is the only method for the eradication of the spirit of persecution against heresy: heresy, that crime which, however universal as a fact, is yet most conventional and various in its manifestations. What can change the spirit of the persecutor but a change of his moral disposition? It is in connection with the imputation of heresy that folly has performed some of her most solemn and ludicrous freaks. What is heresy? It was once a capital heresy to call the constellations by the names of living creatures; it was heresy to deny that the stars are luminaries moved at pleasure by the angels, whose office it is to hang them out by night, and take them away in the morning like street lamplighters. It was once a capital heresy to admit that there were antipodes. Pope Zachery denounced it as an unrighteous and perverse doctrine against the Lord and a man's own soul; he anathematised Virgilius, who believed the doctrine, adding—'Strip him of his priesthood, and drive him out of the church.' This is one of the most arch and dangerous of human follies: the fearful power of proscribing a man on account of his speculative opinions; the power to brand him as a heretic, and send him forth amidst the hissings and the scornings of his fellows; to denounce him, perhaps a

peaceful student, as a person inimical to the welfare of society, and exposed to the especial wrath and vengeance of God.

The imputation of heresy, wherever existing, is the consequence of superstition; and there is no practice so trivial but intolerance and bigotry will claim a jurisdiction and control over it, and the right to denounce it as heretical. In Lent, in 1528, there was found in the house of one William Gnapheus, at the Hague, a sausage boiling in a pot, with some peas: the sausage had been placed there by a pregnant woman, who had a longing for that inconsiderable luxury. The discovery made a great noise, and occupied the officers of the Inquisition two days. They called a consultation of physicians, to ascertain if it were possible for a pregnant woman to long for a sausage during Lent. Whatever the physicians thought, the judges disregarded it, as well as the fact of the man's absence from the Hague for five or six days preceding the discovery, and issued an order that he should be taken dead or alive, and committed his mother and sister to prison.* When any man arrogates to himself the right to charge with heresy, and still more the right to punish heresy, he is guilty of folly as complete as if he were to make himself the centre of the universe. Old astronomers supposed the whole retinue of planets, suns, moons, to move round our earth, but the man who charges another with heresy acts still more ridiculously: he makes all creeds, opinions, religions, and policies, to revolve round his own contracted orb; and in his arrogance and ignorance impudently claims attributes which can only belong to the Infinite and the Divine.

In the review of the follies of mankind, it is to be noticed that some have been *simultaneous* and universal: they have overspread continents and peoples; they have, at the same moment of time, led astray the erudite and wise, the illiterate and vulgar; they appear to have set on flame some general principle of human character, and to have spread and passed like a contagion from shore to shore. Such universal thraldom to pernicious error has generally been denominated a *mania*—and well have such absurdities merited the name: they can only be accounted for upon the principle just adduced—mental disease, inflamed passions, the mind in a mistake; all the blood of the age or the nation directed to one channel. Every great mania, every absorbing superstition, every great-age error, is a kind of moral aneurism; and it is scarcely possible to point to an age wholly free from some pernicious follies: they are various in their fashion and their character, but invariable in their appeals to man. He is charmed, for instance, by mystery; he loves simplicity, it has been observed, much, but he loves mystery more; the discovery of something new, marvellous, and beyond human apprehension, is sure to lead away thousands of followers; and the ambition of man is wonderfully restless; he is perpetually asking for more. Appeals to his cupidity are seldom made in vain: he is impatient: few have learned the lesson of waiting and labouring. Added to these, we must mention his intolerance. How easy it is to excite his antipathy to those differing from him in sentiment, or cut off from him

* We have cited the above instance from a curious and instructive scholastic medley—'Patristic Evenings.' By John Birt.

by some mountain-chain; some narrow stream, or gently-rising hill!—these are the sources of human folly: we are to trace them to principles inherent in the human constitution; and as man is everywhere the same, we may expect everywhere to meet with follies varying in their outer aspect by the character of the surrounding events, but internally the same.

How many errors have resulted from man's universal belief of his close neighbourhood to the spiritual world!—an idea sublime in itself, perhaps true, but certainly not a topic for legislative interference or dogmatic teaching. De Foe wrote the History of the Devil. It would be curious enough to trace the various impressions that have obtained credence in all parts of the world in reference to the impersonation of the evil principle: sometimes represented as a vast and awful being, sublime in daring, and dreadful in power, he has more frequently been painted as attended with every circumstance disgusting and contemptible. The History of Witchcraft is the most humbling of all the stories of human folly: the persecutions to which innocence beauty, age, childhood, virtue, were subjected for an impossible crime, presents a mournful record; but it ceases to surprise when we find one of the council for the prosecution talking, in an English court in the year 1697 the following precious jargon:—'Satan's natural knowledge makes him perfect in optics and limning, whereby he may easily bewitch the eyes of others, to whom he intends that his instruments should not be seen in this manner, as was formerly hinted—namely, he constricts the pores of the witch's vehicle, which intercepts a part of the rays reflecting from his body; he condenses the interjacent air with grosser meteors blown into it or otherwise violently moves it, which drowns another part of the rays and lastly, he obstructs the optic nerves with humours stirred towards them: all which, joined together, may easily intercept the whole ray reflecting from those bodies, so as to make no impression upon the common sense; and yet at the same time, by a refraction of the rays gliding along the fitted sides of the volatile couch in which Satan transports them, and thereby meeting and coming to the eye as if there were nothing interjacent, the wall or chair behind the same bodies may be seen,'* &c. And led on by their own superstitious fancies—fancies fanned and kept in being by a farrago of empty rubbish like the foregoing—then juries, not in our own land alone, but over the whole continent of Europe, and in New England, condemned thousands of poor victims to the stake. All the horrors of religious persecution in England were far transcended by the horrors of the witch mania. The details of the dreadful cruelties attending the belief in witchcraft are doubtless well known to all our readers. The history of the faith in witchcraft forms indeed one of the appalling chapters in the Wonders of Human Folly. Bishop Jewell, in his sermons before Queen Elizabeth, used invariably to conclude with a fervent prayer that she might be saved from witches. Upon one occasion, in 1598, he said—'It may please your Grace to understand that witches and sorcerers, within these last four years, are marvellously increased within this your Grace's realm. Your Grace's subjects pine away even unto the death; their colour fadeth—their flesh rotteth—their speech is benumbed—their senses are bereft! I pray God that they may never practise further than on the

* Quoted by Jackson, 'Four Ages,' pp. 36, 37.

subject.' King James I. of England is principally famous for leading on a crusade against the witches. He is sometimes called the Demonologist, from his writing a book or treatise on Demonology. He says two good helps may be used for the detection of witches: 'The one is the finding of their mark, and the trying the insensibleness thereof; the other is their floating on the water; for, as in a secret murthur, if the dead carcass be at any time thereafter handled by the murthurer, it will gush out of blood, as if the blood were crying to Heaven for revenge of the murthurer (God having appointed that secret supernatural sign for the trial of that secret unnatural crime); so that it appears that God hath appointed (for a supernatural sign of the monstrous impiety of witches) that the water shall refuse to receive them in her bosom, that have shaken off them the sacred water of baptism, and wilfully refused the benefit thereof; no, not so much as their eyes are able to shed tears (threaten and torture them as you please), while first they repent (God not permitting them to dissemble their obstinacy in so horrible a crime.) Albeit the womankind especially be able otherwise to shed tears at every light occasion, when they will; yea, although it were dissembling like the crocodiles.' And most horrible were the cruelties practised in obedience to the dictates of this sage monarch. The test he recommended of swimming was universally adopted. The hands and feet of the suspected persons were tied crosswise together, the thumb of the right hand to the toe of the left foot, and *vice versâ*. They were then wrapped up in a large sheet or blanket, and laid upon their backs in a pond or river. If they sunk, their friends and relatives had the poor consolation of knowing they were innocent, but there was an end of them: if they floated, which, when laid carefully on the water, was generally the case, there was also an end of them, for they were deemed guilty of witchcraft, and burned accordingly. Dr Zachery Grey informs us, in a note to 'Hudibras,' that he perused a list of 3000 witches who were executed in the time of the Long Parliament alone. It is estimated that during the first eighty years of the seventeenth century, the number executed was 500 annually, making the solemn total of 40,000.* The witch mania was not confined to England; in Germany it raged, if possible, more terribly. At Wurtzburg, 157 persons were burned in two years, in twenty-nine burnings, averaging from five to six at a time. The list includes three playactors, four innkeepers, three common council-men, fourteen vicars of the cathedral, the burgomaster's lady, an apothecary's wife and daughter, two choristers of the cathedral, Göbel Babelin, the prettiest girl in the town, and the wife, the two little sons and daughter, of the Councillor Stolzenburg. Thus into the fires so cruelly kindled were all ages, grades, and classes and professions, promiscuously thrown. The details of the cruel persecution on suspicion of witchcraft are among the best known of all the popular universal spasms that have afflicted man. The history of war reveals absurdities as ridiculously terrific, in the strange causes which have prompted to the battle-field—in the singular growth of national antipathies—in the long-slumbering embers which, at last fanned by some unhappy breath, blazed high into a column of fire, and wrapt whole peoples and ages in its cruel and devouring flame. In all this and

* Mackay's Memoirs of Popular Delusions, chapter 'Witch Mania,' vol. ii.

these we find other illustrations of that simultaneous madness which occasionally afflicts our world.

One of the most simultaneous follies that ever arrested the human mind, was the precipitation of Europe upon Asia by the preaching of the *Croisades*—the rescuing of the sepulchre of Christ from Saracenic sway. It was, in truth, a frenzy in which there was no sublimity: it was the rush of a canonised banditti. Of so vast and heterogeneous a multitude history furnishes no other record. The invasion was not merely Asiatic; Europe suffered still more: Beneath the guidance of Walter, well named the Penniless, they burned, and robbed, and cut their way through Germany, Hungary, and Bulgaria. Composed for the most part of vagabonds and courtezans, of weak women and poverty-stricken men and children, on they swarmed, in bands varying from one to five thousand. In shameless profligacy they moved, their vice only equalled by their superstition. Their cruelty was dreadful. Other troops followed, more disciplined and orderly. Some estimates give the number that passed to Asia at about half a million, disciplined or undisciplined. Soldiers or serfs alike, one fierce fanaticism fired all; all were alike the murderers of Jews and Turks; all, for a vain and empty vision, were the disturbers of the peace alike of Europe and Asia. The kings and nobles of Europe left their countries a prey to the grasp of mere lawless violence at home. They mortgaged the estates of their people in heavy and most iniquitous taxes to support the burthen of the expedition. The man whose conscience was burthened with crimes in Europe, hastened away, sure of indulgence for the most heinous sins—sure of heaven and immortal blessedness if he fell fighting beneath the banners of the Crusaders. This is not the place to enter into any minute details of the events of those terrific follies; but it may be interesting, in passing, to notice how true it is that the follies of men on a grand scale are frequently the great means of civilising society. The Crusades, fearful, indeed, in their influence, were the great sanitary reformers of the middle ages. The social influence of the intercommunion of the Saracenic and European minds upon Europe especially was immense. Our fathers visited the East a race of unpolished barbarians; they brought back with them a thousand new ideas, which unfolded themselves in furniture, in arts, in literature, in manners. The Saracens were no mere rugged hordes; they excelled the European in civility and generosity, and the reaction of their mind was most beneficial. Its influence may still be traced in many a lingering fashion and precious discovery. Even thus ever is the world requited for the achievements of folly: the madness of the action is compensated by the benevolence of the reaction. To believe in the absolute and unmingled mischief of error or of any folly, would now be in itself a folly. It is one of the consolations of wisdom to find in the most unlikely causes beneficial results—a soul of goodness always in things most evil.

While some follies have swayed a sceptre over many kingdoms and continents, others have been *local*, and confined to a nation. We may very easily imagine the inhabitants of different kingdoms laughing heartily at each other's superstitions. Every nation presents some incongruity to the eyes of a foreigner in language, in costume, in behaviour. It is strangeness

that for the most part excites to risibility. We laugh at the dress of the Chinese mandarin. The Hindoo Brahmins, if they beheld the robes of our priests and the wigs of our lawyers, they would laugh too. We smile with self-complacency at the notions of Mohammedans and pagans; we forget that, if they were acquainted with us, the self-complacent smile would not be confined to the cheek of the Briton. When a Persian woman is to be cured of sterility, her relations lead her from her house to a particular mosque by her horse's bridle, which they put on her head over her veil. She carries in her hand a new broom, and a new earthen pot full of nuts. They make her mount to the top of the minaret, cracking at each step a nut, putting it into the pot, and throwing the shells on the stairs. In descending, she sweeps the stairs with her broom, carries her pot and broom into the choir of the mosque, and puts the kernels of the nuts into the corner of her veil, together with some raisins. She goes then towards her home, and presents to such men as she meets that are agreeable to her, a few of these nuts and raisins, desiring them to eat; and this the Persians firmly believe cures sterility! Thus we pity the folly of the Persian; but the Persian, too, can smile as well as ourselves. A Turkish officer taken prisoner in the course of the European war, wrote in his journal—'To-day I saw a procession in which a woman carried a child to the church. After saying some prayers, the priest sprinkled the child with some water: this, they told me, made it a Christian; and it had this great effect upon the child, that if it had died before the ceremony, it would have been tormented for ever; but if it were now to die, it would be eternally happy—so great is the virtue of a few drops of water!' These are social follies and errors: from them no nation is exempt. They are peculiar to certain climates, to certain states of civilisation, to certain employments of the people and pursuits of life. The superstitions of nations vary according to all these circumstances. That fatal and inhuman prejudice of the Shetlanders, that one who saves a drowning man will receive at his hands some deep wrong or injury, could only exist in the neighbourhood of the sea; and the superstitions of the German mythology, which represent the woods, and forests, and fields, as peopled by a race of fairies, nymphs, and aërial spirits, and the waters as thronged by naiads and undines, could only emanate from people living in the depth of old forest glooms, and accustomed to look upon the more loving and gentle aspects of nature. As we reach the ferocity and sternness of Scandinavian scenes, we are surrounded by altogether a different class of superstitions. The follies of a nation are the transcript of its scenery, its genius, and its character. We may read in many of them the country, the mind, and the occupation.

The history of law presents to us many conventional follies; for the laws of all nations have their own mysteries, and many of them of the most absurd character. There is an instance on record of extraordinary legal refinement in the fifth of Elizabeth, c. 4, quoted by Sir Morton Eden. A person named Plume was indicted, upon the statute the fifth of Elizabeth, for that he had set up, and used, and exercised *Artem mysteriam sivi manuel occupationem pomarii:—Anglicè*, he had set up in the trade of a fruiterer, being a trade, mystery, and manual occupation used in this country, in which the said Plume was not brought up for seven years. It was argued that this act extends not to every trade, but such as require skill

and art; not to a hempdresser, or bobbinmonger, nor to a gardener. The barber was also instanced; but his profession was adjudged to be doubtful. On the other side, it was argued that in the trade of a fruiterer it was well known much skill was required in sorting of fruit, in judging of durableness, in choosing of times to gather and preserve. It was deserving of great consideration, too, that the fruiterers were a most ancient corporation. Eventually, it was given against the poor fruiterer: it was argued many times in several courts. Brewers and bakers were adjudged to be out of the act; but it was decided that the selling of fruit was an art and mystery too serious to be intrusted to uninitiated hands.

Many and most curious are the illustrations of social insanity. The history of the science of heraldry is full of them; and Mr Layard, in his deeply-interesting work on Nineveh, mentions the case of a pacha who levied in every town through which he passed, and spent a night, a tax called tooth-money!—a fine imposed for the wear and tear of his teeth during his stay! Wherever these absurd customs are, they invariably point to a low state of morals; for morals and manners index each other—the one cannot be exalted where the other is debased. Manners are the result of morals; the first take their tone from the last. There is no custom so degrading, there is no opinion so enslaving, but it may be loved and be believed by a people whose moral life is erroneous and vicious; and, on the contrary, where the faith is pure, and the conscience fastidious, and the mind disposed to truth and to inquiry, it is impossible that either superstitious creeds, or ludicrous manners, or vain and empty ceremonies, should long linger and find a stronghold. Social errors are certainly the very holds and turrets of folly; and they are not to be shaken by any bolts from a distance, but the perpetual action from within. To cure the follies of men, it is perhaps best to say little about the particular folly, but to assail the region of moral darkness whence the folly takes its rise.

But the most wonderful exposition of conventional follies is contained in that singular book, Sir Thomas Brown's 'Pseudodoxia Epidemica'—('Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors.') When we remember that Sir Thomas, great and good man, and copious and learned writer as he was, appeared in an English court to bear witness against some parties accused of witchcraft—a crime in the possibility of which he very devoutly believed—it seems very much like folly curing folly. Some of the errors he labours to explode are remarkable enough, and all of them appear to have been at one time received as genuine truths: for instance, that the left eye of a hedgehog, fried in oil, procures sleep; that the right foot of a frog in a deer's skin is a cure for the gout; that to dream of the loss of the right or the left tooth presageth the death of male or female kindred; that a man has one rib less than a woman; that Jews stink; that a certain Jew has wandered about the world since the death of Christ; that the tenth wave of the sea is greater and more dangerous than all the rest; that the blood of a goat will dissolve a diamond; that a candle made of human fat, when lighted, will prevent a person when asleep from awaking; that an elephant hath no joints. A great number of conceits, equally frivolous and ridiculous, are commented upon; but for the most part it resembles the setting in motion an engine to crush a fly. Certainly, if any person would see what absurdities may obtain credence in darkened minds, he may peruse

this volume; nor will he fail to receive hints which may benefit him in the disentanglement of other truths; but the book itself is but a remarkable monument of curious learning, with little that is practical to the present state of error and the demands of the human mind. What we call the follies of men, are the streams and currents of human opinion; and as rivers flowing through different countries change and vary the images reflected on their bosom, so is it with opinions and manners. Few streams are perfectly transparent, and all receive the scenes upon their bosom which smile along their banks; and so the advancing mind of man is coloured and shaded by the studies, the habits, and discoveries of his age; and although he does not quit the course of folly, his frivolities are tempered and modified by the dissemination of intelligence. In our own day, Sir Thomas Brown would not enter into a laboured and learned dissertation to prove that 'a pot full of ashes will not hold as much water as the pot emptied of its ashes.' He would not discourse of the 'veneration of the basilisk,' or the musical note of swans before their death. Yet society still has its vulgar errors. Time and progress have changed the manifestation, but the spirit of ancient folly lingereth still.

A history of folly would be very incomplete if it contained no notice or reference to the singular manias which have from time to time interfered with the trade of England, Holland, and France. In the last-mentioned country, the Mississippi Scheme produced a panic of a most disastrous character. John Law, the celebrated Scotchman, who was the author of the scheme, and whose name in connection with it has generally been the subject of unmingled abuse, and even execration, does not seem to have deserved the condemnation he received. Whether we can claim for him entire disinterestedness, may be questionable: there are few persons who deserve that exalted praise. His design, however, seems to have been to free the government of France from the embarrassments caused by the follies of Louis XIV. The principles adopted by Law in his bank, and acted upon, were far in advance of the method of trade in that day; and the probability is, that his mistakes proceeded, in a very eminent degree, from the advice of the regent of France. However that may be, at that time the country of Louisiana and the great river Mississippi was supposed to abound in the precious metals. Law proposed to establish a company, with the exclusive privilege of trading thither. The prospects of the company seemed most magnificent; the public enthusiasm was unable to resist a vision so splendid; at least 300,000 applications were made for 50,000 new shares, and dukes, marquises, counts, with their duchesses, marchionesses, and countesses, waited in the streets for hours to know the result of their applications. At last lodgings were taken in the neighbourhood, that they might be continually near the office whence wealth was streaming over the nation every day. The value of the old shares increased, and it was deemed advisable to create no less than 300,000 new shares, at 5000 livres each, that the regent might take advantage of the popular enthusiasm to pay off the national debt. People of every sex and age speculated on the rise and fall of the Mississippi bonds. The residence of Law was in the Rue de Quincampoix—and being a narrow, inconvenient street, accidents continually occurred in it from the pressure of the crowd. Houses in it

worth, in ordinary times, a thousand livres of yearly rent, yielded as much as twelve or sixteen thousand. A cobbler who had a stall in it gained as much as 200 livres a day, by letting it out and furnishing writing materials to the brokers and their clients. A story goes that a humpbacked man who stood in the street, gained considerable sums by lending his back out as a writing-desk to the speculators! Two sober, quiet, philosophic men of letters, M. de la Motte and the Abbé Terrasson, congratulated themselves that they at least were free from the infatuation. A few days after, the abbé was coming out of the office, whither he had gone to buy shares in the Mississippi; whom should he see but his friend La Motte entering for the same purpose! 'Ha!' said the abbé, smiling, 'is that *you*?' 'Yes!' said La Motte, pushing past him as fast as he was able—'and can that be *you*?' The regent was one day mentioning, in the presence of D'Argenson, the Abbé Dubois, and some other persons, that he was desirous of deputing some lady of the rank of a duchess to attend upon his daughter at Modena; 'but,' added he, 'I do not know exactly where to find one.' 'No!' replied one in affected surprise, 'I can tell you where to find every duchess in France. You have only to go to Mr Law's: you will see them—every one—in his antechamber.' Of course all this excitement gave a momentary impulse to trade; and Law shared in the general benefit. The estates he purchased were truly splendid. He was elevated from his connection with the finances of the country to be a minister of France—he was by far the most influential person in the country—he was regarded as its saviour. The prince-regent, imagining that a method that had already produced such apparently beneficial results could not be pushed to extremes, authorised the creation of millions more of paper money. He was wholly ignorant of political economy, and disregarded the warnings of parliament. For some time the illusion was maintained, and during this period the stock-jobbers, justly foreseeing that the folly could not last long, turned their stock in the Mississippi Company into specie, and conveyed the gold and silver to England and Holland. At last the mist cleared up, and the country was ruined: every method was used for the purpose of maintaining or restoring the credit of paper. It was forbidden to buy up jewellery, plate, or precious stones; informers were encouraged to detect such criminals; and the virtuous and honest were frequently found guilty of having the slightest piece of gold in their possession. It was computed that the amount of notes in the country in circulation was to the amount of 2,600,000,000 of livres. The coin of the country was not quite equal to half that amount. The popular rage against Law was as wild as the excitement had been in his adulation and praise. It was with difficulty he escaped with his life, both from the arm of the law and the hands of the populace. He sought shelter in his own country, and betook himself to the pursuits of the gambler for his support. The only thing of value—his only means of obtaining bread when he left the French capital—was a diamond worth from five to six thousand pounds sterling. This he pawned, though he was enabled to redeem it by successful play. He continued in England about four years; he then went to Venice, where he died in great indigence in 1729.

That was the age of bubbles and manias. England was infected, and suffered severely. Mr Mackay, in his interesting work on 'Popular

Delusions,' records an instance now almost passing belief. An advertisement was issued by some unknown adventurer, entitled—'*for a company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is.*' This master-stroke of impudence, incredible as it seems, was successful. The adventurer merely stated in his prospectus that the required capital was half a million, in 5000 shares of £100 each, deposit £2 per share. Each subscriber paying his deposit would be entitled to £100 per annum per share. He gave no hint of the means by which this large profit was to be obtained, but promised full particulars in a month, when he would call for the remaining £98 of the subscription. So, on the morning appointed, the office was opened in Cornhill. It was beset by crowds of people; and although closed at three o'clock, no less than 1000 shares had been subscribed for, and the deposits paid. Thus in five hours he was the winner of £2000. He was never heard of again!* There is an enumeration of eighty-six companies suppressed, and declared to be illegal, amongst which we find one for making iron and steel in Great Britain; another for a wheel for perpetual motion, capital one million; another for trading in and improving certain commodities of the produce of this kingdom; another for extracting silver from lead; another for making iron with pit coal; another was called Puckle's Machine Company, for making round and square cannon-balls, and effecting a revolution in the whole art of war. But the scheme of schemes was the great South Sea Bubble, founded upon the project for a monopoly of the South Sea trade. The delirium seized upon the nation while Law's Mississippi plan was at its height. It was devised by Sir John Blunt in 1720, and it led to a repetition in England of all the follies of the French capital. The scene of excitement was Exchange Alley. Some of our readers must have realised the wonderful frenzy of the time from Ward's picture in the Vernon Gallery. The price of stock rose to 1000 per cent. There appears to have been a far greater amount of blind folly, and reckless, heartless rapacity in the South Sea than in the Mississippi scheme. Law's project of exclusive trade to Louisiana promised advantage: it was defeated by the frantic eagerness of the people. Law himself was sacrificed by the political iniquity of the prince-regent. But the South Sea scheme promised no commercial advantage. It was a bubble, and but a bubble. The shameful audacity and villany of the projector was only equalled by the blindness and the imbecility of the people. The bubble burst. It involved the nation for a long time in an inextricable labyrinth of perplexity and ruin. The history of the events connected with it remain as warning-beacons against the propensity to commercial gambling. The necessity for recurring to those events from time to time has not yet ceased. From time to time yet, a ridiculous infatuation to acquire wealth speedily, by an illegitimate shifting of the cards, rather than by the fair and equitable methods for the employment of capital and labour, seizes the people; and thus probably it ever will be, until those who possess property shall be acquainted with the principles and laws of trade, and shall at the same time be desirous to restore to the commercial character generally an inviolate and inflexible spirit of single-minded honesty.

* Mackay's 'Popular Delusions,' vol. i. p. 88.

But surely even the folly of the wildest schemes was thrown into the shade by the Tulipomania. In the year 1634 a rage for tulips seized upon the Dutch; and although this indeed almost surpasses credence, effects as disastrous followed in Holland as at a subsequent period in France and England. The prices of tulips rose so high, that persons were known to invest a fortune of 100,000 florins in the purchase of forty roots. The prices of roots varied from 2500 to 5000 florins. One writer has enumerated the following articles, which might all be purchased for the price of one tulip-root :—

Two lasts of wheat,	448	florins.
Four lasts of rye,	558	...
Four fat oxen,	480	...
Eight fat swine,	240	...
Twelve fat sheep,	120	...
Two hogsheads of wine,	70	...
Four tuns of beer,	32	...
Two tons of butter,	192	...
One thousand pounds of cheese,	120	...
A complete bed,	100	...
A suit of clothes,	80	...
A silver drinking-cup,	60	...
Total,	2500	...

And amusing enough were some of the mistakes which took place. There was a wealthy merchant, who prided himself not a little on his rare tulips. Receiving on one occasion intelligence of a very valuable consignment of merchandise from the Levant, brought him by a sailor, who presented himself at the counting-house, among bales of goods of every description, the merchant, to reward him for his news, made him a present of a fine herring for his breakfast. The sailor had, it appears, a very great partiality for onions, and seeing a root very like an onion lying on the counter of the liberal trader, and thinking it out of its place among silks and satins, he slyly slipped it into his pocket as a relish for his red herring. He got off with his prize, and proceeded to the quay to eat his breakfast. Hardly was his back turned, when the merchant missed his valuable Semper Augustus, worth 3000 florins—about £280 sterling. Instantly the whole establishment was roused to the search: it had proceeded far, and much time was wasted, when some one thought of the sailor. The poor merchant hastened after him. The sailor, aiming at no concealment, was found quietly enough munching the last morsel of his *onion:* he did not dream that the cost of his breakfast that morning would have maintained a ship's crew for twelve months! The poor fellow remained in prison some months on a charge of felony preferred against him by the merchant.

There is another story told of an English gentleman who happened to see a tulip-root in the conservatory of a wealthy Dutchman. He took out his penknife, and peeled off its coat, with the view of making experiments upon it. Suddenly the owner pounced upon him, and with fury in his eyes, asked him if he knew what he had been doing! 'Peeling a most extraordinary onion,' replied the philosopher. '*Hundert tausand duyvel!*' said the Dutchman; 'it is an Admiral Van der Eyck!' 'Thank you,' replied the amateur, taking out his note-book to make a memorandum of

e same; 'are these admirals common in your country?' 'Death and e devil!' said the Dutchman, seizing the astonished man of science by e collar; 'come before the syndic, and you shall see.' Resistance, monstrance, were alike in vain: he was carried before the magistrate, d learned to his amazement that the root he had destroyed was worth 00 florins, and he was lodged in prison until he could find securities r the payment of the sum. Of course a freak, an arbitrary whim of hion like this, could not last long. The fictitious value of tulips soon minished, and Holland was plunged in a vortex of difficulties in conse-ence. Again the stockjobbers managed to save themselves from any nsiderable loss, while the tradesmen and others who had been mad ough to risk their property on the consequences of a whim, were ruined. lips in Holland are still prized more than any other flowers. The Dutch y higher prices for them than any other people; but for a long time nsterdam and the Hague, and indeed all Holland, were panic-stricken the folly of the Tulip Mania.

Before we leave the topic of the folly of popular manias, a few words st be devoted to those *political fevers*—mobs and tumults. The instances e cited are cases where the excitement was cupidity, the lust of gain, ising from a great misconception, a mental as well as a moral misconcep-n of the laws and duties of trade. A mob is the most unreasoning of follies—crime in hysterics, passion in a frenzy: the excitement is usually enge. It would be strange if blind men, relying on their own power of ion, did not perform strange freaks; and a mob is always blind, as dark the interests of the individual anarchists as to the interests of those who l the fangs of its fury. To riot in destruction, to revel in mischief, to d a home when every evil act is committed—this is the instinctive ten-ncy of the mob. For religion, for liberty, for conservatism, the spirit d the practice is the same. We have learned to believe that the *animus* that tyranny is madness, which seeks by force to repress any opinions ther than by the force of persuasion and reason; but the madness is a usandfold greater, and the force a thousandfold weaker, when wielded a mob. Violence is always folly, for it is never strength. Violence not determination; it is not resistance: it is bravado, which foresight, d skill, and coolness, can always resist and overcome. Some men ve attempted to purchase freedom by the preaching of the gospel of lence; but in vain, for such men are never free: and others have at-pted by the same means to raise the rate of wages, and by hoarse tings and infuriate fires, to destroy the stern and iron necessity. All h endeavours are sad, and would excite our laughter, if it were not t pitiable to behold the dumb, choking despair girt round by so terrible ignorance. Perhaps the most ludicrous mob that ever assembled was t of Birmingham in 1791. Most mobs have been convoked by the spirit democracy; but this was fought beneath the banners of church and g, for the purpose of proclaiming inviolable hatred to the principles of French Revolution. The houses of Dr Priestley and Mr Hutton were ked and burned down. For the greater part of a week the riots con-ued unchecked, without any direct interference from the magistrates. me, indeed, harangued the rioters, and said they had now done enough

to shew their attachment to the government. A placard, addressed to the rioters, was posted on the walls, and headed, 'Friends and Brother Churchmen!' It was signed by sixteen magistrates; and it went on to remind them, in the gentlest terms, that the damage they were doing would fall, not upon the persons whose houses they were destroying, but on the respective parishes, and would have to be paid out of the rates. 'We therefore,' continued the address, 'as your friends, conjure you immediately to desist from the destruction of any more houses. Otherwise, the very proceedings of your zeal for shewing your attachment to your church and king, will eventually be the means of most seriously injuring innumerable families who are hearty supporters of government, and bring on an addition of taxes, which yourselves, and the rest of the friends of the church, will feel a very grievous burthen.' Were ever more gentle measures tried for dispersing a mob?—did the world ever behold a more complacent and peace-making magistracy?

It is comparatively rare to find great folly marked by entire *individuality*. Men reflect each other, and the great aggregate of human eccentricity is made up of millions of atoms of perversity very much like each other. Yet there are some startling instances which stand forth in bold bas-relief amongst the monuments of vanity. There are some names handed down to us as those of the very apostles of imbecility and folly—persons who are the sad but appropriate illustrations of wasted lives gifted with no ordinary powers. Men of no ordinary attainments, possessed of remarkable energy, fitting them to do immense service to the world; giants playing out their days, instead of working out a destiny; the strength of a Hercules employed to catch butterflies; the wealth of a Crœsus exhausted in the purchase of a bottle of otto of roses—what more mournful tragedy than this does the light of all history and biography present to us?—'the waste of time in strenuous idleness.' Impressions like these come always with the perusal of the lives of those wonderful dreamers the alchemists—those sublime charlatans, the daring dreamers who lived, starving frequently, amidst their speculations, which were to turn slates, and stones, and lead, into gold, and died while struggling to drink on earth the waters of immortality.

Poor Bernard of Treves, what a wasted life was his, what a wonder of human folly! A brave perseverance, defying all obstacles, mastering languages, poring over the most occult books, traversing sea and land in an age when sea and land were not easily traversed, expending immense wealth, baffled, defeated, but betaking himself to his work again, stricken with poverty and age, living for eighty-three years only intent on one idea, living a victim, and dying a martyr to it. Pity that energies sufficient to have made him the evangelist of truth, should only be the useless decorations of the patriarch of folly; in the study and the application practically to the works of Rhazes, from which he expected to increase the value of gold one hundredfold, he spent four years and eight hundred crowns. Losing faith in the method proposed by Rhazes, he betook himself to that of Geber, and in the study and application of the principles of that distinguished alchemist, he spent in the course of two years two thousand crowns; he then became acquainted with a monk of the order of St Francis,

ho persuaded him that highly-rectified spirits was the universal alkahest
r dissolvent, which would aid them greatly in the process of transmuta-
on. They rectified their alcohol till it became so strong as to burst
ıe vessels which contained it; and after labouring three years, and spend-
g eight hundred crowns on the liquor, they discovered that they were on
ıe wrong track. They tried alum and copperas; they next imagined
onderful properties in human excrement, and employed two years in
perimenting upon it! For twelve years he continued to work in his
boratory, to spend his money, and to pray to God day and night that he
ould aid him to discover the golden secret. In the course of some years
nother friend persuaded him that the ocean was the mother of gold,
ıd that sea-salt would change iron and gold into precious metals; so he
ailt a house on the coast of the Baltic, and set to work upon salt, melting
, sublimating it, crystallising it, and occasionally drinking it, for the sake
f other experiments. By this time he was fifty years of age: he started
ıt upon his travels, to learn in foreign lands the information he could
ot obtain from his laboratories. At Citeaux he learned that the essence
f egg-shells was a valuable ingredient; he then tried vinegar and
pperas. Subsequently he became acquainted with Master Henry, a
lebrated German alchemist. In company with him and several others,
ı attempt was made to increase forty-five marks fivefold in five days.
he experiment was made; the marks were put into a crucible with salt,
pperas, aquafortis, egg-shells, mercury, lead, and dung. The alchemists
ıtched this precious mess, expecting that it would all agglomerate to a
mp of pure gold. At the end of three weeks they gave up, when it was
ınd that only fifteen marks of gold, instead of forty-two, could be found
the crucible. He spent thirteen thousand crowns in his journey to
rsia, and returned to Treves, if not actually a beggar, yet not much
tter. Yet, when some merchants lent him a few thousand crowns, he
osecuted the search as earnestly as ever! At the age of eighty, he
ought at his laboratory with all the zeal and enthusiasm of a young
ın; he ate there, slept there, and did not even give himself time to wash
s hands and clean his beard; and even at this great age, when his last
lden mark had evaporated, he sat down to read again the works of the
eat alchemists. Poor, gray-headed, and forsaken, his energy and his
th never forsook him. The alchemists say that in his eighty-second year
made the great discovery, and with it immense wealth, and that he lived
ree years to enjoy it. Of the probability of this, readers must judge for
emselves; but few among the moderns will peruse the life of Bernard of
eves without the feeling that his was a wasted life, and that his immense
alth, his great learning, his inexhaustible energy and perseverance, his
ried researches, have only combined to make him a wonderful monument
human folly.

Of more modern instances, Sir Francis Delaval, of Seaton Delaval in
rthumberland, is an instance of a wasted life. The halls and rooms of his
gnificent dwelling formed a perfect Calypso's Isle. A far-off and retired
age became the theatre of a round of follies more fitting for a garden of
ccaccio or an Arabian dream. Sir Francis and all his family were clever,
enious people: wit, and tact, and activity, were characteristic of every
mber of the family; but all these powers, and many more, were expended

on an empty circle of prodigalities, follies, merriments, and mischief. I was said that at the house of Sir Francis more might be seen of what i called the world in six weeks, than elsewhere could be seen in as man years. The house was full of contrivances for the execution of practic jokes—beds suspended by pulleys over trap-doors, so that when gues had retired after a carouse, and were just dropped asleep, they we rapidly let down into a cold bath, and awoke in consternation, findin themselves floundering in darkness and cold water; or the partitions of t sleeping-rooms were by some contrivance drawn up into the ceiling, a while ladies and gentlemen were preparing for their rest, were surprised find themselves in a promiscuous company, surrounded by hoop-petticoa wigs, head-dresses, and the whole variety of the finery of both sex When Sir Francis was on his deathbed, he addressed himself to Mr Edg worth in the following manner:—'Let my example warn you of a fa error into which I have fallen. I have pursued amusement, or rath frolic, instead of turning my ingenuity and talents to useful purposes. am sensible that my mind was fitted for greater things than any of which am now, or of which I was ever, supposed to be capable. I am able t speak fluently in public, and I have perceived that my manner of speakin has increased the force of what I said. Upon various useful subjects I a not deficient in useful information; and if I had employed half the tim and half the pains in cultivating serious knowledge which I have wasted i exerting my powers on trifles, instead of making myself merely a con spicuous figure at public places of amusement, instead of giving myself u to pleasure which disgusted and disappointed me, instead of dissipating m fortune and tarnishing my character, I should have distinguished myself i the senate or the army; I should have become a useful member to society and an honour to my family. Remember my advice, young man: pursu what is useful to mankind. You will satisfy them, and, what is better, yo will satisfy yourself.'

Beau Brummell has always appeared to us to be one of the human follies His was a wasted life! wit, grace, the keen eye, heart, and mind, were a surrendered, and given up to fashion; the world was with him only a gres show-room, and his body was but the machine on which tailors and draper exhibited their clothes to the best advantage: much of his phraseology i conversation had about it the grotesqueness of exceeding folly: he alway had the soles of his boots blackened and polished, alleging that such wa the negligence of human nature, that you never could calculate that th polish on the edge would be properly produced unless the whole under went the operation. What a ridiculous affectation, when he was ques tioned if he was unwell, and replied that he had caught cold throug being put into a coffee-room with a damp stranger! His life was not s much signalised by follies: it was one great folly from its commencemen to its close.

Another well-known instance of one in whom the features of Delava and Brummell were combined, was George Selwyn, the man of plea sure, the ruler of fashion, the gambler, and the wit. With immense opportunities to benefit his fellow-men, he wasted his life in the company of roués and harlots, deriving his most considerable excitement from the spectacle of public executions, and surveying only with heartless indiffe-

rence, with sympathies cased and locked up in adamant, the human world, with all its aspirations, and pains, and struggles, and defeats.

In reading the history of individual follies, we are frequently interested in noticing the surprising *inconsistencies* manifested by men even of shrewd and penetrating minds. A singular illustration from the autobiography of Lord Herbert of Cherbury will be in the memory of most of our readers. His lordship's great work, the treatise 'De Veritate,' is regarded as the pillar of the deistical system of religion: he could not believe in the Divine special interference on behalf of the affairs of our world; yet he says, after he had written the book, he considered some time whether it would be better to suppress it. 'Being thus doubtful in my chamber one fair day in the summer, my casement being opened towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book, "De Veritate," in my hand, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words:—"Oh thou eternal God! author of the light which now shines upon me, and giver of all inward illumination, I do beseech thee to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make; I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book, 'De Veritate;' if it be for thy glory, I beseech thee to give me some sign from heaven; if not, I shall suppress it." I had no sooner spoken these words, but a loud though gentle noise came through the heavens—for it was like nothing on earth—which did so comfort and cheer, that I took my petition for granted, and that I had the sign I demanded: whereupon also I resolved to print my book.'* How strange it seems that the man who could not believe that God had spoken a revelation to the world before time, spoke to him then! There are few pieces of biography of any moment in which there are not contained some things that move us as equally or more inconsistent; and for the cause we may revert to what we have already stated a few pages back. There are few of us, few of our race, in whom all the faculties are so nicely balanced and adjusted together, that some of the powers do not occasionally outstrip the others. Perhaps every man born has been occasionally guilty of things which, to his own more healthy eyes, and certainly to unprejudiced observers, look like wonders of human folly.

But the miscellany must close. Over the pages in succession have glided the varied eccentricities of man. We, too, have our eccentricities, and shall perhaps in our turn be held up in some particulars as wonders of human folly too. One or two things cannot surely fail to be remarked by those who have received the suggestions conveyed in the preceding observations and anecdotes; for instance, that error is ever evil—that truth is ever good. Trite observation as this is, it is pressed upon us with especial force in the presence of human ignorance and misguidance. Man has but to be ignorant, to be foolish, weak, and miserable. 'The way not to be led into error,' said the judicious Hooker, 'is to be thoroughly instructed.' To become better, a man must become wiser; to be wiser, he must be more thoughtful, he must be trained to think rightly—freely. For all persons who are afflicted with what we suppose to be error, we may feel pity; but to feel anger is folly. We have looked on such persons

* Life of Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury. By Himself.

as morally guilty. How absurd! We have felt wrathfully and malignantly towards them; we might as well feel angry at physical disease, at tempests and hurricanes, at the thunder and the wind. It has been one of the great occasions of error in the world, to imagine the state of information and learning upon any point as fixed. Absurd was the law of the Sorbonne in Paris, by which all persons were forbidden to hold or teach any maxim contrary to ancient and approved authors, or to enter into any debate but such as should be approved by the doctors of the Faculty of Theology. This is the hidden meaning of all force used to spread or to overthrow opinions — the supposition that absolute truth is won; that hereafter nothing can be known; that the world, or at any rate we, the propagandists, have attained to the irreversible and the fixed in knowledge and opinion; the wise man, keeping his mind open to the healthy influences of knowledge, will place superstition, war, and persecution, as all equally among the follies of mankind. He will pity the fanatic, the blind devotee to darkness and dread; and he will labour to pour more enthusiasm into the realist, so that his fervour may be proportioned to his intelligence; and more reality into the enthusiast, that his earnestness and fervour may not be expended on objects useless or impracticable. He will remember that the human child is surrounded alike in the worlds of nature, and in his own history, by the wonderful, the sensible, and the doubtful; and that each of these in turn may minister to his folly. He will neither believe too little nor too much: he will not believe the universe to exist in a nut-shell, nor will he look upon it as utterly unreal—as a phantom and a shade—especially where the wise man thinks he detects a folly, he will not denounce it. He will say to its apostle: 'Come, let us reason together;' he will hold it up to the light of evidence; he will believe that the truth, plainly told, is a match in the long-run for the complex talking of error; and as he looks mournfully through the long catalogue of the errors of past ages, he will not think of his forefathers that they were necessarily greater fools than himself, but that they possessed fewer facilities for testing truths, disseminating light, and bringing out into strong and irresistible evidence the certain folly of error.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

T is now fully a century and a half since Lady Mary Wortley Montagu
· first flashed before the admiring eyes of her contemporaries, adorning
ith her beauty, and enlivening with her most rare wit, the very highest
latform of English aristocratic society.

In looking back through this long vista of years, thronged though it be
ith many graceful forms of the good and the gifted, that social luminary
eems to suffer no eclipse. We see her, in conjunction with all the nota-
ilities of her day, almost worshipped in foreign countries, and the object
f universal interest in her own. We hear her conversing sagaciously
ith statesmen and philosophers; or addressing a *bon mot*, sparkling as the
lances of her bright eye, to some admiring poet or wit of her train; or we
adily conjure up that peculiar smile, at once playful and recklessly mis-
ievous, with which she is detailing, in one of her matchless letters, some
w bit of scandal, or satire, or *double-entendre*, so racy, and sharp, and
arkling, that it must undoubtedly have too often dyed the cheeks of the
armed yet amused correspondent. But whatever the circumstance, mood,
titude, or occupation, in it we are at once able to recognise her as she
nds prominently-out in the high relief of her singular individuality.
d we are as little apt to confound her, in the intellectual beauty of her
me, with the Eastern houris of Constantinople, as we are with anybody
e in the world, while we picture her in her old age and mysterious exile,
atiating with the keen epicurean relish which never deserts her among
violets and nightingales, her bees and her silkworms, her fifteen bowers,
h different views, and dining-room of verdure; at the same time that she
s us she has not glanced into a looking-glass for eleven years, because
last look was not a pleasant one.

t will not, therefore, be matter of wonder, that much should have been
h spoken and written about so remarkable a personage. Several notices
her life have been long before the world. In 1803 Dr Dallaway pub-
ed, from original documents, her correspondence, poems, and essays,
faced by a memoir, in five volumes. In 1836 her great-grandson, the
Lord Wharncliffe, republished the works in a much more complete
n, in three large octavo volumes, still prefixing Dr Dallaway's memoir,
with notes in explanation and correction, and supplying the interesting
lition of an ample introduction in the form of biographical anecdotes,
l known to be from the pen of Lady Louisa Stuart, the only surviving

daughter of Lord and Lady Bute. This lady, though only five years ol at the death of her celebrated grandmother, could remember having see her; having had many conversations about her with Lady Bute; an having been shewn by her part of a journal kept by Lady Mary throug out her whole life, but which delicacy towards people still alive, and pr bably a prudent regard for her mother's reputation, induced the scrupulo Lady Bute to destroy before her death.

Lady Mary was too satirical and formidable a person not to ha made many and bitter enemies among her contemporaries. It is to feared, moreover, that there are passages in her life ill calculated to sta the test of a very severe scrutiny. Lord Wharncliffe's work revived mu discussion of her character by the periodical press of the day; and sing larly candid and impartial as the biography was on all sides allowed to b as a whole, some of the statements were controverted and cavilled at; whi others were maliciously perverted, and held as admissions in corroboratio of the most scandalous of the stories circulated against her.

Without pretending to fathom the depths of all the vexed questio involving the reputation of Lady Mary, it is the purpose of this Paper t give, from the most authentic sources, as full a sketch of her life, writing and character, as its limits will allow—drawing chiefly upon Lord Whar cliffe's book, and the notices to which it gave rise, for the materials of th memoir—and being guided in our estimate of her character by the ind cations of it that appear in her own works, and the testimony of numero contemporary writers—making due allowance always for the boldness an freedom which universally characterised the modes of expression in he day. No one who has been endowed by the Creator with large faculti whether they have been used for evil or for good, will be found, whe properly viewed, to have lived altogether in vain. His outward manifest tion may only arrest the eye, as a beacon to deter; or it may sound grat fully on the ear like a friendly cheer from the gained shore, reviving th sinking heart of the still tossed mariner; but of such a one it may be con fidently affirmed, that he has fulfilled his destiny in the ever-progressiv development of the species. It cannot, then, be either an uninterestin or an uninstructive task for our readers to glance briefly with us ov the life and conversation of one who played so important a part in th great world-drama of her own day; who, besides leaving behind her in he writings many monuments of her genius, has a strong claim on the gra titude of posterity for having saved the lives of thousands by the intro duction into England of the Turkish method of modifying the dreadfi scourge of smallpox—shewing both moral and maternal courage in tryin the experiment on her own son; of one, above all, who was so strong and yet so weak; so flattered, and so reviled; so beloved, and so hated.

Lady Mary Pierrepont, eldest daughter of Evelyn, first Duke of King ston, by the Lady Mary Fielding, daughter of William, Earl of Denbigh was born at Thoresby in Nottinghamshire in the year 1690. She ha two sisters by the same parents (for the duke had two more daughters by a second wife), and an only brother, who died of smallpox during hi father's lifetime, and whose son became the second and last Duke o Kingston. The elder of her two sisters, Lady Frances—to whom some o

her best letters were addressed—was married to John Erskine, Earl of Mar; and the other, Lady Evelyn, to John, Earl of Gower.

It is interesting to note that, both by father's and mother's side, Lady Mary came of an active and energetic race. The Fieldings, as well as the Pierreponts, were deeply engaged in the civil war, and apparently from individual convictions—two brothers among the latter, and a father and son among the former, having chosen different sides. Lady Mary, in one of her letters, boasts of her great-grandfather having earned by his sagacity and prudence the surname of *Wise* William; and Leigh Hunt tells us these were not the highest qualities to which she might have laid claim by inheritance. Genius and wit had also manifested themselves in the family before her day—George Villiers, the witty Duke of Buckingham, having been her great-uncle; and Beaumont, the dramatist, also her relation, his mother being a Pierrepont of the same stock.

Lady Mary, to her great misfortune, lost her mother at the early age of four years; and though she speaks highly of her grandmother, the Countess-Dowager of Denbigh and Desmond, as having had a superior understanding, and having retained it to an extraordinarily advanced age, that lady appears to have done but little towards supplying to her the important maternal duties. Indeed the want of a certain delicacy of mind and feminine self-restraint, the usual results of careful training, caused in all probability much of the suffering which embittered her afterlife.

Though Lady Kingston died so early, her husband continued a widower till all his children were grown up and married. Lady Mary gives us the character of both her parents in one sentence, when she says that Richardson, without knowing it, drew their portraits in Sir Thomas and Lady Grandison. But though probably too much a man of pleasure to disturb himself with any overanxious concern for the best interests of his children, a little incident which Lady Mary loved to recall, proves that she was, at least in her childhood, the object of Lord Kingston's pride and fondness. As the scene is at once characteristic of the times and of the *dramatis personæ*, we shall give it entire in Lady Louisa Stuart's lively words, on whom, as Lord Wharncliffe justly remarks, 'a ray of Lady Mary's talent seems to have fallen:'—

'As a leader of the fashionable world, and a strenuous Whig in party, he (Lord Kingston) belonged to the Kit-cat Club. One day, at a meeting to choose toasts for the year, a whim seized him to nominate her, then not eight years old, a candidate, alleging that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members demurred, because the rules of the club forbade them to select a beauty whom they had never seen. "Then you shall see her," cried he; and in the gaiety of the moment sent orders to have her finely dressed, and brought to him at the tavern, where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking-glass. The company consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another; was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sensations—they amounted to ecstasy:

never again throughout her whole future life did she pass so happy a day. Nor, indeed, could she; for the love of admiration, which this scene was calculated to excite or increase, could never again be so fully gratified. There is always some alloying ingredient in the cup, some drawback upon the triumphs of grown people: her father carried on the frolic, and, we may conclude, confirmed the taste, by having her picture painted for the club-room, that she might be enrolled a regular toast.'

True as it may be that the dawn of her genius opened auspiciously, there seems but little ground for Dr Dallaway's assertion, that Lady Mary's father had bestowed on her the best classical education. If it had been so, she would hardly, in afteryears, while so earnestly recommending a learned education for women, have spoken of her own as 'one of the worst in the world, being exactly the same as Clarissa Harlowe's.' Quick and ambitious as she was, she may have picked up 'small Latin and less Greek' by the side of her brother; but it could not be much, for Lady Bute expressly said that her mother understood little or no Greek; and we find Lady Mary herself writing to Mrs Anne Wortley in 1709, when she must have been nineteen years old, that she was then trying whether it was possible to learn Latin without a master.

No doubt the good homespun governess of whom she often speaks would lay the necessary foundation, and a beautiful girl of good parts is sure of finding, as she grows up, plenty of instructors in what may be termed masculine knowledge. Lady Mary acknowledges her obligations to Bishop Burnet for 'condescending to direct the studies of a girl;' and we find her corresponding with him on the subject of a translation she had made, under his eye, of the Latin version of Epictetus. But while she strengthened her mind by such exercises, she did not neglect to indulge and amuse it by the study of every work of fancy or fiction that came in her way. She delighted in the romances of the old French school, and possessed, and left behind her, the entire library of Mrs Lennox's Female Quixote 'Cassandra,' 'Alice,' &c.; on the blank leaf of a volume of which (the 'Astrea') she had written out, in 'her fairest youthful hand,' the names and characteristic qualities of the chief personages, thus:—The beautiful Diana, the volatile Climene, the melancholy Doris, Celadon the faithful, Adamas the wise;' and so on, to the extent of two long columns. Her earliest-known poetic effusion, which is an epistle from Julia to Ovid, written at the age of twelve, is quite in accordance with these tastes; and though not equal to some of Pope's at the same age, shews a remarkable power of harmonious versification.

At the age of fourteen, we find her lamenting, in a melodious couplet, that she has in vain sought truth either in town, court, or sanctuary; at fifteen, she is busy with the project of establishing a nunnery in England, of which she intends one day to be the lady abbess; and at twenty she translates the Enchiridion, and complains to her friend the bishop, in a sober and dignified strain, of the injustice and neglect shewn to women, supporting her views by a Latin quotation from Erasmus.

But what probably aided more than any other advantage could have done in the development of Lady Mary's genius, was the secluded leisure of her life during these important early years. They were passed partly at Thoresby, partly at Acton near London; but at both places in a retire-

ent unbroken except by a visit now and then from one of her few early mpanions, or when her father, Lord Dorchester, who appears not to ve spent much of his time with his family, chose, as he sometimes did, entertain a large party of his friends at home. The *dolce far niente* rmitted now-a-days to a lady at the head of her own table, is curiously ough contrasted in the picture Lady Louisa Stuart draws of the custom our ancestors on such occasions:—

'Lord Dorchester, having no wife to do the honours of his table at horesby, imposed that task upon his eldest daughter as soon as she had odily strength for the office, which in those days required no small share; or the mistress of a country mansion was not only to invite—that is, urge nd tease—her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently wallow, but to carve every dish, when chosen, with her own hands. The reater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried p in its turn to be operated upon by her, and her alone, since the peers nd knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their ssistance, that the very master of the house, posted opposite to her, might ot act as her croupier: his department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them—the urate, or subaltern, or squire's younger brother—if suffered, through er neglect, to help himself to a slice of the mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half nclined to give a wrong vote at the next election. There were then pro- essed carving-masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically; from ne of whom Lady Mary said she took lessons three times a week, that he might be perfect on her father's public days, when, in order to perform er functions without interruption, she was forced to eat her own dinner one an hour or two beforehand.'

One of Lady Mary's early companions was the thoughtless but beautiful Dolly Walpole, Sir Robert's sister, whom she both liked and laughed at; nd another was the Lady Anne Vaughan, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, he only child of Lord Carberry—the last of a family noted for having iven that eloquent divine, Jeremy Taylor, an asylum at Golden Grove. But her most intimate and most beloved friend was Miss or (as it was hen the custom to call unmarried ladies) Mrs Anne Wortley, the favourite ister of Mr Edward Wortley Montagu, whose father, one of the sons of he Earl of Sandwich, had prefixed the name of Wortley to Montagu— aving married the heiress of the Wortley estate in Yorkshire.

We now approach the most important epoch of our heroine's life—her ourtship and marriage; and though love may be well said to be second nly to death in its power of levelling, or bringing the whole world into indred, it will be allowed that Lady Mary's individuality of mind and eling, as developed in her love-letters, must certainly rescue her from the te of being mixed up and confounded with the common mass of lovers. his Mr Edward Wortley, the brother of her friend, who is described as handsome, accomplished youth, of good sense, and much learning, the nstant associate of Addison, Steele, Congreve, and other notable men of e time, happening to meet Lady Mary one day quite accidentally in his ster's apartments, was immediately captivated by her surpassing beauty,

and on conversing with her, was scarcely less charmed with her sense an brilliant wit. Finding, to his infinite surprise, that she understood h favourite classics, he a few days afterwards presented her with a super edition of 'Quintus Curtius,' which she had mentioned as not having rea accompanied by a copy of verses, which, though not strikingly good, we quite conclusive as to the impression her wit and beauty had made on h imagination. As may be supposed, Mrs Anne Wortley was quite as rea to fan her brother's flame as to transcribe to her friend his glowi encomiums; but she did not live long to be the medium through whi the electric spark was to pass. A more direct communication begun duri her life, was secretly carried on after her death; and fortunately for us, Wortley and Lady Mary, after their marriage, agreed to put by or preser as mementos of their days of courtship, these singular love-letters, whi give so much insight into the minds and dispositions of both.

It is at once apparent that her ladyship, though endowed with a live imagination, was but little susceptible of tender emotions; that, with all h elevation of mind and splendid talents, she was quite incapable of th strong, true womanly devotedness of heart, the crowning glory and virtu of which is far more potent than either talent or beauty in investing huma life with its brightest charms; and that Mr Wortley was from th first suspicious of this defect in her nature. Though captivated by he beauty and liveliness, he seems by no means so blindly in love as to tak everything for granted in her reception of his addresses. On the contrary he hesitates, and prudently sets before her his doubts of her affectio for him, as well as the danger to their mutual happiness from her love c distinction and the admiration of other men; and her ladyship, though to honest to take credit for a degree of sensibility she neither possesses no approves of, with much cleverness and power of reasoning endeavours thr to reassure him on the other points:—

. . . . . 'I am surprised at one of the "Tatlers" you send me. Is it pos sible to have any sort of esteem for a person one believes capable of havin such trifling inclinations? Mr Bickerstaff has very wrong notions of ou sex. I can say there are some of us that despise charms of show, and a the pageantry of greatness, perhaps with more ease than any of the phil sophers. In contemning the world, they seem to take pains to contem it; we despise it, without taking the pains to read lessons of morality t make us do it. At least I know I have always looked upon it with co tempt, without being at the expense of one serious reflection to oblige m to it. I carry the matter yet further: was I to choose of £2000 a year £20,000, the first would be my choice. There is something of an unavoi able *embarras* in making what is called a great figure in the world; takes off from the happiness of life. I hate the noise and hurry inseparab from great estates or titles, and look upon both as blessings which ong only to be given to fools; for 'tis only to them that they are blessing The pretty fellows you speak of, I own, entertain me sometimes; but is impossible to be diverted with what one despises? I can laugh at puppet-show, and at the same time know that there is nothing in it wort my attention or regard. General notions are generally wrong. Ignoranc and folly are thought the best foundations for virtue, as if not knowing wha a good wife is was necessary to make one so. I confess that can never b

my way of reasoning: as I always forgive an *injury* when I think it not done out of malice, I can never think myself *obliged* by what is done without design. Give me leave to say it (I know it sounds vain), I know how to make a man of sense happy; but then that man must resolve to contribute something towards it himself. I have so much esteem for you, I should be very sorry to hear you was unhappy; but, for the world, I would not be the instrument of making you so; which (of the humours you are) is hardly to be avoided if I am your wife. You distrust me: I can neither be easy nor loved where I am distrusted. Nor do I believe your passion for me is what you pretend it; at least I am sure, was I in love, I could not talk as you do.'

In her next she hits still harder at his sentimental exactions:—

'Your letter is to tell me you should think yourself undone if you married me; but if I would be so tender as to confess I should break my heart if you did not, then you'd consider whether you would or no; but yet you hoped you shouldn't. I take this to be the right interpretation of "even your kindness can't destroy me of a sudden. I hope I am not in your power. I would give a good deal to be satisfied,"' &c. &c.

It is plain that Mr Wortley, though feeling himself no match for her in the encounter of wits, was not convinced by these lively banterings; indeed Lady Lousia tells us, 'they were perpetually on the point of breaking altogether; he felt and knew that they suited each other very ill; he saw, or thought he saw, his rivals encouraged, if not preferred; he was more affronted than satisfied with her assurances of a sober esteem and regard; and yet every struggle to get free did but end where it set out—leaving him still a captive, galled by his chain, but unable to sever one link of it effectually.' In other words, he was only a man of plain understanding, and she a brilliant wit; and as he was reasoning against his inclination, and she on the side of hers, it is plain where the victory would lie. Such letters as the following could not have been easily answered by him except in one way:—

'I will state the case to you as plainly as I can, and then ask yourself if you use me well. I have shewed, in every action of my life, an esteem for you, that at least challenges a grateful regard; I have trusted my reputation in your hands; I have made no scruple of giving you, under my own hand, an assurance of my friendship. After all this, I exact nothing from you; if you find it inconvenient for your affairs to take so small a fortune, I desire you to sacrifice nothing for me; I pretend no tie upon your honour; but, in recompense for so clear and so disinterested a proceeding, must I ever receive injuries or ill-usage?'

'Perhaps I have been indiscreet; I came young into the hurry of the world; a great innocence and an undesigning gaiety may possibly have been construed coquetry, and a desire of being followed, though never meant by me. I cannot answer for the observations that may be made on me. All who are malicious attack the careless and defenceless; I own myself to be both. I know not anything I can say more to shew my perfect desire of pleasing you and making you easy, than to proffer to be confined with you in what manner you please. Would any woman but me renounce all the world for one? or would any man but you be insensible of such a proof of sincerity?

'One part of my character is not so good, nor t'other so bad, as you fancy it. Should we ever live together, you would be disappointed both ways: you would find an easy equality of temper you do not expect, and a thousand faults you do not imagine. You think, if you married me, I should be passionately fond of you one month, and of somebody else the next. Neither would happen: I can esteem, I can be a friend; but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complaisant and easy, but never what is fond, in me.

'If you can resolve to live with a companion that will have all the deference due to your superiority of good sense, and that your proposals can be agreeable to those on whom I depend, I have nothing to say against them. As to travelling, 'tis what I should do with great pleasure, and could easily quit London upon your account: but a retirement in the country is not so disagreeable to me, as I know a few months would make it tiresome to you. When people are tied for life, 'tis their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another. If I had all the personal charms that I want—a face is too slight a foundation for happiness—you would be soon tired with seeing every day the same thing. Where you saw nothing else, you would have leisure to remark all the defects; which would increase in proportion as the novelty lessened, that is always a great charm. I should have the displeasure of seeing a coldness which, though I could not reasonably blame you for, being involuntary, yet it would render me uneasy; and the more, because I know a love may be revived which absence, inconstancy, or even infidelity, has extinguished; but there is no returning from a *dégôut* given by satiety.'

After many disputes and lovers' quarrels, Mr Wortley was at last sufficiently convinced and reassured to resolve on making his proposals to Lord Dorchester, who received them graciously; and all went on well till the momentous questions of portion and settlement came under consideration, when he suddenly broke off the match in a great indignation, the cause of which Lady Louisa thus explains:—'We see how the practice of a man's entailing his estate upon his eldest son while as yet an unborn child, an unknown being, is ridiculed in the "Tatler" and "Spectator," whose authors, it may be observed, had not estates to entail. Mr Wortley, who *had*, entertained the same opinions. Possibly they were originally his own, and promulgated by Addison and Steele at his suggestion; for, as he always liked to think for himself, many of his notions were singular and speculative. However this might be, he upheld the system, and acted upon it, offering to make the best provision in his power for Lady Mary, but steadily refusing to settle his landed property upon a son who, for aught he knew, might prove unworthy to possess it—might be a spendthrift, an idiot, or a villain.

'Lord Dorchester, on the other hand, said that these philosophic theories were very fine, but his grandchildren should not run the risk of being left beggars; and as he had to do with a person of no ordinary firmness, the treaty ended there. The secret correspondence and intercourse, however, went on as before; and shortly Lady Mary acquainted her lover that she was peremptorily commanded to accept the offers of another suitor ready to close with all her father's terms; to settle handsome pin-money, jointure, provision for heirs, and so forth; and, moreover, concede the point most agreeable to herself—that of giving her a fixed establishment in London;

ich, by the by, Mr Wortley had always protested against. Lord rchester seems to have asked no questions touching her inclination in ıer instance; for a young lady in those days to interfere or claim a right :hoice was almost thought, as it still is in France, a species of indelicacy. ly Mary nevertheless declared, though timidly, her utter antipathy to person proposed for her. Upon this her father summoned her to his ul presence, and after expressing surprise at her presumption in ques- ıing his judgment, assured her he would not give her a single sixpence he married anybody else. She sought the usual resource of poor damsels :he like case—begging permission not to marry at all; but he answered t then she should be immediately sent to a remote place in the country, ide there during his life, and at his death have no portion save a derate annuity. Relying upon the effect of these threats, he proceeded if she had given her fullest and freest consent: settlements were drawn, dding-clothes bought, the day was appointed, and everything made ready, en she left the house to marry Mr Wortley!' Lady Mary tells all this ter, though at greater length, in her letters to Mr Wortley; and there much more in this antenuptial correspondence illustrative of her mascu- e sense and strength of character, which we should gladly have quoted l our limits permitted. One more letter we shall give, which, though hibiting her in a less favourable point of view, is remarkably characteris- of the mixture of prudent calculation and unwomanly boldness with ich she misguided some parts of her future life. It is written on the e of her elopement:—

'Reflect now, for the last time, in what manner you must take me. I all come to you with only a night-gown and petticoat; and that is all you ll get by me. I told a lady of my friends what I intend to do. You will ink her a very good friend when I tell you she proffered to lend us her use. I did not accept of this till I had let you know it. If you think more convenient to carry me to your lodging, make no scruple of it. et it be where it will: if I am your wife, I shall think no place unfit for e where you are. I beg we may leave London next morning, wherever ou intend to go. I should wish to go out of England, if it suits your fairs. You may endeavour to make your father admit of seeing me, and eat with mine (though I persist in thinking it will be to no purpose.) ut I cannot think of living in the midst of my relations and acquaintances ter so unjustifiable a step—so unjustifiable to the world; but I think I n justify myself to myself.

'You can shew me no goodness I shall not be sensible of. However, ink again, and resolve never to think of me if you have the least doubt, r that it is likely to make you uneasy in your fortune. I believe to travel the most likely way to make a solitude agreeable, and not tiresome: member you have promised it.

'Tis something odd for a woman that brings nothing to expect any- ing; but, after the way of my education, I dare not pretend to live but in me degree suitable to it. I had rather die than return to a dependency pon relations I have disobliged. Save me from that fear if you love me. you cannot, or think I ought not to expect it, be sincere, and tell me so. is better I should not be yours at all, than, for a short happiness, involve yself in ages of misery. Do not imagine I shall be angry at anything

you can tell me. Let it be sincere: do not impose on a woman that leaves all things for you.'

Leigh Hunt mentions rather a curious account of Lady Mary's last unmarried days, given by Spence, who professes to have heard it from herself; and it seems so characteristic of her strange character, both in youth and middle age, that we cannot refrain from quoting it. Mr Spence makes her acquaintance at Rome in 1740, and thus writes of her:—

'She is one of the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet: she is all irregularity, and always wandering; the most wise, most imprudent; loveliest, most disagreeable; best natured, cruellest woman in the world—"all things by turns, and nothing long." She was married young, and she told me, with that freedom much travelling gives, that she was never in so great a hurry of thought as the month before she was married—she scarce slept any one night that month. You know she was one of the most celebrated beauties of her day, and had a vast number of offers, and the thing that kept her awake was who to fix upon. She was determined as to two points from the first—that is, to be married to somebody; and not to be married to the man her father advised her to have. The last night of the month she determined, and in the morning left the husband of her father's choice buying the wedding-ring, and scuttled away to be married to Mr Wortley.'

This very undignified account of an affair so important to her, though probably a little burlesqued, by her ladyship's desire to be witty, and to laugh, though at her own expense, seems not to be entirely without foundation, from some of her expressions to Mr Wortley at the time—such as, 'I wanted courage to resist at first the will of my relations—I have examined my own heart, whether I can leave everything to you; I think I can. *If I change my mind*, you shall know before Sunday,' &c.

There are no dates to any of these letters; but as their marriage, by special licence, which took place a few days after the ceremony which she describes herself as *scuttling* away to, bears the date of August 12, 1712, and as the correspondence lasted two years, they must have been written between Lady Mary's twentieth and twenty-second years. Her letters are certainly remarkable productions for a woman at that or any other age—so cool and wise, that they at once strike us as coming from the head rather than the heart. Mr Wortley, with his jealousies and vacillations, though often tiresome, and playing a very inferior part throughout the correspondence, has at least the merit of looking something like a lover. She tires of his sentimental doubts of her love, and reiterated wishes that he could 'only know what was passing in her heart;' and asks him at last in a tone of pique, 'Pray, which way would you see into my heart? You can frame no guesses about it from either my speaking or writing; and supposing I should attempt to shew it to you, I know no other way.' But if most of the love was on his side before marriage, it only makes the entire change which soon took place the more unaccountable. He was at that time member of parliament for the town of Huntingdon; and Lady Mary, for the next three years, resided sometimes there and sometimes in Yorkshire, where, in 1713, her only son Edward was born.

As if in full justification of the opinion with which she had all along

ɜen endeavouring to impress him of the substantial excellency and modera-
on of her own character and views, she seems to have been ready at once to
ɪttle down into the quiet, domestic, affectionate wife he had never been
ɔle to picture her; while he, taking advantage of his parliamentary duties,
ɔpears to have been almost constantly away from home, keeping her in the
ɹuntry while he was in town, and often seeing neither her nor his son for
ʏe or six months together. Her letters to him at this time are alternately
fectionate and upbraiding. The following are specimens:—

'Your absence increases my melancholy so much, that I fright myself
th imaginary horrors; there wants but little of my being afraid of the
ıallpox for you; so unreasonable are my fears, which, however, proceed
ɔm an unlimited love. If I lose you—I cannot bear that *if*—which I bless
ɔd is without probability; but since the loss of my poor unhappy brother,
ɪread every evil. I have been to-day at Acton to see my poor brother's
ɜlancholy family. I cannot describe how much it has sunk my spirits.

'"Tis the most cruel thing in the world to think one has reason to com-
ıin of what one loves. How can you be so careless!

'I am concerned I have not heard from you. I am in abundance of pain
out our dear child: though I am convinced it is both silly and wicked to
: my heart too fondly on anything in this world, yet I cannot overcome
ʏself so far as to think of parting with him with the resignation I ought
do. I hope and beg of God he may live to be a comfort to us both.'

All this ought surely to have affected him; but there is no amendment,
: her next takes even a more remonstrative tone:—

'I know very well that nobody was ever teased into a liking; and 'tis
rhaps harder to revive a past one than to overcome an aversion; but I
nnot forbear any longer telling you I think you use me very unkindly.
ɪon't say so much of your absence as I should do, if you was in the
untry and I in London—because I would not have you believe that I am
ıpatient to be in town; but I am very sensible I parted with you in July,
ıd it is now the middle of November. As if this was not hardship enough,
ɔu do not tell me you are sorry for it. You write seldom, and with so
uch indifference, as shews you hardly think of me at all. I complain of
l health, and you only say you hope it is not so bad as I make it. You
ɐver inquire after your child. I would fain flatter myself you have more
indness for him and me than you express; but I reflect with grief that a
ɯan that is ashamed of passions that are natural and reasonable, is gene-
ally proud of those that are shameful and silly.'

In considering all these expressions of her affectionate regard for Mr
Wortley, which are evidently genuine, as well as her tender and natural
nxiety about her son, and which our knowledge of his subsequent career
akes only the more affecting, we cannot help asking ourselves, whether
ady Mary might not have turned out a very different person from the
ard, soured, sarcastic woman of the world we find her in afteryears, if
he had met with the respectful, loving treatment she had reason to look
ɔr at the hands of one who had so often assured her of his passionate
ɐgard, and who had proposed to himself the 'highest satisfaction from her,
ıd from no other?' We think she might. We have already said she
ıd little of that womanly tenderness of heart and devotedness of nature
hich, almost without any other possession, have power to make life a

delight and a romance to the very humblest of her sex. But she had, what is scarcely second to these, at least for the respectable conduct of the outer life, the most exquisite good sense. And no one can read through her letters to Mr Wortley before marriage without seeing, from a thousand expressions, that her ideal of life was shaped out of some of the best elements of our nature. Speaking of her sentiments towards him, 'I rather choose,' she says, 'to use the word friendship than love; because, in the general sense that word is spoke, it signifies a passion rather founded on fancy than reason.' And then she explains—'By friendship I mean an entire communication of thoughts, wishes, interests, and pleasure; a mutual esteem, which naturally carries with it a pleasing sweetness of conversation, and terminates in the desire of making one another happy.'

But, with his ever-increasing alienation from her, these expressions on her part of fondness, or even of lively interest in his concerns, naturally diminish, and after a while change gradually into that peculiar tone of quiet, careful respect, with which she continues to write both of and to him to the end of his life. With all due deference to the high opinion Mr Wortley's descendants seem to entertain of him, we suspect him to have been one of those men, by no means rare in the world, who, though attracted by genius or brilliant qualities, and ambitious of entering into such relations with them as are likely to reflect honour and glory on themselves, are too essentially selfish ever to be able to identify themselves with the most intimate objects of their love; and having neither generosity enough to admire at their own expense, nor magnanimity to pardon in a companion, the very superiority which first attracted them, either live on in jealous uneasiness, or are glad to avoid being dwarfed in their own eyes, by keeping at a convenient distance. After a year or two of this unhappy manner of life, Mr Wortley, on his friends coming into power at the death of Queen Anne, was appointed one of the lords of the treasury. He was then of course obliged to bring Lady Mary to court, where her wit and beauty soon attracted all eyes towards her. The king (George I.) is described as not allowing her to leave one of his parties without 'complimentary remonstrances;' and the Prince of Wales cries out to his princess, 'in a rapture,' to look 'how becomingly Lady Mary was dressed.' 'Lady Mary always dresses well,' answers the princess dryly, and returns to her cards. At this time she was also the intimate associate of Addison, Steele, Congreve, Pope, and all the other noted men of letters of the day; but was ready, on the first opportunity, to relinquish without regret the caresses of crowned heads, as well as the flatteries of wits and poets, for the long-desired pleasure of travelling and seeing new countries and peoples.

In the year 1716 the embassy to the Porte became vacant; and as the war between the Turks and Imperialists was raging violently, the other powers of Europe were desirous of a mediation between them. Mr Wortley not having succeeded to his own satisfaction as a minister at home, had resigned his post, and was appointed ambassador to Constantinople, whither his wife accompanied him. They travelled through Holland, Germany, and Hungary, staying some time at Vienna, and presenting themselves at the various courts by the way in proper ambassador style. Lady Mary's beauty and tact secured them favour everywhere; and her letters to her sister Lady Mar, Pope, and others, which begin at Rotterdam, give a vivid

ɾiption of every novelty she saw. Cities and governments, men and
en, and their modes and practices, seem always to have interested her
y fancy far more than the most striking or varied aspects of natural
ery; and as travellers who could describe well were very rare in those
, it may be supposed that such communications as hers were received
ome with no ordinary degree of interest. She had, in return, constant
ɾs from her noted associates in England; and a very few words from
e's first epistle to her, dated the 18th of August 1716, only a fortnight
: her departure, are quoted, to shew the style of his addresses to her,
ell as to prepare the way for a discussion of what afterwards took place
ɾeen them:—

You may easily imagine (he writes) how desirous I must be of a cor-
ondence with a person who had taught me, long ago, that it was as
ible to esteem at first-sight as to love, and who has since ruined me
ll the conversation of one sex, and almost all the friendship of the
ɾr. I am but too sensible, through your means, that the company of
wants a certain softness to recommend it, and that of women wants
ything else. How often have I been quietly going to take possession
hat tranquillity and indolence I had so long found in the country, when
evening of your conversation has spoiled me for a *solitaire* too! Books
e lost their effect upon me; and I was convinced, since I saw you, that
e is something more powerful than philosophy; and since I heard you,
there is one alone wiser than all the sages.' . . . . .

Nothing can be more like a kind woman and a lady than her ready answer
ll these studied compliments:—

Perhaps you'll laugh at me,' she says, 'for thanking you very gravely
all the obliging concern you express for me. 'Tis certain that I may, if
lease, take the fine things you say to me for wit and raillery, and it may
it would be taking them right. But I never in my life was half so well
posed to believe you in earnest; and that distance which makes the con-
nation of your friendship improbable, has very much increased my faith
it.' Pity that anything less polite and cordial should ever have passed
ween them!

After having, for some political reason, not explained in the letters or
graphy, returned from Vienna to Hanover, where George I. then was,
y again retraced their steps; and owing to these marches and counter-
rches, only arrived at Adrianople on the 1st of April 1717, having been
ht months on the road.

Lady Mary was enchanted with Turkey, as a paradise of the senses;
l her letters from thence picture so vividly the luxurious life of that
olent and luxurious people, that we seem almost to feel the sunshine
l smell the perfume. The portraiture is so exact, that Dr Dallaway,
o followed in the same route eighty years after her, is not only ready to
ch for the truth of every description, but insists on seeing, in her
rough understanding of Turkish taste and feeling (although they told
n to the contrary), the long-supposed fact, finally disproved by the bio-
phical anecdotes, of her having been admitted inside the harem.

n one of her first letters from Adrianople, she thus describes the process
inoculation as she found it:—'*Apropos* of distempers, I am going to
you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The smallpox, so

fatal and so general among us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of *engrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the smallpox. They make parties for this purpose; and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of smallpox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the head of the needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell, and in this manner opens four or five veins. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health till the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days—very seldom three. They have rarely above twenty or thirty on their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. When they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the smallpox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died of it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of the experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

'I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it.'

We shall transcribe another letter from the Levant as a sort of *dulce* to this *utile*, and we give it not only for the charming subject, but as a specimen of the sparkling beauty of Lady Mary's best style. It describes her own visit to the young Sultana Fatima; which, as Leigh Hunt most happily says, 'is as if all English beauty, in her shape, had gone to compare notes with all Turkish:'—

'I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I was sorry that decency did not permit me to stop to consider them nearer. But that thought was lost upon my entrance into a large room, or rather pavilion, built round with gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. The jessamines and honeysuckles that twisted round their trunks shed a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water in the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down. (What an artful

heightening of the beauty, by the idea of profusion!) On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the Kiyàya's lady, leaning on cushions of white satin embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair Fatima (for that was her name), so much her beauty effaced every thing I have seen; nay, all that has been called lovely either in England or Germany. I must own that I never saw anything so gloriously beautiful, nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand to her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court-breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honour. I confess, though the Greek lady before had given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration that I could not for some time speak to her. That surprising harmony of features—that charming result of the whole—that exact proportion of body—that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art—the unutterable enchantment of her smile! But her eyes!—large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue; every turn of her face discovering a new grace. She was dressed in a *caftán* of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and shewing to admiration the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink; her waistcoat green and silver; her slippers white satin, finely embroidered; her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds; and her broad girdle set round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver; her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. The greatest writers have spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and I think has a much better claim to our praise. For my part, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

'She told me the two girls at her feet were her daughters, though she appeared too young to be their mother. Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the ancient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty. She made a sign to them to play and dance. Four of them immediately began to play some soft airs on instruments between a lute and a guitar, which they accompanied with their voices; while the others danced by turns. When the dance was over, four fair slaves came into the room with silver censers in their hands, and perfumed the air with amber, aloes-wood, and other scents. After this they served me coffee upon their knees in the finest japan china, with *soucoups* of silver gilt. The lovely Fatima entertained me all this while in the most polite, agreeable manner, calling me often *Guzél Sultanum*, or the *beautiful sultana*, and desiring my friendship with the best grace in the world, lamenting that she could not entertain me in my own language. When I took my leave, two maids brought in a fine silver basket of embroidered handkerchiefs. She begged I would

wear the richest for her sake, and gave the others to my woman and interpretess.'

There is scarcely anything, even in the far-famed 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments,' equal to this description in sensuous beauty; and most of her letters from Turkey breathe the same luxurious and poetic strain, at the same time that they are full of evidences of her reading and powers of satire.

'I read over your Homer here,' she writes to Pope, 'with an infinite pleasure, and found several little passages explained that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the customs, and much of the dress then in fashion, being yet retained. I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant than is to be found in any other country, the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners as has been generally practised by other nations that imagine themselves more polite. I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, who are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described.'

Nor is she less at home in the matters of religion, government, and morals of the East. Indeed these letters, which seem to be addressed to the public rather than to particular correspondents, give us a far higher notion both of her genius and learning than anything else she ever wrote. Mr Wortley's name is seldom mentioned in them, and never in the way either of praise or blame; so that we are apt to forget his existence. On their return, they sailed through the Archipelago, touching at the coast of Africa; and having crossed the Mediterranean to Genoa, reached home through Lyons and Paris about the end of the year 1718, having been almost two years on their travels.

Soon after their return, Lady Mary set herself in good earnest to the task of introducing inoculation for smallpox. She had had good reason to dread the disease, having lost her only brother by it, as well as her own beautiful eyelashes. She always said that she meant the Flavia of one of her Town-Eclogues for herself, and had expressed in that poem her own sensations while slowly recovering, under the apprehension of being totally disfigured. With courageous love she began upon her own offspring, inoculating her daughter as soon as it was safe to do so; and having persevered, in spite of great opposition from the narrow jealousy of the Faculty and the vulgar clamour of the ignorant, she lived to see the inoculation quite triumphant, and to feel that she had been the means of preserving life as well as beauty to thousands. Philanthropists of our own day, who are inclined to retire in disgust from the war at all times to be waged with more or less of ignorance and prejudice, would do well to compare the reception which such blessed discoveries as those of the beneficial application of sulphuric ether or chloroform have lately met with in the world, with that encountered very little more than a century ago by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in her attempt to introduce the practice of inoculation. The clamour raised against it, and of course against her, was beyond belief. Her descendant tells us, that 'the clergy descanted from their pulpits on the impiety of thus seeking to take events out of the hand

of Providence; and the common people were taught to hoot at her as an unnatural mother, who had risked the lives of her own children.' Lady Mary herself records, that 'the four great physicians deputed by government to watch the progress of her daughter's inoculation, betrayed not only such incredulity as to its success, but such an unwillingness to have it succeed—such an evident spirit of rancour and malignity—that she never cared to leave the child alone with them one second, lest it should in some secret way suffer from their interference.' It is to be hoped her maternal anxiety may have somewhat overrated the danger; but she seems to have been quite enough troubled and tormented in the cause to make us pardon her the expression of some disgust, and an occasional regret that even the prospect of future good to the world should have induced her to incur so much present personal evil.

But Lady Mary's hours were not all occupied in fighting the inoculation battle at this time. Her company seems to have been more than ever prized by the highest circles in London on account of her foreign travels; and for some years after her return, she lived in the very whirl of the gayest and brightest society. She renewed her intimacy with the wits and poets, speculated in the South Sea Scheme, wrote brilliant verses and letters, danced, laughed, satirised her acquaintances, and, in short, lived a life very much to her own taste—could it only have lasted! 'For my own part' (as she writes to her sister Lady Mar, who had gone to live in Paris, on account of some embarrassment of her affairs), 'I have some coteries where wit and pleasure reign, and I should not fail to amuse myself tolerably enough, but for the horrid quality of growing older and older every day, and my present joys are made imperfect by my fears for the future;' and again, in the highest good-humour, 'the town improves daily; all people seem to make the best of the talent God has given them.' Such sunshine was not, however, likely to be long unclouded; and accordingly we soon have such a sigh as this, dated Twickenham, 1721: 'London was never more gay than it is at present; but I don't know how, I would fain be ten years younger. I love flattery so well, I would fain have some circumstances of probability added to it.' But this was probably written on some morning when her eyes looked red, from having, as she says, 'been such a beast as to sit up late last night;' for never was she so much courted and admired as during these years.

Mr Pope had written many letters to her during the embassy, and soon after her return, had not only prevailed on her to sit to Sir Godfrey Kneller for a portrait, which was to embellish his villa at Twickenham, but had had the influence to persuade Mr Wortley to purchase a house there, that they might be his neighbours during the summer months. His notes at this time breathe the warmest and most anxious friendship. Her will is his law; he sees her every day; 'he knows not whether with more pleasure or more respect; submits to her in all things—nay, in the manner of all things; understands her as she would be understood, with a real respect and resignation when anything is denied, and a hearty gratitude when it is granted.' Alas! that such dear delights should be so dangerous!

How long it was before these glowing expressions of admiration and friendship burst into a flame of passion, so violent as to consume all

prudence and propriety on the poet's side, is not very clearly made out. Lady Mary seems pretty soon to have grown a little shy, for we find her in 1720 writing to her sister Mar from his near neighbourhood—'I see sometimes Mr Congreve, and *very seldom* Mr Pope, who continues to embellish his house. He has made a subterranean grotto, which he has furnished with looking-glasses, and *they tell me* it has a very good effect.' She transcribes at the same time a copy of verses addressed by Pope to Gay in her praise, adding, with some consciousness, 'I stifled them here, and beg they may die the same death at Paris, and never go farther than your closet.'

The lines are very beautiful; and as they are conclusive as to the poor poet's passion, we shall give them here. Only the last eight lines are published in his works:—

'Ah, friend, 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow;
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging mountains and of sloping greens:
Joy lives not here; to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.

What are the gay parterre, the chequered shade,
The morning bower, the evening colonnade,
But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
To sigh unheard in to the passing winds?
So the struck deer in some sequestered part
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;
There stretched unseen in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away.'

That some outbreak of his did occasion the quarrel between them, which was followed by so much unmanly vituperation on his part, and unwomanly abuse and contempt on hers, is no longer a matter of doubt: it is so set forth in the introductory anecdotes; and truly the heart sickens at the recital; and it would be difficult, indeed, to decide on which of the two the greater share of censure ought to fall. 'Her own statement was this—that at some ill-chosen time, when she least expected what romancers call a *declaration*, he made such passionate love to her, as, in spite of her utmost endeavours to be angry and look grave, provoked an immoderate fit of laughter; from which moment he became her implacable enemy.' Oh, oh! If she had been till that moment ignorant of the change in his sentiments towards her, her emotion would certainly not have been one of hard-hearted levity; and if she did understand the state of his feelings, of which we have little doubt, far less tact than that possessed by her clever ladyship would have enabled her to put an end for ever to his presumption before the possibility of a *declaration*. Pity she should have so completely forgotten her own smart triplet, written only a few years before—

'Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide—
In part she is to blame that has been tried;
He comes too near that comes to be denied.'

That delightful poet, Mr Leigh Hunt, in his notice of Lord Wharncliffe's *Life* of Lady Mary, has a passage on this subject which is at once so appropriate

so characteristic of his own humane and most genial nature, that our lers will thank us for transcribing it. Having given this statement, ch he calls 'a very tremendous one for all its levity,' he says: 'A pause es upon the spirit and the tongue at hearing such an explanation as —a pause in which no one of any imagination can help having a deep e of the blackness of the mortification with which the poor, misshaped, lauded poet must have felt his lustre smitten, and his future recollec- s degraded. To say that he had any right to make love to her is one g; yet to believe that her manners and cast of character, as well as the re of the times and of the circles in which she moved, had given no ice, no encouragement, no pardoning hope to the presumption, is ossible; and to trample in this way upon the whole miserable body of anity and humility, upon all which the consciousness of acceptability glory among his fellow-creatures had given to sustain himself, and all ch in so poor, and dwarfed, and degrading a shape required so much to sustained — assuredly it was inexcusable — it was inhuman. At all its, it would have been inexcusable had anything in poor human nature inexcusable, and had a thousand things not encouraged the flattered ity to resent a hope so presumptuous from one unlike herself. But if was astonished, as she professed to be, at his thus trespassing beyond iers which she had continually suffered to be approached, she might e been more humane in her astonishment. A little pity might at least e divided the moment with contempt. It was not necessary to be quite cruel with one so insignificant. She had address; could she not have recourse to a little of it under circumstances which would have done it h special honour? She had every advantage on her side; could not n this induce her to put a little more heart and consideration into her ulse? Oh, Lady Mary! A duke's daughter wert thou, and a beauty, a wit, and a very triumphant and flattered personage, and covered with ty as with lute-string and diamonds; and yet false measure didst thou e of thy superiority, and didst not see how small thou becamest in the parison, when thou didst thus trample under foot the poor little *mortal!*'

But if her inconsistent and harsh treatment of him is thus, by her own fession, made fully manifest, the littleness both of the man and his love no less plainly and painfully apparent in the manner he afterwards wed himself to write of her. The greatest of poets has told us, that

> 'Love is not love that alters when it alteration finds;'

without putting such a love as that of our *little immortal* to so severe est, we might surely expect a feeling which had slidden from a real iration and respect into a strong though wrong passion, would have n one of the last likely to have found vent in bitter satire and personal der and abuse; yet so it is. Alas! alas! that

> 'Poets themselves must fall, like those they sing.'

Lady Mary, however, holds on her gay course, without remorse, and spite of the trampled writhings of her victim, though they were not with- the power to sting. Her letters at this, the gayest period of her life,

are full of high spirits, brilliant sallies, and bold, scandalous anecdotes—far more often amusing than either true or delicate. No consideration of prudence or propriety ever seems to stop the full flow of her lively wit; though no doubt she feels that her sister Mar knows both her world and herself, when she ventures on such a gay effusion as the following, which we give as a specimen of her most brilliant style:—

'*October* 31, 1723.

'I write you at this time piping hot from the birth-night, my brain warmed with all the agreeable ideas that fine clothes, fine gentlemen, brisk tunes, and lively dances can raise there. It is to be hoped that my letter will entertain you; at least you will certainly have the freshest account of all passages on that glorious day. First, you must know that I led up the ball, which you'll stare at; but, what is more, I believe in my conscience I made one of the best figures there: to say truth, people are grown so extravagantly ugly, that we old beauties are forced to come out on show-days, to keep the court in countenance. I saw Mrs Murray there, through whose hands this epistle will be conveyed. I do not know whether she will make the same complaint to you that I do. Mrs West was with her, who is a great prude, having but two lovers at a time. I think those are Lord Haddington and Mr Lindsay—the one for use, the other for show.

'The world improves in one virtue to a violent degree—I mean plain-dealing. Hypocrisy being, as the Scripture declares, a damnable sin, I hope our publicans and sinners will be saved by the open profession of the contrary virtue. I was told by a very good author, who is deep in the secret, that at this very minute there is a bill cooking up at a hunting-seat in Norfolk (Houghton, Mr, afterwards Sir Robert Walpole's, then prime minister), to have *not* taken out of the commandments, and clapped into the creed, the ensuing session of parliament. This bold attempt for the liberty of the subject is wholly projected by Mr Walpole, who proposed it to the Secret Committee in his parlour. William Young seconded it, and answered for all his acquaintance voting right to a man; Doddington very gravely objected, that the obstinacy of human nature was such, that he feared, when they had positive commands to do so, perhaps people would not commit adultery, and bear false witness against their neighbours, with the readiness and cheerfulness they do at present. This objection seemed to sink deep into the minds of the greatest politicians at the board; and I don't know whether the bill wont be dropped, though it is certain it might be carried on with great ease, the world being entirely *revenue de la bagatelle;* and honour, virtue, reputation, &c. which we used to hear of in our nursery, is as much laid aside and forgotten as crumpled ribbons. To speak plainly, I am very sorry for the forlorn state of matrimony, which is as much ridiculed by our young ladies as it used to be by young fellows; in short, both sexes have found the inconveniences of it, and the appellation of "rake" is as genteel in a woman as a man of quality: it is no scandal to say—"Miss ——, the maid of honour, looks very well now she is up again; and poor Biddy Noel has never been quite well since her last confinement." You may imagine we married women look very silly: we have nothing to excuse ourselves, but that it was done a great while ago, or we were very young when we did it.'

Occupied as she was with the pleasures of society at this mid-time of her fe and zenith of her power, Lady Mary seems by no means to have been egligent as a mother. A fond or a very devoted and anxious mother she robably never was: it was scarcely in her nature to be so. But we have een the deep interest she expressed in her son while yet an infant; and hough he soon betrayed symptoms of the weakness and want of rectitude hich afterwards caused his ruin, she was forbearing and reasonably indul-ent, and most unwilling to abandon the hope of his improvement; while o Lady Bute, who appears always to have been safe-going and amiable, hough certainly partaking more of her father's staid prudence than either ier mother's brilliancy or her beauty, she seems then, as well as through-ut her whole life, to have been attentive and affectionate. Interspersed with lively sallies expressive of her fears of growing old, or ugly, or, above ll, *wise*, are frequent allusions, in her letters to her sister, of her laughter's progress, and the pleasure she takes in her society. 'With ive thousand needles and pins running into my heart,' she says, 'I try to onsole myself with a small damsel, who is at present everything I like;' hough she is quite aware she is far from being beautiful; for, after giving her sister an account of her scapegrace son's having run away, and being ound at Oxford, she adds: 'It happens very luckily that the sobriety and liscretion are of my daughter's side: I am sorry the ugliness is so too, for ny son grows extremely handsome.'

In 1726 Lady Mary lost her father. The duke had, a few years before his death, married the Lady Belle Bentinck, daughter of the Duke of Port-land, and one of the most admired beauties of London. Lady Mary thought she had married him with the hope of soon becoming a rich widow, and by no means regarded her with partiality. If she did, however, she had not long the expected benefit; for she only survived her husband two years. In the introductory anecdotes there is rather an interesting remi-niscence of the duke by Lady Bute, which also gives a curious picture of bygone manners. 'Lady Bute remembered having seen her grandfather once only, but that in a manner likely to leave some impression on the mind of a child. Her mother was dressing, and she playing about the room, when there entered an elderly stranger (of dignified appearance, and still handsome) with the authoritative air of a person entitled to admittance at all times; upon which, to her great surprise, Lady Mary instantly starting up from the toilet-table, dishevelled as she was, fell on her knees to ask his blessing—a proof that even in the great and gay world this primitive custom was still universal.'

Her most intimate friends, after her quarrel with Pope (through which she seems to have lost the friendship of Swift, Gay, and others), were Lord Hervey, privy seal to George II., and his wife; the Countesses of Pomfret and Oxford; Lady Rich; Miss Shirret, afterwards Lady Walpole; and the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, of whom she was one of the few lasting favourites. In the same poem in which Pope so grossly stigmatises Lady Mary, he speaks thus contemptuously of Lord Hervey's poetical genius:—

> 'The lines are weak, another's pleased to say,
> Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.'

And when called to account in a copy of verses of which Lady Mary and Lord Hervey were jointly the authors, he meanly enough denies the infamous allusion to have been meant for her, and tries to silence them both by this equivocal compliment: 'I had no misunderstanding,' he says, 'with that lady till after I was the author of my own misfortune, in discontinuing her acquaintance. I may venture to own a truth, which cannot be unpleasing to either of you: I assure you my reason for so doing was merely that you had both too much wit for me, and that I could not do with mine many things which you could with yours.' It is more pleasing to find her corresponding with Dr Edward Young about assisting Savage the poet in his difficulties—in which, it is said, she was most liberal; and also giving Dr Young himself the benefit of her excellent judgment on his tragedy of 'The Brothers.' Of Henry Fielding she was at all times a sincere friend and cordial admirer, though it is a little painful to remark the humble distance from which he addresses her. They were cousins, being descended in the same degree from George, Earl of Desmond; and it does not fail to strike us as a sign of the backward days in which they lived, that such distance was felt to be necessary between a duke's daughter and one of her own blood, who was her equal both in genius and attainments, although only 'the poor son of the poor son of a younger brother.' However, he himself seems to have taken no offence at what hurts us. He dedicated to her his first comedy of 'Love in Several Masks,' and addressed and counselled her on many subjects; while she often expressed in private her regard for him, pitied his misfortunes, excused his failings, and admired his best writings, particularly 'Tom Jones,' in her own copy of which she wrote *ne plus ultra*. She was acquainted also with his beloved first wife, whose picture he drew in his 'Amelia,' and said that the glowing language he had employed did no more than justice to the delightful qualities of the original; or to her beauty, although that had suffered from the accident related in the novel—a frightful overturn, which had a little injured the bridge of her nose.

Such, for many years, was the life of Lady Mary Wortley in the world of fashion and literature. Her daughter, who married the Earl of Bute, never seems to have given her a moment's uneasiness; but the continued misconduct of her son was a bitter source of distress both to her and to his father. He was a man of showy person and superficial accomplishments; and his various adventures, both at home and abroad, were much talked of in his day, though, as his conduct was always weak and profligate, they must have sounded painfully on the ears of those who were the most interested. His first exploit of running away from school was followed by a long succession of follies, until he finally completed his ruin by marrying, while under age, one who is described as a low-born, low-bred woman, for whom he could scarcely have felt more than a momentary liking, since he forsook her in a few weeks, and never sought to see her again, although her life lasted nearly as long as his own.

We have seen that in her early letters Lady Mary often indicated a desire to live abroad, particularly in Italy; and the history sets forth that, having been confirmed in her preference by what she saw of that country on her return from Constantinople, she, in 1739, being then in declining

health, took the resolution of spending the remainder of her days there. She left London, therefore, in July, and going direct to Venice, remained in that interesting city for above a year, forming many connections with its noble inhabitants. She then made a short tour to Florence, for the purpose of meeting her friend Lady Pomfret; and having visited Rome, returned to spend the winter at Avignon or Chambery. She afterwards fixed her residence at Louvere, on the shores of the lake Isco, in the Venetian territory, whither she had at first gone on account of the mineral waters, which she found beneficial to her health. At that primitive but beautiful place she took possession of a deserted palace, and was almost deified by the simple inhabitants of the town, whom she instructed in bread-baking, butter-making, and other domestic arts. There she planned her garden, occupied herself with the interests of a country life, and was happy in the superintendence of her vineyard and silkworms. For many years she lived in great retirement, content with books for her society, and occasionally going to visit the cities of Genoa and Padua, till about the year 1758, when she quitted her solitude, and settled entirely at Venice, where, in spite of continual quarrels with Mr Murray, the political resident, she remained till the death of Mr Wortley in 1761.

The cause of this separation from her family, and long absence from her own country and the society she seems so much to have enjoyed, has been one of the much-debated points in Lady Mary's history. Let us hear what her descendants say in explanation of it in the 'Biographical Anecdotes:—'Why Lady Mary Wortley left her own country, and spent the last two-and-twenty years of her life in a foreign land, is a question which has been repeatedly asked, and never can be answered with certainty, for want of any positive evidence on the subject. It is very possible, however, that the solution of this supposed mystery, like that of some riddles which put the ingenuity of guessers to the furthest stretch, would prove so simple as to leave curiosity blank and baffled. Lady Mary, writing from Venice (as it appears, in the first year of her absence), tells Lady Pomfret that she had long been persuading Mr Wortley to go abroad, and at last, tired of delay, had set out alone, he promising to follow her, which as yet, parliamentary attendance and other business had prevented his doing; but, till she knew whether to expect him or not, she could not proceed to meet her (Lady Pomfret) at Rome. If this was the real truth—and there seems no reason to doubt it—we may easily conceive further delays to have taken place; and their reunion to have been so deferred from time to time, that, insensibly, living asunder became like the natural order of things, in which both acquiesced without any great reluctance. But if, on the contrary, it was only the colour they chose to give the affair; if the husband and wife—she in her fiftieth year, he several years older—had determined upon a separation, nothing can be more likely than they settled it quietly and deliberately between themselves, neither proclaiming it to the world nor consulting any third person; since their daughter was married, their son disjoined and alienated from them, and there existed nobody who had a right to call them to an account, or inquire into what was solely their own business. It admits of little doubt that their dispositions were unsuitable, and Mr Wortley had sensibly felt it even while a lover. When at length convinced that in their case the approach of age

would not have the harmonising effect which it has sometimes been known to produce upon minds originally but ill-assorted, he was the very man to think within himself—"If we cannot add to each other's happiness, why should we do the reverse? Let us be the friends at a distance which we could not hope to remain by continuing uneasily yoked together?" And that Lady Mary's wishes had always pointed to a foreign residence, is clearly to be inferred from a letter she wrote to him before their marriage, when it was in debate where they should live while confined to a very narrow income. How infinitely better would it be, she urges, to fix their abode in Italy, amidst every source of enjoyment, every object that could interest the mind and amuse the fancy, than to vegetate—she does not use the word, but one may detect the thought—in an obscure country retirement at home!

'These arguments, it is allowed, rest upon surmise and conjecture; but there is proof that Lady Mary's departure from England was not by any means hasty or sudden; for in a letter to Lady Pomfret, dated the 2d of May 1739, she announces her design of going abroad that summer; and she did not begin her journey till the end of July, three months afterwards. Other letters are extant, affording equal proof that Mr Wortley and she parted upon the most friendly terms, and indeed as no couple could have done who had had any recent quarrel, or cause of quarrel. She wrote to him from Dartford, her first stage; again a few lines from Dover; and again the moment she arrived at Calais. Could this have passed, or would the petty details about servants, carriages, prices, &c. have been entered into between persons in a state of mutual displeasure? Not to mention that his preserving, docketing, and indorsing with his own hand even these slight notes, as well as all her subsequent letters, shews that he received nothing which came from her with indifference. His confidence in her was also very strongly testified by a transaction that took place when she had been abroad about two years. Believing that her influence and persuasions might still have some effect upon their unfortunate son, he entreated her to appoint a meeting with him, form a judgment of his present dispositions, and decide what course it would be best to take, either in furthering or opposing his future projects. On the head of money, too, she was to determine with how much he should be supplied, and very particularly enjoined to make him suppose it came, not from his father, but herself. These were full powers to delegate, such as every woman would not be trusted with in the families where conjugal union is supposed to reign most uninterruptedly.'

All this is properly and delicately expressed in the circumstances, and we are not inclined to quarrel with it for looking a little like what it is—the line of argument that would naturally occur to a counsel whose business it was to prove that certain parties were living in tolerable comfort together; at the same time that very, *very* suspicious marks of their disagreement were abundantly visible upon the faces of both. The opposite counsel would probably have drawn totally different conclusions even from the facts laid down. Viewing the matter from neutral ground, we are of the same opinion with the author of the 'Biographical Anecdotes,' in so far as regards the full and entire understanding there seems to have existed between Lady Mary and her husband. Hypocrisy towards each other was certainly

not the vice of either; but that she left him with any hope of his ever rejoining her, or remained in her unnatural banishment on any other than compulsory grounds, we do not see the smallest reason to believe. No doubt she tells Lady Pomfret that he is to follow her in six weeks, but never in any of the cold notices she was sending him, at the same time, of her health and movements—and which have far more the air of wary bulletins written by stipulation, than the careless communications to have been looked for between a couple merely indifferent to each other—is there the remotest allusion made to his rejoining her, which there certainly must have been had he ever intended or she expected it; and though once, and once only, in the course of her whole correspondence with her daughter, she offers to come home if she can be of any use to Lady Bute's 'father or her family,' there are, on the other hand, so many and such bitter allusions to herself as an alien and an exile, that we cannot for a moment suppose that this unnatural banishment was self-imposed. No! it is evident that the time had come when the same country was no longer to hold both wife and husband. He can leave his parliamentary duties when either health or inclination may dictate the change; but it is to some part of the continent, distant enough from the spot she inhabits, to which he cautiously directs his steps; and never again till after his death—though *immediately* after—does she find herself at liberty to revisit the land which contains every individual in whom she takes an interest.

But in considering Lady Mary's character as set forth in this extraordinary correspondence, the wonder is, rather that such a separation should have been so long delayed, than that it took place when it did; and the delay probably says more for Mr Wortley's patience and his desire to avoid *éclat* and public scandal, than for his nice sense of what was due to him according to the common sense of mankind. Whether Lady Mary were really capable of becoming the true wife and affectionate friend she knew very well how to picture, seems at best a little doubtful; but when we add to her natural temperament and disposition the trying circumstances in which she was placed, we at once expect the reverse that we find. One such embarrassing circumstance as that set forth in the appendix to Lord Wharncliffe's book (which our readers must take our word for) as having occurred to her in 1721, however glossed over by a reference to the money-speculations so prevalent in all classes at the time, or the liberty of conduct allowed in certain circles of society, must have given Mr Wortley pretty sufficient grounds for seeking an early separation, had carelessness and the love of present ease and quiet not prevented him; and considering the manner of her life, and the license of tone she constantly allows herself in remarking upon other people, it would be very extraordinary indeed if her conduct during all these years had not afforded him further opportunities. We cannot doubt that it did; and her quiet acquiescence in the separation, when perhaps, 'without any recent quarrel or cause of quarrel,' he was at last, by her *habitual* indiscretion of tongue and behaviour, wearied out of his unmanly apathy, only shews her entire consciousness of the fact. The argument of his consulting her about their son, and allowing her to determine with how much money he should be supplied, goes no length against this view. She was the only person in the world equally interested with himself in the unfortunate young man; and he must have known enough of

her shrewdness, as well as of her being no spendthrift, to be fully aware that on such a subject she was not only the natural, but the safest adviser he could have called to the support of his own economical views. No need we wonder to find her 'entering into petty details about servants, carriages, prices,' &c. Since the separation was not to be a legal one, and was evidently wished to be as little as possible the subject of public gossip, some show of correspondence was necessary to satisfy inquiry; and in a false position like that in which they stood to each other, what could be more embarrassing than to find proper topics, or more natural than to seize on whatever was most obvious or ordinary? As may be expected in the circumstances, she loses no opportunity of letting him know how much she is thought of and courted wherever she goes—*that* being no doubt the pleasantest way of proving to him how entirely irreproachable must be her conduct. 'I am visited,' she writes from Venice, 'by the most considerable people of the town, and all the foreign ministers. They could not have shewn me more honour if I had been an ambassadress.' And again—'Lord Fitzwilliam arrived here three days ago; he came to see me the next day, as all the English do, who are much surprised at the civilities and the familiarities with which I am received by the noble ladies; and I own I have a little vanity in it.' And sometimes she is disposed to be complimentary to him as well as to herself—'It is impossible to be better treated—I may even say more courted—than I am here. I am very glad of your good fortune at London. You may remember I have always told you it was in your power to make the first figure in the House of Commons;' and more than once, in writing to her daughter, she shews her sense of his forbearance and handsome conduct towards her, by speaking highly of his character for good sense, firmness, and generosity; while his answers to her letters are characteristically curt and commonplace, treating chiefly of the weather and health, though shewing the kind of interest in her movements necessary to enable him to talk safely of her. 'I wish,' he asks '(if it be easy), you would be exact and clear in your facts, because I shall lay by carefully what you write of your travels.'

During this, Lady Mary's last residence abroad, she wrote a great many letters, by far the best and most interesting of which are those addressed to Lady Bute, and the worst to Sir James and Lady Stuart—recent and accidental acquaintances, to whom she writes in a flippant, empty, reckless manner, that is far from pleasing. To Lady Oxford, a formal, high-bred old lady, she adopts—perhaps unconsciously—a formal, lofty manner, full of grace and respectful professions of friendship; and to Lady Pomfret, who seems to have been learned, and somewhat exacting, she is full of compliments and excuses—not always quite sincere—interspersed with bits of antiquarian information and literature. But with Lady Bute she is always natural, and apparently open and confidential, expressing a real and motherly interest in her happiness and family concerns, and minutely describing her own manner of life, and her views, feelings, and opinions on every subject that occurs to her. When she has no longer a variety of interesting people to discuss, her vigorous and lively mind returns upon the past, or philosophises on the present and future; and she sometimes rises to an elevation of thought and sentiment that would seem fully to entitle her to our love and approbation, if we could either believe in

an entire change of nature, or had not learned, from painful experience, that people may often be capable of thinking, and even of feeling, finely and rightly, without a corresponding propriety of action. Lady Bute did not write in return so fully and frequently as was either satisfactory to her mother, or justifiable in the correct, dutiful daughter she is represented, and in all other respects, seems really to have been. That she neither entirely comprehended her mother intellectually, nor shewed a decent toleration and respect for the difference of interest and occupation inevitable between a mother and daughter so very differently situated, was evidently owing to limitation of mind rather than of affection; yet, when we see the real pleasure and resource Lady Mary found in her solitude in the works of imagination sent to her from England—inferior as that species of literature might be in her day as compared with the present—we scarcely forgive the commonplace daughter the *wise* contempt which must have called forth the following lively and philosophical rebuke:—

'Daughter! daughter! don't call names; you are always abusing my pleasures, which is what no mortal will bear. Trash, lumber, sad stuff, are the titles you give to my favourite amusement. If I call a white staff a stick of wood, a gold key gilded brass, and the ensigns of illustrious orders coloured strings, this may be philosophically true, but would be very ill received. We have all our playthings: happy are those that can be contented with those they can obtain. Those hours are spent in the wisest manner that can easiest shade the ills of life, and are the least productive of ill consequences. I think my time better employed in reading the adventures of imaginary people, than the Duchess of Marlborough, who passed the latter years of her life in paddling with her will, and contriving schemes of plaguing some, and extracting praises from others, to no purpose, eternally disappointed, and eternally fretting. The active scenes are over at my age. I indulge, with all the art I can, my taste for reading. If I would confine it to valuable books, they are almost as rare as valuable men. I must be content with what I can find. As I approach a second childhood, I endeavour to enter into the pleasures of it. Your youngest son is perhaps, at this very moment, riding on a poker with great delight, not at all regretting that it is not a gold one, and much less wishing it an Arabian horse, which he could not know how to manage. I am reading an idle tale, not expecting wit or truth in it, and am very glad that it is not metaphysics to puzzle my judgment, or history to mislead my opinion. He fortifies his health with exercise; I calm my cares by oblivion. The methods may appear low to busy people; but if he improves his strength, and I forget my infirmities, we both attain very desirable ends.'

It is impossible not to regret that one so alive to the charm there is, more or less, in all imaginative literature, should not have enjoyed it in the excellence to which the art of novel and romance writing has reached in our own day. To think of her surprise and delight on opening one of the book parcels Lady Bute so abused and sent, if, instead of some of the well-meaning but flat productions of Charlotte Lennox, or, still worse, some flimsy frivolity of Sally Fielding's, she had lighted on the 'Antiquary,' or 'Guy Mannering,' how she would have wondered and exclaimed! and sat up all night, and, in total defiance of the organic laws, to which she in general paid such wholesome respect, would have devoured the entire three

volumes in one long and delicious meal! With her fine sense and lively imagination, she must at once have set her seal to the truth of the Great Northern Wizard. At the same time we cannot deny having a little misgiving that she would have had the very questionable taste to call Alexander Dumas her favourite among our living authors. Yes, the gorgeous beauty and sensualism of the wicked Margarite de Valois would too probably have dazzled her Epicurean fancy as much as the Sultana Fatima did her eyes. And these three dashing Musketeers—to whom she would have given her choice appellation of 'pretty fellows'—would, we fear, have been scarcely less attractive and delightful to her than to the princesses and other great ladies of their own orbit.

But we must hasten from such speculations to shew our heroine once more, on her return to her native land from this long exile, which is indeed her final appearance on the stage of life; and first, in Lady Louisa Stuart's account:—

'She survived her return home too short a time to afford much more matter for anecdotes. Those who could remember her arrival, spoke with delight of the clearness, vivacity, and raciness of her conversation, and the youthful vigour which seemed to animate her mind. She did not appear displeased at the general curiosity to see her, nor void of curiosity herself concerning the new things and people that her native country presented to her view after so long an absence: yet, had her life lasted half as many years as it did months, the probability is, that she would have gone abroad again; for her habits had become completely foreign in all those little circumstances, the sum of which must constitute the comfort or discomfort of every passing day. She was accustomed to foreign servants, and to the spaciousness of a foreign dwelling. Her description of the harpsichord-shaped house she inhabited in one of the streets bordering upon Hanover Square grew into a proverbial phrase: "I am most handsomely lodged," said she; "I have two very decent closets and a cupboard on each floor." This served to laugh at, but could not be a pleasant exchange for the Italian palazzo.

'However, all earthly good and evil were very soon terminated by a fatal malady, the growth of which she had long concealed. The fatigues she underwent in her journey to England tended to exasperate its symptoms; it increased rapidly; and before ten months were over, she died in the seventy-third year of her age.'

Horace Walpole, who was ever the bitter enemy of Lady Mary, probably because she had so often ridiculed and even scandalised his mother, and was, besides, the bosom friend of Miss Skerrit, his father's second wife, whom he detested, describes her in ridiculous terms as 'masquerading in a domino' when he saw her in Italy, and wearing what he calls a 'horseman's coat' on her return; insinuating, with his usual malice, that she must have had private and improper reasons for her eccentric costumes. How cruel this appears, when we find that she had suffered long, and with silent fortitude, from the fatal disease of cancer in the breast, which probably rendered the wearing of a loose dress absolutely necessary! She died on the 21st of August 1762.

Mr Hunt gives the following account of her last days, as having been

written by Mrs Montagu, who married her husband's cousin, to a friend at Naples. It is published among Mrs Montagu's collected letters:—

'You have lately returned us from Italy a very extraordinary personage—Lady Mary Wortley. When nature is at the trouble of making a very singular person, time does right in respecting it. Medals are preserved when common coin is worn out; and as great geniuses are rather matters of curiosity than use, this lady seems to be reserved for a wonder to more than one generation. She does not look older than when she went abroad; has more than the vivacity of fifteen; and a memory which is perhaps unique. Several people visited her out of curiosity, which she did not like. I visit her because her husband and mine were cousin-germans; and though she has not any foolish partiality for her husband and his relations, I was very graciously received, and, you may imagine, entertained by one who neither thinks, speaks, acts, nor dresses like anybody else. Her domestic establishment is made up of all nations; and when you get into her drawing-room, you imagine you are in the first storey of the Tower of Babel. A Hungarian servant takes your name at the door; he gives it to an Italian, who delivers it to a Frenchman; the Frenchman to a Swiss; and the Swiss to a Polander; so that by the time you get to her ladyship's presence, you have changed your name five times without the expense of an act of parliament.'

In a letter written after Lady Mary's death, the same writer says: 'Lady Mary W. Montagu returned to England, as it were, to finish where she had began. I wish she had given us an account of the events that filled the space between. She had a terrible distemper—the most virulent cancer ever heard of, which soon carried her off. I met her at my Lady Bute's in June, and she then looked well; in three weeks after, at my return to London, I heard she was given over. The hemlock kept her drowsy and free from pain; and the physicians thought, if it had been given early, it might have saved her.

'She left her son One guinea. He is too much of a sage to be concerned about money, I presume. When I first knew him a rake and a beau, I did not imagine he would addict himself to rabbinical learning, and then travel all over the East, the great itinerant *savant* of the world. One has read that the great believers in the transmigration of souls suppose a man who has been rapacious and cunning does penance in the shape of a fox; another, cruel and bloody, enters the body of a wolf; but I believe my poor cousin, in his pre-existent state, having broken all moral laws, has been sentenced to suffer in all the various characters of human life. He has run through them all successfully enough. His dispute with Mr Needham was communicated to me by a gentleman of the museum, and I think he will gain no laurels there; but he speaks as decisively as if he had been bred at Pharaoh's court in all the learning of the Egyptians. He has certainly very uncommon parts; but too much of the rapidity of his mother's genius.'

This gives rather a more favourable impression of young Wortley than is given either by his mother or her descendants. He seems to have been the most uncomfortable of sons—weak, flighty, and false; and neither of his parents was at all blind to his demerits. He was constantly plaguing them for money; and as Mr Wortley, senior, is said to have been immensely

mothers, who generally look on children as devoted to their pleasures, and bound by duty to have no sentiments but what they please to give them; playthings at first, and afterwards the objects on which they may exercise their spleen, tyranny, or ill-humour. I have always thought of you in a different manner. Your happiness was my first wish, and the pursuit of all my actions, divested of all selfish interest so far. I think you ought, and believe you do, remember me as your real friend.'

Only one more, on the philosophy of second childhood:—'Age, when it does not harden the heart and sour the temper, naturally returns to the milky disposition of infancy. Time has the same effect on the mind as on the face. The predominant passion, the strongest feature, becomes more conspicuous from the others retiring; the various views of life are abandoned, from want of ability to preserve them, as the fine complexion is lost in wrinkles; but as surely as a large nose grows longer, and a wide mouth wider, the tender child in your nursery will be a tender old woman, though perhaps reason may have restrained the appearance of it till the mind, relaxed, is no longer capable of concealing its weakness.'

To these hundreds more might be added in proof of her wit, sagacity, and power of satirical reviling, as well as of the less laudable licence in which, as we have just hinted, she too often indulged.

In taking leave of this remarkable woman, her whole character seems to rise up before us like one of Salvator's striking landscapes, full of power, and passion, and beauty; there are the same bright gleams of sunshine, gorgeous valleys, and purple summits, on which the eye would fain linger in delight, but dare not; for the lurid cloud is there, and the bowed trees are whispering that the hurricane is not far distant; while masses of impenetrable shade are suggestive to the imagination of rocks already riven by the lightning, and dark and gloomy caves the abodes of doleful creatures.

END OF VOL. VIII.

CHAMBERS'S

APERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

RECENT DECORATIVE ART.

:w will a teapot or a cotton-gown suggest itself in the light of a ›rk of art; yet, produced on right principles, such things may in the se fall within the category. When manufactured in the most uti- spirit, attention will be expended on their decorative characteristics, :e exerted thereby. Some tincture of æsthetic aim, in development ı, colour, surface-design, it is difficult to separate from the results 's mechanical ingenuity: some instinctive endeavour to satisfy the ls of appearance as well as of utility. How truly and how far the ›ur be fulfilled, depends on the soundness and degree of the vitality :enerally, among a particular people, or at a particular epoch.

e decoration of utilities art makes its first appearance—long before th of its independent phases. It thus shows itself among unde- l nations, even, with few exceptions, the most barbarous. We descend w when we find no art at all—neither the rudiments of science in ıtion of nature—God's creation—nor those of man's own secondarily ɜ power. The progress of every nation has probably been, from c treatment of articles of familiar use—utensils, weapons, personal ıents—to architecture, the development of expression and beauty in *ɜs*, primary objects of utility too; and thence a further stage, in ecoration by painting and sculpture. Here, we find the origin of wo fine arts, in all ancient time attaining ripest excellence in asso- with architecture, in recent having an isolated existence. A cycle ın completed: from the inability of the lowest savage to the inability ›nfused civilisation. In the intermediate stage, a semi-developed possesses decorative art of its own, perhaps an architecture of its

own. In modern days, has been seen the anomaly of nations that could paint a good picture, or carve a poetic sculpture, without possessing an architecture or any decorative art, in the true sense; without ability to construct a building having its own meaning and beauty, or to adorn an ordinary utensil in a ornamented consistent way. Strangely enough, the articles of uncultivated nations are more pleasing in effect, more faithful to principles, than any characteristic of existing Europe. The lot of the former would seem intuitive congruity with nature. The latter has so far lost itself, as to find it hopeless to realise that simple truth obeying the hand of the half-savage craftsman.

Passing to the civilised but stationary nations of the East, and their more advanced art, occurs similar exemplification of happy excellence, of singleness of aim, and simplicity of execution. The consistent beauty and truth, in colour and pattern, of a Persian carpet, a Cashmere shawl, and in harmony of form, hue, general effect, of a piece of Chinese porcelain, are familiar, and have originated copyism more or less successful.

Among those nations of antiquity since extinct or degenerate—Egypt, Assyria, Etruria—like facility and truth of decorative art are attested by existing remains, as accompanying high attainment in universal art, in architecture, sculpture, painting.

In Greece, accompanied, in its famous pottery preceded, by Etruria, and followed in a lower by Rome, consummated beauty succeeded to the less intellectual stages. Greece realised a catholic manifestation of *all* the arts, each in unexampled perfection; with a consonant refinement of the arts decorative. It has been only approached, before or since, in the mediæval time. These two epochs—the Grecian and the mediæval—stand alone, for a *universal* application, after their separate manners, of true art, and a universal reaching, not only, as among the Orientals, of vitality, but also of a peculiarly elevated standard. In every direction, however, mediæval Europe did not attain parallel *executive* excellence. The period Gothic spirit ruled intact was not long enough for this. That department—pottery—through the abundance of remains, specially characteristic with us of antiquity, an application of art to utilities, elevating this to a par with art's highest manifestations—happens to be far from prominent in the mediæval era: one undeveloped till the 'Revival.'

At the 'Revival,' the legitimate principles of Christian art became first blended, then lost, in those of alien models. Under the new conditions of the pseudo-classicism of the sixteenth century, decorative art continued to be informed by very full life. In some provinces it, in Italy and Germany, was prosecuted by artists—Benvenuto Cellini, Albert Durer, &c.—whose works yet maintain their renown for exceeding beauty of execution and of feeling. Throughout the seventeenth century similar vitality lingered, but in still less purity. During the eighteenth century it gradually expired; assuming in England the stiff forms of the time of Queen Anne, and elsewhere such perverted phases as the Louis Quinze. Early Louis Quatorze itself was to mediæval ornament what in architecture Elizabethan was to Gothic—the vigorous distortion of that once art.

Throughout these changes of *form*, the Gothic spirit may be recognised surviving indirectly. After the final loss of the remnants of the old spirit late in the last century, commenced that indiscriminate eclecticism,

reproduction, come to a height in the present practice of ornamental as of architecture. Grecian, Gothic, Byzantine, Oriental, Renaissance l are copied. The same jumbling of principles has come to pass, as tyles; forgetfulness of those varying fundamental laws governing the uit of nature in every phase of art. We moderns have evidently ething to say here, could we but find the way. The multiplicity of lels is our perplexity; the way so sadly confused: a confusion as of el, worse confounded, by lack of grammar in each separate tongue.

hese losses are shared by all Europe. In some Oriental nations deco- ve art still survives, 'decrepit, but not insane.' One difference exists ween the leading continental nations and ourselves—the more cultivated cutive skill of the latter. Their hold of principles, the essential vitality heir design, are no greater. They contrive no more than we to express thing of their own. But what they do say, they say grammatically.

n England, art, after a space of utter inanition, revived in a piecemeal lion; one isolated fragment or so at a time. In continental Europe, an istic tradition had never died out. Direct remembrances of the Gothic tem here and there lingered. The lineal succession was, in a material se, always maintained. An education of producers, artisans and igners, and of consumers, existed under one form or another from the thic time downwards. And as one result, industrial artists have never re been degraded into mere mechanical servants, of manufacturers almost essarily ignorant of art. When, during the eighteenth century, the diæval system of guilds and apprenticeships had become extinct—when chine-work began to compete with hand-work—academies, Schools of sign, in the end, public exhibitions, were substituted. By these was tained the executive facility of the artisans.

In England, no substitution was made. Things were left to take their n course, as always left here, in matters of government. The new system ntly undermined the old. Machine-work took more and more the place hand-work. The education of the factory superseded that of the work- p. That of the workshop grew more and more mechanical, less and s artistic. Design separated itself from art-workmanship. No means re provided for right culture of either. At last, things *having* taken ir course, arrived at such a pass, after England, by gigantic mechanical vements creating a manufacturing system for the world, saw itself in ger of losing its regal share in the results, through inferiority in all erein design had part. In one direction, paper-hangings, where it had l the superiority, it imported in the ratio of former exports.

Fifteen years ago, people awoke in a fright; the government itself, at eleventh hour. A committee of the House sat. Schools of Design re to be established. In 1837 the head-school was set agoing at the blic expense; followed by branch ones in the provinces, in part dependent local contributions. As yet, it is hard to find a manufacturer attribut- any sensible personal advantage to this step.

General attention has been unprecedentedly aroused. It has shown itself many ways. Six years ago, the 'Art-Journal' testified to the importance the arts decorative, by including them within its scope. Three years er, an association of the endeavours of some leading artists, with those enterprising manufacturers, commenced through the agency of 'Felix

Summerly.' Last year (1849), a periodical, the 'Journal of Design,' was successfully established, specially devoted to industrial art; comprising original papers, and notices of new productions in textile manufacture, in the metals, pottery, &c.; with illustrations and actual textile specimens. Its tone of criticism has been of an advanced and eminently-intelligent order.

Above all, the popular interest has been quickened and educated by the exhibitions which have so rapidly gained ground. These have introduced the producers to the public. Manufactures, of which the results are scattered among all, had before been almost unknown in their general bearings. On the continent, national exhibitions had long prevailed: in France, since 1798, recurring at irregular intervals down to 1819, from which date quinquennial. In England, small special exhibitions had occasionally taken place at Birmingham, Glasgow, &c.; and more continuously at Dublin. The first attempt at a comprehensive representation of British manufacture was the bazaar of the Anti-Corn-Law League in 1845. It was followed by an exhibition independent of political ends at Manchester, in 1846; and by those of the London Society of Arts, commencing in 1847. This society early took a prominent and laudable position in the movement. Finally, we have repetitions of former experiments at Manchester; and the very splendid display of last year at Birmingham. These things have paved the way for that grand scheme, the cynosure of all immediate hope in industrial design—an Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations in 1851: due to Prince Albert and an intelligent party in the Society of Arts.

Such realisations are rather the result than cause of the general movement. Had no new interest arisen in the public mind, they could not have existed, far less have had a widespread influence. The ready response each scheme has met proves how much was latent. Exhibitions—Felix Summerly's art-manufactures—Schools of Design—all are witnesses of the feeling which, consonantly with the spirit of the age, had silently taken root in the public mind, amid the neglect of the 'constituted authorities;' necessitated by the vast and growing importance of the interests concerned, and the changes in the governing conditions of production and design.

In the practical employment of design, what with recent public interest, and awakened manufacturing zeal, advances have been made during the last ten, and still more six, years. A new sense of their position has arisen among manufacturers; due to the new demand from the public. The present public has, with all its deficiencies, a vague desire for something good. The manufacturers soon feel this, in the competition with foreign and other rival producers, and must meet it. The immense *commercial* importance of design, with its daily operating influence on the choice of purchasers, forces itself on their notice. To the previous torpor, a general quest after decorative effect of some kind has succeeded; fulfilled by fair means or foul, original design, or piracy of the ideas of others.

The sense of deficiency, the mere attempts at art, even without immediate success, are promising. We doubt not the final attainment, with awakened attention, of that executive facility, and correct representation of nature, constituting present French superiority. The distance is not so great as it appears. It is art-workmen our manufacturers need, even more

ıan training in the designer; workmen capable of executing the design ıith artistic intelligence. These things will come with time and zeal. The lemand is pretty sure, in England, of securing the supply when, materially ;peaking, feasible. Within the memory of man the reproach of inability to 'draw' has been removed from our school of painting. A curious fact is the superiority of English higher art, parallel with equal inferiority in the subordinate phases. The former was earliest to emerge from the general prostration. Till lately art, as a result of the modern piecemeal manifestation of it, had long been understood to mean this or that of its leading developments. We are now beginning to understand that art (formative) is not painting, is not sculpture, merely, but a much larger matter, embracing, with architecture as the mistress, every department of technic production, on the results of which æsthetic meaning may be impressed.

Essential progress, in the true, to us half-ideal, practice of design; in obedience to fundamental principles; in a consistent language of our own; is not readily to be made. It will long, we fear, continue beyond the reach of England and of Europe. The real advance of the age, and of England distinctively, is circumscribed to the technic arts, their abridged processes, their enlarged results; to that colossal extension of utilitarian attainment, of the facilitating services of nature, which has made the time a marvel to itself. In the strictly mechanical phases it has been one system of progress. Machinery has developed a before-undreamed life; has lifted its arms of might, and done its wondrous work; realised its store of comforts by the million in the place of luxuries by the score. But the eloquence to have been impressed on its work has not been added. Dumb, inarticulate, is its outward appeal; or worse, lying, distorted; putting on semblance of alien life, instead of the revealment of its own. For, as already said, we cannot avoid some attempt at decorative effect. Whether it be genuine, or idle and inane, is then a consideration well to study. In the æsthetic province there has been entirely wanting the vitality which should have turned to account the mechanical gains of the age, and educed expression of that spirit surely pervading them.

The modern conditions of design are distinct from any previous; they demand equally novel fulfilment. For hand-work, we have machine-work; for an ornamental idea lavished on a single example, infinite multiplication, by engraved plates, blocks, cylinders; by punches, squeezes, moulds, types, dies. For that highest value of art-working, the living 'evidence of human care and thought and love,' reigns the 'blind accuracy of the engine.' But the evidence of human thought, though banished from the execution, may pervade in the fullest measure the idea. The absence of direct executive human labour may be met by an appropriate decorative system. The extent to which multiplication is carried is peculiar to modern time. The multiplication itself is no novelty. The coins of the ancients exemplify the artistic excellence transmissible through a mechanical medium. The substitution of the machine for human labour is often made with no commensurate result: a mere superfluous triumph over difficulty, or tame imitation of effects proper to the living hand. But the legitimate value of machinery is high; the extension of the range of decorative art, the general diffusion of refinements. These are great goods. They are rightly to be realised through development of an independent character and reality

in the multiplied ornament. The cheap, widely-diffused bad copy of some good thing is not, as too often implied, gain—only evil. The cheap, widely-diffused good substitute, having its own individuality, however restricted, is unmixed benefit.

Separation inevitably prevails, of designer—the furnisher of the specific ornament—and practical workman, the reproducer. But the divorce between art itself and the secondary agencies is not so absolute. Much of the effect depends on the latter. Art-workmanship is as important as art-design, wherever, as in paper-hangings and bronzes, hand-labour is required in the finishing. And equally so is educated skill in some middle stages—the 'putting on' in textile fabrics—though the final processes be wholly mechanical. In some manufactures—as casting in iron, even in these, much depends on the care, guided by intelligence, of the workmen. The two modes of reproduction are, where partially mechanical, as in the above cases; and where artistic skill is, or ought to be, indispensable throughout. The latter class includes house-decoration, carving on wood, metal-cutting and chasing, engraving on glass, painting on pottery.

Great and various have been the technic advances of manufacture: in material, processes, new applications of mechanical power. In *textile* manufacture, within a century, a whole branch of trade we find created, in *cotton*, and progressively increasing. Throughout, it has been systematic improvement. Foremost, ranks increased facility of production, through the mechanical discoveries of our Watts, Arkwrights, Cromptons, Hargreaves, and the colossal application of their steam-power and complex machinery. Secondly, we have the practical mastery of chemistry, applied to bleaching and dyeing, to the securing permanency and variety of hue, and extension of the decorative range. Thirdly, come facilitated processes of printing; the introduction of metal cylinders, with their new capabilities to compete with wooden blocks; the engraving the cylinder from the previously-engraved die; and recently, the printing several colours at once, instead of for each colour a cylinder. Last, we rank modifications of fabric, and the consequent creation of new demands.

In the *silk* manufacture, in England more of an exotic, the usual enhancement of production through machinery has taken place; above all, through application of the French Jacquard-loom.

One manufacture has been created since the beginning of the century, by machinery especially complicated in invention: the *bobbin-net*, or machine-made lace, now of national importance, producing to the annual value of more than £3,000,000 sterling. The cheapness here, as in the cotton manufacture, result and cause of increased production, has been carried to its utmost. Ever-new improvements in mechanism have resulted in a present market-price often 90 per cent. less than that of former days.

In the *woollen* manufacture, both fabric and dye have advanced. Worsteds and stuffs have been distinguished by increased production, and multiplication of the kinds of fabric. In the finer sorts, merinos, we now rival the French. In shawls, the beautiful Oriental manufacture has been imitated and superseded; and the men of Paisley have kept pace with those of Lyons. Carpets have in fabric and dye undergone manifold transmutations; terminating with the enchanted

application of dye and extension of the scale of colour of the tapestry-carpets; and the recent application of printing, successful as to first cost-cheapness.

In *paper-hangings* we have recently, facilitated production through machinery, improvements of material in increased length of piece, of texture and surface of the finished article, and of colour, its effect and durability.

Among the metals, *iron* has made the greatest stride. By development of the system of casting, so characteristic of modern manufacture, a revolution has been effected. For ornamental works on a large scale, as gates and screens, its facility of production has commanded acceptance. In its application to furniture—bedsteads, tables, and smaller articles—besides its previous employment for grates, stoves, &c. an opening of indefinite capability has been commenced. For constructive purposes, it has made way to an extent only perhaps the germ of a new architecture. For supports, trusses of roofs, balconies, its strength and cheapness have already been of great value.

The universal adoption of *pottery* for domestic use dates within the last half century. At the beginning of the eighteenth century it was an insignificant manufacture; throughout the middle ages it was an incipient one. In the sixteenth century, decorated earthenware assumed some remarkable phases in Italy, Germany, and subsequently, France. In Italy, during a period including the sixteenth, and, in less perfection, the seventeenth century, character and beauty were reached peculiar to the time; and the surviving remnants of the ware termed Majolica are much prized by the connoisseur in such matters. The finer kinds of pottery were unknown to Europe till the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the production of European porcelain, in imitation of Oriental, arose; and the manufactories of Dresden, Sèvres, and Chelsea, were successively established. The story of the great Wedgwood, and the rise of English pottery as a staple branch of production, is well known. During the latter part of the eighteenth century, under his and auxiliary influence, it advanced in character and extent in a ratio unexampled. Both by recourse to chemical science in improvement and invention of material, and by attention to art new to English manufacture, Wedgwood signalised himself. In the utilitarian qualities of earthenware—strength, and perfection of glaze—the English have been hitherto unequalled. In porcelain, for fineness of material, and combination of impermeability with semi-transparency, foreign manufactures have been rivalled and reproduced. In lustre of hue, some colours in Oriental china have been unapproached, others excelled. The scientific pursuit of colour has not been adequately cultivated.

In *glass*, recent technic advances are confined to the development of plate-glass, and its remarkable results in size and clearness; and in flint-glass, to the purity of the English crystal, parallel with the equally unapproached success of continental, above all, Bohemian coloured glass.

Among *new materials*, or new in their wide extension, *papier-maché* ranks first. Introduced early in the last century, it had made rapid advances before its close, in strength, facility of production, and of ornamentation; all much further developed during the present. Its applications have become indefinitely multiplied. These, and the strength and

durability of the finished article, are marvellous, when we consider its original beginnings, from thin sheets of paper. Its possible durability, like that of other artificial materials, as porcelain, often rivals or exceeds that of many natural substances—wood or some kinds of stone. *Carton-pierre*, a composition more successfully imitative of stone, is a later introduction. Of *gutta percha*, a material not invented, but *discovered*, the application, and to the most ornamental and varied purposes, dates within the last few years. *Stamped leather* is a manufacture of the middle ages, to which machinery and new processes have imparted a fresh character and very extended adaptability. Some materials, literally new, are devoted to the reproduction of works of art: *statuary-porcelain*, and *parian*, recent inventions of the potter's art; and *fictile ivory*, a composition of facile production, a fine kind of plaster of Paris subjected to particular chemical action.

The application of science to manufacture belongs to the nature of every advance instanced: it is characteristic of the age. Chemistry, above all, in the hands of the cotton-printer, the potter, the caster in metal, plays an important part. A signal example of scientific influence is *electro*-metallurgy—the process of metallic deposits by electric agency, adapted for silver-plating, recently for bronzing. Its advantages are eminent, in the facility, combined with fidelity, of its reproductions, and the integrity of the deposited surface. Among the fresh applications of mechanism, whereof the name is legion, that for *wood-carving* is an independent and notable one.

Such, then, are the utilitarian acquisitions of the age, and of the last century of devotion to mechanical pursuits. Thus large and varied is the material, to which a 'form and pressure' is to be imparted by a system of indefinitely-multiplied design. Throughout the course we have sketched, England has been foremost. In those departments—machinery, cotton-manufacture—of most important progress, she has been the leading power; in some secondary ones, as pottery, she has engrossed the lion's share. We will now take a summary of design in England, in its bearings to this vast sum of brute-energy, realised by the technic genius of our time.

The importance of textile design, commercially considered, immeasurably exceeds all other. In most printed and woven fabrics, England commands the markets of half the world, for quality of material and cheapness; French design alone competes with us. This very proficiency—the one wanting for predominance—the English manufacturer once disregarded in his eager pursuit of facility of production. The design was reckoned as purely mechanical as the rest. Instead of occupying an honoured station, as in France, the professional designer was slighted—to a great extent still is—poorly paid, and worse esteemed. Of this, the fault lies at the door of all concerned—the public and non-educating government included. Barefaced plagiarism was substituted for that good design, not at hand, nor forming part in the manufacturer's notion of personal outlay: a system still too favoured; one of little wisdom. A design is thus the common property or plunder of all; instead of securing remuneration to one, gives it to none, or gives it by chance, in the general scramble. The cost of an original design is itself trifling. The getting-up is the main expense; one incurred whether the design be original or copied. And though good in itself, the copied design may be, and constantly is, ruined in the processes of 'putting on,' &c.;

processes, though more mechanical, requiring artistic skill like that of the designing itself.

Present textile design is necessarily miscellaneous enough; what with plagiarism, and ill-judged doctoring of plagiarism, the paucity of well-instructed designers, and the uncertain treatment experienced by them from manufacturers, ignorant commercial 'buyers,' and a capricious public. Novelty—novelty is the end to which all efforts are directed. The patterns of one season are *effete* long before the next. It is little remembered that novelty, far from a thing good in itself, is positive evil, unless it be also improvement. In the headlong pursuit of this one aim, it is unheeded whether novel beauty or novel ugliness be attained, so it *be* indubitable novelty—a difficult matter, however. That which passes for it is generally only a ringing of the changes on some two or three notes; with imperceptible or unmeaning variations; and occasionally a launch into something novel indeed, in barbarous, *outré* grotesqueness. Of course there is a reason for this indiscriminate preference of novelty on the consumer's part, more deep-seated than the tyranny of caprice itself: the absence of any one design of pre-eminent excellence, and of a settled style of good designs, such as pervades goods of Oriental manufacture.

It is in textile manufacture the fullest scope for an independent decorative system exists. The conditions of modern reproduction and multiplication of pattern by machinery, here prevailing, are so individual to the age, and the diffusion of the design so unprecedentedly large, there perforce has been a development more adapted to the exigencies of the case, than in any other manufacture. Styles, original and appropriate, have been worked out. A modern cotton-gown does preserve its character of cotton-gown, does not ape that of something else—an architectural façade or a painted canvas. Even when ugly and unmeaning, the design has a certain amount of consistency. Often it is very satisfactory.

In most cases, agreeable arrangement of colour is the legitimate effect, rather than outline. To garments, destined, as they are, to fall in folds about the person, elaborate displays of drawing are obviously inappropriate. They presuppose for being seen an impossible surface when the material is 'made up.' The pattern, whether in single colours or not, should be composed of general outlines that will lose nothing by transposition one over the other; not too detailed or precise; and handled, especially where numerous colours are used, as the vehicle of colour. In the latter relation, the capabilities of textile design have not been fully developed. The available hues are necessarily limited by technical difficulties, though continually increased through systematic resort to experimental chemistry. But the combination of those already used is not understood. The vivid sense of harmony of colour natural to early or simple nations, so characteristic a beauty of Oriental manufacture still, has been lost. The well-grounded culture which should supply its place is not yet attained, nor even aimed at, by the producers of English goods.

In printed garment fabrics manufactured for the home-market, many true principles more or less consistently prevail. Smallness of pattern is one followed to a considerable extent, though not enough; essential in a design consisting of indefinitely-repeated parts. These separate features should make a general whole in which they are lost; not breaking up the

person of the wearer, but subordinate to it. Unbroken distribution of pattern is another attribute contributing to the same ends, not so strictly obeyed as the former, yet of modified prevalence. Flatness of effect, the legitimate characteristic of painted as opposed to sculptured surface ornament, especially as applied by a mechanical medium; essential to unpretentious self-consistency; is also unequally adhered to. As regards colour, the questionable preference of English taste for neutral, undecided tints, what are called 'chaste' effects, prevents the glare and harsh combinations commonly united to the brilliancy and larger patterns of calicos got up for the southern and tropical markets. There the very extension of the scale often educes the more forcibly the incompetence of the English manufacturer for harmonious use of it. A class of goods affording an illustration of the legitimate attributes, smallness of pattern and equal distribution, united to true taste in colour, are the well-known Swiss muslins; fabrics it is, for these reasons, a real pleasure to inspect in stock.

Chintz hangings form a class in which the design of the day is by no means felicitous, evidencing retrogression, not advancement: size of pattern increased to an ungainly extent, a correspondingly violent and harsh system of colour, the legitimate characteristics of the material lost.

In silks, the taste of the French is sufficiently celebrated. The English follow at a distance; much resorting to copyism of French design, and even regular employment of French designers. The present prevalence of large patterns, though these are often of much abstract beauty, is far from correct in principle, for reasons already stated. Too *naturalistic* a tendency is also characteristic of the French designs; too ambitious and irreflective an emulation; that is, of natural objects too little artistic conventionalising; a mimicking of nature where the range of representation is necessarily all-circumscribed. By the reverse system, a weakness can be turned into a source of power, of new and self-consistent excellence.

Among woven fabrics, in shawls, more beauty is daily encountered than in any other article of dress. The reason lies in the imitation of the Oriental models, induced in the Europeans in their successful contest. The French here, too, won the foremost place in the race. Though their excellence has been equalled by the beautiful products of British manufacture, French design takes the lead, as elsewhere — is in itself an immeasurable commercial advantage. According to accustomed subterfuges of trade, the best British goods are, as in the case of silks, to a great extent sold as French; thus dust is thrown into uninitiated eyes, and unmerited slight cast on British manufacture. The subservience of drawing to harmonious colour, and the employment of a restricted, effective scheme of outline—outline always analogous, yet variable—as the vehicle of such colour, are very noticeable in the original models, just as in Oriental carpets. The futility of the European system of novelty-hunting is here made manifest; and the perennial freshness of a thing of beauty. None, it has been well said, tire of a Turkey carpet, or a Cashmere shawl, which have ever been essentially the same; who does not of two-thirds of the ever-varying apparitions of our European ribbons, or de laines? By systematic adherence to one good type of ornamentation, the fabricators of the shawl were enabled to produce beauty ever true, and to develop

minor variations of outline and effect. The practice contains a lesson for the Europeans. Fair ladies do indeed complain of the inable repetition of the pine. But this is because it has, amid the ıary aimless quest after novelty, been so preposterously obtruded on —wrenched from the plan of which it was a part. In the best Cashmeres and European imitations, this conventional form is simply y-note, the ground-work, of other elaborate combinations; lost in In many of the cheaper kinds of shawl now prevailing, as espe- he Barège, rows of these pines, though having no use or beauty s the medium of colour, and of other forms, stand by themselves t colour or meaning: the prosaic, senseless parodies of a pure and ul original. A leaven of the fault, the over-definement of the pine, ıter into the better kinds. The opposite treatment is the *ideal* of ginal Cashmere.

carpet manufacture, like that of shawls, is of Oriental origin. Dur- last two centuries of rivalry, and with substitution of machine for ork, the Europeans have far enough departed from their models. with their mechanical resources and cheapened results, they have equalled the technic value and marvellous durability of the Turkey they have established a fundamentally opposite and false plan of tion—that of *pictures* on floors. In France, the manufacture, con- on a grand scale in one or two favoured establishments, is, from a ing domestic custom—the retainment of ornamental wood-floorings— ionally characteristic one. The French manufacturers have carried ctorial system to the most vicious extent, so great and misdirected en their ambition. The loss, again, of true principles of colour, is, h this ambition, the more egregiously manifested; violent, inhar- d combinations being freely resorted to. In England, this, like the more recent branches of production, began to gain consideration beginning of the eighteenth century, when the polished, inlaid a floorings had gone out. It continued growing in importance e present century, during which very great advances have been in material. The beauty of texture, mossy and velvet-like to look ouch, characterising the better-class carpets, has its æsthetic as s technic value. In general truth of decorative principle there e to commend. The so obvious fundamental condition, flatness ct, the marked characteristic of ancient and Oriental decorations floor—the Roman tesselated pavement, the mediæval encaustic he Persian or Turkey carpet—is wholly violated. Fruits and rounded off into approximate light and shade form the com- tock in trade. Fruits are, in any case, inappropriate to be a on. Flowers, if represented, should tell their tale, as *only* repre- and on the floor, not as on a wall: then they might be sug- and pleasing. On the same terms, similarly conventionalised, th reference to their destination, not denying their purely decorative other subjects demanding moderate attention from the spectator, missible. Smallness, simplicity, and equal distribution of pattern, lispensable—especially when the greater portion, as in an English room, is covered by furniture—for the eye to apprehend the design; standing for the whole. But sprawling, disconnected patterns much

prevail. The cheaper sorts of carpet, having geometric devices, though not over-burthened with æsthetic beauty, often unmeaning and mechanical, are less incorrect in principle than the ambitious, where so much is attempted, better left unattempted. Flatness and concentration of effect are wanting in these also. In colour there is great inequality; anything like the rich harmonies of the Oriental carpets is never approached. But from the less pretentious, more sober effects, there is a wide range up to the most glaring, gaudy, and costly. In truth of gradation, matters have not been mended in the tapestry carpets, with their extended scale of hue. There is more room to err than in the Brussels carpets, with their half-dozen colours. The claims of exceeding brilliancy and superficial attractiveness cannot be denied. There has been a parallel development of the defects of the old carpets—pretentiousness, largeness of pattern, pictorial attempts at light and shade and roundness of effect.

In most other woollen fabrics, design, properly so called, has small part. The male creation of Europe has long discarded decorative aid to its external appearance; trusting to intrinsic merit, to the sober claims of mind and pocket, or to the personal charms surviving external disadvantages, softened by a kind of prim foppery and neatness of toilet. The last traditions of taste as to design in its bearing on costume are in the keeping of the ladies. In the whole male wardrobe, the sole vestiges of 'decorative art' are traceable sometimes in the waistcoat and nether-garment. In the former, there has lately been a movement towards a little actual decoration. In the latter, the approximation is of the most inartificial kind—a few neutral colours and a few straight lines, striped or crossed. It is an instance of the little thought vouchsafed to such matters, that rational men could be found to walk about with limbs disfigured by a series of broad, party-coloured bars running at right angles to one another. Yet the most sane men may have been so seen. Every one of us, in fact, was liable to the innocent adoption of this barbarity when it 'came up,' and so making a monstrous network of his body. Such lines, not to speak of their ugliness, destroy the whole character of the human form. All check-patterns are in themselves, unaided by harmonious colour, mechanical, and devoid of beauty. Ladies seldom fall into such egregious blunders. They instinctively understand too well the becoming. They are fond of 'stripes,' because they assist the effect of height; though a like result would belong to the stripe translated into graceful curves. Striped patterns, wherever occurring in a dress or a paper-hanging, fall under the same category with checks as to inherent lack of art or beauty—an absence of beauty characterising in general all straight lines, just as distinctively as does its presence curvilinear ones. The latter form the attribute of every portion of the human form itself: a significant fact. Stripes are more admissible, however, than checks; being true to the leading lines of the body, and suggesting them, instead of clipping it into fragments. Even in ladies' dress, there is at present a strong inartistic movement: the recourse to undecorated garments, 'polkas,' &c. in which all the character is given by, and half the cost lavished on, the milliner. Fashion is indifferent to this circumstance; the more or less art, the more or less intelligence brought to bear in the satisfaction of her demands, elicited in the toiling multitude. Unfortunately, the empty-headed tyrant unconsciously sways the destinies,

creates or mars the prosperity, not only of the decorative arts, but of manufactures themselves, and of whole classes of human beings.

To the majority of our day it must seem a puerility to attach importance to dress, to look for art in such quarters, or concern ourselves for the lack of it. Yet real art has been displayed in the costume of all times and nations save the modern European—the classic, the mediæval, the Oriental. Some distorted attempt at it may be recognised amid the shabbiest disguises of humanity of a London crowd. Is it not a point worth consideration, whether we practically accept a make-believe, or a reality, in its way?—whether we go about labelled 'failure,' ticketted with nonentity and ugliness, incongruity with nature; wearing the emblem of some sordid and inane idea; or whether the decorative symbol be suggestive and consistent? The dearth of thought, both in producer and consumer, is here, as everywhere, the source of all mistake, and folly, and loss.

Of other textile manufactures, a few words remain to be said.—First, as to lace; a century or two ago a costly rarity, now an every-day adornment. The grace and delicacy of effect of the material are its legitimate and most striking beauties. Independent beauty and coherence of design are compatible with them. Both in the hand-made and machine-made lace such real design occasionally occurs. In some of the machine-made, where something better is attempted than imitation of the hand-made—a false and vicious system—a style adopted specifically characteristic, there is much to praise in appropriate and pleasing flatness of effect, and beauty of design based on this attribute; a style essentially distinct from the thickness and richness of the old hand-made, and having its own claims.

In the linen manufacture, designs for damask are at no high standard with us, either in prevailing decorative 'motives' or special treatment. Foreigners have the advantage; in design and quality of material. The manufacturers of two hundred years ago were still more before both.

Pottery is a manufacture not so commercially important as that of textile fabrics, nor educing equal activity in design; yet it is one peculiarly favourable to art. No article produced, however simple, but may evince decorative treatment, or artistic feeling, in its *form* at least; art may be part and parcel of it, so far. And this attribute, form, is often not given by mechanical agency, but is the direct result of human dexterity.

The decorative constituents are two—form, and surface-ornamentation. The first is the fundamental, imparting the leading character. In perfection of form alone, sufficing beauty may be realised.

We have alluded to the especial glory of Josiah Wedgwood—the union of improved material and colour, with the development of an artistic element. The round of the antique forms was exhausted, and the poetic aid of that greatest of English or modern sculptors, John Flaxman, secured. It was Wedgwood's misfortune—the inevitable sequence of the peculiar condition of modern design—rather than fault, that as to form, no more than copyism was done. Nothing better has been reached since, only greater license in departure from the antique models and from the natural standard of beauty. In the æsthetic phase, the manufacture has remained much where he left it, in some points, rather, has retrograded;

though just lately there has been considerable and laudable activity. Copies of good things have divided sway with copies of bad. Copyism it is, still, which 'brings in all that's fair:' reproduction of the antique or of Oriental forms. Settled principles of design we have none. We have no philosophically-artistic study of beauty of form, in one given route; no independent pursuit of the general principles of æsthetic truth of line; such, as in other times and nations, resulted severally, in antique, in mediæval, and in Oriental art; in the attainment of systems of form, all genuine, each distinct from the other, and characteristic.

There are two kinds of acceptable form: æsthetic perfection, and expressive character. There may, too, be the union of both. In Greece, this union was, in all art, nearly equal. In the middle ages, character was the dominant attribute. In Etruscan and Grecian pottery, we have the deepest, most refined visual melodies, so to speak. In Oriental pottery, and in mediæval decorative forms generally, we have harmonies, lower, as to mere æsthetic perfection—that definite completeness the Greeks realised everywhere. Oriental forms are sometimes of mixed truth. The mediæval have equal or even more striking suggestiveness than the Grecian, a prevailing idiosyncrasy, as eloquent and unmistakable as belongs to the architecture of the time. The natural development of forms, simple, but true in feeling, in all early potteries, whether of the rude South-Sea islander, of the aboriginal Mexican, or the ancient British occupiers of our own land, is a remarkable fact. In modern forms, reigns mere anarchy, the abrupt transition from harmony to discords. In the potter's work, pre-eminently, the intrinsic *æsthetic* claim, as distinguished from that of *character*, is confined to lines curved and flowing. Such lines prevail in Oriental China; though straight-lined combinations occur, judiciously managed; as again, in all mediæval decorative forms, subserviently to those other claims of which we have spoken. There is in our pottery the ample use of straight lines, to meet the insatiable rage for 'novelty;' while the curved forms of the classic models are often inharmoniously adapted, through mere bluntness of taste and the absence of controlling principles.

Still, the adoption, more or less modified, of good models as a basis, has dictated the general forms of our pottery, to an extent scarce now to be adequately apprehended. In tea-services, the Chinese gave us not only the beverage, but the material and form of the vessels to contain it. In many familiar earthenware and porcelain articles, dishes, plates, &c. the purpose has dictated the form; with much of that success which obedience to the demands of utility and common sense, without farther attempt, insures. In the remainder, antique forms have had their all-powerful influence. On the other hand, in all these classes the unaided fancy of the designer, and spasmodic efforts at novelty, have been the fertile source of monstrosity. Attention to form, however, has been a welcome feature in the late progress of the potteries. Our general characteristics in form may be summed up as, a lack of any one style of our own, or rule; a conflict with types uncouth, unmeaning, and contemptible; and a leaven—with importation from one trustworthy quarter and another—of much that is agreeable.

In surface-ornamentation there is less to applaud. An original or consistent system here, too, there is not. Little available for ordinary

purposes was to be gleaned from good models. The examples in ancient pottery were of too high and costly a description. The Chinese patterns were nothing without the harmony of hue, of which they were the medium. Their bad drawing and grotesque features were not in any case desirable for adoption. The history of English ornamentation of earthenware and porcelain is in great part a strange eventful series of barbarities: concatenations of incongruous objects, and medleys of copyism; assisted by primitive drawing and ineptest rendering of nature. The progress lately made has been unequal. Elaborate mistakes every way, unmeaning combinations, defiances of nature, abound. The extraordinary part pseudo-pastorals and inconsistent 'made-up' landscapes have played, in this section of the furniture of an English home, is well known. They still hold sway; in conjunction with variations on Louis Quatorze and Quinze, Moresque, &c.

In earthenware, the 'willow' pattern, now dying out, introduced towards the end of the last century, is among the most remarkable ever in vogue; for diffusion and continuance. Its success was not without cause. No general popularity is. The pattern, though a mere parody of Chinese perversities, had great utilitarian merits: in its equal covering of the surface, distinct adjustment of design to the separate parts—rim and centre—and absence of pictorial pretence. Most of the better designs now current, more correctly drawn, and sometimes of considerable taste, err in these particulars—lack adaptation of design to the special purpose. As the designers have grown more ambitious and 'artistic,' they have become less attentive to the demands of decoration *as* decoration. A system of ornament, properly so called, strictly confined to its decorative office, assuming to be nothing else, while having in that individual beauty, is unknown to the best modern design.

The fashion of aping *pictures* more or less pervading our manufactured design, shows itself very prominently when we come to the finer, more costly porcelains. Too much is attempted at once in all modern decoration. Herein is one secret of the variance in genuine success attending the Oriental, and the best of the European efforts. The designs of the Dresden and Sèvres china, when not copies of the Oriental, purport to be 'complete works of art,' pictures in pottery. They cannot rival an actual picture, yet miss the effect proper to the material; result in being neither one thing nor the other. The Chinese 'set light and shade and perspective at defiance;' but in harmony and vivid beauty of colour, and due subordination of pattern, produce an effect consistent with the material, and in itself contenting. In the Dresden and Sèvres, the Oriental harmony is by no means equalled. Just in the most ambitious attempts of the latter the worst success is attained—the most gaudy, harsh, false effects. We have triumphs over technical difficulties, amazing enough; that is all. The English, who have followed these manufactures, have not been more successful in development of true decorative character or refined colour. But they never have fallen into the extreme gaudiness, the overloading with alien matter, of the more costly Sèvres; where, sometimes, the material is scarce to be recognised, for gilding and pretence.

The vivid feeling for colour of the Orientals is as pre-eminent here as in

their other manufactures. Similar feeling, fresh and living, is to be noticed in the earlier European pottery—the enamelled wares of the sixteenth century. The Majolica, though pictorial rather than strictly ornamental, and its subjects those irrelevant classic ones for which a *furor* then prevailed, was characterised by high æsthetic beauty; sometimes in drawing, always in colour, with its peculiar rich, brown and golden hues.

The literal English reproductions of Oriental china, of Sèvres, of Dresden, are somewhat pitiable. As in other directions, we rival the fabric, the technic qualities of the foreign article, but servilely affix the foreign design trade-mark; so as surreptitiously to represent, instead of self-reliantly competing with it. The repetition of the mere outward guise, as well as material excellences of a successful manufacture, is a singular evidence of æsthetic supineness—of the divorce between technic and æsthetic ability. The repetition can, as to art, never have more than a factitious, second-hand value. Where, in articles of show, vases, &c. the continental products are not imitated, classic design is reproduced. Etruscan vases, Etruscan and Grecian types of ornament and subjects, in new applications, have been repeated from Wedgwood's day downward, for modern edification; without reference to the original purpose of these things, or modern exigencies. Even the beautiful original designs of Flaxman were at fault in this particular of *subject*, considering a modern European was addressed, not an ancient Greek. Original design is, however, under any drawback, a far different, more living thing, than mere copyism.

In our ambitious attempts, then, from the cheapest chimney-ornament up to the costly vase, we have spoiled pictures and literal reproduction: beginning with copies of popular sentimental pieces, and ending with the antique. In some directions advance has been made. Original designs for the common wares and ordinary china are encouraged, and are progressive in character. In several, for articles of common use, a leaven of direct reference to nature has been introduced, started by the 'art-manufactures' of Felix Summerly: reference to nature, of value, as a step in the right direction, though over-'naturalistic' in these particular instances.

The new applications of porcelain, for chimney-slabs, tiles, &c. form a feature in recent movements. They have been successful in eliciting felicitous design and novel beauty of effect for purposes where the very reverse of anything artistic or pleasing had been usual. It were well should geometric, purely ornamental designs predominate in the slabs rather than pictures: pastorals, festoons of flowers—scarce appropriate to the vicinity of a fire—and æsthetic abominations, like ribbons and baskets.

An important auxiliary in the diffusion of art are the new inventions of material, 'statuary porcelain,' 'parian:' improvements on the old 'Bisque' or unglazed porcelain; in appearance approaching marble. They are preparing the way for still further discoveries, whereby the evils in the present process, the shrinking of material in the furnace, are to be obviated. Already a demand has been created for artistic refinement through these means of the homes of the middle classes. The opening is capable of being turned to high account in the cultivation of a purely artistic manufacture. Success depends on two conditions—the subjects chosen, and their execution. Some among those selected are of true artistic worth; as especially Bell's Dorothea. Many recent selections are the very reverse

of satisfactory. We have copies of French pictures and statuettes, not deserving wide publication; in subject and treatment of a debased style: mere sickly prettinesses and sentimentalisms; and nude female figures, whose only recommendation *is* their nudity, having none of that purity of feeling or refinement of beauty alone rendering such representations acceptable. Instead of profitably enlarging the influence of the true and the elevated, as by the Dorothea, the manufacture thus diffuses what is low in art, as well as poor and depraved in meaning. Unhappily, it would seem the complexion of public taste itself, as in the case of popular engravings, which is pandered to. It were to be wished that not only copies of the best works of English sculptors should be given, but still more extensively, original models of them specially commissioned. The nature of the material would here be considered; a new opening for art created; and a class of subjects fostered in sculpture, addressed to the sympathies of our age and country — a desideratum indeed! On the execution, the workman's knowledge and skill, especially in the finishing, depends much of the final effect. The inevitable difficulties of the process are great. But in the niceties, the joining of the separately cast pieces, and the like, exists fair room for improvement: improvement only to come through the education and more refined feeling of the workman.

The revival of encaustic tiles for churches, public buildings, the halls of private houses, has been successful; in the mechanical process and decorative constituents. The admirable Gothic models, true to principle in flatness of effect and simplicity, have been reproduced. Geometric patterns prevail. It would be gain if this beautiful manufacture superseded the modern one, strong in its cheapness, of floor-cloth: a disagreeable material; the designs ordinarily devoted to it still more unsatisfactory. These are mostly, with their absurd imitations of marble and stone, poor, tautologous, false in principle. The geometric patterns are of course better; but no wasteful lavishment of taste or invention is traceable.

The manufacture of figures and other ornaments in terra-cotta, recently revived, has been carried further in France than in England; but with success in the latter country as to durability of material—in all manufacture the Englishman's strong point. In original design, little has been done. We should mention, however, the noteworthy application of this material to a modern Gothic church in Lincolnshire.

Ornamental domestic *Glass*, in which so great perfection, artistically speaking unrivalled, was attained by the ancients, was not a characteristic mediæval manufacture. Its European revival belonged to Venice, followed by Germany. In both countries, much technic excellence and artistic beauty in form and engraving were attained: during the sixteenth century in Italy, after some ages of practice; in Germany, with great access in development of colour, early in the seventeenth. The English cultivation of the manufacture to any important extent was late. Till the last few years it laboured under the severest government check. A progressive course, however, has all along been maintained.

Stained glass, on the other hand, is an art, in its glory as characteristically mediæval, as perfect pottery is antique. It was reduced to the lowest ebb during the last century, but has of late revived, so far as imitation of the old remains goes. In mere technic qualities, of beauty of hue, there

is still, not to speak of design, great shortcoming in our imitations. The unsuccessful modern refers for explanation to the coarseness of the old glass, here undoubtedly of value, and to be reproduced; and to mellowing influences of time, dirt, and decay. This latter is a plea least of all calculated to explain all things; akin to the notion of some connoisseurs of 'tone'—that is, dirt—in old pictures.

In domestic glass, similar importance attaches to *form* as in pottery. Engraving offers a more restricted range of surface-ornamentation. In development of colour we have greater difficulty, and greater beauty when attained; in transmutation of form and substance through cutting and frosting, effects peculiar to itself. The mere material has in its transparency and brilliancy an æsthetic charm which bad design may injure, but not destroy. The excess to which cutting is at present carried, interferes with the former property, and with general outline; confusing the eye. It substitutes effects dazzling, but often surprising rather than pleasing.

The variety of forms manufactured is great. Types borrowed from the antique, or indirectly from the Venetian and German manufactures, have exerted wide influence on articles in daily use. Many familiar forms of wine-glasses, jugs, &c. are of considerable beauty, coming of a pure stock. In others, as of decanters, the educing an æsthetic charm from the utilitarian purpose had, till lately, been unattempted. Purely ornamental articles present effective reproduction of the beautiful antique forms; reproduction mostly literal, sometimes as the basis of others. Any prevailing adherence to defined principles no more exists than in pottery. The late stimulated pursuit of design has been loose enough; as often directed to straight-lined and *outré* as to curvilinear and refined forms. Novelty has been the too influential aim. In the long-run, beauty and truth are not to be hit upon; must be patiently, intelligently worked out.

The chandelier is a feature of modern manufacture, in which, with the purity and brilliancy of their crystal, the English are pre-eminent. In it modern design has had to rely on its own resources; and, following the requirements of the article, been tolerably successful. In few other cases have the peculiar beauties of the material been so adequately developed. The union of refined form—refinement capable of being carried much further than it is—with the utmost possible eliciting of the grace natural to these suspended masses of light, the full emphasis on their leading characteristics as such: herein consists the province of the designer.

The range of surface-ornament by engraving admits of very delicate beauty. The most successful English design is that occupied with simple forms, imitation of natural foliage, &c. The conditions of the material preclude exaggeration, and such subject educes character strictly ornamental. To the costly work, where picture-like effects and the human figure are introduced, a sufficiently high order of art has not been applied. In one simple kind of engraving—that on window-glass—good decorative effects have been produced, at a cheap rate. Its domestic use might be advantageously extended. Concealment of outlook, where desirable, is obtained by it, ornamentally and agreeably. Not so pretentious as stained glass, success is more within the manufacturer's reach.

The inferiority, in depth and brilliancy of hue, of the English to the continental *coloured* glass has been stated. *Subject-painting* has been little

cultivated. Recent advances have been made, and pleasing effects produced, with copies from the antique, the Italian and modern masters.

In the useful *metals*, decoration includes treatment of general form, and superaddition of surface-ornament. Æsthetic beauty is to be educed from utility, or engrafted on it; consistently with, and suggestive of, special character. Such are the primary ends of ornamental design in this direction distinctively, as more or less strictly everywhere. In the hands of true artists, or where a right system pervades industrial design, the decorative attainment is never incompatible with the utilitarian, nor the union a difficulty. Where such system does *not* exist, the sordid repulsiveness of utility divorced from beauty results; or in the spasmodic attempt at their union, the former is lessened, the character of the decorated object falsified or concealed, fitness neglected, reality lost. For æsthetic effect itself, the expression of utility must be preserved, as the *root* of it. In the beautiful examples of mediæval iron-work, these principles are illustrated affirmatively; in modern, negatively. In the former, utility was never denied or injured, but always expressed, however elaborate the ornament thereon grounded. And on the rudest work character was impressed, by combinations of line—the mere grouping, perhaps, of nails on a door—pleasing and suggestive. In their ornamental work we see also, contrary to much of modern production, a style adapted to the materials: thinness, flatness of surface, and consequent *relative* lightness and grace of effect.

The modern English, while excelling in the mechanical, had forgotten till late years the decorative element, contenting themselves with occasional meagrest apologies. In French work, there is, as to detail, genuine beauty of design and workmanship; in the general aggregate, something very *un*genuine. The union of utility and beauty is mostly mechanical, not essential. Fitness, the soul of all art however 'high,' is ignored. Works of art are *tacked on* to works of utility. One idea is lost amid a host of conflicting ones. We, who of late have been following our neighbours, have not escaped their faults. We have not proceeded to their extremes. Our practical sense will not allow us in the long-run to commit the solecism of abjuring utility in attempts to be 'artistic.' Still, to the endeavour at imparting a decorative aspect to our works in the baser metals—iron, brass, &c.—fidelity of character and directness of expression have been strangers. Our system is the reverse of the ancient, the mediæval, the Oriental, or any other which bore good fruit. Instead of an article being *itself* ornamented, it must be, if 'decorative,' *something else*. A curtain-holder must be a flower, a fender a pastoral, a letter-weight a dolphin, the back and elbows of a garden-chair a snake, and an inkstand be transmuted into various strange figments. As for the poor worn-out mermaid, her soul must be daily undergoing a fresh decorative transmigration. This system had its beginning during the sixteenth century 'Revival;' then counterbalanced by very exquisite art and executive refinement. It has come to a head at the present day. It is *so easy*, compared with engrafting decoration on undisguised features, eliciting an unforced beauty and character proper to the article; and for surface-ornament, employing a well-elaborated range of conventional forms, refined and suggestive.

The present change in decorative intention is preparing the way for

something better, though only amounting as yet to imitations of this 'style' or that, combinations, or unintelligent using up of stock forms. There is still work where even this change would be for the better. In second and third-class grates, stoves, the most sordid pretence at ornament is *stuck on*. In the more expensive, there is free recourse to nondescript, to Louis Quatorze and Quinze, not to speak of *pseudo*-Gothic puerilities.

In some technical requisites of artistic effect we have advanced, by calling in aid from science. In iron-casting, æsthetic beauty much depends on mechanical causes, exactly determinable by chemical experiment; the sharpness of the casting on the degree and kind of fluidity of the heated metal. The beauty of the ornamental Berlin castings is well known. Foreign castings of late have been competed with by our own, especially those of the Coalbrook Dale Company, which body has signalised itself by its efforts at decorative character.

We would here refer to Mr Pickett's system of iron-construction. Hitherto, the large use of iron has been accompanied by little true design: sordid ugliness or miserable disguises have been the rule. The interior of the London New Coal-Exchange is a noticeable exception. The series of balconies, and supports of the roof, all iron, are undisguised, and possess appropriate character. Perhaps some other colour or shade than the white adopted would have been preferable, the more unmistakably to distinguish the material: otherwise, the general effect is unexceptionable.

In brasswork, Birmingham has long been famous, for utilitarian and economic capabilities. In design, the French tendency above alluded to is the predominant. *Bronze* has in England played a slender part. The production of ornamental castings has been engrossed by Paris, and there carried to a great pitch of perfection and on an extraordinary scale. A disposition has shown itself to attempt something for ourselves. In technic regards the French might not long hence be rivalled. The numerous skilled art-workmen, modellers, chasers, &c. by whom the chief value of the Parisian bronzes is conferred, it would be no easy task to get together.

In cutlery, so important a manufacture, wherein our technic perfection is noted, *design* can scarce be said to have place. The modern English practice would imply the incompatibility of an æsthetic side; contrary to the evidence of mediæval, of Oriental work, where so much exquisite ornamentation occurs, of weapons, knives, tools, locks, keys; and, in the plainest examples, beauty of form. The stern utility, however, of English work has a more genuine character than mere pretence could give.

In gold and silver, that defect noticed in all modern metal work—the making utility and art separate things, instead of one organic whole—becomes especially prominent. In costly examples, the system is one of sculptured pictures; of miscellaneous incongruous combinations. We have groups, human or animal, affixed to the cup or centre-piece, with no real connection, little germane significance. The province of the sculptor in less costly material is illegitimately invaded; and effects emulated which the material itself, with its glistening brilliancy, its legitimate attribute, forbids. The fundamental principle, that every material requires its distinct treatment, a decorative language of its own, is ignored.

For surface-ornament we have copyism, sometimes mixture, of traditional styles—Renaissance, Louis Quatorze and Quinze. Of the two latter, with their unmeaning curves and scrolls, it is painful to see the prevalence. More or less they enter into every province of design; make their appearance now in a paper-hanging, then on a porcelain cup; now again in metal-work—above all the ordinary stock in trade of a goldsmith, whether solid metal or plated and Sheffield wares. Their tyranny is here complete. The technic skill of English workmen in gold and silver, with their nicety of finish, is celebrated. Where modelling of the human figure has place, there is demand for improved education of the art-workman, and more definite evidence of knowledge of his subject and artistic feeling.

In plated goods, while the obtrusion of bad styles is the same, the technic beauties of execution, of works in gold and silver, are of course missing. By the electrotype process, however, with its perfect accuracy of reproduction, great beauty of effect and refinement of finish are attainable: all depends upon the original model.

In jewellers' work real design scarcely exists. The prevailing 'modes' are meretricious and irrational.

As to *form*, it is in gold, silver, and plated work, as in the other metals and all modern manufacture: when having no guides, or neglecting them, the requisite principles and refinement of feeling are wanting. As for the difficulties of a tea-pot, or an urn, they seem insurmountable by us. Even in so easy a subject, for which good models are numerous, as a goblet, there is unequal success. Everywhere, if not frightful, our forms are tame, overloaded, or broken up; inharmonised into unity. From so simple a matter as a spoon, ability for developing refined harmony of line and proportion does not exist. In the more elaborate candlestick or centre-piece, instead of clear enunciation of the structural features, and subservience of decoration thereto, there prevails indiscriminate addition of ornament everywhere, and combinations without plan or meaning for a whole.

The numerous uses of *papier-maché*—even within the present century confined to tea-trays—its aptness to design, the elaborate attempts made in it; all conspire to render the manufacture an important one in reference to decorative art. It is divided into two distinct classes of application—articles of furniture, and architectural decoration. In its many adaptations under the first, to tables, desks, screens, &c. it has great claims; in its durability, lightness, pliability, and susceptiveness to surface-decoration. The manufacturers have been blamed for the gaudiness into which their plastic material has led them. This should be changed into brilliancy. It is harmonious combination that is demanded, not neglect of a legitimate attribute. An example of the capabilities of the material are the recent sparkling imitations of inlaid gems. As imitations which can deceive no one, they are innocent. If pursued with taste, and feeling for colour, unexceptionable beauty in brilliance of effect might result.

A manufacture this peculiarly modern, there has been individual success in its decoration; in the flower-painting, grace and effectiveness. Flowers, perhaps birds, and some kinds of *still life*, are appropriate to the material; successfully produced, adapted for repetition, and approaching in character the strictly ornamental. The prevailing error is the resort to *pictures*. Instead of simple decoration, or superior design specially adapted, we have

copies of popular engravings, sentimental or otherwise; of which there is, without this further echo, a surfeit. Any true feeling in the decoration itself is precluded. For the buyer, remains the daily-nauseating influence of a tale mechanical in the telling, and stale in itself. Manufacturers and the public have yet to learn it is no literal, necessarily inadequate repetition of some other work of art, but expressly appropriate designs, unobtrusive, yet suggestive, which deserve the name of decorative art. The suggestiveness and agreeableness of a mediæval tesselated pavement or Oriental vase, we do not exhaust with familiarity. These never make too great a demand at once. But the significance of the mechanical copy of a sentimental or pretty picture is exhausted the very moment we see it. It needs all the impress of genius, of the *living* hand, in an original *good* picture, or the faithful shadow of it in an engraving—itself instinct with a certain new life—to render either suggestive daily companions. Aught less will grow dead indeed. Where anything like a picture is attempted in a manufactured article, a very high pervading manner of art, as in a Grecian vase, is required, and a range of imitation of nature restricted to the particular vehicle of expression; or some other peculiar decorative excellence, as in Oriental china the vivid harmony of colour, and stamp of distinctive character. Papier-maché is a manufacture which has made great progress. It is a pity that decoration should be pursued on a wrong track. Turning from surface-ornament to *form*, little can be said. The material gives the designer much license. The result has been a series of forms, mostly capricious and unmeaning; sometimes mutations of the Louis Quatorze, &c.; always insubordinated to æsthetic rule.

In papier-maché applied architecturally the perils of facility become graver. The aid it, and in lesser degree carton-pierre, supplies, would be legitimate were a distinctive character developed: these materials wearing a recognisable decorative stamp; not used in make-believe of other substance, and imitatively of 'styles' characteristic of the latter. But we have sham-classic, Gothic, Elizabethan work; sham-stone mouldings and tracery; sham-stone pillars: all in papier-maché, carton-pierre. For the present is the age of shams; at all events in architecture. The one idea suggesting itself to our minds after making a mechanical discovery, is, how to turn it to profit as a *sham*? And so the system does not exist whereby these light materials might tell their own tale; one naturally graceful, and in its kind effective. Partly inevitable is this, from the unfortunate condition of modern architecture. Were *it* sound, such a state of things could not be.

Used without disguise, these materials are admissible, in all private houses where a more solid system of architectural effect has not been supplied. In ceilings especially, if more than a blank surface be desired, since that period in the last century when hand-worked plaster ceased, which was synchronous with the universal relinquishment of hand-work, substitutes mechanically multiplied have been necessary. Tasteful, well-executed designs in papier-maché, or composition, obtained from a good manufacturer, adapted to the room and its proportions, enhancing size or height, or diminishing either, as the case may require, are immeasurably preferable to the coarse plaster-ornaments which generally occupy their place. Designs of great merit, graceful developments of ornament adapted from nature,

are produced. The use of colours specially appropriated, single or varied, is an essential constituent not adequately studied.

The characteristic of modern art, as of so much modern life, is the absence of self-reliance. We cannot appear what we are. Our new materials, facilitated processes, are thus turned to questionable account. One substance is aped by another; the decorative language proper to one production mimicked in a different. The recently-improved manufacture of stamped leather, for furniture, decorative panelling, &c. characterised by much beauty, boldness and precision of outline, is another instance of this. Instead of suggesting leather, in colour and effect, the chief glory is considered to be its successful representation of wood—of an Elizabethan cabinet, or what not. For extension of the resources of design by new appliances, its healthful life is crippled; reality and truth daily more foregone. Why should this be? Why should not papier-maché look *like* papier-maché, carton-pierre like carton-pierre, stamped leather like stamped leather, cast-iron like cast-iron; each putting in its claims as such? Till this be, no true life is possible for decorative art in these departments.

Wood, a substance apt to the hands of the artist, receives small treatment from him now in articles of general use. English design in its relation to cabinet-making is at a low ebb. In the middle ages, art was as apparent in the outline and ornament of the simplest chair or chest, as in the elaborations of the goldsmith. Throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth, till the beginning of the last century, an artistic spirit was still manifested in the more grandiose domestic furniture of the English gentleman, though in far less pure and beautiful styles. In France, after the sumptuous half-caste art of the Louis Quatorze and Quinze, came a brief 'pure Greek' mania; then the present specious copyisms and combinations of former styles, with a leaven of the usual naturalistic, fancifully original design. In English costly furniture, there is the haphazard conflict of all forms, models, and fashionable imported 'novelties;' in the ordinary run of furniture, stern ugliness or insipidity. The implicit repetition of Louis Quatorze is dying out. A blank occupies its place. As for studious artistic development of refined forms, *that* is a thing undreamed in the cabinet-maker's philosophy. Such degree of prosaic character attention to utility insures, there is. Whatever of the decorative element has place in it, and some necessarily must, is all uninstructed roting —the laying-on ornament, and shaping routine meaningless forms, without thought or feeling, according to mechanical book-precedents, established authorities of confusion. The poverty of design in the artificers themselves is complete.

The remark applies to the 'carver and gilder,' the workers in ormolu, &c. Nothing can be more overworn than most of the current design, nor more mechanical than the way of using it. In picture-frames, plain gilding would possess infinitely more intrinsic beauty and relevance than two-thirds of the stereotyped repetition of scroll-work, disconnected curves, &c. daily multiplied. Variations of copyism, and some recourse to natural material, form the remaining third. Whatever the ornament, it is laid on, not specially adapted. Papier-maché and gutta percha offered room for new effects, not turned to due account. Failing beauty, attention

might be given to the requisites of the special design, such as unity of purpose in the bounding lines of the frame, and a connected whole, instead of aimless patches of ornament at sides and corners.

Buhl is a costly luxury, antiquarian in design; the ornamental forms traditionary; the effect attractive, if its production be not very intelligent.

Exceptional efforts at design characterise recent cabinet-making, as every other manufacture. The extended application of wood-carving is a promising opening for the development of art. Very beautiful works of second-hand design have been produced, necessarily costly. For Gothic forms there is a growing taste. In the diffusion of decorative character machine-work may prove useful, especially in the simpler articles. For these some degree of ornament adapted from nature may be produced at a much smaller cost than by hand-work.

Of wood-carving by machinery two processes have gained attention: the one known as Jordan's Patent is the less exceptionable in principle. The finishing is performed by hand; thus some direct human agency preserved. Where much space is covered, tameness is unavoidable, from the prevailing uniformity of surface: in place of the freedom and variety following hand-labour, that 'bright strange play of the living stroke,' not moving with the precision of mathematic law. The machinery literally *carves* the wood. The fidelity with which the main form and leading lines are wrought is marvellous. Something weird is the aspect of the blocks, fresh from the machine; with their ghostly reality, kin to the creation of a human hand, all the work of blind, inanimate agency. The works of the Wood-carving Company are produced by heat and pressure; the carved impression by a die, without after hand-labour. The object of machinery, in lessening cost, is not always attained by these processes; only in case of great repetition of one feature, or, less inconsistently with true art, by multiplication of the whole work. In Jordan's Patent, the pecuniary advantage of machinery tells in simple forms. With intricacy of pattern, too much finishing is required. In the other process, it is exactly the reverse. The cost of the die is too great for profitable execution of simple work. As to the æsthetic bearing of machinery, here, as elsewhere, it brings us gain in accomplishing the mechanical; loss, in its substitution for human thoughtful labour, the fresh impress of the living hand.

The revived wooden bread-platters, potato-bowls, &c. have elicited felicitous application of wood-carving to ordinary uses. The original platter of Mr Bell's design was the successful parent of numerous others, executed by hand and machinery.

Another revival is of inlaid woods for flooring—'*parquetage*,' as termed in France. Geometric patterns form the appropriate field of design. Good ones are in use. The English are too wedded to the carpet, with its warmth and comfortable aspect, to return to parquetage in the sitting-room. For hall or public building, a combination of different-coloured woods in geometric device is effective. Where the cost is no bar, parquetage or encaustic tiles should take the place of our ugly, ill-joined public floors, and poor private substitutes for ornamental air-tight floors, when carpet is not used.

Marquetrie, in furniture—inlaid tables, &c.—has also gained ground.

For surface-ornamentation nothing can compete with it, as to richness and harmony of effect, and durability: the ornament an integral part of the substance—the most coherent and secure decoration of any.

In book-binding, the costly works of the middle ages, on which so much precious art and material, gold, ivory, jewels, were lavished, mark the prevailing devotion to art; and times, when books were the rare, prized possession of the prince and the religious body. Of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, examples are more akin to our own: leather largely employed, decorated with geometric and arabesque patterns. After dwindling to insignificance, rude simplicity, book-covers have lately advanced. In some directions, much activity exists. Cheap literature has drawn to itself cheap design for the external book, whether silk, cloth, paper-boards —quasi bindings unknown to the continent, where paper takes their place. This employment of designer by publisher affords scope for obtaining a good design, and its due influence on the public, through the extent of its application. Some degree of decoration is now generally adopted. Ornamental covers are used where plain roan was twenty years ago. There is room for farther development, both of its amount and quality. The variation among publishers is great in attention to the matter.

In leathern bindings, our technical excellences of finish are considerable. Ordinary second and third-class bindings have little design, properly so called: mechanical repetition of stock receipts, disjointed patches of ornament at angles and corners. In the higher-class, where original design is called in, we have, as in cloth covers, plenty of eclecticism and reproduction. Modified fragments of ideas from the arabesques of the Alhambra form an especially favourite stop-gap of a style. Adaptations from nature —foliage, &c.—there are also. The designs of Owen Jones deservedly stand high for originality and effective development of natural material.

In this selecter class of leathern bindings, and in the temporary book-covers, design of much merit occurs, in some measure original, though frequent meretriciousness and wiry unmeaningness. Even in the better designs we often find the pattern broken up—a concatenation, rather than a blending, of parts. The management of the lettering is a constant stumblingblock. There are three requisites in book decoration—lines intrinsically harmonious, general unity, appropriateness.

Some ambitious attempts have been made in wood. The effect is blotchy and confused. A relieved surface is not here the most in keeping. Smoothness and flatness form the desirable attribute of a book we handle. A design purely *decorative*, not aiming to be a work of art on its own account, independently of that whereof it is the garment, is essential.

In imitation of the sumptuous mediæval works, use of ivory, velvet, enamel, and other costly adjuncts, the Parisian houses assert dazzling claims, decorative and executive. This must be considered an exceptional class. Those in which the English excel are those germane to present literature, and the more important, in their wide diffusion and influence.

Paper-hangings form a decorative manufacture among the most important, through its extensive use. Like most now developed on the largest scale, it is substantially characteristic of our own time. Its first beginnings are unknown. Before the seventeenth century, it was of small importance. It gradually displaced the more costly tapestry of the rich; later, assumed

the part of covering the bare walls of the poorer classes. Before the end of the eighteenth century, the English manufacturers took an important position, for material and design. The story of recent French superiority is well known. In the main qualities of *material*, the English are equal to their rivals; in cheapness, superior. In design and finish, the French have the confessed advantage, to a degree paralleled in few other instances. The ability in drawing, the harmonious gradation of tints, their tasteful selection, are points in their best papers, felt by all. It is not in design the greatest English shortcoming lies, but in artistic execution. That want of art-workmen every branch of English manufacture has to lament makes the difficulty hard to overcome. French drawing, colour, and finish, as much depend for their effect on the possession of such, as of well-trained designers, versed in the requirements of the manufacture.

Efforts at superior design have been made in England, and good things realised. But French designers are employed, or French design copied, to a pitiable extent. In the costlier works, there is *no* English competition; it is all *direct* importation. Of cheap English papers, forced upon the public by their cheapness, the design of the majority is bad indeed, vulgar, unmeaning. It is the misfortune of this, as other manufactures, that design, the most important, from its diffusion, is least attended to. Tolerable art has to travel downwards, and by very slow degrees. The manufacturers manufacture, as some painters and musicians paint and compose, *down* to their customers, under the delusion these will not accept better. The fact is, they do not buy better, because it is not to be had—not within their reach. It is vain to talk of educating the taste of the people in decorative art, while the articles of their familiar use are, in design, a quarter of a century behind those produced for the richer classes. The appreciation of excellence, while needing culture in all, and exercise, is far more common to the many, than bad painters and low-class manufacturers would have it. Seldom is a good thing—not too recondite—set before them without some recognition. And the people are, in their unsophisticatedness of taste, often proof against those splendid errors, apt to dazzle the wealthy, always worshippers of the 'rich,' and the sumptuous outlay; as we see in the more costly goods of all kinds—carpets, porcelain, paper-hangings.

Some consideration of the elements of decoration would be advantageous in the choice of papers: the necessity of consulting the aspect of the room—warm colours for cold aspects, and *vice versâ;* its size—smallness of pattern for small rooms; purpose, &c. As in the selection of other upholsteries, and of dress, a few guiding ideas would do more in preventing sins against decorative propriety than all the promptings of a capricious 'taste.' It is a rudimentary principle in art, in whatever application, that mere *imitation* is the veriest perversion of it, and as unsuccessful in its deception, as ungenuine in itself. This the majority of people will not see, obvious though it be. The first condition to *any* true effect is, that the attempt be acknowledged; a painting purposing to be a representation of nature, not nature itself; a paper-hanging purposing to *be* a paper-hanging, not an oak wainscot. Yet a popular class of cheap papers are the make-believes of solid substance—stone and wood. They are the descendants of a much more pretentious race, in vogue years ago, set much

store by at the time, which succeeding generations have seen fit to banish—imitative presentments of sculpture and architecture.

The prevailing styles in paper-hangings are, the direct employment of the natural material common to all decorative art—foliage and flowers; and geometric patterns, small or elaborate. In the latter, we have copyism of the Elizabethan, Renaissance, and Louis Quatorze. Among recent English papers of real excellence, good in principle, harmonised in colour, are well-distributed diapers; also skilfully arranged, more intricate, geometric patterns. Of the former class may be instanced Mr Pugin's designs, brought out by Mr Crace, the eminent decorator.

Mr Crace's name suggests domestic decoration—a branch of art in which this gentleman is in London acknowledged leader. In Edinburgh, Mr Hay has a high reputation for practical knowledge of decorative design, and elaborate, but dogmatic, investigations into the theory of art.

The refinement to which decoration has been carried in the houses of the wealthy; in panel-painting, and other ornamentation of wall and ceiling; on a consistent plan, subservient to a general effect; assisted by wood-carving equally subordinated, and attention to co-operating adjuncts, is a salient feature in recent decorative art. In public buildings, a corresponding development has, in contradiction to the practice of all time preceding, and of modern Germany and France, been mostly ignored, agreeably with that indifference and pusillanimous parsimony as to art, characteristic of our government. And thus the efficient means of cultivating popular taste and decorative skill has been lost. Any extensive body, therefore, of competent, native, working-decorators is not to be expected. The demands of private individuals have been met by a few decorators, like Mr Crace, who have devoted time and study to their pursuit, and assembled or educated a staff of executive assistants, of more or less skill and taste. Correlatively with generally increasing wealth and pretension, the title of 'decorator' has been more and more assumed, in conjunction with the occupation of 'paper-hanger,' 'plumber and glazier,' &c. The class is a heterogeneous one. Decorators of a high kind are rare. Some of the self-styled professors cannot but discredit the calling, and by questionable taste diffuse the influence of bad instead of good art. A tasteful paper-hanging, let those of average means remember, is a far more genuine thing than a bald panel-decoration, tamely drawn, weakly coloured, still more than a vulgar sham. If not of really the best order, such assumptions are mechanical and offensive. The prevalence of *imitative* work, among all decorators, is an ill feature; as again is that of impure styles—the Elizabethan, Louis Quatorze. Definite principles little prevail anywhere. The fundamental error is the dominion of *styles*, instead of *a* style; of eclecticism, for independent thought and feeling. In the present state of architecture, little better perhaps can be expected.

Decorative art separates in application, like architecture, to which it ministers, into two branches: the public—civil and ecclesiastic; and domestic. The manufactures gone through have been viewed in the latter relation, that being in our day immeasurably the more prominent. Principles are alike in both—specifically modified by the varying manifestation. In old times, the public application, especially in its ecclesiastic

section, contested in productive importance, with the domestic; surpassed it in artistic, and in costliness. In the mediæval church, it included the purely decorative aspects of painting—ornamentation of plain surface, in monochrome, or single colour; in polychrome, or many; of sculpture—ornamentation in relief of stone and wood; stained glass; tesselated pavements; embroidered vestments for priests, studied in form and ornament; hangings; wrought iron and brass; works in gold and silver; enamelling, niello, &c. After long abandonment or perversion, revival of these developments has accompanied that of Gothic architecture—the distinguishing feature of current art. The High Church party in England has lent itself with fervour to the movement. Mr Pugin among the Catholics has led the way in design. A decorator like Mr Crace includes Gothic among his 'styles,' and finds it a favoured one. Reproductions of the Gothic patterns of wood-carving, encaustic tiles, embroidery, metal work, of the forms of church vessels; all, more or less correct in *letter*, have resulted. In stained glass there has been least relative success; in technic attainments of hue and æsthetic aspects—harmony of colour, unity of design, all comprised under the old *spirit* and *feeling*. Decoration in the special sense, ornamentation of surfaces, in colour, with a strictly decorative end, of general consistency of effect throughout an interior, has been little studied. In it there is small likelihood of approximation to the beautiful mediæval models. The remnants of such decoration are few and slight; we, removed from the feeling which dictated them. At the head of reproducers of Gothic manufacture, Messrs Hardman and Price of Birmingham, assisted by the able and fertile design of Mr Pugin, execute works in the metals, in hangings, stained glass, faithful to the old technic and æsthetic characteristics, and of exceeding beauty. The interior of the new Houses of Parliament, intrusted to the last-named master of Gothic precedent, offers the example on a large scale, in a civil building, of reproduction of Gothic decorative art, in most of its manifestations.

Thus we have completed the round, the endeavour to set before our readers the main existing relations of the decorative to the useful arts; the amount of aid æsthetic skill lends, the degree of fidelity with which it represents, contemporary manufacture. In contradistinction from the poetry of ancient decorative art—the result of faithful study—we have seen the prose, sometimes inanity, of modern. We have seen the consequence of the æsthetic losses of the last few centuries, and of the new and peculiar conditions of modern life; for adequately meeting which those losses have disabled us. We have seen the absence of a definite organic system of design, like the Grecian or mediæval—one spirit pervading all phases—such as insures a consistent development of the artistic resources of a people or time. In place of *its* order, and simplicity, and real freedom, have been noticeable mixed conflicting reproductions, of nature: flowers, foliage, animals; of antique material—cupids, nymphs, allegories; of lines Gothic and lines classic; of this 'style' and that—Elizabethan, Italian, Moresque. We have seen the total absence of design, properly so called, from many branches of English production; the weakness flowing from lack of artistic education; the literal copyisms of established manufactures; the surviving prevalence of Louis Quatorze and Quinze. Imitative ornamentation on 'sound authorities' is the only

advance yet dreamed by practical men; as a substitute for the same, at haphazard.

The difficulties of working out *de novo*, an artistic system, are great. From two sources we may look for hope. Perhaps it has dawned. Among recent successes, there is wide distinction between those merely revivals, as some just noticed—encaustic tiles, &c.; and those necessarily independent, but unguided—as dress-patterns. By reproduction of a good style, much may be done; in popular familiarisation of forms executed on true principles, and education therein of designer and artificer. In manufactures, on the contrary, peculiar to our time, by exclusive study of their technic conditions genuine character is attainable. In designing for mechanical modes of reproduction—printing on textile fabrics and on pottery, casting in iron, restrictions are happily laid on the designer. It is indispensable to consider the capability of the process whereby the final effect will be realised. Perforce, more reality is the indirect consequence, than were there license for fanciful vagaries 'all out of his own head.'

In all provinces, independent of architecture, comparative facilities exist for future realisation of a consistent style of our own, through legitimately confining all attempt to expression of the uses and character of the article and material decorated. It has been seen throughout the truth of a design depends on its specific application to *material*—whether wood, iron, bronze, the precious metals, fictile substance, or textile; and on the particular purpose, whether for the person, wall, floor. The design effective in one material, consistent with one purpose, will not be in others. Another postulate of true design all along referred to is the imitation of nature within conventional boundaries, varying with the application, and its special limits. Illustration of the principle occurs in the question of adherence to natural local colour. In a painting purposing to represent nature, this must be given as there occurring. But in an isolated feature, leaf or flower, adapted to the pattern of a dress or paper-hanging, when the natural colour consistently involves other impossible requirements of fidelity, or trenches upon *deception* instead of suggestion, it is inadmissible. The French school, and a rising English body—including Bell the sculptor, and some recent disciples of ornamental design, who have done the best things—have an undue naturalistic tendency: a mistake apt to those not conversant with the laws affecting this particular province. The 'naturalistic' and 'conventionalistic' schools have from time immemorial been at feud. Their several truths are easily reconcilable. The solution lies in the equitable adjustment of the claims of nature and art.

Meanwhile there is from this very school hope; of development of unborrowed reality, from nature direct. To such end, one tendency must be discarded—that to excess of ornament, decorative overloading of the utility: another phase of the naturalistic, inartistic bias, this unmodified transference of natural detail. Simplicity is as essential to right decoration as to utility. In our efforts at the ornamental, would we have success, simplicity, utility, fitness, must be primary considerations; also, in general, compatibility of art with reasonable cost. That is NO *decorative design* which is divorced from utility; and one little to the purpose, if beyond the ordinary buyer. But whether the article be cheap or costly, simple

or elaborate, let designer, manufacturer, public, recognise the eternal fitness of consistent union of utility and beauty: the one blending in the other; beauty not interfering with, but growing out of utility. Let harmony of form be fetched from nature by cultured sight; the lines of surface-ornament be duly studied, graceful, in keeping, suggestive: harmony and grace, opposed to forms and combinations merely fanciful and unmeaning, because certain in their nature, and to be spontaneously recognised by the educated, the æsthetically thoughtful, mind and sense.

We have yet a few words to say on two important topics affecting the fortunes of industrial art—Schools of Design, and copyright. That recourse to French designers, that inadequacy among our own, existing previously to Schools of Design, exist still. Time has been wanting for these to tell directly on the general body. Indirect good has been done by the attention their existence has assisted to extend; and *some* direct good of course, among the rising generation. The grave question is, whether it might not have been more with the £100,000 expended? The course of the head school—the others necessarily share its fortunes—has been a series of experiments and of blunders: the natural sequel of official management and British inexperience. After the English system, we had numerous unpaid, consequently indifferent, irresponsible governors, governors little conversant with the theory or practice of ornamental design, presiding over artists, also tyros in the study. Naturally enough, ensued conflicts between the rulers; resignations, changes of administration, more frequent than in the political world itself; alternating systems of tuition, vacillation, the absence of any dominant efficient direction. Matters are tending to a better position. The management is for the while tacitly left to the masters—an arrangement still admitting of improvement.

All along they have been too merely *drawing*-schools: the student taught to draw, and left to shift for himself as to the specialty of ornamental design; left, in his dealings with manufacturers, to make essays practically beside the mark; to unlearn and learn by stern experience. There is no systematic teaching in that fundamental relation of design, its practical application. The superior applicability of French textile designs results from training exactly the reverse. The reality of a decoration is bound up with its specific purpose. Its merit can be determined in no other aspect. As for tuition in the art of *composing*, rather than copying, that is a step beyond present attempts at decorative art, within the school or without. The need of *general* education among many practising design is a misfortune due to our national sin of educational neglect.

There are other essentials besides culture of the professed designer: that of the public and manufacturer. Public, manufacturer, designer, operative, act mutually on one another. Perhaps the public must ever lead the way with the demand for good things. Thus its education is the most important. Exhibitions of manufacture form the efficient means. Just as familiarity with the works of nature enables us to discriminate natural objects, so do these supply the material for comparison and progressive judgment. One paramount benefit of the Exhibition of 1851 will be the large scale on which it will give this education; the correction it will enforce of crude notions, false judgments, preconceptions. People

will be enabled to see what productions are relatively best; as also to what quarters they are indigenous. The fact is as often at variance as consonant with current notions: the popular fallacy of every nation being a vague, wondering preference for foreign manufacture. The next in possession of that powerful lever, *demand*, is the manufacturer. When once aroused by the public, it has been well said, in his 'intelligence, taste, and tact,' rest the sure means of educing good design. Improvement, urgently required, 'tis reported, of the taste and knowledge of the intermediate body, playing so important a part in some trades, especially those in textile fabrics—the 'buyers' for commercial houses, falls under the same category.

The importance, for the sake of manufacture itself, of securing for a design some compensation, however trifling, by determining a property in it; of removing from it, as from the writer's thought, the attributes of wild game, property for all, has been of late years recognised, *in extenso*, by the legislature. The sing-song dogma, indeed, about private wrong and public benefit is not effaced from that very grasping entity—the 'public mind.' Though we may not pick a man's pocket, we may justifiably his brains, it seems. This reasonableness of public robbery, when the results of mental labour are in question, is a kind of popular instinct. Applying to a book, still more unquestioningly may it to the design of a cotton-gown or damask tablecloth. The inability to conceive property attaching in these directions is, we suspect, the mere consequence of its *not having* been conventionally made to attach. If positive law had not secured our neighbour tranquil possession of his field, as descendant or transferee of its first occupier—the *discoverer* of its capabilities, just as an original designer is first occupier of a certain idea, or development of lines—the popular assumption would have been precisely the same as to *it*. In ornamental design, recognition of the right is impeded by the naturally prevailing affinities, the closeness with which one combination of lines trenches on another. In this very analogousness exists full scope for variety, for every new invention. A thousand patterns developed from the same *motive*—a flower, or what not, may each have a distinct character. Here is the escape from ill consequences in vesting any of these in one individual. At the same time, under a healthful popular taste, disguised copies would be of no avail. In the alterations necessary to disguise, the harmony of the original conception is lost. Vain multiplication of diversity of patterns would be prevented by the same cause. The essentially good, the best, are necessarily the few. To these the public would confine itself.

The expediency, if not the justice, of granting the manufacturer and designer a *portion* of their own, has been recognised. But, as in literature, the instalment is a progressive one, having begun at the lowest point. For periods of one, two, three years, copyright is granted, if claimed, at a *cost* to the designer—a deduction from the small sum his design gains. The bill under which the matter is regulated is confessedly full of anomalies; consisting of arbitrary and vexatious restrictions of the property, according to no one discoverable plan or principle: to three years, if the design be applied to one material; eleven months, if to another, requiring no less protection, it may be more. Hence, often, no real protec-

tion is afforded. There is hope of a revision of the law: exten equalisation of the periods. For the sake of public morality, c of manufacture, the amendment is desirable. Piracy, while it a design, can never in the long-run help, do other than cripple ture itself. Neither will be on a sound footing, till all poss removed, of indulgence in this noxious, enfeebling vice—the ba of that base subterfuge, *copyism*, the make-believe of a healthfu activity.

The importance of design in its application to manufacture i to be overrated: as a branch of popular education in feeling supplying the contentment of such feeling, when awakened. I velopment of art, the most comprehensive and various in itself, t in its diffusion and influence. Neither are the interests of that tion of the people employed in manufacturing production less i bound up with the question of the decorative phase of it, the m reality and thought there brought to bear. The value in every d of human labour, of the exertion of *thought*, is inestimable to the himself, and all concerned in the production, as to the public. I the tenor of his work, enlarges the range of his work-day experi decorative art, the scope of thought for the artificer lies in the an aim, a meaning, and appropriate expression, to the decoratio nising material utility with nature. To those whom he address plied familiar, indirect, mental appeal, and mental contentment and contentment, grounded on utilities, superadded to satisfaction sities. Thence is extracted, nature-wise, a finer use. The re decorative art is in a healthy state, truly fulfilling its function, is art—the enlargement of *life;* of the range of familiar sympa delights, and thoughts, the rendering daily life to some extent fairer to all producing, all enjoying such art.

ALCHEMY AND THE ALCHEMISTS.

the case of a purely modern science, like geology or statistics, there ɔan be little dispute and no mystery about its origin and progress. It alogous to the United States of America. Its history lies, first and last, r the eye of present daylight: hour after hour recorded by the press, chronometer of recent ages. Such sciences as astrology and alchemy, ıe other hand, ran their courses in the twilight of time, having taken in the starlit night of history. Resembling the nations of antiquity ıese respects, they resemble them also in tracing their origin to giants, hets, superhuman heroes, or demigods. This fabulous character of the annals of those dark-age mysteries—for they were schemes of esoteric ıa rather than explicit fabrics of knowledge—is the first thing that cts the attention of the historical student of alchemy.

ıe very etymology of the word is lost in hopeless obscurity. Scaliger he saw a work in the king of France's library, written in Greek, by nus the Panapolite, in the fifth century; and Olaus Borrichius seems timate that he also had read it, although it is in a somewhat ambiguous ıge that the hint occurs. They represent it as 'a faithful description ıe sacred and divine art of making gold and silver.' Borrichius gives professes to be an extract from it, in which the writer first refers to t which he had managed to deduce from the Scriptures, Hermes Tris- stus, and many other sources—namely, that there is a tribe of genii ɔssed of an unhappy propensity to fall in love with women. 'The ınt and divine Scriptures inform us,' he gravely assures the worthy s, the learned Scaliger, and others his readers, 'that the angels, capti- l by women, taught them all the operations of nature. Offence being ı at this, they remained out of heaven because they had taught man- all manner of evil, and things which could not be advantageous to souls. The Scriptures inform us that the giants sprang from these ɔaces. Chema is the first of the traditions respecting these arts. The itself is called Chema; hence the art is called Chemia.'

ɔen supposing for a moment that the preamble of this singular account ıe, and that the 'Sons of God' did impart many a primitive secret to daughters of men,' it is not easy to perceive how a tradition could be a book; and there would remain for explanation the name of the itself. Plutarch, however, asserts that Egypt was sometimes called ıia, and Panapolis was an Egyptian city. It was, moreover, another

of the favourite opinions among the Arabian as well as the earlier European alchemists (an opinion entertained by Albertus Magnus amongst others) that Hermes Trismegistus was the father of their science. That august personage is represented as having flourished two thousand years before the appearance of Christ. According to Kriegsmann, Avicenna and other Arabian polypharmists believed that Sarah took a table made of zatadi, supposed to have been emeralds, from the hands of Hermes, entombed in a cave near Hebron. On this table were inscribed the dogmas of the master concerning his chemical secrets, in thirteen mysterious sentences. In the twelfth of these enunciations, he informs the discerning public that on him 'was imposed the name of Hermes Trismegistus, because he was the ordained doctor of three parts of the wisdom of the world.' Now, although the very name of this supposed interpreter, not to speak of still more obvious internal evidences, is quite sufficient to prove the purely mythical character of the whole story, the existence of this tradition among both the eastern and the western adepts, seems to render it not unlikely that the etymology of the word is connected with Egypt. Borrichius's own private opinion is clearly to the effect, that the hermetic art descended from Tubal-Cain or Vulcan; but he allows that there is much to be said in favour of Trismegistus, who has been supposed by some to have been Chanaan, the son of Ham, whose son Mizraim first occupied Egypt.

It has to be mentioned, in fact, that the word Thoth, the Egyptian name for Hermes Trismegistus, means a pillar, according to Josephus and Manetho; in which, it seems, they are corroborated by Jablonski. The truth of the matter appears to be, that pillars were early used by the Egyptians for the same purposes as parchment and paper have been employed by the literary men of more modern nations. These pillars were their books and standard body of literature. It further appears that there were three successive Thoths or schemes of inscription; that is to say, three dispensations or epochs of pillared literature. The first set are said to have reached down to the time of the Flood; the second contained all that was discovered or thought during the infancy of the scientific knowledge of these ancient people; and the third was the embodiment or publication of the full-grown science of Egypt. Hence the whole system of pillars was readily impersonated under the mythical appellation of Hermes Trismegistus, the thrice-great interpreter, as the name implies. It is, accordingly, easy to understand how that illustrious and encyclopædical author was subsequently represented as having composed thirty thousand volumes! It must be confessed that all this looks very satisfactory, not only as explaining the traditionary story of Trismegistus, but also as confirmatory of the historic hint that the word chemistry is of Egyptian origin, as has already been shewn to be not unlikely.

On the other hand, it has been customary among more recent critics than these mediæval speculators to make the root of alchemy a Greek word. It has been supposed to be derived from χυμη, which signifies *juice* or menstruum; and to refer to the acids, leys, and other solvents in use among chemists and alchemists. This was the favourite etymology among the very latest of the European adepts; and it gave rise to the spelling of the word with *y*—alchymy. Boerhaave contended that it was drawn from the Greek verb meaning *to fuse* or melt, χεω; and ever since the inculca-

tion of this etymology, both alchemy and chemistry have been written as they are printed here, in deference to established custom. Webster resists this derivation; spells them *alchimy* and *chimistry;* and remarks upon the noticeable circumstance, that the southern nations of Europe have never yielded to the Teutonic innovation.

It is unfortunate for these specimens of Græco-mania, that neither the word *chemia* (χημεια), nor any etymon connected with the notion of alchemy or chemistry, occurs in any Greek author before Suidas, who is said to have produced his lexicon in the eleventh century, under the Emperor Alexander Comnenus. That lexicographer explains *chemia* to be the conversion of silver and gold; and is of opinion that the art of doing so was known to the Egyptians in the time of Dioclesian, who is said to have burned all the manuscripts in Egypt, in order to put an end to the pursuit. Suidas also suggests, under another head (Διφθερας, a skin), that the invaluable fleece, which Jason and his Argonauts carried off from Colchis along with Medea, was nothing less than a treatise on gold-making written on hides. This is of course a piece of private and personal ingenuity on the part of Suidas; and, as such, it is not unlike another esoteric doctrine which some one has fetched us from the East, to the effect that the 'Arabian Nights' is a symbolic setting forth of alchemy! In fine, there seems to be not the shadow of a reason for surmising that the ancient Greeks ever dreamed of the matter. They had neither the name nor the thing.

In whatever way this significant question concerning the origin of the substantive root of the word be eventually settled, there can be no dispute about the prefix. The unquestionably Arabic character of that particle, indeed, appears to indicate the fact that Al-chemy, as such, had its historical, though, probably enough, not its traditional origin in Arabia. Johannes Chrysippus Fanianus, or an author under that somewhat too significant name (for there is no department of literature so overcrowded with spurious productions as that of the Spagyric art), is careful to insist that the polypharmists meant more than is apparent in denominating the doctrine of transmutation *the chemia*. According to him, they recognised a difference between all common chemical operations and the 'great projection.' Such operations belonged to the domain of vulgar chemistry, but transmutation was represented as being dependent on more secret and interior principles. It was the chemistry of chemistries, or Alchemy.

There has been implied in these observations on the derivation of alchemy a certain degree of discussion of the origin of the science itself. It is needless to inquire into the tradition, for example, which traces it to Moses, whose empirical knowledge of metallic reactions must have been not only considerable, but almost beyond that of the present day, if the Hebrew word be correctly translated in the account of Aaron's golden calf, given in the book of Exodus. It is said that the Jewish leader and legislator burned the idol, strewed the ashes of it upon the waters, and imbittered the drink of his impatient host. Now it has been remarked that, in order to produce such effects upon gold, he must have been, at least practically, acquainted with the properties of the sulphur salts—a class of compounds which have been discovered by the modern experimentalist only in very recent times. It is impossible, however, to come to anything like a satisfactory conclusion on such a point, after men like Spinoza and Fabre

d'Olivet have united, with the rabbinical school of these ages, in asserting that the Old Testament is far from being properly rendered, even in the Septuagint, in a multitude of particulars. It is, indeed, almost universally allowed, even amongst the most bibliolatrous of Protestant interpreters, that the glory of our version resides in its conveyance of the spirit of the Sacred Writings, and not in its literal fidelity concerning every petty detail. There can be no manner of doubt, for instance, that the word translated *nitre* ought to have been expressed by *natron*—that is, soda, or, more strictly speaking, the carbonate of soda. Hence Solomon illustrates one of his sharpest proverbs by the action of 'vinegar upon nitre,' referring to the violent commotion and effervescence which ensues on the mingling of natron and that acid; the principle, in fact, upon which the effervescing draughts of the modern apothecary are prepared. It is not altogether improbable, therefore, that the gold of Aaron and his rebellious brethren may have been a kind of brass or pinchbeck, with a large proportion of gold—a supposition which would render its calcination quite intelligible, without assigning anything like remarkable chemical information to the indignant prophet. Howsoever all this may really be, moreover, it is not to be overlooked that the practical acquaintance with even very complicated processes of this sort does by no means implicate a scientific knowledge or rationale of chemistry. The arts of baking and of brewing, for instance, are dependent on very complicated and recondite principles of action and reaction; yet it is generally understood that they were found out by 'rule of thumb,' and not discovered by induction.

Accordingly, one is prepared to find a positive and methodical chemist like Dumas setting all those antique claims imperiously aside; putting that of Maria the Jewess, a kind of mythological Joan of Arc in this fantastical region of fabulous history, among the rest. 'We can no longer,' says that eloquent philosopher, 'place the cradle of chemistry exclusively even in the laboratory of the ancient pharmacopolists, to whom some are willing to attribute its discovery. The services we have done raise us quite high enough to enable us to remember, and that without embarrassment, our obscure parentage. Let us confess at once, then, without going round about it, that practical chemistry took its rise in the workshops of the smith, the potter, or the glass-blower, and in the shop of the perfumer; and let us just agree that the first elements of scientific chemistry date no farther back than yesterday.'

Although this judgment seems to be very sensible and very natural, as coming from so great an ornament of the present school of chemistry, neither the one nor the other of the terms of which it is composed can stand the scrutiny of a stricter dialectics. In the first place, practical chemistry is not practical chemistry until it has first been theoretical or doctrinal chemistry. The moment an inventor bethought himself of using some chemical discovery or other for the purposes of economical art, the idea of practical chemistry was conceived. The origin of practical chemistry must therefore have been posterior to, or, at the earliest, coincident with, that of theoretical chemistry, be the date of the latter what it may. If, however, this criticism appear to be nothing better than a verbal or logical refinement, there is another consideration which is as unobjectionable as it is obvious. Accepting any less precise definition of practical

chemistry than has just been given, why stop at the workshops of civilised, or even of semi-civilised life, in tracing it to its rise? Why not ascend at once to Adam and his primeval family? If practical chemistry consist in the performance of operations which are essentially chemical in their nature, then the first man who kindled a fire, roasted an ox, or seethed a kid, was the father of all such as deal in that manifold art. These observations are certainly very unimportant, but so is the question which they concern; and they are offered for no other purpose than to prepare for the serious discussion of Dumas's second opinion about the history of chemistry. He asks us to grant that the first elements of scientific chemistry date no farther back than yesterday. It is the common opinion among the chemists of to-day. They are for the most part so dazzled by the really brilliant results of very modern chemistry, and so blind to the possibility of any of its first principles being only temporary and remote approximations to the truth, as to be incapable of tracing the theory of chemistry any farther back than the memorable days of Lavoisier, in the light of whose thought they still rejoice and work. Without caring to protest against this amiable idol-worship of the immortal Lavoisier, we deny that doctrinal or scientific chemistry is the contemporary of either the printing-press or any other modern instrument, whether of thought or of handiwork.

The Lavoisierian chemistry was only one of the epochs of the life of the science. But there were epochal developments before that of Lavoisier, just as the Daltonian era has come after it. Each of these movements had not only its grand and abiding truth to bring forward, but also some important and deciduous error to leave behind it, as might easily be shewn to have been the case with the French chemistry itself. In one word, alchemy (to say nothing of the post-alchemical doctrine of Phlogiston at present) had its genuine scientific function to perform, and its distinct scientific value in the history of chemistry. A true history of the science, in fact, would exhibit one continuous stream of truth mingled with error, from the origin of alchemy down to the latest discoveries and views. In the meantime, we shall unfold the story of the early progress of chemistry, with the aid of the competent authorities: and in doing so, we shall find a sufficient deliverance of all that is necessary, in the present connection, concerning the alchemists; and concerning their relation to science in general, as well as to chemistry in particular. It is desirable, however, to take a preliminary glance at the ideas of classical Greece respecting the theory of nature, for it will be found that those ideas have had not a little to do not only with alchemy in all its stages of evolution, but also with the chemistry of Dalton and the future.

Nor will the reader grudge the time and the labour of thought bestowed on such distant topics, when he finds that the consideration of them is fraught with lessons of importance. He will learn that man never labours in vain when he is sincere, devout, and industrious in his endeavours, as the alchemists will be discovered to have been. He will perceive to his delight, moreover, that there is no such thing as revolution in the progress of science, but only the large and solemn growth of a living creature. Nor will it be difficult to extend such precious verities from this, their private and particular sphere, into the grander domain of universal history.

It was Thales of Miletus, the father of Greek philosophy, who methodically originated the conception that *water* is the first principle of things. He inculcated the scientific dogma that water is the one substantial or underlying essence, of which the rest of nature is but the manifold expression. Water was represented in his system as the sole and primeval matter, convertible and actually converted, by some plastic power, into the thousand-and-one familiar creatures in the universe: now into this one, and now into that; now into wood, and now into stone; now into the grass of the fields, and now into the body of man himself! Nor does this doctrine appear to be fantastical, as has been remarked by Ritter, when one reflects how rocks and salts can be extracted by mere boiling and evaporation not only out of the sea, but also from the most insipid of lakes and streams, and even from rain. It is not yet beyond the memory of man, that Lavoisier was careful to distil water backwards and forwards in an alembic, for many long days and nights together, in order to settle the question whether water were actually convertible into earthy matter, as had been asserted and believed by his immediate predecessors. Scheele, one of his most distinguished contemporaries, instituted another sort of experiment upon water, with a view to the determination of the very same point. It is not fifty years since Davy conducted his celebrated experiments on the electrolysis of water by means of the galvanic current, with very much the same object in view. It is, accordingly, easy to perceive that the ceaseless circulation of the liquid element from the ocean into the air, and through the air again to the earth in dews and mists and rains, only to run once more from springs and streams and lakes and rivers down to the ocean whence it rose, must have impressed the youthful science of ancient and imaginative times with the supreme importance of water in the economy of creation. But this contemplation of nature as one vast alembic, for the revolution of that beautiful and lifelike creature, was not the only motive to its exaltation as the best and first of things in the mind of Thales. The marvellous effects of moisture in its varying forms of river, rain, and dew, in covering the hills, the valleys, and the plains with verdure, during the flushing spring of Asia Minor and the Archipelago, to say nothing of the indispensable necessity of water not only to vegetation, but also to animal vitality itself, must have gone deeper still into the thoughts of those venerable seers who were first visited by the inquisitive spirit of wonder.

Willing to forget the moon and all sublunary science, we have stood beside the sea a whole year round, and abandoned ourselves to its first impressions in the spirit of antique faith and awe. It moved forever at our feet, now driving us before it, and then drawing us after it, in everlasting voices in our ear. One day it murmured about our steps, kissing the brown earth, and kissing it again, never weary of kissing the softened beach; another, it was testy as a great wayward child, and chid the world the livelong day; on a third, it was as angry as a brawling woman, and chafed along the shore; another time it panted and heaved and lashed, like a hundred orators arousing the nations with their ire. Anon it swelled and roared, like an assailing host or an infuriated people; and again it thundered responsive to the heavens, flashing back flash for flash, reflecting an infernal blackness upon the chaos of the falling sky.

Its variety of expressions were as many as the days of the year, and far more; but always it was moved from its very inmost, and always it moved to the impulse that stirred it, whatever that might be. It never lay still; it could not be at rest; it could not get away from itself. In vain it threw up spray and vapour and clouds; they returned to its unresting bosom through unerring channels. They went and they came as surely as it ebbed and flowed. They and it were always one; and all nature was penetrated by the unity. Wherever it touched, living things sprang into being: plants, animals, and man; only to be resolved again into the mighty organism of the waters when their lives were done. The ocean, reaching down to Hades, and stretching beyond the clouds, was the very blood of nature—'the blood which is the life.' Blind to sun, moon, and stars, insensible to the firm earth on which we stood, and deaf to the solicitation of the air and all its winds, we were lost in the contemplation of what seemed more alive than they; and then we understood how the first-born of the Wise Men of old pronounced the great deep to be at once the womb and the grave, the beginning and the end, of all created things!

Nor is it difficult to comprehend how Anaximenes, one of the earliest of the successors of Thales in what has been called the physiological school of Greek philosophy, should modify the doctrine of his predecessor, and assign the foremost place in the theory of nature to *air*. The ingenious reader will easily place himself in this new point of view, with the help of that imaginative sympathy which has just been extended to the earlier tenet. It is to be particularly noticed, however, that air was not the same kind of thing to those primitive doctrinaries as it is to us. Thales and Anaximenes, in fact, did not fix their eye upon the actual ocean and atmosphere, so much as upon an abstract conception which they had formed for themselves of the interior essence of these elements. It must not be forgotten, that in the childhood of human thought, as in the childhood of the human individual, there is no unmistakable distinction yet drawn between the world of sensation and the world of consciousness. The external world is still little more than a wondrous procession of perceptions, thought as sensation not being yet differentiated in the mind from thought as knowledge. The universe is still a passing scheme of shows and shifting modes of the perceiving spirit. Thales and Anaximenes beheld the green tree, the blue sea, the brown earth; and not, like Bacon and Locke, not merely a tree (or a somewhat) so propertied as to produce the image of a green tree in the mind, through means of the laws of light and the retina of the eye; not merely an earth (or another somewhat) which optics and physiology make into a brown earth; not merely a sea uniting with the eye to produce a blue sea between them; and so forth. In one word, those sagacious children of thought, the ancestors of Plato and Aristotle, were natural idealists: they were born idealists, not knowing that they were so; for they had never reached the point of scientific scepticism even for a moment.

Hence Anaximenes is represented as discoursing concerning air as the equivalent of intelligence or soul. It was his god—one, eternal, and unchangeable in essence; so that he stood at no great distance from that ancient and public spirit of poetry which fashioned the languages of mankind. The grand difference, indeed, between Orpheus and Hesiod on the

one hand, and the first teachers of philosophy on the other, consists in the circumstance, that the latter had developed for themselves and for all succeeding ages the idea of methodical investigation; a fact which constitutes them the fathers of science, notwithstanding that their specific doctrines are now of little use. The conception of one aboriginal source of all visible things, common to the schemes of Anaximenes and Thales, is a scientific statement of the poetic myth which pictures Proteus as the solitary and god-begotten shepherd, eternally driving innumerable herds and flocks of all kinds of creatures before him. It is remarkable, in connection with the Thalesian form of this idea, that all those subordinate deities which regulate the affairs of nature are figured, in the orphic theogony, as the children of Oceanus and Thetis: Oceanus the monarch of the sea, and Thetis the ocean-bride; Oceanus the male energy of essential water, and Thetis the female; Oceanus the positive, and Thetis the negative forces, which constitute the visible unity of that omnipresent radical moisture, from whose exhaustless bosom all other things proceed. It is impossible for the imagination of 1851 not to descry the subtle thread of thought which seems to associate this venerable pair, Oceanus and his Thetis, with the oxygen and hydrogen of our own chemistry; especially when it is remembered that chemists so thoroughly accomplished as Davy and Prout have seen nothing repugnant to the genius of modern research in the conjecture that oxygen and hydrogen, the married coefficients of water, may prove to be the original elements of the whole world!

It may be mentioned, in passing, that in all the cosmogonical myths of the Greek mind there flickers the idea of polarity, the law of the inevitable dualism of things, the fact of the universal chemistry of nature: two in one, active and passive, positive and negative, male and female, and the unity of such mutually-conditioned pairs in this single creature and in that. We say the universal chemistry of nature; for it is the essential aim of chemistry to discover two constituents in every one thing: sulphuric acid and soda in the wonderful salt of Glauber; sulphur and oxygen in sulphuric acid; sodium and oxygen in soda:—and what pairs in sodium, oxygen, and sulphur? Nor is it necessary, in the present connection, to do more than state the fact, that this very idea of the bipolar unity of all sensible phenomena, generalised to the utmost, is at once the deepest and the widest of the grand principles fairly established by the genius and industry of recent science.

Diogenes Laertius asserts that the illustrious doctrine of the *Four Elements*, with the unspent echo of which we have all been familiar since the Christmas-games of childhood, was first promulgated by Pythagoras; one of those gigantic spirits of antiquity whose personality history can scarcely catch a steady glimpse of, but whose shadow lies large and long upon the world of old. If this report be true, it were probable that the Quaternion was filched from Egypt; and that might be the ground of the tenacious conviction of the alchemists, that their mystery descended from that land of wonders and the Nile. It seems, however, to have been Empedocles who not only gained the dogma a footing in the world, but also elaborated it into a consistent hypothesis of nature. Empedocles, a man of condition, a legislator, a theologue and a poet, belonged, as a philosopher, to the second movement of Grecian science. Thales and his

schoolmen had attempted to solve the nature of the universe, including under that significant epithet the all-embracing unity which results from the three worlds of sensation, consciousness and conscience turned into one; a comprehensive definition implied in the very word itself. They approached and contemplated that universe as one and divine: they aspired to the solution of absolute being. Heraclitus, Anaxagoras, Empedocles and Democritus, on the other hand, were content to fly a lower pitch. They investigated the theory of nature, properly so called; and also, like Descartes and Bacon, the origin and methodology of science. If we had to discuss the great discoveries of Dalton and his compeers in chemistry, we should have occasion to adduce the atomic theory of Anaxagoras and Democritus; but at present it is only the doctrine of the Four Elements that falls in our way.

That famous dogma may be considered from two several points of view. It may be taken as a concrete proposition, or as an abstract one. It may be studied as a particular or as a general tenet. It has indeed been presented under both these aspects, since the days of its origin down to the period of its adoption by Oken, a contemporary of our own. Viewed as a particular proposition, the theory of Empedocles was simply this:—A handful of wood, or of any other ordinary combustible, is kindled and burned upon the surface of some cool body: the experimentalist observes that, while it burns, there rises smoke or *air;* the smoke is followed by flame or *fire;* moisture or *water* is deposited on the settle, or any other cold substance in the way; and ash or *earth* remains. The wood has been resolved into its coefficients, factors, or elements; and these are four—fire, air, earth, and water. But the burning of some wood had never been a scientific experiment before. It was not a chemical experiment; and from the very nature of the subject it could not become so, until such time as it was intentionally observed with a view to the determination of the composition of wood. A thunderbolt was not an electrical experiment until Franklin conceived of it as such, and varied it at will. An initiative idea must always accompany, if not precede, some natural phenomenon, in order to render that phenomenon an experiment or scientific observation. The intention, the observation, and the conclusion of Empedocles concerning the world-old process of combustion, then, constitute the first methodical or consciously scientific reflection ever made upon a chemical transformation. It is therefore nothing less than the long-sought origin of chemical science! For what is a science? It is the body of methodical or consciously scientific reflection on the observed phenomena of any one department of nature. Is it necessary to the nature of a science that it be all true, and that it contain no admixture of error? By no means: else chemistry was no science during the reign of Phlogiston; optics no science during the predominance of the materialistic theory of light; the Lavoisierian chemistry no science as long as oxygen was taken for the principle of acidity; ay, and the chemistry of to-day might very easily be proved to be no science any more than the rest. We have put our finger on the very fountain-head of all succeeding chemistries at last.

The Greek mind, however, could never hold exclusively by the concrete. It did not delight in details: it hastened to generalise: it loved particular nature indeed, but it never rested until it had glorified the particulars of

nature into types of the universal. Hence their sculpture, their drama, their philosophy; and hence their want of a self-fulfilling science of nature like ours. Fire, air, earth, and water were not only chronicled as the constituents of wood or common combustibles, as they would have been had it been possible for Empedocles to have sat at the feet of either Roger or Francis Bacon. The four elements were at once canonised as the sufficient and indispensable components of the whole of nature. There was, accordingly, an end of chemistry proper among the Greeks at once and for ever. The first step nobly taken, they never took another. On the contrary, they soon refined upon the elements they had discovered. Demetrius of Abelæa fell back upon the Thalesian notion, that there is necessarily only one true and primitive substance; and he represented the four elements of Empedocles as its visible representatives. Plato seems to have followed Demetrius in this conception to a certain extent, complicating it with speculations concerning the shapes of fire-atoms, air-atoms, and so forth; and maintaining, on the strength of apparent observation, that fire, air, and water are transmutable into one another, but not earth. There therefore remained only two permanent elements in the Platonic scheme. One of these was the common principle of fire, air and water, mobile, penetrating and quickening; the other, the earthy principle of things, was fixed, penetrable, and capable of being vivified. Plato, in fact, reduced the analysis of Empedocles to a shadowy doctrine of dualism. Aristotle, on the other hand, rejected the Platonic tenets concerning both ideas and matter, as well as the numerical idealism of Pythagoras. He held by the Demetrian idea of one underlying substance as the ground of all natural phenomena. He believed in the one radical matter of the universe, and argued that the four so-called elements are not such in reality, seeing they can be converted into one another. What subtleties and mysticism men are sometimes led into when they leave the path of observation! But every nation has its function. It was that of Greece, in so far as knowledge is concerned, to furnish the rest of time with nothing more than clews to the arcana of nature. But it was still more emphatically the mission of the Greeks, as philosophers, to discover those laws of investigation according to which alone such threads could be followed into the labyrinths of creation with advantage. The great result of all their centuries of striving was accordingly the invention of the inductive method by Aristotle; that mighty organon which, almost rediscovered, and certainly restated in a more practicable form by Bacon, has made us what we now undoubtedly are—the entering heirs of nature and all her inexhaustible wealth.

Such is the doctrine of the four elements. It has been domesticated with literature for more than two thousand years: it has been sung in the poetry of every land: it has been attacked, overthrown, and proscribed by modern science; yet it has actually been revived in our own days as the basis of the philosophy of nature! There is only one thing more to be said of it, considered as a particular proposition. That primitive analysis of wood by Empedocles, viewed as a chemical experiment, was actually a good one so far as it went. Wood is in reality composed of fire, air, earth, and water. They are its proximate constituents in a manner. Only modern analysis has gone farther still: it has divided

the phenomenon of fire into the phenomena of heat and light: it has found smoke to contain carbon, oxygen and hydrogen, not to be too minute: it has resolved water into oxygen and hydrogen. The ash or earth has been decomposed into several other substances by its more relentless methods.

The four elements, however, were also regarded in a more abstract and classific light in the Grecian schools, as has already been observed and slightly exemplified. Each of them was a type; each of them stood for a vast class of things. Air represented gasiformity; water, liquidity; earth, solidity; and fire, the imponderable forces of nature. Fire, air, water, and earth were frequently used as the philosophical symbols of what we now denominate the imponderables—gases, liquids, and solids respectively. They became abstract terms, and were constantly losing their chemical or particular significance in the besetting tendency of the Hellenic mind to excessive abstraction. It is scarcely necessary to add that, in this abstract phraseology, three of the four elements are at length demonstrated to be actually convertible into one another. When a solid body is heated, it swells and swells until it falls down liquid. On the elevation of its temperature, the liquid swells in the same way, and is finally converted into a steam, dry gas, or air. The atmosphere we breathe is the steam of a liquid or water, which boils at an incredibly low heat; and that liquid is a melted solid. There is a temperature at which gold itself would be changed into a thin dry air, fit for the breath of some imaginable creature. The experiments of Faraday and Thilorier on the liquefaction and solidification of the gases warrant such conclusions. The relationship of those three generic forms of matter, in truth, is now understood to be unexceptionable and sure; and the consideration of it casts not a little light on the prattle of Plato and Aristotle about the mutual convertibility of the elements. Nor will this twofold meaning of the doctrine of Empedocles be without its importance in the elaboration of a just conception of alchemy and the alchemists, as will soon be seen. In the meantime, we cannot proceed to that department of the subject in hand without quoting the opinion of Professor Necker of Berlin, as translated by Dr Babington for the Sydenham Society. 'No mediæval author,' says he, 'omits an opportunity of representing conjunctions of the planets as among the general prognostics of great plagues; nor can we, for our parts, regard the astrology of the middle ages as a mere offspring of imposition. It has not only, in common with all ideas which inspire and guide mankind, a high historical importance, entirely independent of its truth or error; but there are also contained in it, as in alchemy, grand thoughts of antiquity which modern natural philosophy is so little ashamed of, that she claims them as her property.'

A good deal has already been said about the substantive root of the word alchemy, and it has thereby been made apparent how little that is certain can be said about the matter. It seems that we must be content to accept it at the hand of one or other of the veiled figures of antiquity, of whom we can see and say nothing. The reader has likewise glanced into the structure of certain doctrines concerning the theory of nature entertained by the Greeks. It has been found that Empedocles's canon of the four elements must be considered as the veritable origin of the science of chemistry, although the science was not known under any such name till

they had to discover the art of discovering chemistry, to use
expression. Their progress in positive knowledge was accordi
in extent, and great only in depth; while the successive school
without a very distinct consciousness of what they were acco
lavished all the energies of the most wonderful national intellect
ever saw on the excogitation of the principles of discovery, the
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of man: an eye for nature, and an eye for God. Aristotle wa
fection of the one, Plato of the other, of those philosophic function
union of these master-spirits in the person of one sage would ma
plete philosopher, in so far as methodology could render him
Were such an imaginary and perhaps impossible being as comple
panoply as Pallas when fresh from the brain of Jove, however,
have to live and labour for ever and ever ere he should become a
philosopher in the larger sense of the phrase; for the sphere of
truth is as unbounded as the empyrean. That is to say, there i
complete philosopher—even the Spirit of Omniscience, of whom
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idea. As it is, Plato was the greater philosopher, for philoso

unproductive in the hands of his disciples. The methodology of science did nothing but degenerate after its great development in the philosophy of Aristotle, and that more especially in the department of physics. We have seen that, in so far as a possible chemistry was concerned, the prospect of anything like advancement was at once foreclosed by the vast over-generalisation made by Empedocles and his critics upon the analysis of common combustibles by fire. It was nearly the same in every other direction, always excepting those purely mechanical subjects which were susceptible of illustration by geometry. Unable to use the Organon invented for the use of thinkers by Aristotle—namely, that inductive philosophy which Lord Bacon has taught us the art of bringing to bear upon the castellated secrets of nature—they were content to make it the object of endless and unprofitable discussions. Unequal to the task of carrying out the intellectual life of Aristotle into the amplitudes of an external and a victorious development (as Locke, Newton, La Place and Lavoisier, Herschel and Dalton, have carried out that of Bacon), they were reduced to the alternative of setting him up as an infallible authority, the monarch of their thoughts, and the idol of their hearts. Long, too, did he reign, in spite of many an indignant protest by the masters in alchemy, as we shall find, until the final overthrow of the scholastic philosophy by Descartes and Bacon. Nor would the world have suffered greatly from this protracted domination, if it had really been Aristotle that reigned. But it was not. It was Aristotle misunderstood and perverted. It was an Aristotle scarcely read, known only by transmission, and distorted by the vision of the schools. It was not the sun of Aristotle that these scholastics beheld and adored: it was only his zodiacal light. They did not study his great principles of investigation: they merely adopted his opinions regarding a host of special points; a thing which, done now-a-days to Bacon, would reduce him as low as ever Aristotle was degraded by his mistaken followers. The true Aristoteles, that best ending or greatest and last representative of the most illustrious line of royal thinkers this world has yet produced, remains intact. In reality, the methodologies of Aristotle and of Bacon are substantially the same. They are one method or doctrine of knowledge stated in two several ways. The Greek stated the inductive method subjectively; the Briton puts it objectively. The Greek developed it from within outwards, like the growth of palms; the Briton grows it from without inwards, like an oak. The Greek constructed the telescope, leaving it in the workshop of the mind where it was put together; and no man was strong enough to move it from the tressles, until the chancellor of Great Britain wheeled it to the air, and directed its resistless eye upon the heavens.

One has simply to understand, then, in the present connection, that during those centuries in which alchemy shall be found to have been working in the mind of Europe, the dogma of the four elements, the vague idea of their mutual convertibility, and the supposition of some fifth element common to the four, or rather the very soul of all the four, were predominant among the learned. This, indeed, is one of the undeniable origins of alchemy; but there is another, for alchemy has two historical sources: this one in old Europe, and another in Asia. The attention of the reader must now be directed to the latter.

It was during the caliphates of the Abassides, and apparently under their patronage, that the school of polypharmacy flourished in Arabia. The earliest work connected with that movement which is now known in Europe is the *Summa Perfectionis*, or 'Summit of Perfection,' composed by Gebir. It is consequently the oldest veritable book on chemistry proper in the world, although it dates no farther back than the eighth century. Nor does the science derive much credit from this performance, when judged from one point of view; for it contains so much of what sounds very like jargon in our ears, that, according to Dr Johnson, the name of its compiler has been transmuted into gibberish for the use of indignant English tongues. Viewed under its legitimate aspect, however, it is a wonderful thing. It is a kind of text-book, or collection of all that was then and there known and believed for nobody knows how long back. It appears that those Arabian polypharmists had long been engaged in firing and boiling, dissolving and precipitating, subliming and coagulating, chemical substances. They worked with gold and mercury, arsenic and sulphur, salts and acids. They had, in short, become familiar with a goodly number of what we call chemicals in ordinary parlance; although there is in reality no such thing as a chemical, for everything is one.

To these Arabians, however, chemistry was by no means a theory of all nature, considered under the chemical point of view, as it is to us. It was only the theory of a laboratory full of curious, rare, and aristocratical substances. Nor were they without their deep-reaching conjectures or dogmas respecting these strange things. Gebir taught the principle that there are three elemental chemicals—mercury, sulphur, and arsenic. The penetrating and victorious qualities of these bodies fascinated his thoughts. Even gold itself, which its weight, its beauty, and its incorruptibility by the fire united to signalise as the most perfect of matters, is dissolved by quicksilver almost as easily as sugar is dissolved in water. Brimstone pierces iron like a spirit the moment they touch one another, if the metal be white-hot from the furnace; and they run down together in a shower of solid drops, a new and remarkable substance, possessed of properties belonging neither to iron nor to sulphur.

But they had their alchemical theory as well as this chemical one. They inculcated the proposition that all the metals are compound bodies. This was a very natural opinion, and it prevailed during the whole of the long subsequent reign of Phlogiston. It not only lasted, indeed, till the time of Lavoisier, but neither Cavendish nor Priestley ever gave it fairly up. The metals are for the most part extracted from what are called calxes, on account of their resemblance to so many chalks of different colours. These calxes, rusts, or earthy ores are endowed with neither the weight nor the lustre of metals. They are as unlike iron, lead, or gold as things could be. Yet it is easy to change them into metals: iron rust into iron, lead calx into lead, and so forth. They are heated along with carbonaceous materials in exclusion from the air, whereupon the respective metals are melted out, and flow to the bottom of the apparatus. Thanks to the Lavoisierian chemistry, we know the meaning of this operation. It is the carbon that carries away oxygen from the ores, and leaves the metals free; for those ores or rusts are composed of that oxygen and the metals respectively. But at first sight, it must have looked as if the ores got

mething in the furnace, instead of giving away anything: it must have emed that they took some principle from the furnace, and so became etals. It required many a long and weary day's work, alas! to make it ven possible for Lavoisier to discover that it was exactly the reverse.

According to Gebir and his successors, however, the metals were not nly compound creatures, but they were also all composed of the same wo substances. Now both Prout and Davy have lent their names to ideas not unlike this. 'The improvements,' says the latter, 'taking place in the methods of examining bodies, are constantly changing the opinions of chemists with respect to their nature; and there is no reason to suppose that any real indestructible principle has yet been discovered. Matter may ultimately be found to be the same in essence, differing only in the arrangement of its particles; or two or three simple substances may produce all the varieties of compound bodies.' Those ancient ideas, therefore, of Demetrius the Greek physicist, and of Gebir the Arabian polypharmist, are still hovering about the horizon of the most recent system of chemistry.

The Arabians taught, in the third place, that the metals are composed of mercury and sulphur in different proportions. It was at one time a favourite hypothesis of Davy's, that the metallic and other elements are the compounds of hydrogen (a kind of gaseous mercury) with a yet unknown base, in different proportions. He tugged hard at more than one of the elements to prove it. The fact is, that both the polypharmists and he are in error. Mercury and sulphur are just as much (and as little) elementary bodies as silver and gold, lead or tin, copper or iron, on one hand; and on the other, the hydrogen extracted from certain so-called simple substances, by the British chemist, was only hydrogen mechanically condensed within their pores, as he discovered in good time. The oldest and the youngest schools of chemistry, then, are equally at fault in this particular; and this brings us to the remark, that Gebir, Phazes, Avicenna, Mesuè, Averröes, and their compeers, did no more bestow their principal attention upon those speculations anent mercury and sulphur, than Davy or Berzelius expended his labour on analogous hypotheses. They were, in truth, genuine polypharmists; neither more nor less than is implied in that business-like denomination. They toiled away at the art of making many medicines out of the various mixtures and reactions of the few chemicals at their command. They believed in transmutation, but they did not strive to effect it. It belonged to their creed rather than to their practice. They were simply a race of hard-working, scientific artizans, with their pestles and mortars, their crucibles and furnaces, their alembics and aludels, their vessels for infusion, for decoction, for cohobation, sublimation, fixation, lixiviation, filtration, coagulation, and botherations of every sort. Many a new body they found; many a useful process they invented; many a good thing they did. The chief and remarkable difference between these excellent doctors and the young men at work in the *officinum* of a reputable chemist and druggist consisted, perhaps, in the circumstance, that they had a kind of scientific religion over their sweating heads. They believed in transmutation, in the first matter, and in the correspondence of the metals with the planets, to say nothing of potable gold; whereas their modern counterparts see through every species of humbug—carbon and silicon, homœopathy, *et hoc genus omne*!

Whence the Arabians derived the sublimer articles of their scientific faith, is not known to any European historian. Perhaps they were the conjectures of their ancestors according to the flesh. Perhaps they had them from the Fatimites of Northern Africa, among whose local predecessors it has been seen that it is just possible the doctrine of the four elements and their mutual convertibility may have arisen. Perhaps they drew them from Greece; modifying and adapting them to their own specific forms of matter, mercury, sulphur, and arsenic. But be those high dogmas the direct produce of Arabian thought, or be they a cross between Greek ideas and Arabian facts (an opinion to which we incline), there they are; and they must now be traced into European alchemy.

Partly carried by the Moors by way of Africa, and partly borne by the currents of returning Crusaders, this Arabian chemistry was brought to Europe; and it speedily became inextricably entangled with the fantastic subtleties of the scholastic philosophy. It was in Spain that it found its earliest opportunities of this new and not uncongenial development. It flourished there, in an unprogressive way, under the patronage of the Ommiades; but not until the tenth century. It spread from Spain to England, Germany, France, and Italy successively, from the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries inclusive. It is interesting to learn that the earliest authentic works of European alchemy now extant are those of our wonderful countryman Roger Bacon; or, as the name imports, 'Roger Beacon, a word which is pronounced Bacon in some districts of England yet. In fact, he is the foremost man in all the school; the first in substantial knowledge, and the greatest in faculty. He was born in the county of Somerset, in the year 1214, and he lived seventy years. Having studied at Oxford and Paris, he became a Franciscan friar. Little is now known about his outward life and conversation. The people suspected, dreaded, and slandered him. He was accused of having fabricated a brazen head, according to the rules of the occult philosophy and judicial astrology, which uttered oracles to him when consulted by magical incantation; he was imprisoned more than once; and at last he was poisoned by his monastic brethren. A man of vigorous and erected intellect, he saw far before his age. In a book concerning 'The Wonderful Power of Art,' he condemns magic, necromancy, the doctrine of charms, and all such things. Acquainted with the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic tongues, he exhausted all the real physical knowledge of the day. So passionate an instinct had he for what is positive in science, that, in the department of nature, he actually claimed an equal rank for observation with reason; a claim which was advanced again, and achieved, nearly 400 years after, by his more illustrious but not more sagacious namesake, Francis Bacon, the liberator of the sciences.

To say nothing of his philosophical ideas and his other information, in chemistry he was acquainted with gunpowder. In giving the *récipé* for its preparation, however, he expresses charcoal by a word of his own—*luru-povircanutriet;* either with the view of hindering so perilous a substance from being made by the vulgar, or for the purpose of slurring over his own ignorance of the ingredient in question. In fact, gunpowder seems to have been known to the Chinese before the Christian era. Bacon asserts that the thunder, lightning and magic, witnessed by the Macedonians at Oxy-

drakes, when besieged by Alexander, were nothing but the fulminations of that mixture. It was not introduced into Spain by the Moors, however, until 1343; and it is therefore probable that the friar derived his incomplete acquaintance with it from his Oriental readings. He believed in the convertibility of the inferior metals into gold; but, like his Eastern teachers, he does not profess to have ever effected the conversion. He was eminently practical in the tendencies of his mind, although he retained some of those speculative views, which we have seen to be deficient neither in sublimity nor in a species of truth. His faith in the elixir of life was somewhat deeper rooted than his confidence in gold-making. He followed Gebir in regarding potable gold—that is, gold dissolved in nitro-hydrochloric acid or aqua-regia—as nothing less than that terrestrial hypocrene. Urging it on the attention of Pope Nicholas IV., he informs his holiness of an old man who found some yellow liquor (the solution of gold is yellow) in a golden phial, when ploughing one day in Sicily. Supposing it to be dew, he drank it off. He was thereupon transformed into a hale, robust, and highly-accomplished youth. Having abandoned his day-labouring, he was received into the service of the Sicilian king, and served the court some eighty years. The philosopher, it is to be presumed, must assuredly have taken many a dose of this golden water himself, and, if the Gray Friars had not made away with him, he might therefore have been alive at this moment, as stout a positivist as Monsieur Conte! At all events, it is curious to think that Descartes, the father of psychology, regarded by many as the inventor of the inductive philosophy, and the rival of Bacon the Second, should have been as credulous as Bacon the First about long life. Descartes also believed he had attained to the art of living a few hundred years, and so did some of his friends. When he died before reaching the climacteric of sixty, nothing would convince one of his most intimate associates that he had not been poisoned! In truth, we should never look at the little particular beliefs and notions of great spirits in the history of science, but to their great ideas; otherwise we shall run the risk of despising men so exalted in character as to remain for ever incapable of despising us. But, some thoroughgoing Baconian will perhaps observe, it is important to take notice of the ridiculous opinions to which their wrong method was able to conduct such men. Well, one might reply, be just, and apply the same scrutiny to the second Bacon and ourselves: for the day will soon enough be here when posterity will smile at the Baconians of the eighteenth century, who brought themselves to think of the Bible, for example, as nothing more than an organon of priestcraft; at the positivists of the nineteenth, who discovered that thought, emotion, passion, and will are but the imponderable products of chemical or other physical actions in the brain; at the physicists of to-day, who have entertained such images of the materialising fancy as the matter of light, caloric, electric fluids, and what not! Perhaps the time is not distant when young children will wonder at not a few things, belonging to the truth of ingenuous observation, which we are yet slow to receive; for credulity of temper is even more strikingly exemplified in bigoted unbelief of the credible, than in too great a facility of conviction. In fine, there is probably as much nonsense believed, and as much truth rejected, in these our own times, as at any other period. But it must never be forgotten, that there has also been accomplished a vast

increase of real and positive knowledge in the progress of these centuries; that increase being quite as much owing to Roger Bacon and his compeers as to us; for their part of the task was a far harder one to perform than ours. There is indeed no room for national or epochal vanity in the study of the history of science: there is rather occasion for humility and emulation; for those old men worked with grand ideals and small means, upon an obdurate and an unbroken soil; while we stand on fields which they have ploughed, armed with an elaborate instrumentation, and too often guided by ideals which savour more of the shop than of the universe.

The next great name in the authentic history of alchemy is a German one. Albrecht Groot, or Albertus Magnus, was born at Bollstadt of Suabia in 1193, some twenty-one years before Roger Bacon; and he died two years before him; but he was rather later than the friar as an author. Remarkable for his early appearance of stupidity, he studied medicine at Padua, and taught it at Cologne and Paris. He then travelled all Germany as provincial to the fraternity of Dominicans, and sojourned at Rome some time in all the odour of renown. He was finally appointed to the bishopric of Ratisbon. A theologian, a physician, an astronomer, a magician, a necromancer, and not a little of the man of the world, he addressed himself with particular emphasis to the study of the polypharmacy of the times, and wrote many works on that and other cognate subjects. He describes the chemical waterbath, the alembec, the aludel, and various lutes; and shews himself acquainted with alum, caustic alkali, the purification of the royal metals by means of lead, and the purging of gold by cementation, to say nothing of his knowing how to determine the purity of gold. Red lead, arsenic, and liver of sulphur, are among the chemicals on which he multiplied experiments. His style of exposition is generally plain and intelligible. In addition to the sulphur-and-mercury theory of the metals, drawn from Gebir, he regarded the element water as still nearer to the soul of nature than either of these bodies. He appears, indeed, to have thought it the radical source of all things, along with Thales, the father of Greek speculation. Like all the true masters, however, he was more of a workman than a visionary.

Thomas Aquinas, the Dominican, was a pupil of Albrecht's. A divine and a scholar, that canonized personage wrote several obscure treatises of alchemy. He is chiefly notable here, however, as having first employed the word amalgam. Quicksilver penetrates tin, lead, silver, and some other metals; opens them up, and makes a homogeneous paste or liquid with them. Aquinas denominated the resulting compound in such cases an amalgam, little weeting how much his good word should be abused in the days of English railways.

Raymond Lully is said to have been a pupil of Friar Bacon's. He was born at Majorca in 1235. His father was seneschal to James I. of Arragon. He entered the army very early in life, whence he soon passed to court. Being yet young, and having subsequently studied at Paris, he became not only a doctor, but likewise a member of the order of Minorites; and he persuaded King James to found a cloister of his ecclesiastical brethren in Majorca. He journeyed through Italy, Germany, England; visiting kings' courts and rich abbeys, for the purpose of rousing Europe to one grand missionary effort for the salvation of the heathen. It is said that he

was never a whole year in one place, from his youth upwards. He visited Cyprus, Armenia, and Palestine in the character of an impassioned preacher of Christianity. According to one account, he was stoned to death on the coast of Africa in the course of a sermon; but according to another, he died at home in 1315, at eighty years of age, having sunk into fatuity before that event; and he was buried in his native isle. Notwithstanding of this impassioned and erratic career, he dabbled industriously among the chemicals of the time; and produced more than sixteen chemical works. They are much disfigured by unintelligible jargon, and present a powerful contrast to Roger and Albrecht in respect of vigour and common-sense. Yet he was the first to introduce the use of chemical symbols, his system consisting of a scheme of arbitrary hieroglyphs. Nor are his books deficient in observation. They contain many observations on the distillation of cream of tartar; the deliquescence of the alkalis; the separation of an aqua-fortis from saltpetre by means of the oil of vitriol; the preparation of aqua-regia by mixing nitric acid with sal-ammoniac or common salt; the volatile alcali; alum; marcasite of some sort; white and red mercurial precipitates; and other things. He made much of the spirit of wine, imposing on it the name of *aqua vitæ ardens*, which it retains to the present time in some quarters. In his enthusiasm he pronounced it the very elixir of life, an opinion which is still a favourite among our countrymen in the north. In a word, he was a restless, intelligent, inventive, and somewhat fanatical busybody in the affairs of the church, of science, and of life: an ardent and generous spirit withal; probably not unlike our own Priestley, and not without a great degree of utility in his day and generation.

Arnaldus de Villâ Novâ was not a churchman like his predecessors. On the contrary, he was condemned as a heretic, but the pope protected him from the extreme penalty; as the pope of his day would have consented to protect Galileo, if the impetuous Tuscan would only have suffered himself to be advised. Born in Provence, somewhere about 1240, and educated under the famous John Casamilla at Barcelona, he had to fly to Paris through Italy for forecasting the deathday of Peter of Arragon. He afterwards taught in the university of Montpelier, and was consulted far and wide by kings and popes. Guided by the rules of judicial astrology, he discovered that the world was to have been blown up in 1335; a discovery which is surpassed by soothsayers of another species, almost every month of every year, in these more illuminated days of ours. Unable, however, to await the fulfilment of the horoscope he had drawn out for the Mighty Mother, he died in 1313, on his way to visit Clement V., who was lying sick at Avignon. He wrote twenty-one works; of which the 'Rosarium,' a compend of alchemy, is the most curious, if not instructive. The theory of the author is very plain, but his practical directions are far from lucid now. Mercury is an element of all the metals. Gold and gold-water are the most precious of medicines. Bismuth is called marcasite. The preparation of the essential oil of turpentine, the oil of rosemary, the spirit of rosemary, long known as Hungary-water, and many other gentle distillations, are all to be traced to this heretical experimentalist.

A couple of Dutchmen are the next to figure in this alchemical calendar—Isaacus Hollandus, and either his brother or his son. These Hollanders belong to the thirteenth century, later in the day than Arnaldus, whom

they quote with reverence. Their treatises are remarkable for clearness and precision. They were the first to give figures of apparatus, a thing which renders them memorable in the history of physics. Writing mostly in Latin, they sometimes used the German tongue, being probably the earliest vernacular authors in European science—another claim to distinguished remembrance. With all their plain dealing and plain speaking, however, they cannot be said to have advanced chemistry otherwise than as honest, sagacious, and penetrating compilers. It is curious that your clear, cautious, ultra-sensible men do so very little that is new and great. It would appear that vigorous impulses, and a certain poetical extravagance of character, are quite as characteristic of the Keplers, the Hunters, the Herschels, and the Davys of science, as even that cardinal faculty of the soul, that first and last of the intellectual virtues, common-sense itself.

These qualities were combined in an excellent proportion in the person of Basil Valentine, one of the most celebrated of all the alchemists. Born at Erfurd, a Saxon town, in 1394, he became a Benedictine monk. He bestowed the larger part of his attention upon the preparation of chemical medicines. It was he who introduced antimony into medical use; the 'antimonk metal,' the name assigned it, one might surmise without uncharity, after some wicked experiments on the stomachs of his monastic brethren. He made a vast deal of that curious metal. All he writes about it is as clear as glass, and quite abreast of our knowledge in the present century, so far as it goes. He makes no mistakes so long as he treats the chemistry of the subject. The 'Currus Triumphalis Antimonii,' or 'Triumphal Chariot of Antimony,' were almost a model of positive observation, if it were stripped of its chemico-medical speculations. Drawing a beautiful but fallacious analogy between gold-making and the restoration of health, he maintains that antimony is the best for both! He followed the Hollanduses in regarding salt, sulphur, and mercury as the three bodies contained in the metals. He inferred that the philosophers' stone, or peristrophè, must be the same sort of combination—a compound, namely, of mercury, sulphur, and salt; so pure that its projection on the baser metals should be able to work them up into greater and greater purity, bringing them at last to the state of silver and gold. But Basil Valentine, the steady-eyed charioteer, knew something more substantial than these things. He knew arsenic and its red sulphuret, zinc, bismuth, manganese ores, nitrate of mercury, corrosive sublimate, red mercury, nearly all the antimonials in the pharmacopeias of 1851, litharge, sugar of lead, white lead, and many things besides, under these or other names. He precipitated iron from solution by potash. He was aware that tin sometimes contains copper, and that Hungarian silver contains gold. He knew how to extract gold from the red elixir by means of quicksilver, and he makes mention of fulminating gold. In fine, he may be characterised as the founder of analytical chemistry, that inevitable art which now leaves nothing untouched; which is furnishing new wonders every year; which resolves the food of nations into water and air, and suggests the possibility of air and water being some day made into food; which is drawing nigh the very threshold of vitality with fearless hands; and which is undoubtedly destined to change the whole economy of the outward life of man.

Roger Bacon having thus set the example of enormous industry, and

having exalted experiment to its legitimate rank in the logic of chemistry; Albrecht Groot having supported the dignity of the science by the universality of his accomplishments and the elegance of his style; Arnauld having applied the art of common distillation to chemical research; Raymond Lully having summoned the attention of the adepts to the products of destructive distillation; and Basil Valentine having opened up the science of metallurgy and analysis, there came upon the field a gigantic creature more celebrated than them all: it was Paracelsus. As strong-headed as Bacon, as inventive as Albrecht and Arnauld, as indomitable as Lully, and as mighty an enthusiast as Basil Valentine, this remarkable man wanted the truthfulness of character which animated all his predecessors; and he fell. He was born near Zurich, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, his name being Theophrastus Bombastes; and it is from that surname that the word bombast is derived—so arrogant, so insulting, and withal so 'great and swelling' were the 'words of vanity' he uttered, when little Theophrast grew a famous revolutionist under the far-sounding title of Theophrastus Aureolus Bombastes Paracelsus! His boyhood and youth appear to have been engaging, though impassioned and ambitious. He began life as a purist, having drunk nothing but water, and eaten little else than bread, until he was appointed to the first professorship of chemistry at Bâle in 1527, the earliest chair of chemistry ever established. As a physician, early famous like Simpson, he was amazingly successful and amazingly presumptuous, having been as unlike the great Edinburgh doctor in every other respect as he was like him in unresting enterprise. As a professor, he was eloquent, learned, and insolent in the extreme. He burned the books of many of the authorities before his hustling crowds of students; poured his contempt upon both the Arabian shop-doctors and the scholastic pedants; sounded anew the praises of Hippocrates; magnified his proper self even more than the sagacious Greek; played all sorts of mad pranks; surcharged his fascinated disciples with his overweening spirit; and kept up such a storm in poor little Bâle, that the magistrates had to banish him from his chair. After many alternations of fortune, and after having abandoned himself to debauchery, this 'erring and extravagant spirit,' this man of extremes, this mighty agitator, actually died in an obscure tavern at Salzburg, at forty-eight years of age. We may lament his ungracious life and his miserable end; but there is no denying that he was a great reformer; and he is certainly an important figure in the history of chemistry and medicine. He descried the utter hollowness of the prevalent scholasticism, as respected physical investigation, with an eye as clear as Francis Bacon's. On the other hand, he looked with the contempt of a Carus or an Oken on the bootless ploddings of the mere pharmaceutical chemists of the day. He also perceived the value of the long-neglected descriptions and practical rules of Hippocrates, with the sagacity almost of a Sydenham or a Cullen. In truth, if he had been content to do these three things, and to do them well, he might have become the father of modern science; but Old Legion was in him, and he could not govern his noble intellect. Ambition, vanity, the love of opposition and destruction, and all unkindliness would not let him be. He would amaze as well as instruct the world forsooth! He would put it under everlasting obligations to him, while he despised its gratitude! Athirst for true glory in his earlier years, he early became the

victim of a lowlived hunger for power and reputation. The great positive aim of his efforts was to pluck the panacea or elixir from the secret-keeping heart of nature, and thereby shew how omnipotent he was. He did not succeed of course; but he was too proud to own his failure, and so he talked 'an infinite deal of nothing.' What with private brawling, public haranguing, and ceaseless publication, the student feels as if this magnifico had only talked and talked, and died in ignominy. Yet he was a vigorous thinker, and actually originated a practical movement in our science, while he certainly brought mere alchemy to an end. Holding by Basil Valentine's principles of mixts or elements of compound bodies, salt, sulphur, and mercury (representing respectively earth, air, and water, fire being already regarded as an imponderable), he generalised the properties of those four first principles of nature with great breadth. They were purely representative in his system of doctrine, as their counterparts had soon become in the systems of the Greeks. All kinds of matter were reducible under one or other of those typical forms: everything was either a salt, a sulphur, or a mercury; or, like the metals, it was a mixt. There was one element, however, common to the four; a fifth element, the quintessence of creation; an unknown and only true element, of which the four generic principles were nothing but derivative forms or embodiments. In other words, he inculcated the dogma that there is only one real elementary matter—nobody knows what; a dogma like that of Demetrius and Aristotle, which is metachemical rather than chemical, and therefore of little or no practical importance. It gave his experimental pursuits a useful bias however. It set him upon the search after the essences and quintessences of things. By a natural, but no less sophistical slip in his logic, he considered alcohol as the quintessence of wines; and blue as the quintessence of blue stuffs and stones! It was in this way, however, that he set agoing that prosecution of the active principles of mixed or complex medicaments, which has ended in the extraction of quinine, morphia, veratria, thëine, and a multitude of valuable proximates. It was Paracelsus, also, who began that tendency to mingle chemical considerations with the physiology of the human body in health, with its pathology in disease, and with the practice of the art of healing; a tendency which is still far from being exhausted. The works of Dumas and Liebig, and of the whole school which they represent, may be described as the very consummation of this iatro-chemistry, as it has been styled. It was likewise our present hero who introduced the word alcahest into alchemy, the term usually applied to the universal solvent; a word supposed by some to mean *alcali est*, is it an alcali?—but sometimes said to be composed of the two German vocables, *alle geist*, all spirit. It does not appear that Bombastes was a seeker of this universal solvent himself; but the name perhaps imports his idea that the one prime element of things, or fontal matter, was also the veritable alcahest. High above his practice of physic, his criticism of the predominant methods of inquiry, and his multifarious manipulations, there seems to have flitted the sublime conception of an unattained, perhaps an unattainable, quintessence or fifth element of things, which should prove to be at once the philosophers' stone, the universal medicine, and the irresistible solvent. In order to seize this triple aureola of existence, and put it on his heavy-laden head, as a crown

of joy, he knew that it behoved him, at the very least, to lead the natural life of a child in the intellectual life of a free man; but he paltered with his idea of his mission, sank into infamy, and died unannealed. Yet something that is charitable and thankful, and even affectionate, is surely to be pronounced over the squalid public-house where so magnificent, so outspoken, so effective, so celebrated, and withal so wretched a Protestant fell asleep at last. But that is a task for the orator or the poet rather than for the man of science; and the reader is therefore referred to Browning's philosophical drama, entitled 'Paracelsus,' for the emotions with which it becomes us to pronounce his motley but splendid name, and to remember his stormy but beneficent career.

We have now considered the ideas of the Greek physiologists concerning the world of matter, in so far as they are capable of being represented as standing in connection with the history of early chemistry; having omitted taking any notice of the atomic theory of Democritus, because it has no relation to that history until the time of Dalton, our own contemporary. We have also glanced at the nature of Gebir and the Arabian polypharmists, and seen as far into them as Sprengel and other authors have enabled us to do. We have likewise spoken briefly about the series of grand-masters in that dim and somewhat free-masonic department of scientific history, that of European alchemy, from that proto-martyr of science in Christendom, Roger Bacon, down to Paracelsus, the magnificent victim of his own presumption and the hatred of his age; and found them to be for the most part a race of brawny inquisitors, inspired by ideas great enough to enable them to live aside from the world, if not above it, on one hand, and to do a good day's work for the world, on the other.

To take the ludicrous view of the character of these Arabian, English, Spanish, German, French, and Dutch enthusiasts for a moment, it was of such men that the fantastical Becher exclaimed—'De gustibus non disputandum est—There is no disputing about tastes;' a proverb which agrees with reason and experience. Some folks will have sweet food, others like sour better, and a third prefers what is bitter. Some delight in gaiety, some in sadness. Some love music, others have no pleasure in it at all. But who would have thought that there is a taste to which you must sacrifice honour, health, fortune, time, and even life? You say that those who are addicted to it must be madmen. No! They are only men of an eccentric, heteroclitic, heterogeneous, abnormal turn of mind. They are chemists—

> 'Nasty, soaking, greasy fellows,
> Knaves would brain you with their bellows;
> Hapless, sapless, crusty sticks,
> Blind as smoke can make the bricks!'

Chemists of lively parts and wide views, such as Joachim Becher was, must sometimes make a pause in the toilsome career of their life in the laboratory, and smile at the grim earnestness with which they hang over their furnaces, batteries, mercurial troughs, Bohemian tubes, thermometers, and balances, denying themselves the freedoms of nature, and many of the dearer interests of other men. There are poets who wonder at the spec-

tacle of such keen spirits as Humphry Davy, for example, labouring with might and main at the dry births of stone and iron, when they might well be abroad among the strong and the beautiful, stirring the life of man in its auguster depths. But a man must work where he is placed; and he must also obey the hint of his peculiar talent, else he will never do the most he can for the race and for himself. These are two of the great rules of duty. There is little matter what a man finds to be his proper task, so he rest not until he have won all it can teach him; so he relax not until he have made the most of it for the world; so he relent not before he has adorned it with his proper virtue, and ennobled it by his proper genius. Truth is a globe like the world; and it is of small moment where you begin to dig, for you will come as near the centre as another if you dig deep enough. It is at the same time an important, though a secondary duty of the industrious miner, to ascend every now and then from his particular shaft, both to see what others are about, in case he should become the egotist of a single pursuit, and to refresh himself with the inexhaustible variety of nature and of life.

To return to the alchemists, who were wiser in this very respect than their successors in these days of the extreme division of labour, the historian finds that soon after Paracelsus the adepts of Europe spontaneously fell into two classes. One of these comprised a multitude of weak men, who rode the hobby of the older school; and that very hobbihorsically too, to quote a whimsical adverb of Sterne's for the purpose of characterising a set of whimsical fellows. The other class was composed of men of diligence and sense, who devoted themselves with infinite labour to the discovery of new compounds and reactions. The two constituent elements of the genuine alchemist, in fact, fell asunder after Paracelsus; and both of them suffered from the separation. The fantastical element found a host of foolish representatives, and the practical one incarnated itself in a company of plain and painstaking men. The celebrated Van Helmont was an alchemist of the first water in his youth, and a very practical chemist in his old age. Nor can it have been an easy thing for such as him to renounce the sublimities of alchemical ideal, and content themselves with the practicable aims of common chemistry. Van Helmont had actually convinced himself that not only gold—that sun-bright and almost beatified body of the soul of matter—but everything else, consists essentially of nothing but water, as had been told the ancients by Thales, the eldest of the seven wise men of Greece. He had planted a sprig of willow in a vesselful of such a soil as appeared incapable of yielding it any nutriment; suspended the little willow and its pot in the air; fed it on pure water; and yet the creature had grown apace, stretching forth its branches, and covering itself with leaves! What was to be inferred from this seemingly crucial experiment? Why, surely that wood, and bark, and foliage, and acids, and salts, and earths, and all things do lie folded up in some mysterious but not inscrutable manner within the elemental substance of water. Alas, the experiment was fallacious! The experimentalist did not know that the air around his expanding plant contains both carbon and nitrogen; that water results from the union of oxygen and hydrogen; and that these three gases, and that one solid body, are in reality the essential constituents of the vegetable tissue. Van Helmont,

however, must on the whole be regarded as belonging distinctly to the new school of practical chemists, and not to the post-paracelsian brotherhoods of degenerated alchemy. It must be confessed, at the same time, that the chief circumstance which lent any dignity to the pursuits of him and his companions in arms, was the stupendous chaos of phenomena in which they had to work. Libavius, Cassius, Glauber, Agricola, and the rest of them, deserve to be remembered for their indefatigable zeal, and for the multitude of single facts they managed to quarry out of nature. It has also to be recorded of them that, although they were a race of pedantic artisans rather than men of science, it was more particularly in their persons that the metaphysical era of scientific history was aspiring towards a more exalted stage of development; namely, towards the epoch of positivism, the era of Descartes and Bacon, the day of experimental observation under the guidance of the inductive syllogism.

It is unnecessary to trace the alchemists so-called after this decomposition of the old alchemical character. They are no longer historical; they are no longer with their age: they are behind it. The vitality is gone from them: they merely drivel on in a kind of questionable existence. They are poor ghosts, being *restants* that cannot get away; not *revenants* come back with some important secret. The life of the time is all on the side of the practical chemists after Paracelsus. The misnamed alchemists are mere inanities after that period. They can do no one useful thing: they can only compile mystical trash into books, and father them on Hermes, Aristotle, Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus, and other potentates that never wrote such nonsense in their lives. They can only form themselves into secret associations, Rosicrucian fraternities, and what not! Their anonymous gabble is all about suns and moons, kings and queens, red bridegrooms and lily brides, flying birds, green dragons, ruby lions, virginal fountains, royal baths, waters of life, salts of wisdom. The seven metals correspond with the seven planets, the seven cosmical angels; and with the seven openings of the head, the eyes, the ears, the nostrils, and the mouth. Silver was Diana, gold was Apollo, iron was Mars, tin was Jupiter, lead was Saturn, and so forth. They had essential spirits so fine, that drop after drop let fall from the phial's lip did never one of them reach the ground. They prated for ever concerning the powder of attraction, which drew all men and women after the possessor; the alcahest; and the grand elixir, which was destined to confer immortal youth upon the student who should approve himself pure and brave enough to kiss and quaff the golden wavelet as it mantled over the cup of life, the fortunate Endymion of their fantastical mythology. There was the great mystery, the mother of the elements, the grandmother of the stars. There was the philosophers' stone, and there was the philosophical stone: the philosophical stone was younger than the elements, yet at her virgin touch the grossest calx among them all would blush before her into perfect gold. The philosophers' stone, on the other hand, was the first-born of nature, and older than the king of metals. In the famous dialogue of the 'Ancient War of the Knights,' he exclaims with fond remonstrance, 'Good God, my dear gold, I am older than you!'

Yet it was this wretched remnant of a great school that gave the earlier men of the present age its impression of alchemy! Now, visionaries of this

caste exist in 1851. There are actually a number of as genuine scientific fanatics as these, possessed by the very same fantasies, and using the self-same phraseology, astrological and pseudo-alchemical, in the Europe of the present day; but no one would ever think of according any historical significance to such a second nursery of innocents as that. Yet the sole difference between these poor creatures and the post-paracelsians of the seventeenth century, is to be found in the circumstance, that the latter had many temptations and opportunities to play the Dousterswivel; and accordingly many a queer imposture was then practised in the name of Aristotle, Gebir, or Raymond Lully. One might relate innumerable stories of that sort; but it is impossible to see how such narratives could be of the slightest use towards the right understanding of true and historical alchemy, from Friar Bacon to Paracelsus inclusive.

It is enough to notice the fact, that, after Paracelsus's protest against the intellectual methods of old alchemy, a multitude of weaklings continued to dream away their lives among the verbiage of an exhausted movement in all countries; while a race of sturdy, positive chemists were living to some useful purpose, and finding out all sorts of new chemical substances in preparation for the unpretending logic of a better day. The two streams, like the unmingling waters of the Soane and the Rhone, ran together a space side by side before dividing for ever: one of them to sink into the sands, like Arethusa, and be lost; the other to gather a hundred tributary streams, and come flowing right onwards. Alchemy has, accordingly, be it repeated, no historical meaning—one might almost say, no historical existence, after Paracelsus; just as the critical doctrine of Voltaire and the encyclopædists cannot boast of anything like a historical life in Europe after the close of the last century, although there are still men in Paris, Berlin, or London, who will swear by it to the last. Nor would the historian ever dream of illustrating the scepticism of the senses from the timid and feeble performances of those fond and lingering disciples of that inverted psychological alchemy of the eighteenth century: inverted alchemy, for its 'grand projection,' consisted in the attempt to transmute everything into nothing; reminding one of that unhappy votary of Rosicrucian vanity, who chronicled the sad result of all his life in one melancholy couplet—

> 'From out of nothing God fetched everything,
> But out of all poor I can nothing bring!'

Yet it appears, as has just been said, that the current notions of alchemy are drawn from the etiolated and partycoloured literary remains of those posthumous votaries of the spagiric mystery. It is from that too-questionable epoch, for example, that we have the story of a venerable stranger entering the famous city of Nobody-cares-what at eventide, in the grey month of November in the memorable year of 1600; of his inveigling the ingenuous son of his landlord into recondite talk anent the stone; about their going privily to a great rich goldsmith, and making a huge dollop of gold out of tin and lead with his utensils; of their selling it at a just price to the hospitable jeweller; and of the venerable rascal stealing out of the city before cock-crow with all the good money in his pocket. It was during the same period, in fact, that quackery and imposture abounded in con-

nection with mock-alchemy. It was then that ape-headed, nut-hearted, sly knaves easily found their dupes among fools in high places, as avaricious and ignoble as they were credulous. It was then, to take an instance, that the former scamps made up large nails, half of iron and half of gold, well joined together, and varnished with lacker, so as to pass for veritable tenpennies; and then that the latter equally wretched creatures opened their eyes with amazement, and their hands with greed, when they saw a good golden ingot extracted from plain pig-iron!

It was then, also, that the majority of the accessible alchemical tracts and treatises were compiled. The miserable anonymities who put them together generally inscribed the name of some grand authority upon these inane productions, to give them currency. They consisted for the most part of the wilder passages of the old masters, unaccompanied by any of their real knowledge and practical remark, mangled, inflated beyond bearing, and maddened by the poor cross-lights of the actual editors. The reader accordingly comes upon striking and even beautiful passages in some of those vile performances, which are frequently just so coherent, and no more, as to suggest the perception that there is a 'method in their madness.' For example, one of some score of masquerading Paracelsuses opens his creed with these words:—'All composed things are of a frail and perishing nature, and had at first but one only principle. In this all things under the cope of heaven were enclosed, and there they lay hid; which is thus to be understood—that all things proceeded out of one matter, and not every particular thing out of its own private matter by itself. This common matter of all things is the great mystery, which no certain essence or prefigurated idea could comprehend. Nor could it comply with any property, it being altogether void of colour and elementary nature. The scope of this great mystery is as large as the firmament. And this great mystery is the mother of all the elements; the grandmother of all the stars, trees, and carnal creatures.'

Such is the preamble of the book; but nothing follows; for the substance of the treatise is just this same preamble, with variations over and over again. The penman's science is like a street-organ of old and even elaborate construction; but all its tunes are gone dumb except this one; and for the life of him he can grind nothing out of it but the overture!

The only supposable method, of course, in which this common matter or great mystery could produce all the other bodies in nature, was a species of self-involution; a rolling of itself into this shape and that, so as to pass from the unity and monotony of chaos into the multiplicity and harmoniousness of creation. Such is probably the meaning of those passages in the later Hermetics, where it is said 'to kill itself—to espouse itself—to impregnate itself—to engender itself—to be born again of itself—to make itself red—to make itself white;' and so forth. Says the Stone to Gold in the 'Ancient War:' 'Aristotle says of me—We add nothing more to it, and we change nothing in it: Oh, how admirable is this thing which contains all things in itself!'

The modern chemist cannot escape the sense of surprise when, in connection with such extracts, he bethinks himself of the transformations of isomeric substances and the action of catalysis—two of the latest discoveries of importance in the science. For example, the gas cyanogen

is transmuted in certain circumstances into the solid substance paracyanogen. Nobody knows precisely the difference between them, considered from the chemical point of view. The colourless pungent gas and the tasteless brown solid, cyanogen and paracyanogen, are of the same chemical composition, notwithstanding of the fact, that their sensible and chemical properties are as distinct as possible. They both contain carbon and nitrogen in the proportion of 6 to 7. Cyanogen can be made into paracyanogen, and paracyanogen into cyanogen again. Cyanogen can literally be transmuted into paracyanogen, without either addition to or subtraction from its substance; for 'we add nothing more to it, we change nothing in it: Oh, how admirable is this thing (cyanogen) which contains that thing (paracyanogen) in itself!' Cyanogen in becoming paracyanogen 'kills itself, espouses itself, engenders itself, impregnates itself, is born again of itself, and makes itself' brown. Cyanogen may also be said to be convertible into at least other two substances. Cyanogen, the radical of fulminic acid, the radical of cyanuric acid, and paracyanogen are all composed of carbon and nitrogen in the ratio of 6 to 7. Yet these four bodies produce, by combination with oxygen, four acids as different from one another as they well could be, although they all contain carbon, nitrogen, and the newly-added oxygen in the same proportion—namely, carbon 6, nitrogen 7, and oxygen 4. In fact, these three things, the radicals of the fulminic and cyanuric acids, and paracyanogen, are only three of any possible number of isomeric forms of cyanogen; the resultants, that is, of the self-involution of that gaseous body. Cyanogen is the 'one only principle,' at all events, of those three quasi-elements or compound radicals. In cyanogen they were 'enclosed, and there they lay hid;' 'which is thus to be understood, that (these three) things proceeded out of one matter (cyanogen), and not' each of them 'out of its own private matter by itself.' Cyanogen, in short, is 'the great mystery' in relation to these three radicals, and in relation to all similar ones which may yet be discovered. And this great mystery, cyanogen, is the mother of those quasi-elements, fulminigen, cyanuren, and paracyanogen; the grandmother of fulminic, cyanuric, and paracyanic acids; of the fulminates, cyanurates, and paracyanates; and of all the thousand-and-one compounds proceeding from this great stock!

We could entertain the reader with such new glosses on old texts by the sheet; but space forbids. We must also omit all reference to the Roman de la Rose, the Chanon of Brydlington, and other Rosicrucian rhymes, although we have made some notes on both subjects, which are not without interest. It is now time to say a few decided words concerning alchemy proper, considered as one great movement of the human mind in Europe, by way of bringing these excursions to an end.

The true alchemists, then, while they were also diligent experimentalists in pharmaceutical and other practical chemistry, cherished three sacred beliefs and objects of enthusiastic hope, which we shall now arrange not in their historical, but in a convenient order.

I. They believed in the alcahest, or universal solvent. Taking that epithet, even in its most literal signification, it has simply to be stated, that *modern* chemistry has actually realised it. The element fluorine is nothing *less* than the alcahest. Lavoisier once expressed his surprise that it should

never have occurred to the masters that no vessel on earth could hold the universal solvent, because it would solve the vessel too! That is precisely the difficulty to contend with in the attempt to isolate fluorine. It is a good many years now that it has been well understood by chemists that Derbyshire spar is composed of calcium—the metal of which quicklime is the rust or oxide—and of fluorine, another element, the latter of which ingredients could not be presented separate, just because no substance could withstand the intensity of its chemical action. No one doubted the existence of fluorine—thanks to Davy's discovery of iodine, and the sagacity of Ampère—notwithstanding of the circumstance that it could not be handled and seen, owing to its irresistible powers of solution. It at length occurred to two brothers of the name of Knox, that vessels cut out of fluor-spar itself, seeing it is a substance already saturated with fluorine, might serve the purpose of catching some fluorine in; and their experiments have been in a great degree successful. Faraday has also experimented on this subject. Fluorine seems to be an orange-coloured gas; chlorine is a green gas; iodine is a solid at ordinary temperatures, but a gentle heat converts it into a deep purple vapour. Bromine is liquid, and resembles iodine vapour when in the gaseous state; but it is more ruddy than purple. These four elements are deeply connected with one another; but be that connection what it may, and even suppose that fluorine has not yet been separated in the state of absolute chemical purity, it cannot be denied that there lies the alcahest of old alchemy.

II. They believed in the transmutability of the metals; it has already been seen on what kind of grounds. The idea of transmutation, stripped of all particularity of form, is as old as Thales and recent as Davy, to profane this page with no meaner name. In one shape or another, it is ineradicable from the instincts of the science. It is hardly necessary to add, that if any one element were satisfactorily converted into any other, this the second problem of alchemy were solved as well as the first. It is enough to observe that such a thing is being prosecuted with ardour and conviction in the present day. *Festina lentè!*

III. Those European alchemists also believed in the elixir of life, or universal medicine, capable of curing all curable diseases, and of prolonging life long beyond its present average of duration. It was not till the dotage of alchemy that the conception of an elixir of immortality amused the world. In connection with this unattainable ideal of theirs, it has just to be mentioned that Lord Bacon and Descartes, who are always regarded as the Castor and Pollux of that luminous epoch of science which extinguished the mediæval schools, were quite as much bent upon the invention of means for the prolongation of life as any alchemist of them all. We have already seen that the French methodologist actually supposed himself to have added a few hundred years to existence; and anybody that has read Bacon's precepts on the subject, will testify that the elixir-hunters could not exceed him either in the largeness of his expectations or in the absurdity of his plans. Neither is it very easy at first sight to perceive the practical superiority of the successive medical schemes of Stahl, Boerhaave, Cullen, Broussais, and the rest of the modern doctrinaries, over those equally successful and more poetical dreamers. If a scientific spectator may judge from the recent writings of certain of our own physicians—

from the articles and letters, for example, of Dr Forbes, the editor of the 'British and Foreign Medical Review,' of the late Dr Andrew Combe, and of a host of anonymous abettors of these able men, the predominant school of physic appears to be coming to the conclusion, that it can scarcely do better than go back to the time of Hippocrates, sit a while at his feet, and begin afresh. It is the very counsel which poor Paracelsus thundered into the astonished and insulted ears of his contemporaries.

Such, then, was alchemy; such the heaven, the horizon, and the neighbourhood of the third of the ancestors of the modern chemist. To the man of the nineteenth century, it must always be interesting to grope away back into those dim and spectral regions of scientific development. Were circumstances favourable, we should be glad to accompany the student into some of the more quaint and questionable of those recesses of the past. We should visit the weak as well as the strong; for there were the weaker brethren in those religious days of science as well as now. What buried figures we should descry, intent with sweating brains upon the last projection; what minglings of the glare of the furnace with the unearthly glow of a magnificent, but misdirected spirit of enthusiasm; what perilous balancings of the spirit between the dread extremes of imposture and insanity; what thin lights and solid shadows we should behold in the murkier hours of that merely starlit night of history; what agonies of mind and heart! Ideals how sublime, realities how paltry! It was their lifelong struggle, to bring a lofty but imperfect theory of nature into effective unison with the inflexible phenomena of the world of facts. They did not succeed, and they have passed away. Peace be with them; for alas! the life of the visionary is the same feverish, uncalculating, unsatisfying, weary, and maddening discipline in all ages; and there are as many of those not unlovely maniacs in the epoch of Chancellor Bacon and Humboldt as ever there were in that of Friar Bacon and Paracelsus.

The history of chemistry, subsequently to the apotheosis of the alchemical epoch, was not without its extravagances; but it became remarkable for the unprecedented rapidity with which the accumulation of facts proceeded. In the hands of the practical chemists, who have already been alluded to as the legitimate successors of the alchemists-proper, the science became more unreservedly directed to the positive labours of the laboratory; and there rapidly ensued a very remarkable extension of the boundaries of concrete or practical chemistry. Hence the great multiplication of chemical substances, experimental apparatuses, and new processes, that succeeded the euthanasy of alchemy. Stones and rocks, earths and ashes, ores and meteors and lavas of every species, were triturated, lixiviated, roasted, ignited, dissolved in acids, crystallised, precipitated. It was soon perceived that there is one not only salt, one elemental salt, but an endless variety of salts: oil-of-vitriol salts, aqua-fortis salts, spirit-of-salt salts, earthy salts, alkaline salts, metallic salts, and so forth. There were forthwith found to be more metals than seven, the seven planets and holes in the human head notwithstanding. These were discriminated the mineral, the vegetable, and the volatile alkalis. At length a great chemical principle began to dawn in the midst of all these gathering and crowding details, like the gleam of untouched phosphorus in the dark. In short, the

new chemists began to surmise that the chemical act of burning, or the process of combustion, as it is now called, is a process of first-rate importance and significance in the science of chemistry. They descried that the right explanation of the burning of wood, of brimstone, of anything, in fine, that is susceptible of combustion, would reveal a critical secret of this department of knowledge. It was the distinct perception of this, and the invention of a hypothesis or theory of combustion, that constituted, or rather consummated, the new movement, and fairly consolidated a new epoch of chemical development. Beccher and Stahl were the patriarchs of this great school—the former as the inventor, the latter as the illustrator of the doctrine of phlogiston; a doctrine which sufficed for the needs of the growing science nearly a hundred years. They observed that the common phenomenon of combustion concealed within its glowing bosom one of those central or fontal facts, on the discovery of which the history of science is continually turning. Pursuing this clew, which the reader of this outline will now recognise as older than the time of Aristotle, although never laid firmly hold of until that of Beccher, they generalised the phenomenon itself in the first place. Their metals, with the quite intelligible exceptions of gold and silver, were changed into rusts or calces, or artificial ores, resembling chalk-powder or brick-dust when heated in exposure to the air of the fire; and this change they perceived to be identical with what is passed upon brimstone, phosphorus, or any other ordinary combustible when it burns with flame. Indeed, the metal tin burns with a surrounding glow, which resembles flame so closely as to have hinted the rest of the secret; no secret now-a-days, since we have metals which take fire when thrown into water, and since we burn iron-wire in oxygen like a wax-match in the air; but a great attainment for the day, or rather the morning twilight, in which it was first made. Thus, then, in brief, was the whole science of chemistry, as it then stood, classified under two distinct and intelligible parts: the study of bodies before combustion, and that of bodies after combustion, implying of course the study of the vital act of combustion itself; a very true and useful division so far as it reached, and certainly most important for the exigencies of the epoch. The chaos of chemical fact was thereby reduced to intellectual order, and made to revolve round one great phenomenon as a centre. Similar things were brought together in spite of apparent dissimilarity, while unlike things were duly separated, notwithstanding of superficial resemblances, and a genuine reformation or new creation was fairly begun, with amazing sagacity and intelligence. It is surely difficult to understand how men like Dumas and Liebig (to name no smaller names) can content themselves with asserting that chemistry began with Lavoisier, except by supposing them wholly destitute of the historical sense, and incapable of seeing that their own rockfast-Lavoisierianism is also doomed; not indeed to be overthrown (for nothing that is partly true can ever be wholly overthrown), but superseded just as completely as phlogiston, alchemy, or polypharmacy. It would be quite as rational for a geologist to date the origin of the visible world from the tertiary series, or the diluvial beds of Paris and London, as to trace the rise of chemistry no farther back than the great Parisian lawgiver of the science.

But the old chemists of whom we now speak were of course not satisfied

with the discovery of the true analogy that exists between the metallic calces and the acids, and their consequent new classification of bodies; but they proceeded to interpret the phenomenon of combustion itself, that seemingly sole and singular agent of chemical transformations. Nor was an interpretation far to seek, although it required astonishing ingenuity to apply it right and left, so as to compact the rude and disjected members of a growing chemistry into one luminous body of scientific thought. It has already been hinted that Greece has ever been the Ariadnè to furnish our sturdy, erratic, and triumphant European Theseus with the clew to the labyrinth it behoves him from time to time to penetrate. The notion that fire is an actual and substantial, though subtile element of nature, was first kindled by Empedocles long centuries before Christ: before it was handed over to the Arabians, it had begun to flicker, and it played a very small part in their doctrine: brought back to Europe, and fanned by the scholastic philosophy, it shot up its flames once more; but it was now destined to quicken the whole mass of chemistry; and impart that *callida juncturæ*, or glowing unity to all its parts, of which they again stood more in need than ever. The matter of fire was at length set apart and consecrated under the illustrious name of phlogiston.

It is impossible to prosecute this interesting subject any further in the present connection. Having fairly traversed the epoch of chemical history ostensibly under consideration, and having even crossed the boundary which separates it from its immediate successor, we leave the greater part of the story untouched. Suffice it that an affectionate yet critical study of the successive schools, and their respective leaders, would certainly prove as interesting as that of the Greeks, the Arabians, and the European alchemists; while it might be still more instructive. The phlogistians, the pneumatic chemists, the Lavoisierians, the atomicians, the electro-chemists, and the votaries of the new organic chemistry, have all brought us their proper trophies and treasures; and the investigation of their several histories and characteristics could not fail to be fraught with the noblest lessons of courage, perseverance, and devotion.

THE LOST LAIRD.

A TALE OF '45.

than four months had passed since the fatal day of Culloden; t only had the disaffected districts been treated with merciless by the commanders of the English army, but atrocities had been ted, which had long been unheard of in civilised warfare, by the of soldiers despatched in all directions to disarm and lay waste rt of the country in which the Prince's cause had been espoused. the 10th of June, the task of desolation was complete throughout western parts of Inverness-shire; and the curse which had been ed upon Scotland by the religious enthusiasts of the preceding was at length so entirely fulfilled, that it would have been literally to travel for days through the depopulated glens without seeing a smoke or hearing a cock crow.' The continual escape of Charles which seemed little short of miraculous, doubtless tended to exas- he feelings of his pursuers, and to add cruelty to their conduct, when esh disappointment proved the inadequacy of their best-concerted ainst the determination of the clansmen to protect him.

r the escape of the Prince through the cordon between Loch Hourn h Shiel in the latter part of July, the military powers at Fort- is seem scarcely ever to have got a ray of genuine intelligence ng his motions; and his friends, all excepting the few who attended re equally at a loss to imagine where he was, or how he concealed The forest of Badenoch, in the wildest and most rugged part of hlands, meanwhile had given him shelter, in the company of his Lochiel and Cluny, to visit whom he had undertaken so toilsome gerous a journey.

ngst those in the neighbourhood of the glens in which he now d, none were less aware of his retreat than the family of Mr n of Dalcairdie: they had hitherto enjoyed comparative peace, h living on the extreme verge of Forfarshire, not far from the ading from Inverness to Perth and to Dundee. This had been owing Morrison's steadfast refusal to bear arms in a cause which he, in with many other Highland gentlemen of established character and e, had predicted would end disastrously both for Scotland and for se of Stuart. He had thus often been enabled to gain some mitiga- the cruelties practised by Duke William's emissaries; and his wife, her hopes on the same foundation, had with great difficulty ob-

tained his consent to her undertaking a journey to Perth, to solicit from the Earl of Loudoun a pardon for her brother, who had been taken prisoner, and was there in jail awaiting his fate. The duke had some time before her arrival passed through the city, so closely surrounded by his officers as to preclude all chance of his receiving the petitions even of those who, desperate in their love and their fear, had thrown themselves on their knees almost beneath the horses' feet; and he had left behind him spirits as reckless of suffering as himself. Mrs Morrison failed in the object of her journey; but she obtained a protection for her husband's tenantry, with which she trusted to return home in safety during the first week of September. The autumn day was unusually bright and balmy on which she was expected back, under the escort of her faithful servant Allan Maxwell; and the spot she loved best on earth had never looked more calm and beautiful than it did when her husband and their only child, a boy of five years old, stood together on the terrace of the small French garden to the south of their dwelling, anxiously looking out for some notice of her approach. It was natural that, under such circumstances, Mr Morrison should feel unable to apply himself to business of importance which lay before him; and he determined, after writing a letter in his study, to proceed at once on horseback, in hopes of meeting her. He accordingly summoned Janet Maxwell, Allan's wife, to take his child, who clung perseveringly to him in spite of her promise to go with him to 'the bonnie burnie dub,' as he was wont to call a pool, in a sequestered dingle at some little distance from the house. It was formed by one of those innumerable mountain streams which fertilise the valleys embosomed in the spurs of the Grampians; and there his mother often took him to swim his nutshell fleet upon its deep and sparkling water. The long tract of fir-wood which darkened the hill at the back of the massive and irregular mansion, lent the charm of contrast to this spot; for it was overhung by a group of graceful forest-trees, whose shade kept the grass there always green, and whose gnarled trunks were garlanded with climbing shrubs, which Mrs Morrison had planted. Here and there the water had worn away the earth from their roots, and fretted them into mimic caves, in which Kenneth harboured his boats. He had once more launched them on the pool, and was busily engaged in his sport, when his quick ear detected a slight rustling in the thicket, which rose abruptly on the opposite side of the dell.

'Oh! minnie, minnie; is it you?' he cried; and at the same moment his nurse, with instinctive precaution, caught him in her arms. Scarcely had she done so, when two strangers emerged from the wood, and stood on the narrow ledge just before her. Both were travel-soiled and meanly clad; the one who addressed her, and asked if Mr Morrison was then within, spoke in Gaelic, thick and hurriedly, as if breathless from exertion. His companion was a young and handsome man, whose air of distinction, in spite of his attire, struck her practised eye; and she felt assured they were some of the skulking gentlemen, whose whereabouts she had heard of from the country people in the fastnesses of Benalder. She answered in the affirmative; and they immediately disappeared.

Janet was about to follow them to the house with Kenneth, whose wandering eyes were still scanning the place where they had stood, when a

clang of armed men, and the sound of English oaths, was heard in the wood, the matted branches of which opposed a considerable barrier to an approach from the west. Janet's determination to give no assistance to any in search of the fugitives she had just spoken with, was strengthened by the uncertainty which attended the concealment of the Prince, to betray whom would have been, in her estimation, a crime of the deepest dye. The resemblance of the youngest of the strangers, in the short brown coat and clouted shoes, to the gallant young commander whom she had seen, some months before, leading his army towards Inverness, with his glittering star shining on his breast, and his light hair floating on the breeze, as graceful a hero as ever won favour in woman's eyes, had flashed on her recollection the moment he turned from her. As these thoughts passed through her mind, several of the soldiers issued from the thicket; one of them missed his footing as he scrambled over the broken ground, and fell at the edge of the pool. This accident attracted the attention of his comrades, who now observed her, and demanded rudely of her whether she had seen any one pass through the grounds. To their inquiries she only answered in Gaelic, and they were too hotly in pursuit of their prey to waste many words upon her. A few minutes had now elapsed since the appearance of the fugitives, who meanwhile had gained the house, and entered the room in which Mr Morrison was writing. None ever heard the particulars of that brief interview; it was only known afterwards that he led those who sought his protection through a back-door, and along a short path which led to the fir-wood: from it was a continuous tract of wood and fell, reaching far towards the heights of Ben Uarn, where no footsteps but those of the Gael might follow theirs. As Mr Morrison re-entered his house, he heard the brutal voices of the dragoons, who, with determined purpose, were closing round it. He went out to them with a calm and authoritative air, which for a moment awed men accustomed to discipline, and demanded whom they sought, and what they meant by behaving in so outrageous a manner in a peaceful dwelling?

'We want no warrant,' answered one, 'for searching a house which is a harbour for rebels; and find them we will, if we burn it down, and smoke them out like rats.'

'If the Pretender is not here,' said another, 'I'll never believe my eyes again; for as sure as my name's Jem Short, I saw him, and no other, go round the hill on the other side of the wood, and make for this place.'

'Ay, ay!' shouted his companions; 'why do we stand palavering here with a Scotchman while they may be getting off: come, fair play or foul, set to work!'

'Set to work, and welcome!' said Mr Morrison: 'my loyalty never yet has been questioned; my people have not one of them joined the insurgents; nor is my house a shelter for them. I will myself give you every help in searching it, and direct my servants to shew you the way through the woods.' So saying, the laird, with the assistance of a dozen retainers of all ages, commenced an active search, not only through every hole and corner of his rambling dwelling, but likewise in the grounds, taking especial care of course to make it most energetic in the direction most contrary to that pursued by his late visitors.

The small party of Hawley's dragoons who had first surrounded the

house was speedily augmented by a larger detachment, who came straggling up, as they were able, on horseback, over the uneven ground—their long, loose skirts flying behind them as they rode, armed with huge holster-pistols and carbines, and their appearance giving altogether an impression of resistless force to the little band of servants and labourers who witnessed their approach. At first, the certainty of success, and some respect for the Laird of Dalcairdie's character, induced them to proceed with tolerable decency; but by degrees, as it became evident that their intended prisoners had escaped them, their indignation knew no bounds, and the most savage threats resounded on all sides. They insisted on his accompanying them to head-quarters; and on the passionate protestations of their comrades, that they had tracked the Prince to the very borders of the estate, two of the most ferocious amongst them bound Mr Morrison by his long hair to the tail of one of the horses, and set off with him at full speed from his hall door. Past the trim garden, down the hill-side, close by the dingle where his child remained hidden amongst the trees, rushed the frantic rout of men and horses, dragging to his horrible death one of the gentlest and bravest hearts in all that desolate land. Long afterwards, the track was shewn which had been marked by Alexander Morrison's blood. It broke off at the door of a farm-house, whose master had brought out all his money to induce the soldiers to set his laird on horseback, dead or dying as he was: they took his pouch of gold, and raised the disfigured body before them. They were becoming calmer, like madmen when blood has been shed, when they entered the long straggling street of Blairgowrie late in the evening. Here the road from Perth joined that which led southward to Dundee, whither they intended to carry their victim; and here they met a cavalcade, consisting of a lady riding on a pillion behind a well-armed and athletic man, and four servants who followed her.

'Let us turn aside, good Allan,' said the lady, 'while these soldiers pass. I cannot look on arms and disorder now as I did before I had secured my husband's safety: my courage seems to fail as I get nearer home, and have less need for it.'

'Nay, madam,' answered the servant, 'you have now nothing to fear: any insolence offered to you would meet with military punishment.'

'Alas!' replied his mistress, 'consider the scenes we have witnessed, and the more frightful ones we have heard of! What warrant or semblance of justice do the English troops require, when once their passions are let loose?'

'They are coming from Dalcairdie,' said Allan; 'there are some of our people in the rear.'

'Heaven grant,' cried Mrs Morrison, for she it was, 'that no disturbance may have happened there!' As she spoke, her pale face became livid with terror, her blue eyes were distended with the intensity of her gaze, as she fixed them upon an object partially covered with a plaid, which Allan could scarcely comprehend.

'It is a wounded man,' he said, 'whom they are bringing along.'

'Dead!' cried the lady. And it seemed as though the word had frozen her lips as it passed them, for she then remained speechless, steadfastly looking forwards.

Allan dismounted to help her, but she urged on the horse, and was

instantly surrounded by the soldiery. Her only thought was to reach her husband's corpse, to see if human help was indeed no longer of avail. And the ruffians whose hands were red with murder felt her agony; they suffered her to draw near, and one covered the face, which even they were unwilling the wife should look upon, telling her at the same moment that all hope was over. Their conduct towards Allan and his comrades was, however, very different; and as the tumult increased in the little town through which they were passing, Mrs Morrison roused herself from her trancelike grief, and spoke in accents of mingled entreaty and command—'Let no more blood be shed: enough cries out to Heaven for vengeance to-day! Only give me a place where the dead may be laid—I have no more to ask.'

Her prayer was granted; and men who would have scorned an hour before to have been thought accessible to pity, now bore Mr Morrison's corpse into the nearest house, and rode on, leaving her alone with her own servants and its inhabitants, taking, however, Allan Maxwell with them, as a suspected person, to Dundee. Scarcely had they departed, before the throes of bodily suffering were added to the unhappy lady's affliction; and then there followed a struggle with whose mortal agonies no hope was mingled; and as the chill gray morning dawned, it revealed the shades of death upon her face as clearly as on that of the still-born infant lying by her side.

It was a smothered howl of rage and sorrow that rose that morning at Blairgowrie, and was echoed at Dalcairdie, where, towards noon, the corpses were borne with as little show as possible, and laid in lowly state in the dining-room, with a large sheet thrown over them, which fell round the tressels upon the floor.

Janet Maxwell's anxieties, meanwhile, were divided between her care for the dead and her fears for the living. With a fidelity not uncommon in her class in Scotland, she determined to sacrifice every other object to the safety of her nursling, young Kenneth Morrison. She had heard that the soldiers, in their disappointed rage, had vowed destruction to all belonging to the family and the House of Dalcairdie, and she now apprehended their return, both to ransack or burn down the dwelling, and to carry off the child. Nor were her fears ungrounded; for the day had scarcely closed in before a number of the dreaded dragoons arrived. They found the house empty, and proceeded to regale themselves on the provisions they met with, to tear down the hangings, and pack up the stores of fine damask on which the mistress was wont to pride herself, and to carry off the massive picture-frames. None the less peacefully for the tumult that filled the house, slept its infant heir in the arms of his nurse. She had given him a sleeping-draught; and then, strange as the expedient appears, had crept with him under the cloth which covered the remains of his parents, and the infant on its mother's arm, arranging it, however, so as to leave their forms visible. The funereal tapers burnt round them, but there was nothing left in the apartment that could excite cupidity; and although the door was rudely opened more than once, the unlooked-for solemnity of the scene had so powerful an influence, that it was immediately closed again; and all that long night, Janet's retreat remained sacred and unsuspected. At last she heard the welcome sounds of the departure

of the soldiers; and then she tarried no longer, not even to see the dust of those for whom she would have laid down her life committed to the grave; but tying up a bundle of linen, and hiding some money about her, she set forth on foot, leading Kenneth, whom she had dressed as a peasant's child, by the hand. They had a long and weary journey to Edinburgh, cheered, however, by the glad tidings of Charles Edward's escape to France, soon after his perilous visit to Badenoch.

It may be that Janet's alarm for the safety of her charge was exaggerated; but being a woman of strong determination, as well as of warm fancy, she succeeded in impressing it on the mind of his only near relation, a maiden lady living at Edinburgh, Miss Grizel Morrison, and persuading her that his only chance of reaching man's estate would lie in his being unknown during his short stay under her roof, and his being educated in France. Miss Morrison accordingly undertook the charge of conveying her nephew to St Germains, where she placed him in the family of Lady Lucan, an Englishwoman, possessed of some fortune, whose parents had gone into exile with their sovereign; and whose own interest in Kenneth was fully awakened by his father's tragic fate. All connected with him seemed destined to share somewhat of the same horrors. His aunt having seen him happily settled with his new protectress, was returning to Scotland with the papers she had had drawn up at St Germains, duly attesting his right to his family estate, when the diligence in which she travelled was attacked by highwaymen near Abbeville. Some of the passengers were killed, and all their property was carried off or scattered. Poor Miss Grizel Morrison received only a slight wound, but it proved fatal after a few days' illness; and by her death Kenneth was left, with no legal proofs of his identity as the Laird of Dalcairdie's son, to the charitable care of Lady Lucan.

Allan Maxwell had been set at liberty after eight months of captivity in the crowded prison of Dundee; he then sought his old home at Dalcairdie, expecting to find only a ruin where he had left peace and abundance. How much was he astonished to see new faces in the familiar place; to hear a new language; to find, in short, the estate transferred in that brief space to other owners, and a distant cousin of his master's, James Morrison, merchant of London, installed in full possession of the family property. Few of the former tenants were left; but in a cabin belonging to one of these he found his faithful Janet, whose presence beneath his prison walls had cheered and assisted him from the time she had provided for the young laird's safety till within a few days of his release. Her tale was told in few words, and consisted chiefly of the relation of the ravages of Hawley's brigade in that part of the country. Under pretence of avenging the escape of the Prince, they had dismantled the village of Dalcairdie, turning out its defenceless inhabitants to the shelter of the wintry hills; many had been shot on the mountain-side in mere wantonness; the cattle and provisions of all sorts had been carried off to the camp, and numbers had perished for hunger. Under such circumstances, it was scarcely a subject of regret to the unfortunate tenantry of the late laird, that one of *his* name, Englishman though he was by birth and education, should come to the estate; for they hoped to gain from him something of the

protection to which they had been accustomed from the lords of the soil: nor were they wholly disappointed. Janet Maxwell, who had remained hidden in the remote hut to which she had betaken herself, speedily induced her husband to go with her into the neighbourhood of Dunkeld, to the house of a friend of her master's, Mr Lindsay of Kincaldrum, in whom alone she thought she could trust. By slow degrees quiet was restored in the neighbourhood under the auspices of Mr James Morrison, who was a stanch Hanoverian; and his ignorance of the language and habits of his people assisted him in the comfortable assurance, that no lurking suspicion of the justice of his claim was left amongst them. In a time so troubled and sanguinary as that we have described, the strange fate of Miss Grizel Morrison excited little interest beyond the circle of her friends at Edinburgh, who had all more immediate subjects of anxiety or sorrow; and as the object of her journey to France had been unknown, the whole story, united with that of her unfortunate relatives, was soon mixed up with a mass of false statements, and in a few years almost forgotten.

Kenneth meanwhile grew up to man's estate, under the watchful care of Lady Lucan, and that of an old Episcopalian clergyman named Ross, who performed the duties of a domestic chaplain amongst some of the English families resident at St Germains. His pupil acquired an education which was far more suited to polish the manners, and to give elegance and activity to the mind, than any he could have obtained in either the English or the Scottish schools. He was a noble and high-spirited youth; but from the time in which he heard the tale of his father's murder, and of his mother's broken heart, a shade of melancholy came over him; and the uncertainty of his future lot inclined him more and more to indulge in those romantic dreams which shed so fair a colouring upon the morning of life, and fade away so soon into the common light of the work-day world. Janet Maxwell had long become a widow, and still lived in the family of Mr Lindsay, who had immediately given her a home in his house on hearing the portion of her story which she chose to disclose, and intrusted his only child to her care—a beautiful little girl named Marion, who was then only two years old. Janet had set her heart on Kenneth's existence remaining unknown at Dalcairdie until he was of an age to enter on the possession of his birthright; but she occasionally dropped mysterious hints to Marion of the certainty of his return from some foreign land (and France and Persia seemed about equally distant to her) to claim the estate of his forefathers, and with it, like the enchanted prince of a fairy tale, the hand of her Snowdrop—her sweet Marion Lindsay. At nineteen, Marion's affections were free; and it was but natural that her imagination should be captivated, for there were none of the young men who frequented her father's house who could bear a moment's comparison with the picture she had formed in her own mind of the lost Laird of Dalcairdie. When she chanced to hear an allusion to his supposed death or mysterious disappearance on the night of the murder (for Janet had invariably protested her ignorance of his fate), she felt personally aggrieved; and though in her childhood she had often spoken of him and of his return home, she now preserved a silence on the subject, at which she sometimes blushed and smiled alone. Little did she imagine that the eventful moment had arrived in which her

vision was to be realised or for ever dispelled, when a servant came to her, one evening in August, to say that a strange gentleman was in the oak parlour waiting to see Mr Lindsay. She had been flitting backwards and forwards amongst her flowers in her own favourite parterre, and she now went in through the open window of the sitting-room, where her mother sat at work, and roused her father from a gentle doze into which he had just fallen over an old number of 'The Lyon in Mourning,' in his huge arm-chair; and having discharged her duty of sending him to his visitor, she resumed her occupation without more than a passing thought of who that guest was likely to be. The room into which the stranger had been shewn was a long, low apartment, raftered with black oak, and lighted at the farther end by a latticed bay-window. As he stood by the casement, with his head half-turned towards it, and his graceful figure outlined against the golden western light, Mr Lindsay entered, still in a dreamy mood; and the first sound which arrested the attention of his guest was one between a groan and an ejaculation, uttered from the recess of an Indian screen which stood before the door: he beheld Mr Lindsay holding on to it with one hand, while he held out the other in a deprecating attitude. Thus made aware of his presence, he advanced towards the centre of the room, with his native ease of manner somewhat embarrassed by the singularity of his reception; but scarcely had he spoken, when his host exclaimed in a voice husky with emotion, 'Stand where ye are, man, and tell me your name!'

'I presume,' he replied, in tones that were certainly of this living world, 'that I am addressing Mr Lindsay?'

'Ay, ye know it well,' answered the latter.

'Then to you, my father's oldest and dearest friend, I reply that my name is Kenneth Morrison of Dalcairdie; and that I am come to you to claim your hospitality and assistance for his sake.'

'There is not a son of James Morrison living,' replied Mr Lindsay doubtfully; 'and if there were, he is no friend of mine.' But as if convinced that his visitor was at least not a ghost, he also came forward a few steps.

'No,' said Kenneth; 'my father has long slept in a bloody grave. I have been only a few days in Scotland; but I bring letters from Lady Lucan—whose name at least you know—at St Germains, and from the Rev. Mr Ross, once an Episcopalian minister at Perth, which must serve as my credentials.'

'You have need of none to me, I think,' cried Mr Lindsay. 'If I had not proved myself a fool already, I would say, Trust in me you may! Your hand, my boy! Let me look in your face. Who shall tell me after this that Alexander Morrison's son does not stand here before me, with his mother's two blue eyes looking out at me? Surely, I thought, if the grave might give up the dead, it was himself come in the gloaming to the old room in which we parted last!'

'Mr Lindsay,' he said, 'I must not for a moment mislead you. Strange as the fact may appear, I am informed that I have no legal proof of my own identity: such is the opinion of Mr Ross, in whose judgment I have reason to confide; such will probably be your own when you have heard my history.'

'A fig for lawyers!' exclaimed Mr Lindsay. 'But, my dear boy, you shall tell it to us all. My wife and Marion must hear it; ay, and old Janet too. Janet!—I might have thought of her before!' So saying, and scarcely apologising for his abrupt departure, the Laird of Kincaldrum left the room; and being left once more alone, Kenneth—after glancing along the book-shelves near the window, as every lover of reading must mechanically do—occupied himself in scanning the features of the view which spread before it. But once more his meditations were interrupted by an unusual greeting. He had scarcely turned his head, on hearing footsteps approaching, when he saw with Mr Lindsay an old woman of low stature bending forwards with her keen eyes rivetted upon him, under the shade of the tartan which she wore over her snow-white cap. In another moment she gave a piercing cry, and then sprang towards him as a dog would fawn upon a long-absent master.

'Janet!' cried Kenneth, throwing his arms round her, and stooping to kiss her pale forehead: 'many years have passed since you watched over me; but I feel it is indeed like coming home to find you here!'

'Who shall doubt now,' cried Kincaldrum triumphantly, 'that our ain bairn has come back to us? Come, come, Janet; we must have no tears! All should look bright upon him, and you most of all; for was it not to you he owed his safety? Woman, you have trifled with us over-long! But I had always some suspicion of the truth that you had a knowledge you did not choose to declare!'

'The time is come to declare it,' said Janet; 'but first let me see him better for myself.' She drew him towards the fading light, as gently as if he had been a child still, and made him sit down on the low window seat, while she passed her withered hand through his luxuriant hair and over his face. 'I could swear to him now,' she cried, 'were I blind! The righteous fell, but he was not forsaken; and lo! his son is raised up in his stead! Oh, blessings on the day which has brought Kenneth Morrison back to wed the Snowdrop of Kincaldrum!'

'I desire, Janet,' said Mr Lindsay, 'that you will utter no more of your fancies on this subject: I warn you that they are most displeasing to Marion, as well as to her mother and myself.'

In perfect ignorance of what sort of damsel his destined bride might be, Kenneth could not avoid smiling at the whimsical turn Janet's thanksgiving had taken; especially as Mr Lindsay appeared exceedingly annoyed, and as the old woman kept muttering, 'What is decreed maun come to pass, let wha will try to hinder!' But she was now hastily dismissed, with injunctions not to spread the news through the house—a caution which greatly offended her, having, as she said, 'Kept the secret of her bairn's very existence close enough for many a weary year already.'

'Not so closely as she thinks, poor old body,' observed Mr Lindsay; 'though, to be sure, I was rather taken aback by the unlooked-for resemblance to your father when I first entered the room. Now that will be a good proof to the lawyers, I think, when we come to the point. We may as well keep our own counsel now, and not set James Morrison on the scent too soon; for he is as wary as a fox, and will require canny dealing.'

On reaching the room in which we left Marion and her mother, Kenneth perceived at a glance that they were already informed of his name, and

were awaiting his appearance with some agitation. Mrs Lindsay, whose heart was always open to every motherly feeling, was ready to welcome him with overflowing eyes, and to give him full credit for all Janet's praises. Marion neither blushed nor looked conscious when he turned from her mother's greeting to address himself to her, for she had suddenly felt her day-dream vanish into thin air in his actual presence; not because he was less handsome or pleasing in manner than she had expected, but because it was a very different thing to form a picture in her own mind from all ideal excellences, and to behold before her a young man who bore the impress of good sense and good breeding in every tone and gesture, but who, she instantly felt, might very probably never think of her at all. She was surprised at the ease with which she now conversed with this hero of her fancy. And Kenneth, in his turn, thought her frank and simple manner as winning as the sweetness of her countenance. During the hospitable supper, which was soon set before the young guest, the conversation naturally turned on the scenes in which he had passed the greater part of his life; and he described the little English and Irish colony at St Germains, with all the peculiarities of their situation, and dwelt on the chivalrous feelings which had led to it, in language that went straight to Mr Lindsay's heart.

'Ay,' he said, 'I knew almost all who are living there now in poverty and exile, when their youth was full of hope and enterprise: gallant hearts they were as ever beat; and age cannot much have changed them.'

'It is touching,' said Kenneth, 'to see how little they have altered; how deep their love is still for their own country; and how proudly they cherish the memory of their prince, as he once appeared among them, though report speaks gloomily of his present life'——

'I'll not believe it!' interrupted Mrs Lindsay: 'he has borne his weird many a year, with misfortune and disappointment for his companions; but he is our own king's son—a true Scottish prince in heart, I'll answer for him; and time will shew that we've no call to sorrow for one drop of the blood that has been shed, one spell of the suffering that has been borne, for his sake!' Here the Lady of Kincaldrum, overcome by her own warmth, burst into tears; and Marion, rising, went to her small harpsichord, and struck a few notes of the well-known air, 'Charlie is my darling!'

'The words—the words, my lassie!' cried her father; and she sung them with a mixture of enthusiasm and of thrilling pathos which Kenneth never afterwards forgot.

'You spoke just now of Duncan Ross,' said Mr Lindsay, as she concluded; 'his testimony will carry great weight with it to all who knew him.'

'To none will it seem weightier, I imagine,' replied his wife, 'than to our excellent friends, Mr Grant and his sister Miss Isobel: they were too great friends once, ever to have forgotten him. That was one of the many stories of sore tribulation that belonged to the rising of '45: you'll have heard of it, Mr Kenneth?'

'No, indeed,' answered Kenneth; 'I know little of Mr Ross's early history.'

'It is an old-world tale now,' continued his hostess; 'but Duncan Ross was a young minister most highly thought of, with prospects of advance-

ment second to none of his age, when first he won the heart of bonnie Lilian Grant—that was Miss Isobel's younger sister. Well, they just waited year after year for a presentation, as young folk must often do, till about the time the Prince came to Scotland, and then Mr Grant was appointed to the Old Church at Perth. There was much rejoicing that day; but it soon came to an end; for there was not the heart in him that he could have read the Duke of Cumberland's proclamation, threatening with death all who concealed the poor fugitives from Culloden; and so, by reason of his silence, he was led away a prisoner the very Monday he should have been married. Lilian saw him as they took him past her father's house, and there was a glint in her eye, as if she triumphed because of his honour: but she never smiled again. He was put into an awful prison-ship in the Thames; and when at last he did escape to Holland, the first news that reached him was, that she was dead. You'll not wonder after this that a letter from him will reach the hearts of Mr Grant and his sister.'

'It is a story,' replied Kenneth warmly, 'to make his word sacred for ever; but he cannot give them such information as you might naturally expect. Lady Lucan invited him over from Holland, chiefly, I believe, to take charge of my education, whom she had so generously befriended; and when he arrived, I was nearly six years old. Here, however, is my honoured tutor's letter, as well as one from Lady Lucan.' So saying, Kenneth gave to Mr Lindsay two large letters, each secured by a thread, and also by double seals: he took them in silence, and began to study their contents with the air of a man whose mind is made up. Meanwhile Marion spoke in a low voice to her mother—'If, as you suppose, the recollections of past days have much weight with Mr and Miss Grant, surely their affection for Gertrude Morrison will have yet greater. They will be most reluctant to believe that she is no longer the rich heiress she has been thought, and to see her turned out of her beautiful home where she is so justly beloved. Poor Gertrude, how little she thinks what lies before her!' Marion at the moment felt as if she could have wished Kenneth safe back at St Germains, and turned her dark-gray eyes almost reproachfully towards him.

'May I ask, Miss Lindsay,' he said, 'of whom you are speaking? I could not avoid hearing your words, and they have made me fear that I shall be beset with even more difficulties than I had apprehended, though of a different kind. I confess that Mr Morrison's probable objection never appeared to me a very formidable one, seeing that he has enjoyed my property now about sixteen years.'

'You must know, then,' replied Marion, with her cheek glowing as she spoke, 'that he has one daughter left out of a large family, and that his affection for her is at least a redeeming feature in his otherwise cold and selfish character. So we used to think of him; but even there we may have been unjust'——

'Your father was never unjust to any one, my bairn,' interrupted her mother with an accent of mild reproof.

'Never willingly,' continued Marion; 'but surely we knew neither him nor Gertrude till last summer, and then did we not all judge more favourably of him for her sake? At three-and-twenty she was left alone in the world with her father; one sister after another, to whom she had supplied

a mother's care, died by her side: at last her only brother went too; and yet I ought not to say that even then Gertrude was left quite alone, for she is surrounded by people who owe her everything, and love her as she deserves; and she has one friend who would lay down her life for her; and that is Miss Grant. You will think, Mr Morrison, that I am going to describe a perfect heroine of romance, from whom to claim your own would be unworthy of all knightly honour; but on one important point I can set your imagination at rest—Gertrude is not beautiful.' Kenneth smiled in answer to Marion's smile, which softened the glow of enthusiasm with which she had spoken. Was it so, that the consciousness of his eye being fixed on her own eloquent features, made her heart beat quicker, and her cheek flush again? If so, the emotion passed as rapidly as it had arisen; for a new thought had taken possession of her active mind; and it lent a softer light to her countenance as she repeated, bending her head over some work she had taken up from the table, 'Gertrude is not beautiful: who that knew her would ever think of that?'

'I like, of all things,' said Kenneth gaily, 'to hear one lady describe another. Tell me what she is like? Did you see her at Dalcairdie?'

'No,' replied Marion: 'that is the last place in Scotland my father would have wished me to go to; though, indeed, Gertrude did most kindly ask me there. I only saw her with her friends the Grants. As to her face, I cannot describe it; no one would think of painting such a one: but if an artist ever did give a correct idea of it, I should say he deserved a place with those grand old masters who painted the spirit shining through the material part.'

'Bless the bairn!' exclaimed Mrs Lindsay, 'what is she after? You have a most pleasant voice, Marion, my dear; but what your words signify I know not; and you are not used to talk with so little meaning.'

Kenneth looked, however, as if he quite understood her. Mr Lindsay had by this time completely studied the letters he had given him, and now looked up with a puzzled expression which did not escape his daughter's observation. 'I should certainly prefer,' he said, 'consulting Mr Grant before we take any decided step in this business. He is as great a friend of the Morrisons as if he were sib to them; but there is not a man for all that whom I would sooner trust, for he always sees straight into the heart of any matter that is set before him. It appears that there is legal proof wanting, that you, Kenneth Morrison, whom Lady Lucan testifies to having received from the hands of Janet, are the same who three months previously disappeared from Dalcairdie; and therefore it behoves us to have recourse to one who knows the law, and yet can discern more than what law-books can tell.'

'Such is the judge I would choose,' replied Kenneth; 'and I commit myself to your guidance most willingly.'

'We should set out in good time to-morrow,' said Kincaldrum; 'but before we separate to-night, give us one more song, Marion, and let it be the one you used to be so fond of—

"I hae nae kith, I hae nae kin,
Nor ane that's dear to me."'

Marion sung as she was requested, but her voice faltered for a minute,

till the exquisite melody seemed to inspire her; and then as she went on, Kenneth asked himself whether it had happened to him, as in an Eastern tale, that he had dreamed of the lovely form which now for the first time was near him. He had indeed been haunted by a vision of beauty and of grace; for he remembered his mother, and all that was most noble and purest in the character of woman had woven itself in his mind round that dim soft image, till it had become a spell to guard him from every unworthy passion. Strangely it rose before him while Marion sung, and surrounded her with its sanctity. Where had he heard her voice before? When she ceased, he drew a long breath, but no words of compliment would come to his lips.

'You doubtless know that song?' said Mr Lindsay, trying to look perfectly unconcerned.

'I have often heard it,' replied Kenneth, 'amongst the English in France; but as Miss Lindsay sung it now, a recollection of home, of my father's house, came over me with wonderful distinctness. I could almost have fancied myself a child again, playing by an open window that looked out over a broad valley, in which gleamed distant waters. Yes! the sun was sinking behind a group of dark trees to the left, and I was told of the blood that was poured out in Scotland like water. The river looked blood-red while Janet—for she I believe it was—spoke to me. Miss Lindsay, you are a sorceress from my native glens; and your power has been exerted to-night to bring the long-forgotten past before me!'

'Accuse Janet, then, of witchcraft, rather than me,' replied Marion. 'She taught me that melody almost as soon as I could speak; and I have no doubt given it the peculiar character of her singing, which used to be wild and plaintive in no ordinary degree.'

At that moment the door opened, and Janet made her appearance.

'I was coming ben,' she said, 'when I heard Miss Marion singing, and I stopped on the stairhead to hearken. It was just my own sweet leddy's song that she lo'ed sae weel, and that I taught my Lily because she lo'ed it, and for anither reason too. But the weird in a' things maun come to pass that has begun this night. But eh, Kincaldrum, I wonder at you keeping up the bairns this late, and that puir lad sae weary wi' his lang travel!'

'Confess now, Janet,' said Mrs Lindsay kindly, 'that you are longing to have him all to yourself in his own chamber.'

'I'll no deny it,' answered Janet.

But here Mr Lindsay interfered. He explained briefly to the old woman his purpose of accompanying Kenneth on the morrow to Dunkeld, to consult Mr Grant; and then exacted a promise from her that she would not again speak to Kenneth until their return, which she gave somewhat reluctantly. When at last Kenneth sunk to sleep on his snow-white pillows, he was startled at seeing her once more bend over him with her finger on her lips.

The following morning, after a substantial breakfast, which Mr Lindsay intimated might precede a long ride, Kenneth set off with his host to the neighbouring town of Dunkeld, from whence, indeed, he had come on the previous evening. They dismounted at the door of a large old house near

the cathedral, and found Mr Grant in the garden, taking his usual morning exercise up and down a trim gravel walk, which, being at the back of the house, overlooked the magnificent terrace on the east bank of the Tay. He was a little spare man, remarkably alert in all his movements, with a twinkle in his eyes, and a good-humoured expression about his mouth, which gave a peculiarly cordial character to the greeting with which he hastened forward to meet his visitors. Mr Lindsay had his business too much at heart to make any long introduction to the story he had come to tell, and the old lawyer was speedily put in possession of every fact with which he was himself acquainted. They had continued pacing up and down the garden, and Kenneth observed the effect of the communication on Mr Grant's cautious countenance, without being able clearly to decipher its expression. At length he stopped short in his walk, and looking full at Kenneth, he said—'Mr Morrison (for so I willingly address you), the subject on which my friend Kincaldrum has done me the honour to consult me is one more interesting to my sister and myself than you would readily suppose. It involves, at least to a great degree, the fortunes and future prospects of highly-esteemed friends. Such I reckon James Morrison, now of Dalcairdie, and the young lady his daughter. He begs me to inform him what I consider the surest means of turning them out of house and home, and I answer boldly—prove your right to the inheritance, and they will surrender it to you without hesitation, whether any mere law-quibbles interfere or not.'

'On no other grounds,' replied Kenneth, 'than such as may fully satisfy a candid and clear-sighted man, would I wish to stand for my right. Would it not be well that I should communicate at once with Mr James Morrison, which strikes me as the most straightforward course to pursue? I should then explain the singular promise exacted by Janet from my aunt, and considered binding by Lady Lucan and Mr Ross. This alone can account for the silence preserved with regard to me, and for my being known in France by no other name than Kenneth Lucan—a distant relation, as was supposed, of the husband of my benefactress.'

Mr Grant mused for a minute, still keeping his eye fixed on Kenneth's open countenance, and then answered—'No: I think the first thing to be done is to ascertain the degree of evidence that can be afforded by the people still living, with whom, according to Janet's account, those weeks were passed which intervened between the day you were carried from your father's house, and that on which you were placed under Miss Grizel's care. I am well assured that your cousin will yield only to such proof as will stand the clearest daylight; but to that, believe me, he will give up the broad lands he now holds as fairly as you could desire.'

'Then I entreat of you,' said Kenneth eagerly, 'let me set off this very day to obtain it! I feel that if only my claim were allowed, and my father's name borne in that place in which he died so foul a death, I could even be content to go into poverty and exile once more with a light heart'——

'No need for that, my boy!' interrupted Mr Lindsay. 'I entirely approve of our friend's suggestion, and I will myself accompany you to the Highlands, where'——

'I beg your pardon, Kincaldrum,' said Mr Grant; 'but before the journey is arranged, let me speak a word to you in private. Mr Morrison, I will

consign you to my sister's care for half an hour; she will be glad to hear of our friends over the water; and we, meanwhile, will consider the letters you have brought with you.' So saying, Mr Grant led the way into an old-fashioned parlour, which reminded Kenneth not a little of some he remembered at St Germains. It was rich in two beautiful Indian cabinets, on the tops of which were ranged strange Eastern monsters, and rare old china; the oaken floor was covered only in the centre by a Turkey carpet; and from beneath the tall, slender-legged tables, rose large jars, which exhaled the perfume of a long summer of roses. This was Miss Grant's favourite sitting-room, and her brother did not venture to take his guests into it without special permission asked and received. Kenneth was then formally introduced to her as Mr Lucan, just arrived from St Germains; and he observed the quick flush which passed over her faded features as she heard the name of the place which was associated with all her youth had held dearest, and all that was still most sacred to her feelings. She soon discovered Kenneth's connection with Mr Ross, from which moment he evidently gained great favour in her eyes; and the conversation passed rapidly over his long abode in France, his friends, and his pursuits, until, being somewhat careless himself as to whether his gentle hostess became aware of the object of his visit to Scotland or not, he perceived without uneasiness that she more than half suspected his parentage; but her abrupt reference to Miss Grizel Morrison was cut short by the entrance of her brother and Mr Lindsay.

'You will be surprised, sister,' said the former, 'to hear that I have accepted Kincaldrum's proposal to make a short journey with him, and with our young friend, to whom he is anxious to shew some of the beauties of our northern glens.'

'And how long do you mean to be absent?' asked the lady. 'Surely you have had rambling enough about those awsome lone places in your day to abide quiet now, like any other douce man at your time of life. I have heard tell, too, that there are threatenings of a flood through the glens.'

'We will aye hope for the best,' answered her brother cheerfully; 'only do you, Isobel, hasten our dinner hour. I have already sent to Mrs Lindsay for her husband's valise, and yours, Mr Lucan, I know is here; so that with stout ponies, and Donald for our man-at-arms, we shall return home—let me see, this is Tuesday—by Saturday at the farthest.'

Miss Grant was probably accustomed to peremptory decisions on her brother's part, for she made no farther objections; and within three hours of that time Kenneth had the infinite satisfaction of seeing all prepared for a journey which, Mr Lindsay informed him, would take him amongst some of his father's most faithful friends. The glorious sun of August was shedding its full tide of splendour on the woods and mountain scenery with which Dunkeld is encircled, when they set out on their proposed expedition. Miss Grant, having watched the little cavalcade—consisting of themselves and a couple of servants, well armed with hunting weapons—turn the corner of the street which led from her dwelling, sat down at her desk to console herself for her brother's unwonted taciturnity by inditing a long letter to Gertrude Morrison, containing, amongst other particulars of her domestic history, a full account of the young stranger, with a venture of a surmise as to his errand to the Highlands, which she

would willingly have retracted after the epistle had been despatched that same evening.

It was not long before the travellers found themselves at the entrance of the Pass of Killiecrankie; and as Kenneth looked up to the line of naked precipices, with the hanging birchwoods beneath, clothing the terraced sides of the lower hills, he thought no more fitting place could be imagined for those to hide in who sought to escape pursuit or detection.

'How many,' he said to Mr Lindsay, who was riding near him, 'have given thanks to God for the mountains during the troubled years that have passed over this poor country!'

'You may well say so,' he replied: 'there are safe enough corners here, no doubt, to play at hide-and-seek in; but they are not to equal those we shall see to-morrow. I did not "go out" myself, any more than my friend Grant; but I'll not deny my predilections were in favour of those who did; and many a queer visit have I paid before the affair was well blown over, in the country we are now coming to.'

'You have already led me to suppose,' said Kenneth, 'that I shall soon see some of my father's friends; but surely it is not in concealment that we are to look for them?'

'Scarcely in concealment,' answered Mr Grant from behind: 'but the man whom I wish first to speak to on this business leads a life which has exposed him to sundry perils from the magistracy; and yet I'll not say but that he is an honest man for all that. He is a cattle-dealer, and, as such, has need of more than one lodging amongst the mountains. It is much to his credit that, although he has been suspected many times of disloyal practices, no deed of violence or of fraud has ever been laid at his door; and partly from his skill in keeping out of the way in bad times, partly from his character for general integrity, Ewen Cameron has weathered the storm better than any one of his class; and though he himself is not often met with at fair or mart, his sons carry on business openly, and nothing is heard to his dispraise. We shall find him to-morrow somewhere on the lower hills of Benuarn.'

We may not linger on the road pursued by Kenneth and his companions: it was late before they reached the little inn above Clachag, at the northern extremity of Glen Tilt; and after the fatigues of the day, they easily contented themselves with such refreshments as it offered. Kenneth soon fell asleep, wrapped in his plaid; and the following morning they were again early on their way, fortified with some slices of dried venison and a draught of whisky. They now left the high road, and struck across the tracts to the east, which Donald, Mr Grant's favourite servant, was remarkably expert at finding: he was a kinsman of Cameron's, having married one of his daughters, who was now dead, and could generally tell his whereabouts. As they approached Benuarn, Donald hastened on to acquaint his father-in-law with their purpose, and returned in due time with a fine-looking young man, one of Cameron's sons, who delivered a courteous message from him, and led them to a narrow platform some little way up the mountain, where the old man stood ready to welcome them. He was dressed in the Lowland fashion: his snow-white hair formed a singular contrast to his weather-beaten complexion and keen dark eye, and he looked as if he might yet breast many a storm uninjured. He approached Mr Grant with

a friendly salutation in Gaelic, offering at the same time his broad muscular hand, which was cordially accepted.

'We are come, Ewen,' said Mr Grant, 'to speak with you on some matters connected with your past history; but I have no doubt your memory will serve easily to recall them.'

'You are welcome, Mr Grant,' answered Cameron, 'to any information I can give; and you and I have known each other too long not to know what bounds there are to confidence between us.'

As he spoke, there was a quick glance towards Kenneth, which was in a moment averted; and he pressed the travellers to accept some refreshments in the bothie he had near at hand. Two or three gillies now made their appearance, to whose care Cameron committed his guests' ponies, and then led them along a narrow path, which seemed to run into the very depths of the mountain. It turned suddenly round a huge boulder-stone, which served as a door to a small ravine, screened at the farther end by thickets of alder, birch, and holly, and enclosing a knoll of the softest verdure, on which stood a substantial mountain dairy. Some milch-cows were grazing near it, and the sound of falling waters was heard before they themselves appeared in sight, throwing upwards a shower of foam from the chasm which divided this fairy glen from the opposite heights. The greater part of it was cast into shadow by the overhanging portion of the mountain; but the sunlight fell full on the wooded bank on the other side of the torrent, and on the masses of blood-red granite which rose above it, affording here and there a footing to some fantastic pine, whose roots scarcely clung to the soil. A table was already spread with abundance of Highland cheer near the bothie, and Cameron's daughters, two rosy-cheeked lasses in holiday attire, waited on the guests.

After a little preliminary conversation, Mr Grant turned to the subject of his chief interest; but they found Ewen slow to speak of the events connected with the rising of '45. He continued to look from time to time towards Kenneth with evident curiosity, but refrained from asking any direct question concerning him.

'One object of our expedition,' observed Mr Grant, 'has been to shew our young friend the scenery of these mountains; for he has lived abroad nearly all his life, and it is all new to him.'

'He had best take a good walk with one of my long-legged boys,' replied Cameron, with a slight expression of incredulity.

'There is nothing I should like better!' exclaimed Kenneth eagerly. 'This place recalls a thousand confused recollections of my journey when a child, through a wild country of heath and wood. I could almost think I knew a cave somewhere along this track, where I slept upon a cloak thrown over the heather, and watched the morning light glimmering through a hole in the roof.'

'Eh, sirs!' exclaimed one of the girls, 'that must have been our first place here!'

'Peace, Effie!' said her father. 'Are you not ashamed of speaking before strangers when none spoke to you?' He fixed his eye more earnestly on Kenneth, and continued—'It must have been an unusual bed to you, sir, or you would not have remembered it so well. Should you recollect the names of any who were with you then?'

'No,' replied Kenneth: 'with one exception, I remember none.'

'And that one was?'

'Janet Maxwell,' he answered.

A glow of satisfaction lighted up Ewen's features at the words; but shewing only slight emotion, he rose from the table, and withdrew into the bothie, from whence he speedily returned, with his blue bonnet drawn over his brow, his plaid adjusted in a peculiar manner round him, and his whole appearance altered by the Highland dress he had assumed. Kenneth started to his feet as he approached.

'You were one who sheltered me then!' he cried; 'and it was not by your present name I knew you.' He put his hand across his eyes. 'Smith,' he thought; 'an English name, not likely; yet I cannot be mistaken.'

'James Smith,' he said aloud; and Cameron lifted his bonnet from his head, and took Kenneth's hand in both of his, with such reverence as he might have shewn to a native prince, saying—'You are the son of Morrison of Dalcairdie. I almost knew it from the time I saw you come up the strath; but I know it now by this token, that Smith was the name I was known by when I lived upon your father's lands, a peaceful man, with wife and bairns about me.'

'You have given the proof we wanted,' said Mr Grant, with some huskiness in his voice, but in his most deliberate manner, 'of Kenneth Morrison's claim to his father's property. Once more he owes you a great debt; but not so great a one, Kenneth,' he continued, 'as you have already owed. That man gave up all that was wealth to him, for your father's sake: he could not save his life; but as he was dragged a bleeding corpse past his door, he saved his body from farther insult, and thus at least gained for it Christian burial.'

Kenneth covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud.

'Let the past alone, Grant,' said Mr Lindsay: 'we have long known all these things; but they press overhard upon him.'

'Nay,' said Kenneth, looking up: 'I thank you rather for recalling it! Such a scene as you have described, though it makes me feel still more deeply the sacredness of my claim, takes so much of the brightness from the world, that the path before me seems higher and less selfish than it has ever done. If wealth and influence become mine, they shall be used for the welfare of all who have suffered in my father's cause; and first,' he added, grasping Cameron's hand, 'I will endeavour to shew my gratitude to you.'

'Speak not of it, Dalcairdie!' said the old man. 'My time on earth will have been long enough when I see you in your father's house, and think that I helped to save you for that day.'

'We ought now,' said Mr Grant, 'to lose no time in proceeding on our journey, for much lies before us that should be done before to-morrow night.'

'I'll not let you go down the mountain alone,' said Cameron. 'My son shall accompany the young laird'——

'Not so!' interrupted Mr Grant: 'the less observation we attract the better, and Donald knows the road as well as themselves.'

'Go, then,' said Cameron; 'it may be you will not have been wholly unlooked for!'

In a few minutes more the ravine and its inhabitants, who had received with unbounded joy Cameron's news, were left behind, and the long tract of moor and fell stretched again before our travellers. In the course of the evening they reached a lonely farmhouse, where they rested for the night; and there they heard that some fears had been excited by the rise of the mountain-streams, and other appearances, which betokened an approaching flood. It was not, however, considered to be near at hand, and the alarm had only just arisen; so that although the little party determined on pressing forward as quickly as possible the following day, they had no fear of not arriving in safety at their destination. What that might be, Kenneth of course suspected; but as his friends did not explain the route they were taking, he resolved to ask no questions concerning their future movements. There was a thick mist over the face of the whole country when they again set forward; heavy masses of vapour seemed hurrying from the coast towards the inland mountain-ranges; and though, as the morning wore on, the sun now and then gleamed out upon the nearer rocks that bounded their road, or revealed the recesses of some deep birchen glade, it was soon curtained again, and a strange reddish light was spread over the landscape. Through mist and sunshine, passing doubt and exulting anticipation, one sweet face smiled on Kenneth as he drew near his father's home: those earnest, trustful eyes of Marion's seemed to give him assurance that truth would prevail in his cause; the music of her voice blended with all the sounds of nature around him; and he felt as if he was passing over enchanted ground. His friends, when the rugged path they were pursuing permitted them to ride abreast, appeared engrossed by their own conversation; and although it was occasionally rendered more difficult by the rise of the mountain-streams which crossed it, and obliged them to choose higher and more circuitous ways, they went on a considerable distance without meeting any decided check to their farther progress. They had halted at about twelve o'clock, to partake of the provisions with which their servants had been provided by Cameron, when Kenneth's attention was arrested by a low, distant sound, resembling the confused hum of a multitude coming towards them from the other side of the hill. He observed almost at the same instant that Donald stole quietly away; and as the rest of the party remained unconcerned, he speedily followed his example, under the pretext of examining a curious group of stones at some little distance; and after a quarter of an hour's active climbing, he gained a point from which he looked down on the strath into which they were about to descend. Wild and terrible was the scene which lay before him: for onwards, from the north, came the waters which had collected in the Grampian chain, overflowing the rivers fed by those tributary streams, which rise in its hollows, till they now rushed with resistless violence along the valleys; breaking through every embankment, filling up the course of every wintry torrent, and bearing desolation on their way. Below him spread a fertile tract of pasture-ground, which ran up into many defiles formed by the spurs of the mountains, somewhere in whose neighbouring recesses he knew that Dalcairdie lay embosomed. He could see through the rain, which now began to descend in sheets, summer bothies swept away from the hill-side, and cattle struggling with the water. Above every other sound rose at intervals the loud cry of human anguish and fear; for close beneath him,

nestled down under a firwood which skirted the base of the height on which he stood, lay a small hamlet, two or three houses of which were separated from the rest by a stream, which now rushed past it swollen to a mighty torrent. Had Kenneth followed his first impulse, on beholding this unexpected scene, he would have made all speed to gain the valley, and to give what help he might to its bewildered inhabitants; but remembering the unprotected situation in which he had left his friends, he determined to return first to them, and to see what shelter could be found from the storm, which was every moment increasing in violence. On regaining the group of stunted oak-trees under which he had left them, he saw them at some distance close to a cottage they had passed on their way: he rapidly explained the scene to which he had been a witness, and begged they would remain in the cabin, while he himself returned to the hamlet. To this they unwillingly agreed, and in another minute he was on his way back.

By the time Kenneth had reached the valley, the danger on all sides had frightfully increased: the river was every moment widening its banks, and had already borne away several cottages, and threatened the rest. The feelings of all were wound up to the highest pitch; but there was a steadfastness of purpose, and a calmness in the energy with which the people worked in removing their goods, and in assisting the oldest and weakest to escape from the most exposed parts of the valley, which told impressively in their favour. Kenneth's eager help was first given to a poor woman whose little habitation was already undermined; her children were safe on a ledge of rock above it; but just as the roof fell in, he helped her to drag from it a chest containing all the Sabbath clothes of the family; and then he lent his well-nerved arm to an old man, who had been in vain attempting to move it. And when both were placed beyond the reach of the waters, he was just turning towards another group, when a rumbling noise on the opposite side of the channel made all pause at their work: the mist was still so thick that objects at a short distance could only be imperfectly seen, but the old grandfather guessed at once what calamity had taken place.

'There it is at last!' he cried: 'mony and mony's the time I have said that bonny homestead stood on slippery ground! The spring behind it was aye rushing strong when the burn was full, and the crack in the rock was widening; but Elspeth wad tak nae heed to my warning; and to say truth, I had e'en forgot it mysel the day. Archie! Willie!—a' of ye! ye maun just go and help the wee auld bodie; for she'll run a puir chance if she has nae present deliverance.'

'Ay,' answered one of the young men thus addressed; 'but wha is to cross the water? Wi' sic a whirl and a skirling, what boat wad escape being broken to pieces in a minute? Naething human could swim against the tide, and the brig is a guid four miles off.'

'Not cross the water!' screamed Menie, the woman Kenneth had been helping, who now ran distractedly towards them. 'Is it my ain blood I hear saying that? I tell you Miss Gertrude Morrison is in that place ye are looking on, that is just doomed to fa' to destruction! Robin met her this morning on her black pony going to old Elspeth: she wad fain have had her to go up to the big house long ago, and now she is there keeping her lane wi' death before her!'

'Alas, the puir young leddy!' replied Archie sorrowfully, 'that the like of her should perish!'

'She shall not perish!' cried Kenneth impetuously: 'tell me, is Dalcairdie so near?'

'On the other side o' the hill yonder,' said Archie.

In a moment Kenneth had sprung to the point exactly opposite the falling hut, which he could now plainly see; for a sudden gust of wind, which had swollen the river with fresh spoils, had also raised the curtain of mist, and he perceived the full extent of the catastrophe. The dwelling had slipped, with a portion of rock to which its walls still adhered, down to the very edge of the river: behind it foamed a waterfall—in front was a mass of ruins; and to these clung a young woman dressed in black, supporting a crouching figure, so small as to appear almost that of a dwarf. As he stood gazing horror-struck on the sight, for human help seemed vain, he heard a voice close to him, in a whisper of agony—'There—*there*, did you say? my daughter!' He turned, and saw an old man whom he had seen approach on horseback from the northern extremity of the fir-wood standing by his side, with such an expression of terror in his face, of unutterable anguish, as he had never before imagined. He knew in a moment that it was Mr Morrison of Dalcairdie. His ready wit had already suggested the only possible means of escape; for within these few moments more than one desperate attempt had already been made to cross the river; and he saw the boat, which with great difficulty had been launched, whirled round like a nutshell, and broken against the huge fragments of stone which had been swallowed up by the waters. Mr Morrison (for he it was) seemed to catch a ray of hope from Kenneth's steady eye and dauntless bearing. 'Save her!' he cried; 'you are young and bold! What!—do you hesitate? Life—ay, more than a thousand lives, depends upon you!'

'There is a chance,' said Kenneth; 'a poor one, it may be, but the only one. If I perish, few will grieve for me.'

'I tell you,' exclaimed the old man, 'we know your errand! It was but this morning we heard of it; and it did not keep her from venturing here to persuade that old woman to leave her miserable hut for a place of safety. If my daughter is drowned before my eyes, what will this world be to me? Save her, and take all we have!'

An instant before, Kenneth's soul had been all on fire to attempt a rescue, though he died in the venture. He now drew back with a glance of scorn; but the evil feeling was instantly suppressed, and without one word to tell the strife that rose within his breast, he called on Archie to help him to effect his object. His eye was fixed on a huge pine-tree which had been uprooted at some distance, and was now borne onwards by the current; its branching head, he trusted, might be caught in the mass of rubbish collected round the fallen cottage, and thus it might form something of a raft over part at least of the river. He was not disappointed; and the moment he saw its progress arrested, he leaped into the tide. For one instant he disappeared under the boiling waters—in another he had clung to the roots of the tree, and raised himself upon it; slowly, half-swimming, half-supporting himself by its stem—now thrown back by the violence of the currents, now again able to give directions to Archie and Donald, he first secured the rope they threw to him, to the

tree, and then succeeded in reaching the opposite shore. Gertrude, meanwhile, had roused her companion from her stupor, and placed her among the branches, which afforded a scarcely less solid footing than the crumbling heap on which she had lately stood; and now, as Kenneth approached her, he heard her entreating that the aged woman should be taken over first. The force of the waters threatened every minute to dislodge the head of the pine from its restingplace; Kenneth obeyed her, therefore, and succeeded in placing poor Elspeth's light weight in the stalwart arms of Donald, who had followed him by means of the rope.

'Let me go on, sir!' said the brave fellow: 'you have done enough; and we 'll hand over the puir old body to Archie Bean.'

'I have not done my work!' answered Kenneth. 'Keep the woman's head above water, and do not let her catch hold of you, and you will carry her safely.' He was already on his way back, but it was a more difficult task to afford equal assistance to Gertrude. 'Trust yourself to the rope,' he said, as he again approached her: 'it is your best chance; and do not fear, even if you lose hold of the tree; there are those at hand who would die to save you.'

'I trust myself to Heaven and to you!' answered Gertrude; and she resolutely withdrew her arms from the branch to which she had been clinging, keeping hold of the rope which Kenneth fastened round her waist. It was drawn by strong hands and loving hearts from the shore: but he upheld her; he spoke a word of hope and of faith as life seemed departing; he raised her head; and when a tremendous rush, as of a fresh cataract, poured over them, with one arm he held on to the pine-tree, with the other he grasped her firmly. And when it passed, and the huge trunk floated on, Kenneth, with a last effort, had reached the shore, and Gertrude was restored to her father. He did not see it, for he had fainted.

The morning light was streaming through the half-open curtains in a pleasant room at Dalcairdie when Kenneth again woke to consciousness. How he had come there, whether hours or weeks had passed since the events which he now slowly and dimly remembered, he knew not, nor much cared to comprehend: his first feelings were the pleasant ones of returning health, clouded over by such langour as made it almost too great an effort to consider the probabilities of his situation. The silence around him was broken only by sounds that seemed rather to increase than to disturb the exceeding quiet; such as the singing of birds in the boughs, whose flickering shadows against the wall he had been watching for two or three minutes; the ticking of a watch near his bed; and the turning of the leaves of a book. He drew aside the curtain with unsteady hand, and saw Mr Morrison reading by the fireside in his dressing-gown and slippers: his worn and furrowed face expressed anxiety indeed, but yet more of patient determination; his forehead was high and narrow, his lips thin and closely compressed. But it was not a countenance to look upon with dislike; and there was a mournful softness in it, as he now laid down his volume, and came to Kenneth's bedside. He gently laid back his head upon the pillow, and took his hand to count his pulse.

'Is she safe, sir?' asked the invalid. 'The water was icy cold!'

'You were in it longer than my daughter,' replied Mr Morrison, gazing

into his face, and speaking slowly and distinctly, as if to ascertain whether Kenneth understood him. 'She is well, and longs to express her thanks to you; but we must keep you quiet at present, and not talk of all you have done for us.'

'One word more!' said Kenneth eagerly. 'This house—is it yours?'

'Yes,' replied Mr Morrison; 'you are at Dalcairdie. Where else should the preserver of my only child have been brought?'

Kenneth turned away his head; but no longer for sleep. In a few minutes more Mr Lindsay stood by his side with overflowing eyes, and broken exclamations of thankfulness and joy.

'Come,' said Mr Morrison, 'we shall be bad nurses now; we must call Gertrude to our help.'

'I am here, father,' said a low sweet voice, which had made the music of Kenneth's long dreams; and he took the refreshing draught which she held to his lips with a strange feeling that he had done the same thing often before. 'You are our prisoner, Mr Kenneth,' said Gertrude, 'and if I give you liberty of speech, you must give me your parole not to use it longer than I approve of.'

'You have a right to dictate to me,' replied Kenneth, smiling faintly. 'I have only a few questions to ask—How I came here without any knowledge of mine?—how long I have been in this strange state of forgetfulness?'

'You were stunned by a blow you received in the river,' she answered quietly. 'You have been in great danger; but now it is over; and all you require is perfect quiet for a few days to restore you to health.'

'And then, my dear boy,' continued Mr Lindsay, 'we will talk of business: not before remember—not before.'

A flush passed over Gertrude's pale cheek at the words. Kenneth perceived it, for she was just arranging his pillows with the readiness of an experienced nurse. And he, too, felt the painfulness of the silence which followed; but his head was so confused, that he knew not how to break it.

'Dr Selwyn will soon be here,' said Mr Morrison, looking at his watch: 'he only left us for a couple of hours.' And at the same moment the person named entered the room, and advancing to Kenneth's bedside, soon made himself thoroughly acquainted with the state of the case. He was a striking-looking man, in the prime of life, with a keen, dark eye that seemed at once to see what he had to do, and a manner which inspired perfect confidence in his judgment—two most important points in the professional career he had so successfully pursued. He decided that Gertrude's recommendation of silence and quiet should first be enforced; but he thought so well of the change which had taken place in his patient's condition, that he assured him his confinement to his room would be of very short duration. 'I may safely leave you,' he said, 'under Miss Morrison's care: if I could secure any like it for all my invalids, they would require much less of mine; you may be sure there is nothing I can do now that can compare with it.' And so Gertrude, with the assistance of an elderly servant called Judith, who was as anxious as the rest of the family about the young stranger, continued her attendance upon him; and her manner was so sisterly, and there was such an air of repose about her, that it

seemed to impart quiet to his own nerves to feel her near him. He found that Mr Grant had been suddenly called away the very day after the accident which had so nearly proved fatal to him, by an account of his sister's dangerous illness; and as Gertrude told him this, he asked eagerly whether Miss Grant had written to her before it came on.

'Yes,' answered Gertrude, raising her soft expressive eyes to his; 'she told me of your visit to Dunkeld, and of her suspicions regarding your arrival in this neighbourhood. I wish I could think that her anxiety regarding this very letter had had nothing to do with her present state.'

'Then you expected me?' said Kenneth, raising himself on his pillow. 'Yes, I remember now: you knew that I was coming to claim for myself all you care for most. What a contemptible opinion your father must have formed of me, as I stood by his side on the river-bank, when he offered to give up all for your sake!'

'No, indeed,' said Gertrude soothingly. 'You do us injustice: whatever your claim may be, neither my father nor myself would desire otherwise than that the most impartial examination should be made of it. What is past cannot be recalled; but the future, I trust and believe, lies bright and clear before you. Only let health and strength return before we talk over these things, and all will be well.'

From that moment the subject was never brought forward by any one near him. He slept and woke in his own old home, the place he had learned to look upon with veneration—to possess which was the object of his most ardent hope; and he recognised nothing, he knew nothing of it, beyond the two rooms in which he lived; and the restraint, as he found himself able to move from one to the other, became unbearable. Mr Morrison's manner was cold and courteous, with an occasional gleam of warmer feeling; Gertrude's was ever kind and composed: and as Kenneth drew her into conversation, and learned something more of her past history than Marion Lindsay had told him, he fully appreciated the high and solid principle, the unselfish care for the good of others, and the well-directed exertion, which had won such love and reverence alike from her friends and her dependents. He saw that to her, life was simply a path of trial, though brightened, indeed, by the gladness she diffused around her, and by the hope that lay calm and full within her; and he thought how many in her circumstances, with little to amuse her fancy and to excite her intellect, and with evidently failing health, would have sunk into indolence and apathy. Was he come, then, to darken that path?—to drive her father and herself forth from their home?—to break up all the work she was so wisely doing? He recoiled in bitterness of spirit from the picture, and felt as if the confidence which all Gertrude's conduct towards him expressed, added to his self-accusations. Yet how tell her anything of this, while, so far as her father was concerned, any right he had to the estate depended solely on a promise made in the agony of despair, and which he earnestly wished might be for ever forgotten?

Dr Selwyn meanwhile brought occasional tidings of the world without. The floods had done terrible mischief through the neighbouring straths; but they had now abated, and no lives had been lost; even poor old Elspeth had recovered her terror and her dangers, and only regretted that her cottage could not be rebuilt on its former site. A week had elapsed

since Kenneth had become an inmate of Dalcairdie; and from the morning on which he regained his consciousness, his host appeared indefatigable in making arrangements for the comfort and renewed prosperity of his dependents. What conversation passed in his room bore entirely on this subject; but he was constantly interested by the manner in which Dr Selwyn brought forward Gertrude's views—often expanding them, now and then slightly differing from her opinion, yet always proving very clearly that he remembered all she had ever thought, and knew exactly what she was most likely to wish for. There was a brightness and buoyancy in his spirits, that seemed to bring an atmosphere of health where he came: no wonder that she felt its influence, and smiled almost gaily under it; but her cheerfulness, young as she still was, no more resembled that which Marion Lindsay shed over her home, than the soft, mild light of an autumn day does that, which dances over the earth in May.

'Dr Selwyn,' said Gertrude one evening, as she sat working, 'was with us through our greatest trials: he attended my brother through his last illness, and did much to comfort my father; he is so firm and determined where firmness is required, that one can always lean upon his opinion; and so kind'——'that one must love him' seemed to hover upon her lips; but she bent her head over her work, and while a feeling of great relief passed over Kenneth's mind, they both remained silent. She might have told more of her reasons for feeling happy in Dr Selwyn's society, had she been as unreserved as Marion; but she left him to learn by slow degrees how great a share his high religious principles, united with his acknowledged talents, had had in raising her father's hope and aim in life from the objects of mere worldly ambition to those a Christian may rejoice to live for, even through sorrow or poverty.

On the fourth day of his convalescence, Kenneth could endure this quiet state of things no longer.

'I must breathe the fresh air again,' he said to Mr Lindsay; 'the weight of this silence oppresses me like the stillness of death itself!'

'I should have thought,' said Mr Morrison in answer, 'that the view from these windows might in itself have been interesting enough for your present amusement.'

'No,' replied Kenneth with feverish impatience; 'there is no charm of old acquaintanceship in it.'

'I will not affect to misunderstand you,' he replied in his low distinct tones; 'you wish to see more of Dalcairdie: there is no reasonable objection now, I think, to your being gratified. Gertrude shall drive you in her pony carriage, and Mr Lindsay and I will accompany you.'

'Such an afternoon as this,' said Gertrude, 'might well tempt us all out, with no other inducement than its own beauty.'

'There is no need for hurry, my love,' said her father, glancing anxiously towards her as she left the room to prepare for her drive; but in a very few minutes she was ready, and Kenneth, leaning on Mr Morrison's arm, slowly descended the great staircase. All was different from the faint recollections he had cherished. He crossed a large hall with a few fine pieces of statuary ranged on the marble floor, and some flowering shrubs in the tall windows; the flood of mellow sunshine streamed upon them through the columns of a stately portico; and before him lay a beautiful

parklike scene. Was this indeed Dalcairdie? Mr Morrison observed his bewildered look with a smile, but offered no comment upon it, as they joined Gertrude, who was already seated in her low garden-chair. There was no hurry in her manner; her face was paler and graver than usual, but her large lustrous eyes were lighted up as from the very depths of her soul; and when she spoke, there was a tone of excitement in her low, musical voice, which again she seemed to master by the mere force of her will. The sleek white pony stepped soberly along through a beautiful plantation, which skirted the base of the hill at the foot of which the mansion stood. Beyond it were groups of stately trees, beneath which the cattle lay grouped in the lazy enjoyment of the golden afternoon.

'My father,' said Gertrude, 'has employed many years in making alterations in this place: the old Hall has assumed a Grecian exterior; indeed, so much has been added along the front of the building, that none could recognise it.'

'You have made an English park,' said Kenneth, 'of a Highland tract of moor and wood.'

'Do you, then, remember so well what it used to be?' asked Mr Morrison.

'No,' replied Kenneth with some emotion; 'I remember nothing here.'

'I must take you out of the drive,' said Gertrude, 'to shew you my favourite spot. Do you feel equal to walking with me some way along that path we just see, opening now to the left? I perceive Dr Selwyn coming towards us; he will give you his arm if you find a scrambling walk too much for you.'

'Indeed,' answered Kenneth gaily, 'you do injustice to your own care: there is nothing I should enjoy half so much as a ramble along the hillside with you.'

Here Mr Lindsay called to him to point out the peculiar beauty of some English cows; and as Kenneth handed Gertrude from the carriage, and then joined Mr Morrison and himself, they walked back a little way to see them to greater advantage, and Gertrude went on quickly to meet Dr Selwyn. Their conversation did not reach Kenneth's ear; but when he shook hands with the latter, he observed that it had warmly interested his companion; and now, as she led the way along the steep winding path, his step grew firmer, and the youthful elasticity of his frame returned with every breath he drew. They soon again descended the spur of the hill on the other side, and came to a nook, altogether unlike any portion he had yet seen of Dalcairdie. It was a small dingle traversed by a mountain-stream, which formed a deep clear pool at the foot of a group of old beech-trees. There was a ledge of gray rock opposite, overhung by a rowan thicket, and garlanded with wild flowers, which, with every autumn tint upon the foliage, were reflected in the water; but its chief charm lay in its air of perfect wildness and seclusion.

'We have outstripped Mr Lindsay and my father,' said Gertrude, 'but I was impatient to bring you to my own favourite haunt: is it not a fit place to sit down and dream in?'

'So fit a place,' answered Kenneth slowly, 'that a dream seems to hover round me already—a strangely vivid one.' He paused; and the glow that exercise had brought over his cheek faded to a hue of ashy whiteness.

His eye was fixed on the opposite bank, but his lips were firmly closed, and Gertrude's countenance expressed the deepest anxiety. She sat down by his side on a fragment of rock, and laid her hand gently on his, and the very touch had a calming influence.

'Speak to me!' she said. 'Think of us as your friends; of me as of one who owes life to you, and whom you have saved wellnigh by the sacrifice of your own: tell me what this vision is which affects you so strongly?'

Mr Lindsay and Mr Morrison stood near them with Dr Selwyn; but Kenneth was utterly unconscious of their presence as he rose, and pointing to the gray rock jutting out of the copsewood, answered—'They stood there—two men—for a moment, and a rout of soldiers followed them: yonder was the way they went; and then all was still, and I was left alone with Janet by the bonnie burnie dub.'

'He has told it!' shrieked a voice from the thicket as wild and shrill as the cry of a sea-bird.

Kenneth started in amazement; for in another moment there, where his memory had conjured up the apparition of the fugitives, stood a group of three persons—Mr Grant, Cameron, and Janet Maxwell; the last throwing her shrivelled arms over her head in a fit of uncontrollable excitement. They had just stepped out of the tangled copse, where, in the deep silence that reigned around, they had been near enough to hear every word that had been spoken. Mr Lindsay grasped Kenneth's hand, and shook it violently. Mr Morrison's manner, as he laid his hand upon Gertrude's arm, had the quiet and decision of a resolution that had long been taken. 'Kenneth Morrison,' he said, 'you have been brought into a well-laid snare; but, before the witnesses whom we have here assembled, I pronounce that the test my daughter proposed has fully succeeded, and that your claim is good, and your right to all your father held unimpeachable. And now, my friends, let us welcome home the long-lost laird!' As he spoke, he took Kenneth's hand in both of his, and his example was rapidly followed by Mr Grant and Ewen Cameron; but none shook it more cordially than Dr Selwyn, whose joy on the occasion seemed utterly incompatible with the interest he usually evinced in all that concerned Gertrude.

'I tauld you how it was ordered,' whispered Janet, as she crept close up to Kenneth's ear. 'The bonnie Snowdrop of Kincaldrum shall bloom at Dalcairdie yet!'

Kenneth could have hugged the old woman on the spot; but turning from her with a few hearty words of greeting, he said to Mr Morrison—'I had no distinct recollection of this place, nor had I ever linked the story of Prince Charles with its peculiar features: you know that I remembered nothing in your house—how is it that all are so suddenly satisfied with my imperfect evidence?'

'Not imperfect,' said Mr Morrison. 'Gertrude and Dr Selwyn arranged a plan whereby every difficulty was to be removed; and I must say that, although it was somewhat too theatrical for my taste, I think it could not have been better, judging from the results.'

'We are all satisfied,' said Mr Grant. 'I consider the chain of evidence perfect in every part.'

'Evidence!' cried Janet, breaking in upon the lawyer's argument: 'is

that the name ye ca' what gives Kenneth Morrison a right till his ain? Ye have a' known what I tauld ye. Mr Lindsay, and the doctor, and a', ken weel that he ca'd it the bonnie burnie dub when he was a wee bit bairn by my side; and so he has named it now in the broad sunshine, as I prayed and believed he wad.'

'Gently, my good woman,' resumed Mr Grant; 'that is precisely what I was going to say. Your account, coupled with your kinsman Cameron's and with Lady Lucan's, left little ground for legal objection; but to remove any feeling on Kenneth's part that a promise made in a father's bitterest sorrow formed the motive of Mr Morrison's very handsome conduct, Miss Morrison herself sent for old Janet, and devised from her story such a test as all parties might consider final.'

'Let me, then, now congratulate the Laird of Dalcairdie on his restoration to his family honours, and wish him, with all my heart, long life and happiness!'

As Gertrude spoke, Kenneth raised the soft white hand she gave him to his lips; but Mr Lindsay cried out, 'Her cheek, man!—her cheek! You forget you are cousins!' And acting on the words, he kissed her as he would have done a beloved elder sister.

'All that I have hitherto lived for,' he said, 'is now attained. Your father and yourself have done far more for this place and its people than any one else could have done through the years of my boyhood. If Janet had never framed her plan of concealment, no better arrangements could have been made for my welfare than have been carried into effect; and now, if you will once more receive me for a few days as your guest, you shall see that I am not ungrateful.'

And the whole party returned to the Hall, of which Kenneth was now undisputed master, with feelings more easily imagined than described. His were sobered in their first passionate rush by the earnestness of his purpose to secure Gertrude and her father from whatever pain it might be in his power to spare them; he had wonderfully recovered his strength during the last half hour, and now he seemed to drink in health and elasticity of spirit with every breath of his native air. As the long lines of the house came again in sight, Mr Morrison pointed out to him the older portion of the building, which rose in a heavy but not unpicturesque mass behind them: the richest ivy mantled round the high chimneys and over the turrets, which were once the pride of the country-side; and the group of stately cedars which he remembered, threw their dark shadows along the Grecian colonnade: it was a strange harmony of the past and the present.

'Little, indeed,' said Kenneth, 'of all this wealth and beauty belonged to my father: nor can I consider myself for a moment entitled to any part of what is most justly yours.'

'No,' replied Mr Morrison, with a smile of peculiar meaning playing over his thin expressive features; 'I do not intend to burthen your young and generous spirit with a sense of obligations you cannot repay—we will leave our good friends, Grant and Kincaldrum, to settle what is yours and what is mine; but as we become better acquainted, you shall learn the reasons which induced me to lay out large sums of money on this estate, and to build so extensively that, in fact, the house in which you were born is now scarcely inhabited: we are, indeed, become few to live here.'

That evening, which all principally interested in the events of the day seemed equally anxious should draw to a close, was ended by prayers read by Mr Morrison, according to the form of the Episcopalian Church, in the oratory or small chapel attached to the house. It was a short but most solemn service; and though many eager, and not a few reproachful glances were directed towards Kenneth, when first he entered and took his place with the rest of the family, there were none that did not sink reverently before Mr Morrison's clear eye and noble manner, when, prayers being over, he in few and simple words introduced him to his household as the Laird of Dalcairdie.

'Not willingly have I done this wrong,' he said, 'in keeping back the inheritance of the orphan; and yet, God knows! most joyfully do I now restore it fourfold. A kind and open-handed master I am sure I shall leave in my place; but those who wish it may follow my daughter and myself to the Grange, where we intend soon to take up our abode.'

There was a fervent 'Amen,' as Mr Morrison ended, from Janet, who sat in one corner, half-hidden by a pillar from sight, with her glittering eyes fixed upon Kenneth, and her whole soul apparently absorbed in the feeling of his presence. Thereupon ensued a startled look among the servants, and a half-suppressed movement towards the door, as if some supernatural sight had been expected; but nothing more awful followed than that Ewen Cameron, who had been standing by Janet, stepped respectfully forwards, and addressing Mr Morrison, he said—'If I might speak in sic a solemn place, I also would fain say one word, and ask pardon from you, sir, whom I have hated many is the year with a sore hatred; and for an unchristian act, I fear me now, that I have done'——

'Speak boldly, my friend,' replied Mr Morrison; 'a faithful servant such as you have been shall never want honour from me. So far as I know, we have not met before this day, unless, indeed, it has been in the dark, and under circumstances which a brave man should never have placed himself in. I would rather,' continued he with a tone of authority, 'that our conversation should be in private.'

'As you please, sir,' answered Ewen carelessly; 'but I would have you remember that I was the laird's foster-brother, and not his servant, and that the honour of a gentleman may sometimes consist with skulking in times like those that are past.'

'We will not prolong the subject,' replied Mr Morrison, still standing near the lectern at which he had read. 'This is not an hour or a place suited to it; but to-morrow, in the laird's study, we will enter into it as fully as you please, and in the meantime most cordially do I give any pardon you may think it needful to ask.' So saying, Mr Morrison slightly inclined his head to the assembled household; and with many blank looks of disappointment they slowly withdrew without another word being spoken, excepting a low mutter from Janet, to the effect that a Southron could no more change his nature than a leopard his spots.

As they left the oratory, Gertrude said to Kenneth, with a degree of bashfulness that added to the softness of her manner, in itself always so composed and dignified—'I cannot yet give up my charge of you, and must positively enjoin more rest upon you to-morrow than I imagine you will be inclined to allow yourself. I shall be ready, however, to walk with you if

you wish it early, and to shew you all that we have done during the years we have lived here. We may find that your memory serves you even better than you are now aware of.'

'I am your guest, if no longer your prisoner,' replied Kenneth gaily; 'and could not wish for greater pleasure than to obey your commands.'

'Always adhere to those words, my dear fellow,' said Mr Grant to him as they directly afterwards parted for the night at Kenneth's door. 'Gertrude Morrison lays her command upon us all to love her, and serve her well, even without saying a word; and who should have better opportunities of knowing her worth than yourself? Come, come! a pleasanter arrangement may be made yet than her betaking herself for the rest of her life to the Grange, which is but a dull old place compared to this; though her father, with his great English fortune, and his taste for Grecian architecture, may make it habitable for himself.'

'She would do any man honour by becoming his wife,' replied Kenneth gravely. 'Have you not observed that Dr Selwyn thinks so too?'

'Whew! sits the wind in that quarter?' answered the old lawyer, shrugging his shoulders. 'There is no accounting for a woman's taste, though she be the wisest of her sex; but there may be a remedy.'

'Pray, do not undertake to find one on my account,' said Kenneth, unable to suppress his amusement at the sudden destruction of Mr Grant's airy castle, and his evident annoyance thereat. 'My own plan, so far as I have formed any, is to return almost immediately to France, for an indefinite time, so as to allow Mr Morrison and his daughter to arrange theirs without the slightest interruption from my presence.'

'And leave Kincaldrum and myself to look after your interests? Well, you will not be so far wrong in that respect, for you are over-young to care much for them yourself.'

That night Kenneth wandered in dreams with Marion Lindsay through the woods and by the burn at Dalcairdie; and when he woke, and the bright sunshine brought him back to the realities of life, they seemed scarcely less delightful than his sleeping fancies. He found the family at breakfast when he left his apartment; and as soon as the meal was over he reminded Gertrude of her promise. They went out together, and she led the way round the cedars, through a wicket, which admitted them into a garden, laid out in the formal French taste, under the gray walls of the old hall; and in a moment they had passed into so different a scene from the one which by this time had become most familiar to Kenneth, that it seemed scarcely possible so slight a boundary should have divided them from it. There was, however, no air of desolation round them; the place simply looked as if a spell had fallen upon it, in all its summer beauty, twenty years before; and no mortal had trodden there since. The pears were ripening round a low bay-window, which opened nearly to the ground, amongst large clusters of red roses, and a profusion of trailing flowers fell from the stone vases with which the terrace was adorned; the parterre beneath was as gay as if fairy fingers had tended it; the sound of 'the golden bees' was heard; and now and then the notes of birds from the thick branches of the trees which spread over the low outer-wall. Even the little Triton, who was blowing his conch-shell in the fountain in the centre of the garden, threw a bright shower of water into the stilly air.

'My mother's garden!' said Kenneth almost in a whisper. 'How beautiful it is!'

'Yes,' said Gertrude, 'we have cherished it for her sake. My sisters and myself tried to keep every plant, and even to sow again every flower we found here. It had all the charm of mystery to us, for we scarcely allowed any one to come here but ourselves; and as we grew older there was a strange superstition attached to the place, which, while it determined my father to close the old rooms by degrees, because he feared its effect on our spirits, only made us the fonder of this garden, where no ghost was supposed to lurk, or at least not in the daytime.'

'What appearance,' asked Kenneth eagerly, 'was ever seen here?'

'One,' replied Gertrude, 'which I imagine will not be very long unexplained: it was that of a tall Highlander in the prohibited plaid, and full accoutrements of the northern clans. There had been rumours more than once among the servants of mysterious footsteps, and of a shadowy form, which glided through rooms which were safely locked, and passages of which every outlet was known; but we attended little to them till about the time of the death of my eldest brother, when my father, sitting alone late in the evening in that bay-windowed room, which is still called the Laird's Study, was startled by the appearance of an armed Highlander, who suddenly stepped before him, with finger pointing in the direction of the room in which our poor Edward lay, and in a whisper bid him seek for the rightful heir of Dalcairdie. My father was the last man in the world to believe in the supernatural character of his visitor; but although he instantly rose, the figure managed to elude his grasp, and, strange to say, disappeared, as if it had sunk through the earth. From that time we have seldom been disturbed, but the servants have more than once assured us the place was haunted; and certainly unaccountable noises have been heard, which, echoing through the long-deserted rooms, have not been without their effect upon our nerves.'

'You remember Ewen Cameron's confession last night?' said Kenneth. 'My own conviction is, that during the years in which he was obliged to seek safety in concealment, he found his knowledge of the intricacies of this old dwelling his best chance of insuring it: you may depend upon it, he was the mysterious personage who drove you from these apartments.'

'I can scarcely say he did that,' said Gertrude smiling sadly. 'My father found constant employment and amusement in building; for a long time he trusted that it was for his son; and then when that hope failed, he still liked the work he had done himself better than that of his predecessors. But my delight has always been here.' She checked herself, as if she feared to say too much of her love for the place she was so soon about to leave: and at the same moment the casement of the bay-window was thrown up, and Mr Morrison and Cameron appeared at it. The story of the nocturnal visitant had been told exactly as Kenneth had predicted it would be, but Gertrude and himself heard now with deeper interest than ever the tale of the escape of those fugitives whom Alexander Morrison had died to save.

'Here,' said Ewen Cameron, addressing them as they stood in the small panelled room, lined with bookshelves, to which he had retired to write his last letter—'here is the passage by which, I make no doubt, the laird led them forth to the fir-wood; and by which I found my way easily into

the house whenever I had a mind to get a quiet night's lodging.' As he spoke, he touched a spring, which instantly opened a trap-door, so artfully contrived in the massive mouldings of the wall that no human being could have discovered it. 'There are many such hiding-places as this,' he continued, 'in the old houses in Scotland; I could tell you many a prank that has been played among them you would scarcely believe; but sorry I am that ever I should have caused alarm to those who have behaved so handsomely as you, sir, and as you, gentle lady, have done now: for all that my heart is big with joy that our lost laird is come back to his own.'

'And most cordially do we rejoice with you,' said Mr Morrison firmly. 'Now, Kenneth, let us ride down to the glen, and see what can be done to repair more completely the devastation caused by the flood: Dr Selwyn is to meet us there. Gertrude, will you be of the party?'

It was towards the end of October, when a promise of prosperity was again smiling through the valley, that Gertrude and Marion Lindsay, who, with her parents, had arrived on the preceding evening at Dalcairdie, were passing together through a small churchyard not very far from the house. It lay around a gray tower, whose spire shewed that it had once formed part of a church, the ruins of which might still be seen shrouded with ivy. The friends paused by a tomb half raised above the heather, which bore the names of Alexander Morrison and of Margaret his wife. 'How often I have felt,' said Gertrude, 'as if, from this lonely grave, sad voices reproached us for possessing wealth not justly ours! It was only an overstrung fancy working upon a sorely-tried heart, I know; yet the eyes of that poor murdered mother have seemed fixed upon me while I sat night after night by the side of my dying brothers, as though they asked me what had become of her child! You may now imagine something of the relief it was to me when all was made clear!'

'Surely, dear Gertrude,' replied Marion, 'no blame ever rested upon you or yours; and your father has acted so nobly'——

'Say justly rather,' answered Gertrude: 'Kenneth alone has had a right to be generous.'

His praises brought a bright blush to Marion's cheek, as she said—'I am so glad you are to be married from your old home! But tell me how it was, that having known Dr Selwyn so long, you never thought of this before?'

'It may have been thought of,' said Gertrude, in her turn blushing; 'but perhaps he never would have spoken if he had not seen me poorer than I was, and believed we wanted a home. But we shall not live far off, Marion. When the church-bells ring out their welcome to the lost laird and his bride, we shall hear them by our Christmas fireside. My father feels already that sons are given to him again in Charles Selwyn and in Kenneth Morrison.'

'And I, who never knew a sister, have found one in you, dear Gertrude! Oh, how often good may come out of seeming evil, if only we have trust in one another!'

GERMAN POETS AND POETRY.

AN attempt to compress within the limits of this Paper anything like a history of the poetical literature of Germany, would only make our pages a catalogue of names and dates; yet we may give, in connection with a few specimens of German poetry, such outlines of its history and characteristics as may afford some guidance to those who wish to read more than our brief review.

If disposed to be critical, we might begin with the question so often asked—'What is poetry?' but we shall take the word in its widest and most popular sense. As the people understand this word 'poetry,' in Germany as in England, it comprehends all writings in verse which display imagination or invention; it embraces, therefore, such widely-different productions as the homely tales of Hans Sachs and the noble ballads of Schiller; the marvellous dramas of Shakspeare and the rude 'Corn-Law Rhymes' of Ebenezer Elliott; and we are not aware that any critic has authority to alter this wide definition. According to the general decision of readers, Homer and Horace, Hans Sachs and Goethe, Shakspeare and Pope, Burns and Wordsworth, must all be received as 'poets;' yet how widely and clearly distinct are the minds thus named together! Two poets, both allowed to be great, may have little resemblance to each other, excepting in the fact, that both have written inventively in verse. How wide, for instance, is the interval between Shakspeare, the creator of a dramatic world crowded with strongly-marked characters, and Wordsworth, whose verses give us scarcely the outlines of any character, excepting his own! In this respect, the latter resembles Byron—from whom he is clearly distinguished on all other points—another instance of the manifold varieties of genius comprehended under the name of 'poet.'

These prefatory remarks are by no means intended to depreciate criticism (though criticism in England ranks very low in our estimation), nor to suggest an inference that all judgment on the comparative value of various classes of poetry must be left to individual taste: this is far from our meaning. On the other side, we believe that true criticism or analysis may estimate the value of poetry as truly as we can judge of distances by our recognised standards of measurement. For granting—in accordance with the public decision—that Homer, Horace, Sachs, Goethe, Shakspeare, Pope, Burns, and Wordsworth, must all be classed together as 'poets,' the questions still remain to be determined by criticism: 'How must we recog-

nise the *great* poet?'—'How much did he invent?'—and 'What qualities there of moral truth, spiritual greatness, or human interest, or fine sen ment, or rich humour, or pathos, to impart additional or peculiar value his poetry?' In short, we would reject as arbitrary all that style of cr cism which once attempted to prove that Alexander Pope was 'no po while we would honour that analysis which shews the distance betw such a drama as 'Hamlet' and a poem like the 'Rape of the Lock.'

The application of the above remarks to German literature will be v plain when we state, that the comparative estimates of German poets, ev by their own countrymen, are by no means clear and certain. It cann be said that the reputations of even the most celebrated poetical writers Germany are as unmistakably established as the characters of our Sha speare and Milton, or even our Pope and Goldsmith. To prove this, w might quote long passages of enthusiastic praises bestowed upon Goeth and then contrast them with the low estimates of the same poet given l such writers as Görres and Novalis; or we might quote A. W. Schleg when he denies 'the truth or reality of Schiller's dramatic characters;' other writers who have ventured to affirm that 'Schiller was no born po but only a man of talent, who, by great industry, acquired a certain facili in the use of poetical phraseology;' or another hardy writer (named Riem if we remember well), who says that 'Schiller *stole* all that was good in h poems from Goethe' (!) If opinions can thus differ respecting men of t highest note, then we shall not be surprised to find contradictory assertio with regard to the merits of inferior men—for instance, when we fi Wieland, a man widely celebrated in his day, now declared to have be 'no poet at all.' We have briefly noticed these varieties of opinion shew the necessity of a wide definition of poetry, and also of toleration our judgments. When 'doctors disagree,' smaller men should not pr nounce their censures as oracles. We must beg the critical reader of th Paper to extend toleration to our opinions if they should happen to opposed to his own. If, for instance, he finds that we speak in ve moderate terms of some writer—say Wieland—whose name has filled considerable space in German poetical literature, we must respectfully b that he—the critical reader—will not attribute our comparative neglect such a writer to ignorance. These remarks will not be thought unnecessa by those who know the vagueness of many English criticisms on Germ writers, especially if they consider that we must, in this brief review, ma several statements for which we cannot assign all our reasons.

Without more preface, we proceed to estimate, as fairly as we can, t value and significance of German poetry: perhaps our best way will to give some outlines of the history of poetical literature in Germany, a then to attempt something like a classification of its productions.

Of the oldest period, or the times preceding the outburst of chivalr and romantic poetry in the thirteenth century, we shall say little; although German antiquaries have indulged in many interesting specu tions regarding the poetry of that period, its remains, which have b preserved down to our own times, are few. Yet from these it has been c jectured, and with great probability, that ballads, or fragments of the poetry of very early times, must have been preserved by tradition, u

they were collected and reproduced in the form of the 'Nibelungen-Lied,' by some unknown writer of the twelfth or thirteenth century. Of this singular and interesting old epic we need say no more here; for anything like a fair account of it—such as may be found elsewhere*—would occupy too much of our space. But another, and one of the most precious remains of this early time, must at least be briefly mentioned here: it is the 'Life of Christ,' or a versification of the Gospel narrative, and was written by Otfried, a monk, in A.D. 863. This was the first German work composed in rhymes, as the more ancient ballads to which we have alluded were marked by alliteration without rhyme. It is very interesting to trace in this venerable relic the roots of the Teutonic words which we, as well as our German neighbours, are now employing every hour—

> 'In days of yore how fortunately fared
> The minstrel, wandering on from court to court,
> Baronial hall or royal.'

These lines are strictly applicable to the poet's profession in Germany in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—the times of the 'Minnesingers.' So far remote are those times from our modern thoughts and ways—especially in hard-working England—that it is difficult to make their facts appear otherwise than as dreams. The very life of those old times, 'wandering on from court to court,' devoted to minstrelsy, chivalry, and the praise of fair ladies, was exactly what we in these modern days call 'romance;' while *our* actual life, our journeys through hills instead of over them, and at the rate of some forty miles per hour, our gas-lighted cities, our commonplace crossings of the Atlantic, our Manchester mills, and, perhaps more than all, our telegraph wires, which carry thoughts with something like the speed of thought—would have presented to a minstrel or romancist of the thirteenth century glorious materials with which he would surely have constructed a tale far more wonderful, and, for his contemporaries, a thousand times more improbable than 'Prince Arthur.' This consideration may perhaps enable the reader now to look upon the life of one of the old minstrels as a reality.

The name of Walter von der Vogelweide may mark the characteristics of this age; for Walter was, like many others, a knight and a minstrel—one whose life was a romance, and whose verses remain to give us some glimpses of the times in which he lived. Sometimes we find him hailing the reappearance of spring after a long winter, and almost imitating the carollings of birds in his praise of nature; at another time he celebrates, in chaste and melodious verses, the beauty and grace of the lady to whom he devotes his songs, but whom he never names; then suddenly, on turning over a page, we are surprised to find the gentle Minnesinger suddenly changed into a stern satirist, denouncing the political and religious corruptions of his times, even venturing to rebuke the 'Pope of Rome,' and predicting, as many other earnest reformers have done, a speedy ruin of the world. These didactic and satirical verses shew that Walter lived beyond the most flourishing times of chivalry and minstrelsy,

* An analysis of the 'Nibelungen-Lied,' with translated specimens of its style, will be found in the volume on 'German Literature' in 'Chambers's Instructive and Entertaining Library.'

and saw the coming of that cloud which passed over both politics and poetry in Germany in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. To speak of the lays of the Minnesingers generally—we might select from them a few which would please even now; but, to tell the whole truth, a fair translation of the greater part would not please modern readers; for both the love-songs and the lyrics in praise of nature would be considered tame. The true characteristics of these old poems are youthfulness of feeling, melodious language, and an almost feminine gentleness. There is hardly anything like passion even in the love-songs—indeed *minne*, the word by which they were named, does not strictly mean 'love,' though we can find no other English word for it. In one respect, however, we must commend these lyrics: they served the true purpose of poetry; they were united with the real lives of the Minnesingers; they were written not to be read in solitude, but to be delivered with the living voice; to be sung to the lute, or some other stringed instrument of the guitar kind, in the presence of song-loving men and ladies,

> ———'whose bright eyes
> Rained influence and adjudged the prize.'

This was a natural use of poetry, and it is necessary now to refer back to such primitive practice that we may learn what poetry ought to be. Nothing but long conventional usage could lead us to tolerate such an artificial thing as a long poem, filling a closely-printed volume, and intended to be read and enjoyed in solitude and silence. The most genuine and natural use of poetry in our modern days is when some friend recites to another some flowing song or lyrical ballad, or when a company unite to listen to readings or recitations from our best poets. If poetry is not to be musical, if the ear as well as the mind is not to be gratified, why do we not turn it into prose at once? We must go back to the origin, the natural history of poetry, to find the best criticism upon it. Through forgetfulness of this, many long, prosy, so-called poems have been written during the last half century, which will certainly be forgotten before A.D. 1900. One word more on this interesting point: it may be said that we have still many songs set to music and sung; but we think it might be proved, if we had space here, that the modern style of music is not adapted to bring out and interpret the spirit and meaning of the highest poetry. We believe that fine recitation, or, in other words, the melodious, impassioned, and expressive speaking of poetry, is the highest and purest music to which we can listen!

Into this digression we have been led by the Minnesingers. We must now leave them, and turn from the lays of chivalry to popular versification—from poetry to doggrel. Of course this change did not take place in reality so suddenly as we here represent it on paper; but, in sober truth, the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were as prolific in doggrel or low versification as the thirteenth century had been in poetry. This change in literature was indicative of important changes in society, to which we must now allude. 'The code of ethics which characterised the institution of chivalry was too conventional, too much the creature of imagination, to bear the tests of time and the rude assaults of ridicule. We may trace, even to its palmiest days, that tendency to present itself in extravagant contrast to the

dictates of sober sense which ultimately made it the butt of popular ridicule. The splendour of the institution under Frederick was so attractive, that a crowd of imitators sprung up, deficient in the inward calling, the true enthusiasm necessary to sustain the knighterrant at his proper degree of dignity. Hence we find the original profession of high devotion to honourable ladies lapsing into licence, and the vocation of the chivalrous minstrel degenerating in the hands of mechanical composers of monotonous stanzas. Indeed minstrelsy became a trade, and, like other trades, was injured by overabundant success.

'The decline of morals aroused some minds to express their censures freely on clergy and laity in satirical and didactic poems; and among these the best of minstrel-reformers was Walter, whose verses are full of sound proverbs on the affairs of public and private life. The didactic tendency which he gave to the lays of the Minnesingers appeared afterwards in the "Walsche Gäst," a system of lay morals. By degrees it descended to the lower classes. Poetry turned away from courtly to popular audiences; and the conventional morality of the Minnesingers was changed for a popular didactic and satiric style, often coarse enough. Hans Rosenplut, in 1460, was one of the most popular poets of this class; and was followed by Michael Beheim, whose style was very rude. As the knightly school of poetry had left out of its consideration, as unworthy of celebration, the lives and doings of *the people*, these could not be expected to remain satisfied with a strain of poetry which never appealed to their feelings. They revenged themselves for this neglect by producing a poetry of their own, in the shape of satirical fables, on the hypocrisies and mummeries of courtly life. In the fourteenth century this style of poetry, if we may so cheaply employ the name, prevailed over the decaying school of chivalry. Thus a false and conventional refinement lapsed into the tone of vulgar satire. So every covering thrown over the surface of society, unaccompanied by a true general improvement of the minds and dispositions of the people, is sure to be torn away by some rude outbreak of the real popular character.'

Of German poetry, or rather versification, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, we can hardly speak, except in a style which to English readers may look like caricature. Surely the Muses never had so great a number of unworthy worshippers as during these times in Germany! Never, elsewhere, were such a number of hopeless subjects simultaneously afflicted with the *cacoëthes scribendi*. Versification was now, indeed, the favourite popular amusement. The ropemakers, the smiths, barbers, bakers, potters, weavers, butchers, coopers, wheelwrights, and tailors, all had their songs celebrating their several occupations. There is something very good, though sometimes comical, in the spirit of these homely productions. We should well like to see such a fashion revived, but in a better style, so that life and its interests might be once more linked with song. By the by, we have heard some very prosaic persons condemn all notions of spreading such influences as poetry and music among the people, calling them 'dreamy,' 'Utopian,' and 'fantastic;' yet we find that such 'dreamy notions' were facts, realities, and so long ago as in the fifteenth century. 'Tis true we cannot say much for the quality of the poetry then current; but it was a poetry for the people; it had a living interest; it was a moving power in

society; and we must leave the reader to consider if such a poetry has not more import than a great part of the printed verse of modern times, which fills the pages of neat foolscap octavo volumes, and, escaping the notice of the public, falls into the hands of some 'stale, flat, and unprofitable' critic, to be manufactured into a stinging article. We must say something more of the curious productions of the fifteenth century; but, as we have already noticed, our statements here are so much in danger of seeming like exaggerations, that we shall prudently take shelter under a quotation from a German literary historian and critic, Gervinus, whose authority on this point will not be disputed:—'If we would understand the coarse and low style in which poetry was written in these times, we must remember with what a strange medley of topics versification was connected in the fifteenth and also in the sixteenth century. There was, in fact, hardly any class or calling in society which did not meddle with poetry; [so-called] and the lowest and most vulgar topics were now thought worthy of illustration in verse. The doctors gave their *regimina sanitatis* and their rules of diet, &c. in Latin and German verses; astrology and physiognomy were explained in rhymes; artists described their paintings and carvings in rhyme; topography and histories of towns were given in verse; the pious man had his book of prayers and confessions done into rhyme, and the hypochondriac carried about with him his little book of rules of eating and drinking, with prescriptions of physic, all neatly done up in verse. The peasant had his rules for foretelling the weather put into verse to assist his memory, and verses for the same purpose were written on all the sciences. One Jacob Mennel gave an analysis of the game of chess in rhyme; Hans Folz wrote a poem on "Crockery," describing carefully the important uses of jugs, mugs, basins, plates, spoons, and pewter-dishes; the same writer also gave essays in rhyme on the use of "Warm Baths," and the "Rise of the Roman Empire;" one Jacob Kobel wrote a poem (?) on "Good Behaviour at Meals;" Martin Agricola gave in rhyme a treatise on "Instrumental Music;" the military art was put into rhyme; fencing-masters explained in verses the use of the sword; falconers made stanzas on the proper mode of cramming and training young birds; farriers prescribed in common metre; confectioners extolled in rhymes their own pie-crust; and lastly, one named Schaller wrote a whole "Natural History" in rhyme!'

Said we not truly that a fair account of the poetry (!) of these times must read like a caricature? Yet the above paragraph is simply a fair statement of facts, of which abundant evidences have been preserved. Nay, we have more than all this to tell: the art of rhyming was not left in these times to individual cultivation; it was not a solitary occupation pursued in the lonely garret, but, like other handicrafts, had its guilds and unions, and was taught like shoemaking. In fact, joint-stock companies were formed to produce rhymes! But now we will put away the tone of ridicule; for really there was something very good in these said companies, or, to call them by their proper name, Singing and Versifying Clubs. They afforded some intellectual recreation to the people in times when it was greatly needed; and even we in England, in the nineteenth century, when we consider what are the prevailing popular amusements of our own day, must confess that we do not find ourselves in a condition to laugh fairly at these honest German citizens and handworkers of the

fifteenth century, who united themselves to serve the Muses as well as they could—who met together, when their daily tasks were done, and forgot all their toil and care while the evening hours were devoted to the recitation and singing of verses. The example is so pleasing that our readers will perhaps like to see some of its details. Improbable as it may appear to an English reader, it is a fact that versification was the favourite amusement of many of the respectable citizens and handworkers; and meetings for the composition and recitation of verse were established and well attended in Mayence, Ulm, Nuremberg, and other places. Indeed, the 'Singing School' (or *Sängerzunft*) at Nuremberg was maintained until the year 1770; while the ancient club of the same kind at Ulm has been formally dissolved even in our own times, or in the year 1839. The tone of these societies was generally, but not exclusively, religious; while their influence in affording a moral and intellectual recreation in the place of the coarse physical pleasures of the times was undoubtedly very commendable.

We will endeavour to give a slight sketch of the manners of the times in connection with one of these singing schools. At Ulm the weavers united to form a singing school. Let us imagine one of these good men preparing for the meeting a copy of verses. All day, while he is employed in his loom, he beguiles the hours of labour by conning over his verses on some scriptural topic; and now and then, perhaps, he sings over the melody which he has composed to fit his stanzas. In this he flatters himself that the *merker* (or umpire) will not find any four consecutive notes borrowed from any melody hitherto known in the school: such originality is demanded by the rules of the *Sängerzunft*. But now the time of work is over: the weaver puts aside his shuttle, covers up the good cloth, leaves the loom, and repairs (not to the 'Jolly Sailor,' or the noted 'Cordial Gin Establishment') but to the house of some good brother singer, to converse on the topics which will be brought forward at the next meeting on Sunday evening. And now the Sunday comes. In the church a board is suspended (something like the board with the number of the psalm to be sung in English churches) announcing that 'the singing-school will meet in the evening, when verses and sacred melodies on several topics will be recited and sung.' Sometimes the meeting is held in the parish church at the close of the afternoon service. In other cases, the members and their friends assemble in the town-hall. Here we find the makers of verses and the composers of sacred melodies, with their friends and pupils, and a considerable audience formed of respectable citizens with their wives. All the proceedings are conducted with great order and solemnity. In the most prominent seat we find the chief officer of the society, named the *Gemerk*, and beside him sit three or four other solemn and official persons, for whose respective offices we can hardly find suitable English names: among them, however, is the Merker, whom we may represent as the umpire. The society has also its 'properties.' In that large oaken chest beside the Merker are deposited chains of gold and silver, with suspended jewels, which have been worn by successful candidates for metrical honours. And now the solemn president, or Gemerk (who is, in fact, a good honest weaver of broadcloth), opens the ponderous folio Bible which lies on the desk before him, and opens at the same time

the proceedings of the meeting by beginning to read the passages which have been selected for versification. Various copies of verses are now recited and sung; faults are noticed by the Merker; sometimes (in a tune, for instance) a plagiarism is suspected, and on this perhaps some little discussion arises; but this is soon put to rest by an appeal to a heavy and strongly-clasped volume containing the notation of tunes which have gained prizes or honours. Here is discovered the exact sequence of notes on which the present candidate has founded his melody, either by accidental coincidence or by unconscious memory. Of course he withdraws his tune, determined to be more careful another time, and to trust in nothing less than strict originality. At last, after several recitations and criticisms, one is declared to be the victorious candidate. Now the Merker opens the great oaken chest, takes out a chaplet, which he places on the head of the victor, and puts round his neck a silver chain, from which a jewel is suspended. These articles still remain the property of the Zunft, or club; but the master-singer is allowed to wear them publicly on great occasions. Such a coronation was of course a source of triumph for the wife, the family, and all the relatives of the victor. Glorious with these decorations, he now secretly determines that he will go and recite his verses at the next meeting in the neighbouring town, and vanquish all the versifying shoemakers there. We may add that, at the close of a meeting, the best verses were carefully copied in a large volume, which was strictly preserved as the common property of the Zunft. In this way many productions of the master-singers have been left to our time.

'Such,' says Dr Vilmar, 'were the recreations on Sunday evenings and saints' days of our honest working forefathers in the olden time; and those who, like myself, have sprung from the working-classes, may now look back upon those quiet and innocent pastimes without being ashamed of their ancestors.' We have dwelt rather long upon this pleasing picture of olden times, because we think it carries a good and wholesome moral for our own times. Of course we do not think of anything like reviving such institutions as those old singing and versifying schools; but it is encouraging for all who would endeavour to spread any intellectual recreations among the people, to reflect that they are not aiming at an object which is imaginary and unattainable, but at one which has been a reality, and may be so again.

Apart from any of the schools of versification just described, this period was remarkable for the simple but often pathetic lyrics or secular songs which arose, as if spontaneously, among the people. Some of these have been preserved to our day: no writer's name is affixed to them; all we know of their origin is, that they sprung from the people in a time when all the feelings of the heart and the most affecting events of life seemed naturally to find expression in songs. Many of them were linked to melodies so well loved by the people, that Luther or his friends found it expedient to set their new hymns to the old song-tunes. As a specimen of their simplicity, we translate an old 'farewell' song.

Many stars are in the sky;
Many sheep together lie
In the quiet meadow;
Many birds about us fly,
And as many times I 'll sigh,
'Fare you well, my treasure!'

Shall we, after long dull years,
Many sorrows, many fears,
Meet again, my treasure?

Every morn, while you 're away,
Soon as I awake I 'll say,
'Oh return, my treasure!'

At the close of every day,
Ere I shut my eyes I 'll pray,
Heaven preserve my treasure!

If it must be so, when lying
On my deathbed, I 'll, when dying,
Think of thee, my treasure!

We must not leave the fifteenth century without some notice of the low and coarse *satires* which formed, indeed, the most prominent features in the versification of these times. The favourite objects of these satires were the clergy and the aristocracy; and the popularity gained by the most wretched productions can only be explained on the supposition that such satires truly indicated the state of popular feeling, and were received as indirect but effectual organs of the democratic principles which were now rapidly spreading. We can hardly give any quotations from these singular remains of old times, though they might furnish rich materials for 'curiosities of literature.' In one, Parson Amis, a beneficed clergyman, is represented as gaining his livelihood by a series of scandalous impositions on public credulity. Parson Kalenberg is no better: on one occasion he finds all the good ale in his cellar turned sour, and instantly devises a plan for selling it at a good price to his parishioners. He announces that on a certain day he will take a flight from the top of the steeple. Of course the peasantry collect in great numbers to witness the feat: it is a sultry summer afternoon; and as the parson keeps the spectators long waiting while he is preparing to fly, they are glad to refresh themselves even with sour ale, and pay for it the extortionate price demanded. In another popular tale, a parish priest is represented as so fatuous that he could not remember the days in a week. To remedy this defect he adopts a curious expedient: every day he 'makes a birch-broom,' and by placing the six brooms in a row, and sedulously counting them, he knows when Sunday comes, and prepares for reading mass. But some wag, aware of the priest's stratagem, steals the broom that should mark Saturday, and, consequently, on Sunday morning the poor priest is found making another broom instead of going to church. These are very mild and comparatively harmless specimens of the satires current in this period. The most pointed and severe are exactly those which, for obvious reasons, we cannot quote. We have seen nothing in Dean Swift more truculent than some of the stories which might be selected from the popular books of this period. The knight had been the hero of romances in the preceding times, and the common people—the boors, as they were called—were hardly mentioned in aristocratic poetry. But now the people, having acquired the art of versification, employed it to be revenged upon their superiors. The favourite hero of the most popular tales was now generally represented as a boor, an illiterate peasant, a professed fool, but with a strong taint of the rogue in his character—one who, by the mere force of his native wit, could refute all the clergy, answer the queries of the most learned doctor or lawyer, and reduce a bishop to silence. The coming times of insurrection and revolution were thus foreshadowed in popular literature; and we may safely assert that the very spirit which afterwards found an outlet in the terrible 'Peasants' War' may be distinctly recognised in the familiar

and comic versification of the fifteenth century. For what were the marks of the '*Volks-bücher*' (the 'People's Books') of this time? Satire, wild and coarse, expressing a contempt of all authority, ridicule of the pretensions of the scholastic or educated class, and mockery of everything represented as high and sacred. We may go so far as to say, that any reflective reader, after a fair perusal of such a series of satires, might venture to assert, even if we suppose him to be quite ignorant of the historical facts of the case, that some great revolution, political or religious, must have followed such a popular literature. Here is surely a good comment on the old text about making ballads for the people, and also a warning for those who neglect to employ the proper means of diffusing good information and intellectual recreation—who refuse, indeed, to give to a wholesome and improving literature a fair chance in its contest with the low and vile productions of the press which are the disgrace of our times. Thus speaks the fifteenth century in Germany to the nineteenth in England.

We must now leave this interesting part of our topic, and hasten to notice the progress of German poetry in the times of Luther. Of poetry, in the higher or more exclusive sense of the word, we have still little to say. Luther holds a place in the annals of poetical literature on account of the hymns he wrote in connection with the movement of the Reformation. His bold and stirring version of the psalm—'Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott'—

> 'A safe stronghold our God is still,
> A trusty shield and weapon!'

is well known, but cannot be fairly translated. This may, indeed, be said of many other popular hymns written by Luther and his friends. Their merit does not consist merely in the sentiments they convey, but rather in the union of style and purport; in the force, directness, and euphony of language; and also in the music of their rhymes, for which we could find no equivalents in English. To attempt to translate such hymns would only prove that we did not truly understand their character. A German must be the best judge of their merits, and therefore we quote the following description from Dr Vilmar's 'Lectures on German Poetry:'—'It must be especially noticed that these hymns, like our secular popular songs, were not composed to be *read*, but to be *sung;* and so closely is their melody inwoven with their meaning, that if we would judge them fairly, we must have their spirit, their metre, and their music given at once, as when they are sung by the congregation. They were indeed the sacred popular songs of the Lutheran times, and were founded in many instances on the secular melodies dear to the people from old remembrance. Thus we account for their rapid and marvellous effect in spreading the Lutheran faith. A hymn in these times was scarcely composed before its echoes were heard in every street. The people crowded around the itinerant singer (who now, in accordance with the spirit of the times, sang Luther's hymn instead of ballads), and as soon as they had heard a new hymn sung once, they would heartily take up the last verse as a chorus. Thus these sacred melodies found their way into every church and every private house; yea, and whole towns were won over to the new faith, as by a single blow, by the sound of a hymn. Such lyrics as those of Luther

—'Rejoice my Brother Christians all!' and 'From depths of wo to thee I call!' or that by Paul. Speratus, 'Salvation now has come for all!' or that by Nicolaus Decius, 'To God on high be thanks and praise!'—flew, as on the wings of the wind, from one side of Germany to another: they were not read merely, but, in the strongest sense of the words, were learned by heart; and so deeply printed in the memories and affections of the people, that their impression remains in the present day.'

We now turn to the secular poetry of the Lutheran times, and here we find Hans Sachs, a rhyming shoemaker, busily engaged in writing a voluminous series of familiar tales and fables in verse. Sachs has been too much despised. His name was once covered with ridicule, on account of the homely characteristics of his writings; but Goethe and other critics have restored to the honest rhymer the honour due to him in connection with the national literature of Germany. Though we can discover nothing like poetry in its highest meaning in his verses, he wrote with remarkable facility, could tell a story well, had a rich fund of genial unaffected humour, and often conveyed a deep and good moral under the disguise of a grotesque narrative. Indeed the incidents in many of his stories are so grotesque, that, although we should like to give some specimen of his verse, we have turned over many pages of his tales, vainly endeavouring to find one which would be relished by a modern taste. There is an apparent irreverence in many of them which, in Luther's times, was regarded as not inconsistent with piety. Hans sometimes directed his homely and good-humoured satire against the soldiery. In one tale, for instance, he tells us that the Prince of Darkness had despatched a demon to bring away some half-dozen of the foot-soldiers, who were notorious for their profane conversation; but the demon himself was so terrified by their talk, and gave to his master such a description of their mode of life, that it was resolved they should be excluded even from Pandemonium. In another tale on the same subject, St Peter, the gatekeeper of Paradise, exercising charity rather than good judgment, admits a few of these 'land-soldiers' (*lands-knechten*) into the abode of happiness, where they soon prove the truth of the old saying, that a change of place does not insure a change of mind. Unable to enjoy any of the pleasures of the place, they soon collected their pence, and began their old amusement of gambling, which ended as usually in a violent quarrel.' After some difficulty, St Peter contrives to eject these unpleasant guests. Such were the stories with which Hans Sachs filled so many pages. His verses may be regarded as giving a summary of the characteristics of many familiar and humorous versifiers before his times; while in ease and fluency of style, combined with not inconsiderable power of invention, he surpassed them all.

Leaving the times of Luther and Hans Sachs, we must pass very briefly over a period in national literature marked by the tame, cold, and artificial character of its so-called poetry. Style and language were now the almost exclusive objects regarded by German writers in verse. Martin Opitz (1597—1639) was the most celebrated versifier of his times, and with the aid of several compeers, contributed something towards the refinement of his native tongue, but left little or nothing worthy of notice for its poetical merits. Paul Flemming and Paul Gerhard, the writers of devotional

hymns which still hold a place in German psalmody, are the two chief exceptions to the prevailing rule of dulness in the poetical literature of the seventeenth century.

The former part of the eighteenth century produced a crowd of inferior poets or versifiers, of whom we can give no particular notices. In many respects they were superior to Opitz and his followers, but as poets they were soon lost in the superior lustre of Goethe and Schiller. Perhaps the most noticeable feature in their poems was their didactic purport. Among the writers of moral fables in verse, Christian Gellert may be distinguished on account of the surprising celebrity which his fables once enjoyed. These fables being simply the results and maxims of common sense, given in a clear, familiar, and pleasing style, were suited for a large audience; but this fact alone can hardly account for all the favour bestowed upon them. To explain it we must refer to the high popular esteem in which the personal character of Gellert was held during his lifetime, and long afterwards. He was admired and revered as a moral teacher by men of every station. The king's physician was sent to attend this writer when dying; and his death produced in Germany a general mourning, such as has seldom or never attended the fate of any other literary man. The tale of the poor countryman who took to the house of Gellert a cartload of firewood, as a grateful acknowledgment of the enjoyment he had found in reading the 'Fables,' is a fair instance of the admiration with which even the lower classes regarded the amiable moralist. In all the higher qualities of poetry, the didactic versification of Gellert was totally wanting. This judgment is equally applicable to the fables written by Hagedorn, Lichtwer, and others in this period.

Among these inferior poets (the followers of Bodmer, Gottsched, and Gellert) Friedrich Klopstock (1724—1803) arose; and when, inspired by recollections of Milton's great work, he produced in 1748 the first three cantos of the 'Messiah,' all Germany believed that at last a great epic poet had appeared. As, when we would understand the effect of a light in painting, we must consider the shade with which it forms a contrast; so, to explain the admiration of Klopstock's poem, we must fairly estimate the contemporaneous minor poetry. Above this it arose as a cedar over shrubs and brambles. It was indeed a great poem when compared with the productions of Opitz, Gottsched, Gellert, and a crowd of other versifiers. We can scarcely imagine that any future poet, however great, can enjoy such enthusiastic praises as were lavished on Klopstock; for the estimation of the poet was in a great measure the result of the circumstances amid which he came forth. A critic says of Klopstock: 'He was like the morning star, hardly foretold by the faintest dawn, but arising almost suddenly out of darkness.' And he adds, very truly, 'It must again be deep, dark night in the world of poetry before any other star can by its appearance awaken the enthusiasm which hailed the "Messiah!"' Apart from these favourable circumstances, the qualities which recommended Klopstock's epic and other poems—especially the odes—were warmth and depth of feeling, a flowing and sometimes eloquent style, with considerable power of description. But, taken as a whole, the 'Messiah' must be regarded as heavy, prolix, and unworthy of a place among epic poems, on account of its poverty of action and progress. It

has now fallen to that rank in literature where lie the works occasionally named, but seldom or never read. The fame of Klopstock is traditional, telling what the poet *was* for his contemporaries, rather than what he *is* for modern readers. Yet his name must ever hold a distinguished place in the history of his country's literature, and will always be associated with remembrance of his amiable character and happy life; for Klopstock was one who found in literature, especially in poetry, something better than fame—happiness.

The next important epoch in the annals of German poetry is marked by the names of Lessing, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller. These four writers, unlike in other respects, may be here associated, as their united influence produced a great change in the character of poetical literature. Lessing, an able critic, prepared a path for genius by sweeping aside old pedantries; Herder enlarged the views of his contemporaries by his translations of 'Popular Ballads;' and Goethe, with Schiller, began to cultivate the new field of poetry now opened for them. These latter names have such a prominence in German literature, that we must not attempt to discuss their merits within the limits of this Paper. Their contemporaries are more easily described. Among these were many weak sentimental writers, whose names are now remembered rather on account of their connection with a great era in national literature than on account of their individual merits. It is curious that in Germany, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, or from 1767 to the time of the French Revolution, something which we may style an intellectual epidemic of a sentimental and romantic character pervaded the literary world, and produced as its symptoms a mass of wild and crude poetry and romances. The dissatisfaction, restlessness, and longing for novelty which in France was manifested in political theories, was in Germany chiefly confined to literature; and its results here were rather absurd than alarming. Goethe and Schiller suffered for a time under the prevailing disease: in the former it found a vent in the 'Sorrows of Werter;' in the latter it produced a crude drama—'The Robbers.' But these, being strong men, shook off the malady, which in others assumed the form of a chronic complaint.

'What is the position of Goethe as a poet?' is a question more easily asked than answered. Goethe, compared with many other German writers, is as clear as noonday; but surrounded as his works are now with endless criticisms and commentaries of the misty style, their light seems struggling through a fog. On no writer, ancient or modern, has such a vast amount of weak, mystical admiration, and vague, cloudy criticism been expended. His name is well known by English readers; yet not one in five hundred would be able to reply, in a clear and concise style, to the question, Why is the name of Goethe so prominent in German literature? Is it because he wrote 'Faust?' Nay; for the best critics say that this poem displays only a part of the writer's character and genius. Is it on account of his lyrics and other short poems? These are very good in their kind, but surely not sufficient to make a European reputation. We need not ask, Did his greatness consist in his dramatic powers? for his 'Tasso,' 'Egmont,' and 'Natural Daughter,' when regarded as dramas, are very deficient. Or was he a great artist in the construction of his

novels? No; it must be confessed by every one who is not a blind admirer that, when seen in an artistic point of view, the 'Wilhelm Meister' and the other novel are very imperfect. Then why is Goethe so widely celebrated? Or why have his character and his works called forth voluminous comments equal in number to those upon Shakspeare? Who can answer this question as clearly and concisely as we could reply to a query about any celebrated English author? For instance, if asked for the characteristics of such poets as Pope, Cowper, and Crabbe, how easily we refer to the pointed wit and happy language of the first, the pleasant didactic verse of the second, and the graphic details of human character by the third! But as soon as we ask for an explanation of Goethe's greatness, we are lost amid clouds of German mysticism; and, to mend the matter, some English and American authors increase the confusion by trying to write like Germans, and only producing what honest Sir Hugh Evans would have called 'affectations.' We believe indeed that affectation, especially what we may call 'the affectation of profundity,' has contributed greatly to the confused heap of verbiage about Goethe; and, to explain how this has been done, one instance may be given. The most mysterious of all Goethe's writings is the second part of 'Faust,' which was the latest of the writer's poetical productions. At first sight, to any English reader, it would appear to be an extremely fantastic production, as it is full of the talk of such personages as the Sirens, the Oreads, Proteus, Nereus, and Mephistopheles. On this work, which has an allegorical character, the most confused and mystical criticisms have been written. Some have regarded it as a most profoundly-significant poem: others have honestly confessed that they do not see much in it beyond good versification. To give instances: one English writer says—'The second part of "Faust" is remarkable only as a specimen of varied and harmonious versification, of which a considerable part was written when the poet was more than eighty years old.' On this a writer in an English review, supposed to be conversant with German literature, expresses a very contemptuous opinion of such a shallow judgment pronounced on such a profound work. Emerson, the American writer and lecturer, speaks of the same work in the following terms:—'The Helena, or the second part of "Faust," is a philosophy of literature set in poetry; the work of one who found himself the master of histories, mythologies, philosophies, sciences, and national literatures in the encyclopædical manner of modern erudition.' 'This reflective and critical wisdom makes the poem more truly the flower of this time.' 'The wonder of the book is its intelligence,' &c. Now, as a curiosity in literature, let the reader contrast all this mystical admiration of a very cloudy book with the following clear and fair statement by an able critic—a German—and one of the most sincere and enthusiastic of all Goethe's admirers:—Dr Vilmar says—'The allegory in this second part of "Faust" is so imperfect, that it affords not in many parts a proper veil for the figures intended to be covered by it. Already many passages in this second part have become riddles, for the hopeless solution of which we may vainly strive until we lose our temper! Others may indeed be very easily guessed; but not without the vexation of *finding, under a great array of symbols, nothing more than a small, insignificant, and trivial result!* So we may conclude, that in the

course of some fifty years *the whole of this second part will be almost entirely destitute of meaning, and consequently of interest.*'

Is there not something very curious here? The accomplished and sound German critic, with an enthusiastic admiration of Goethe (having also a German's peculiar patience in solving riddles and explaining mysteries), still gives the above very unfavourable judgment of a book in which the English reviewer sees true profundity; while the American lecturer, with a *clairvoyance* almost peculiar to himself, sees through the work at once, makes no complaint of its mystery, but finds in it 'critical wisdom' and 'the results of eighty years of observation.' Such writing is, as Charles Lamb said jocosely of the Germans, 'very profound indeed!' We are tempted to explain the puzzle by an anecdote. On one occasion we heard an eloquent lecture on one of Goethe's works; but some of the praise bestowed did not seem to us fairly applicable to the book. So we carried the said book to the lecturer; and, when we expressed our dissent from some of his statements, he, in a very good-humoured style, confessed that he had never read through the work in question!

The preceding remarks will not be understood to imply any depreciation of Goethe as an author. We have been speaking of his critics and commentators, and not of himself. It is obvious, after the specimens of contradictory views given above, that some considerable space would be required for a fair analysis of Goethe's character. At present, we may, however, notice that the interest excited by his works in Germany is not to be explained simply by reference to his poetical works. The catalogue of his writings might shew that he must not be regarded solely as a poet. He wrote, beside his lyrical or occasional poems and his dramas, novels, memoirs, criticisms on literature and art, autobiography, essays on natural history and physical science, and a multitude of letters. Throughout all these multifarious writings we may trace the influence of a peculiar, individual, refined, and yet practical philosophy, which is implied rather than distinctly or formally inculcated; and it is partly this philosophy, as we think, which has attracted so much attention, and called forth so many comments. For ourselves, we readily confess that Goethe is more interesting as a practical philosopher than as a poet.

No such obscurity attends the characteristics of Schiller. His poetical works may be divided into two chief sections—the ballads and the dramas. In the heroic ballads, 'the Cranes of Ibycus,' the 'Fight with the Dragon,' and others, we find noble purport united with graphic narration. In other poems we see a tendency to abstract thought, which is injurious to a poet. In his dramas, which contain powerful scenes and fine sentimental passages, we often find the didactic purport brought forward in too direct a style. We are inclined to agree with A. W. Schlegel when he questions the 'reality' of Schiller's dramatic characters—to these the poet often gave either an ideal virtue or an unredeemed propensity to vice; thus making them impersonations rather than men. But our limits will not admit a full description of Schiller as a poet and a dramatist.

We have purposely omitted, in its chronological order, the name of Christoph Martin Wieland, an elder contemporary of Goethe, and one of the most prolific poetical writers of the eighteenth century; but we may now pay some attention to this writer, who affords us a very remarkable instance

of that uncertainty of some reputations in German literature to which we have alluded in the beginning of this Paper. Wieland was a man most widely celebrated in his day (1733—1813), though he is now virtually forgotten. He wrote numerous romances and poems, which were loudly applauded, and are now seldom or never read. Yet such is the influence of a traditional reputation, that it might now seem presumptuous to some English readers if we said that Wieland was hardly worthy of the name of a poet, or that his writings, taken altogether, are almost worthless. Yet we will venture to say, that in our opinion he was an artificial maker of verses rather than a true-born poet, and that we cannot even see sufficient reason for all that has been said in commendation of his prose style. To confirm this judgment, it may be well to quote the remarks of an able German critic, Dr Vilmar—the strongest part of his censure of Wieland's writings we leave untranslated.—'Wieland,' says Dr Vilmar, 'was the man of his day, especially for the higher classes of society; for people infected by the fine and sweet poison of French literature, people to whom thought was tedious, and all enthusiasm was ridiculous. To such readers Wieland introduced a suitable German literature; and it is almost solely by this interest in the materials or subjects of his books that we can now comprehend how he could have been so lauded and celebrated during his life. After his death he was soon forgotten. Of the materials of his works, modern French levity in a masquerade dress, or the most insipid philosophy of the day, given *à-la*-Shaftesbury or *à-la*-Voltaire, as we find it in "Agathon," or "Peregrinus Proteus," or "Aristippus"—what can we call them but mummeries, destitute of both moral meaning and artistic taste? But what must be said of such contents as we find in the "Nadine," in "Diana and Endymion," in the "New Amadis," or the truly abominable "Kombabus;" not to mention so many other pieces in the same vein, regarding which pieces Wieland was quite pleased with himself, because he had been able to say in plain German so many things which, as people had believed, could be fitly expressed only in French—these are matters in which none save a most degraded mind could have found pleasure, and such as could not have found readers except in a very dissolute state of society. Yea, and even in his better subjects, say rather in the only good subject (excepting the "Abderites") on which he ever wrote—I mean in his poem of "Oberon"—how deficient is the style—how arbitrary, artificial, and fantastical, and, at the same time, how flat and dull!'

Such is the severe censure passed upon a poetical writer who was once numbered among the great men of his age. And if such a judgment is pronounced on Wieland by a very fair critic, we may venture to say that many other names in the literature of this period are now remembered merely on account of the celebrity which they once enjoyed, and not on account of their intrinsic merits. With this remark we may pass over a crowd of names which, in German works of literary history, are found around the more significant names of Goethe and Schiller. In comparison with these writers, all the other versifiers of their period must be regarded as, at best, poetical writers of mediocrity.

We can only mention, in the most cursory style, the names of a few poets among the contemporaries and followers of Goethe and Schiller. Voss deserves to be remembered rather as an able translator of Homer and

Virgil than as a poet. Schubart will be remembered for his singular history rather than on account of his poems. This writer was a very unfortunate and ill-regulated man. After he had published some frivolous satires, he was seized in the most despotic manner by the Duke of Würtemberg, and imprisoned for ten years in the fortress of Asperg. His poems are curious instances of that taste for the horrible, which had its day in Germany, and is still found among the lowest classes of society. His ballads, decorated with such lines as, 'See you the blood-stain on the wall?' or, 'Ha! here's one bone, and here's another!' were once read with thrilling interest. Matthison and Gaudenz were both descriptive poets and writers of pleasing sentimental verses. Holderlin and Schulze resembled each other in the melody of their language: the latter affords a remarkable instance of misdirected talent. After losing, by early death, the young lady whom he loved, he devoted his genius to celebrate her name, 'Cecilia,' in a poem of twenty cantos! Platen was one of the most polished and correct of poetical writers; but his poems want life and interest. A similar opinion may be expressed with regard to Rückert, who has written a great number of poems. He is a fine master of versification, and has put many good sentiments in sweet metres; but is deficient in dramatic power and narrative interest. Chamisso was by birth a Frenchman, but gained a place in German literature by his tale of 'Peter Schlemihl' and several poems, which shew a partiality for gloomy topics. Uhland holds a very high place among the modern poets, chiefly on account of his popular and national ballads. Schwab in some respects resembles Uhland as a writer of ballads. The name of Theodor Körner is well known. After writing several poems and dramatic pieces of considerable promise, he joined a troop of volunteers to defend his country, and fell in a skirmish with an ambuscade. His character, and the circumstances of his death, have doubtless contributed some part of the interest attending his poems. Since the days of Schiller, poetical writers have been numerous; but we are not able to trace any sure progress in poetry. Individuality, power, and originality are wanting in a great number of productions. For every one original poet we have a crowd of imitators. This indeed is the case everywhere; but, as it appears to us, the names of such imitators are soon forgotten in England, while in Germany they are preserved too carefully in literary memoirs. It would surely improve several German works of literary history, if many insignificant names were thrown aside and forgotten. An author, of whom we can mention no one clear and strong characteristic or original trait, can hardly be worthy of remembrance. We pass over, therefore, many followers or imitators of Lessing, Wieland, and Goethe, and many others who have written poems which we cannot clearly characterise. It must be confessed that the reading public of Germany have been far too indulgent toward indifferent and imitative versifiers. Next to Goethe and Schiller, who are, in a sense of which an English reader hardly comprehends the force, the *great* poets of Germany, we would class, not the writers of long and ambitious poems, but the authors of songs and ballads which are among the most genuine and pleasing productions of German literature. Excepting the works of her two leading poets, of which we may speak in another Paper, Germany has produced little that can be called great in poetry. It is hardly necessary

to state that there never was a German Shakspeare; and for names having equal significance with such as Milton, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Burns, Crabbe, Wordsworth, or Byron, we may look in vain through the roll of German poets. Pleasing and popular songs and romantic ballads are the best features of the poetical literature of our neighbours. In didactic purport, in mastery of real life, in vigorous narrative, stern satire, or, briefly, in strength and variety of character, it is immeasurably inferior to our English poetry.

We may now look at poetry in another way, by dividing it into several classes; and, in accordance with our belief concerning its origin, we must give the first place to lyrical productions, sacred and secular. In hymns, full of devotional feeling and powerful expression, Germany is rich; but, as we have said, these lyrics will not bear translation; for to represent them truly, meaning, metre, rhyme, and melody must be kept united: to alter their form is to destroy their character. Luther was the leader of German hymnology, and was worthily followed by such hymn-writers as Flemming and Gerhard. By other composers of sacred lyrics, a mystical and sentimental style was introduced, which was carried to its highest degree in the hymns of the 'Brüdergemeinde,' or United Brethren.

In secular songs—not merely so-called lyrics, but songs that may be *sung*—Germany has been rich ever since the times of the Minnesingers. Here we have songs celebrating the changes of nature, especially the revival of the year—full of fresh interest, such as nature alone can inspire. The first notes of the nightingale, the opening of the rose, the unfolding of the glossy green foliage in the woods; these were the darling topics of the old minstrels, and are still the themes of poetry. Here is monotony; but it is one of which the healthy mind never tires. We might endeavour to translate a specimen of these songs; for instance, an old lyric by Walter von der Vogelweide—

> 'Fresh flowers are springing through the grass,
> And laughing at the sun;'

or a song by Philip Harsdörffer—

> 'The frosty old winter has hurried away,
> The hillocks of snow
> Have melted beneath the warm breathing of May,
> And the sweet flowers blow;'

or that by Philip von Zesen—

> 'Awake, happy thoughts! be forgotten all sorrow!
> For winter is passing away!'

But it would not be easy to preserve both the spirit and the form of such songs; and we like them too well to hurt them. The same observation may be applied to a great number of popular lyrics, such as may be found in that true German volume, to which we have no counterpart in English, 'Fincke's Household Treasury of Popular Songs;' including 'Student Songs,' 'Workmen's Songs,' 'Soldiers' Songs,' 'Lyrics for Children,' and a host of others which we cannot specify. Of one of the Bacchanalian songs, the famous 'Rhine-Wine Lied,' we give two or three verses; but this, we think, could not be fairly translated entirely:—

RHINE-WINE SONG.

Deck with green leaves the bright, o'erflowing goblet,
And drain the cup of bliss!
In all the lands of Europe, jovial comrades,
You'll find no wine like this!

The Rhine! the Rhine! 'tis there our grapes are growing;
Upon its banks the vine
Spreads out her purple clusters, richly glowing;
Be blessings on the Rhine!

Drink and sing gladly while the cup is shining,
'Be blessing on the Rhine!'
And if you know where some sick man is pining,
Go; give to him this wine!

t to songs, we may rank odes, elegies, and sonnets; but these we rd as generally cold and artificial. The sonnets written by Goethe and en are among the best of their kind, and Goethe's elegies, 'Alexis and ı' and 'Euphrosyne,' are full of poetic beauty. But passing thus ly over this section, we find a more fruitful field in Narrative Poetry. includes a wide range of topics and modes of treatment—fables, ads, ballads, romances, and epics. Of German epic poems we will say ; for, as we have already confessed, the notion of a long, long poem ring, with verses all in one metre, some five or six hundred octavo s, appears to us unreasonable, even after the great works of Homer, il, and Milton; and the German epics by Klopstock, Bodmer, Zacharia, land, Sonnenberg, and Krug von Nidda, have only confirmed our opi- . These are certainly 'great works,' when measured as we measure ı; but in truth, nature, and genial inspiration, they may be inferior to y short poems in our next section—Romances and Ballads. These one of the most interesting departments of German poetry. Between romance and the ballad we can find hardly any distinction except in shorter form of the romance. Both give poetical narratives, inter- ed with sentiment; and have for their topics either events of history, gendary lore (sometimes supernatural), or private anecdotes, or even of common life. Herder may be regarded as the introducer of a style in this department by his 'Popular Ballads of many Nations.' er, having gained an acquaintance with the true, popular tone of ish and Scottish ballads, imitated it very successfully in several metri- ales. The success of Bürger was chiefly due to his spirited and fluent fication, which sometimes reminds us of the melody of Burns; a far er poet in other respects. In the topics of his poems, and their mode atment, Bürger is often low, coarse, and trivial. Goethe and Schiller ballads which may be described in another Paper: at present, we nly notice that the latter gave to the heroic or historical ballad its st character, as we see in his 'Fight with the Dragon,' and other ar pieces. To notice here all the names of writers who have contri- l to modern poetical literature in the form of ballads and romances l be impossible; for in this fertile department writers are very nume- and many good productions are from names of little celebrity. The

name of Bürger reminds us of that long series of goblin legends to which so many ballads have been devoted. Bürger's story of 'Leonora,' who is carried away by her spectre-lover to the charnel-house, is recommended by a vivid style of narrative and force of versification, and may represent a large class of such legends which have been received with favour in Germany. At the close of some such legend of the 'Erl-King,' or the 'Goblin of the Harz Mountains,' an English reader is disposed to ask: 'But what does it all mean?' or, 'What is the purport?' while the contented German simply enjoys the supernatural imagery without troubling himself about its human interest. There is here a very strong distinction between the tastes of the two nations. We may even say that some favourite pieces of this kind would be condemned by an English taste as weak and meaningless.

We may now give translations of a few poems culled from a large collection; but it should be premised, that our choice does not always imply that the poem has the highest degree of merit: general interest, facility of translation, and other circumstances, partly direct our selection. Many very popular ballads are founded on old legends familiar as household words in German memories, but which would fail to exercise their peculiar charm on English readers. Others are purely imaginary. To these we prefer tales having some human interest, such as we find in the following noble ballad of 'Hans Euler.' The writer, J. G. Seidl, is a native of Vienna, where he lived, some two or three years ago, as keeper of the Cabinet of Coins and Antiquities:—

HANS EULER.

'Ha! listen, Martha! heard you not that knocking at the door?
Open, and call the pilgrim in, that he may share our store;
Ha! 'tis a soldier. Welcome, sir! partake our homely fare;
Our wine and bread are good; thank God! we have enough to spare!'

'I want no food; I want no wine!' the stranger sternly said;
'Hans Euler, I have come to pay my duty to the dead:
I had a well-loved brother once, a brother whom you slew;
The threat I uttered when he fell, I come to prove it true!'

Said Euler then, 'Your brother fell in fair and open fight,
And, when I struck, my arm was raised to guard my country's right;
But if you must revenge his death—this is no place for strife—
Walk out with me. Farewell awhile, my true and loving wife!'

So saying, Euler took his sword, and o'er the hilly road,
Which ended on a rocky mount, he onward boldly strode.
Without a word, the stranger followed Euler on the way;
And now the night was vanishing before the break of day.

And as they walked on silently, the sun was rising higher,
Till all the mountain-ridges green were touched with golden fire;
Soon as they reached the chosen place, the night-mist o'er them curled,
And there, spread out below them, lay the glorious Alpine world;

With hamlets in the valleys, flocks and herds upon the hills,
Green hollows, rocky chasms deep, bright waterfalls and rills;
And, deeply felt, although unseen, the true pervading soul,
The spirit of old Switzerland was breathing from the whole.

The stranger stood and sternly gazed—his sword was in his hand—
While Euler pointed down upon his well-loved Fatherland:
'It is for *that* I've fought,' said he; 'for that dear land I've bled,
And, when he would have hurt that land, I smote thy brother dead.

'And now that death must be revenged, and this must be the place.'
But here the stranger dropt his sword, and looked in Euler's face:
Said he, 'I do forgive thee—it was done for *Fatherland*—
And now, if thou canst pardon me, brave Euler, here's my hand!'

This, though it may be injured in our translation, seems to us a very favourable specimen of the romantic ballad, and far preferable to others telling of strange sprites rising from waters, or dwelling in the forests, or of the 'nymph of the glacier falling in love with the Alpine shepherd-boy.' There is a national taste, founded on local traditions and associations, which give a charm to many legends. Some of the legends of Germany are suited to this local or national taste; while others, like the short ballad which follows, have a true universal interest.

The tale of 'Count Eberhard' of Würtemberg, who boasted that he could safely fall asleep in his own forests in a time when other nobles lived in enmity with their dependents, has been versified, if we remember well, by several hands. The following graphic version is by Zimmermann:—

COUNT EBERHARD.

Four counts together sat to dine,
And when the feast was done,
Each, pushing round the rosy wine,
To praise his land begun.

The Margrave talked of healthful springs,
Another praised his vines;
Bohemia spoke of precious things
In many darksome mines.

Count Eberhard sat silent there—
'Now, Würtemberg, begin!
There must be something good and fair,
Your pleasant country in!'

'In healthful springs and purple wine,'
Count Eberhard replied;
'In costly gems and gold to shine,
I cannot match your pride.

'But you shall hear a simple tale:—
One night I lost my way
Within a wood, along a vale,
And down to sleep I lay.

'And there I dreamed that I was dead,
And funeral lamps were shining
With solemn lustre round my head,
Within a vault reclining.

'And men and women stood beside
My cold, sepulchral bed;
And, shedding many tears, they cried,
"Count Eberhard is dead!"

'A tear upon my face fell down,
And, waking with a start,
I found my head was resting on
A Würtembergian heart!

'A woodman, 'mid the forest-shade,
Had found me in my rest,
Had lifted up my head, and laid
It softly on his breast!'

The princes sat, and wondering heard,
Then said, as closed the story,
'Long live the good Count Eberhard—
His people's love his glory!'

If we have omitted to notice at length the ballads of Uhland, it is not because we are insensible to their merits. Several of them have been fairly translated into English; and as the faithful version of such poems is certainly no easy task, we will not attempt to mend what has been well done. It will be better to introduce a few pieces by writers less celebrated than Uhland. A few years ago we heard loud praise and severe censure bestowed on a young poet, Ferdinand Freiligrath, who since then has lived in London as correspondent of a foreign mercantile house. On the same day we read in an English review the praise of Freiligrath, as one of the greatest modern poets; and in a German review a bitter article, deriding the sudden reputation of the new poet, and representing him as little more than a writer of pompous and affected phraseology. Guessing that the truth might lie somewhere between these extremes, we read the poems in question, and were pleased to find that, among many poems merely descriptive of foreign scenery, and marked by a tone of exaggeration, there were others, such as the lines on 'German Emigrants,' the 'Pictured Bible,' and the poem quoted below, which evinced true poetical genius. As a favourable specimen of Freiligrath's style, we quote the

DEATH OF THE EMIGRANT LEADER.

'In the fog the sails are dripping,
Mist lies thickly o'er the bay.
On the masts suspend the lanterns—
Sea and sky are leaden-gray.
Deadly weather! sickness breathing—
Come to prayers with covered head,
Women, come and bring your children—
In the cabin see the dead.'

And the German peasant-people,
With the Boston seaman, go
Down the ladder, bow their heads
In the cabin small and low:
There the pilgrims, new homes seeking,
Sailing o'er the western sea,
Find, in burial-garments lying,
The leader of their company.

He had built of German firs
The raft which all their chattels bore
Along the Neckar to the Rhine,
And down the Rhine to the seashore.
The old man, with a heavy heart,
Torn loose from his paternal ground,
Had said to them, 'We must depart—
Another country must be found:

'In the west our day is breaking—
Westward lies our morning-red—
Let us raise our log-huts yonder
Where freedom lives within a shed.
Let us sow our sweat-drops yonder
Where they will not idly sleep—
Yonder let us turn the clods
Where he who ploughs may dare to reap!

'To the old, unbroken forest,
Let us all our households bear,
Plant them 'mid the wide savannas—
I will be your patriarch there.
From our land, like those old shepherds,
Famed in Bible-story, going,
Let our guiding, fiery pillar,
Be the light for ever glowing.

'In that constant light confiding,
I will lead you to your rest:
Happy, for my children seeing
New homes rising in the West.
Children, 'tis for you I travel—
(Home would give these limbs a grave)
'Tis for you I bind my girdle,
And nerve my heart to cross the wave.

'Up! away! your Goshen leaving,
Like the men of olden day.'
Ah, he only saw, like Moses,
Canaan's pastures far away!
On the sea the old man died—
He and all his wishes rest:
Nor success nor disappointment
More shall move his quiet breast!

Now the men without a leader
Come to give him to the deep:
Children hide themselves in terror,
While their mothers come to weep.
And the men, with earnest faces,
Gaze upon the foreign shore,
Where the patriarch, old and saintly,
Guides their pilgrimage no more.

'In the fog the sails are dripping,
Sleeps the bay in misty gloom.
Breathe a prayer—the ropes are slipping—
Give him to his watery tomb.'
Tears are flowing, waves are plashing,
Sea-birds scream above the dead.
For fifty years he ploughed the ground;
But 'neath the billows rests his head!

As a specimen of Freiligrath's more melodious versification, we give the 'pictured Bible,' a remembrance of childhood. The last verse appears to to be full of genuine pathos:—

THE PICTURED BIBLE.

Friend of my early days,
Thou old, brown, folio tome,
Oft opened with amaze
Within my childhood's home;
Thy many-pictured pages,
Beheld with glad surprise,
Would lure me from my playmates
To Oriental skies.

Of foreign zones the portals
Thy magic keys unfolding—
In thee, as in a mirror,
The eastern lands beholding,
I saw before me spreading
A world of new delight—
Palms, deserts, camels, shepherds,
And tents of snowy white.

I found in thee, for friends,
The wise and valiant men
Of Israel, whose heroic deeds
Are writ with holy pen;
And dark-brown Jewish maidens
With festive dance and song,
Or fairly dressed for bridal,
Thy pictured leaves among.

The old life patriarchal
Did beautifully shine
With angels hovering over
The good old men divine.
Their long, long pilgrimages
I traced through all the way,
While on the stool before me
Thy pages open lay.

I feel as if thy covers
Were opened for me now,
Again to see thy wonders,
I bend my eager brow;
Again behold thy pictures,
With rapt and earnest gaze,
In fresh and shining colours,
As in my early days.

The borders of grotesque,
With figures strange and wild,
I see their subtle tracery,
Admiring, as a child.
The flowers and branches cunningly
Round every picture twined,
In every curious leaf and bloom
Some meaning for the mind!

And my mother, as she taught me,
When questioning, I came,
Tells every picture's story,
Gives every place its name,
Fills with old songs and sayings
My memory all the while—
My father sits beside us
And listens with a smile.

Oh childhood! lost for ever!
Gone like a vision by—
The pictured Bible's splendour,
The young, believing eye;
The father and the mother,
The still, contented mind,
The love and joy of childhood—
All, all are left behind!

The following simple but pathetic little romance, by a poet named Reichenau, has an interest like that of the 'Emigrant-Leader.' The style of the original is so melodious that it might well be set to music as a glee for four voices:—

THE BANISHED LITHUANIANS.

Son. Why, oh my father, must you break
From the green ash this sturdy stake?
Father. 'Tis to prop my worn limbs on our long, long way—
We must leave our dear land at the break of day!

Daughter. And, mother, why must you put away
My cap and frock and boddice gay?
Mother. My daughter, here we no more must stay—
We must leave our dear home in the morning gray!

S. In yon new land are the meadows green?
Are the trout in the clear, swift rivers seen?
F. My boy, you must rove in the fields no more,
Nor throw out your line from the pebbled shore.

D. In yon new land are the flax-fields blue?
Will the roses shine in the morning dew?
M. Such joys, oh my daughter, no more must be ours;
We must say farewell to the fields and flowers!

S. Then, father, how long sadly must we roam?
Ah, when shall we once more come to our home?
D. And, mother, when may we return and see
Our flax-field and garden, so dear to me?

All. When backward the river Niemen flows—
When on the salt sea blooms the rose—
When fruit on the barren rocks we find—
Or, when our rulers are just and kind!

The above simple verses confirm the opinion given by a German critic, t the only way in which the poet can serve the people is by seizing on poetical features of real life. Young poets recently have written ectly on social and political topics, but have generally fallen into mere lamation, and degraded the character of poetry, which, when true, is ays sure to be useful, though indirectly. Burns's familiar tale of the wa Dogs' has perhaps done more to awaken kindly feelings toward the ır than any essay or sermon written formally for that purpose.
The above have been given as specimens of the ballad having connection h the interests of real life. We must pass over very briefly a number romances founded on supernatural legends. Some of the ballads of dwig Uhland, one of the best modern poets, have this character. The ter-nymph, the erl-king, the wood-nymph, Lorelei, and many other atures of German fiction, play their parts in these romances. But, a superior specimen of the imaginative ballad, we may select one by seph Matzerath, a poet of whom we only know that a short time ago he s living at Cologne. These verses, though vague, present to us a fine al; and the scenery, though slightly touched, is grand:—

THE KING OF THE SEVEN HILLS.

In ancient times, beside the Rhine, a king sat on his throne,
And all his people called him 'good'—no other name is known.

Seven hills and seven old castles marked the land beneath his sway.
His children all were beautiful and cheerful as the day.

Oft, clad in simple garments, he travelled through the land,
And to the poorest subject there he gave a friendly hand.

Now when this good old king believed his latest hour was nigh,
He bade his servants bear him to a neighbouring mountain high:

Below he saw the pleasant fields in cloudless sunlight shine,
While through the valleys, brightly green, flowed peacefully the Rhine;

And pastures, gaily decked with flowers, extended far away;
While round them stood the mighty hills in darkly-blue array;

And on the hills along the Rhine seven noble castles frown,
Stern guardians! on their charge below for ever looking down.

Long gazed the king upon that land; his eyes with tears o'erflow—
He cries, 'My own loved country! I must bless thee ere I go!—

'Oh fairest of all rivers! my own beloved Rhine!
How beauteous are the pastures all that on thy margin shine.

'To leave thee, oh my land! wakes my bosom's latest sigh,
Let me spend my breath in blessing thee, and so, contented, die.

'My good and loving people all! my land! farewell for ever!
May sorrow and oppression come within your borders never!

'May people, land, and river all, in sure protection lie
For ever 'neath the guardianship of the Almighty's eye.'

Soon as the blessing was pronounced, the good old king was dead,
And the halo of the setting sun shone all around his head.

That king was always called 'the good'—no other name is known;
But his blessing still is resting on the land he called his own.

Other ballads are rather sentimental than narrative, and give us traits of individual character and feeling. As a brief specimen of this class, the following verses by Robert Reinick, who is a painter as well as a poet, may be given:—

THE RETURN.

When one returns, with hopeful tread,
From travel to his place of birth,
And finds his dearest maiden dead—
That is the greatest wo on earth!

One bright and early Sabbath-day,
I came into my native place;
Long had I carried, far away,
The memory of one lovely face.

I stepped into the church to see
The spot where first that face I saw;
The organ's solemn harmony
Pour'd thrilling tones of love and awe.

'And here,' I whispered, 'kneels in prayer
That maiden, and for me she prays;'
I moved with silent footstep there,
And hardly dared around to gaze.

Then suddenly (I did not know
Why seem'd the church so sad and dim)
The choir began, with voices low,
To sing an old funereal hymn.

Amid the mourners on I press'd,
And to the burial-chancel came:
There stood the bier, with roses dress'd,
And on the coffin was *her name!*

In the following short poem by Franz Gaudy, who died in 1840, the vein of sentiment is truly German:—

MUSIC FOR THE DYING.

In the darkly-curtained chamber,
The lamp's flame glimmers low,
And throws a trembling lustre
On the old man's pallid brow.

His children stand together
In silence round his bed,
And strive to dry their tears,
But more will still be shed.

They press each other's hand,
Their anguish to conceal;
No human words can tell
How sorrowful they feel!

But hark! some blithe companions
Come, singing, down the street:
The tones come nearer, nearer,
In concord full and sweet.

The old man lifts his eyelids;
His soul is deeply stirr'd—
He listens to the music,
And catches every word.

'My son's songs they are singing!'
Says he, as life's strings sever;
Then down he lays his head,
And shuts his eyes for ever.

We should be pleased to find among these ballads a greater number descriptive of national life and manners; but in this style of writing many German poets are remarkably deficient. Platen, for instance, who was one

the greatest masters of poetical diction, devoted nearly all his poems to reign topics. His best productions are his odes and sonnets, which are ry chaste and beautiful in style. From his miscellaneous verses we may ll the following ballad on an incident in Oriental history:—

HARMOSAN.

The throne of the Sassanides was shatter'd on the ground,
The Moslem hand thy hoard of wealth, O Ctesiphon, had found,
When Omar to the Oxus came, through many a bloody day,
And Jesdegerd, the Persian king, among the corpses lay.

And as the Arabian caliph to count the spoil began,
Before him came a satrap, bound—his name was Harmosan:
The last was he to quit the field, where many fell in vain,
Or yield his sword; but now his hands were fastened with a chain.

Then Omar darkly frowned on him, and thus the victor said:—
'Know you how crimson is the hand that faithful blood hath shed?'
'My doom awaits your pleasure now—the power is on your side—
A victor's word is always right!'—so Harmason replied.

'I have but one request to make, whatever fate be mine—
For these three days I have not drunk—bring me a cup of wine!'
Then Omar nodded, and his slaves brought presently the cup,
But, fearing fraud, suspiciously the captive held it up.

'Why drink you not? the Mussulman will ne'er deceive a guest:
You shall not die till you have drunk that wine—'Tis of the best.'
The Persian seized the cup at once, and cast a smile around,
Then dash'd the goblet down—the wine ran streaming o'er the ground.

As Omar's chieftains saw the trick, they drew with savage frown,
Out from their sheaths the scimitars to cut the Persian down;
But Omar cried—'So let him live! Faithful, put up the sword!
If aught on earth is holy still, it is a hero's word!'

Many of the short poems classed among romances and ballads are only markable for the melody and force of language with which they relate me tale or anecdote. Such is the character of the following lines by itner, telling the well-known story of our King Canute:—

KING CANUTE.

On the strand at Southampton King Canute sat down,
Clad in purple array, and with sceptre and crown—
And the waves are loudly roaring.

At the nod of his brow his vassals all bow,
And he looks, in his pride, o'er the foaming tide,
Where the waves were loudly roaring.

Said he, 'On my throne, I am ruler alone
Over all the dry ground, far, far all around'—
(And the waves are loudly roaring.)

'And now, swelling sea! I will rule over thee;
I will master thy waves—they shall serve me as slaves,
Though blustering now so loudly!'

But a wave, with a roar, threw itself on the shore,
And cast its salt spray o'er the monarch's array,
And curled round his footstool proudly.

Then Canute laid down his sceptre and crown;
For the voice of the tide had astounded his pride,
While the billows were round him roaring;

And he said, 'What is man! Let all worship be paid
To HIM who the sea and the dry land made,
And who ruleth the billows roaring!'

It might be supposed that a people so famous for their metaphysical speculations would make even poetry itself a vehicle for abstract thought; but this is not the case with the Germans. They have no contemplative poet, like our lately-deceased Wordsworth; nor have they received with any marked favour didactic poetry, like that of Young and Cowper. With some few exceptions, their didactic verse may be described as very poor. Among the exceptions we may mention the poems of Leopold Schefer, who may be styled the poet of German philosophy, as his verses give, in bold and often very eloquent language, the results of Schelling and Hegel's systems. Interspersed among such verses we find many ethical lessons, which are made poetical by the imagery used to illustrate them. The following pieces may serve as specimens of his style:—

A LESSON FROM A FOUNTAIN.

'What one can never do for me again,
That I'll not do for him. To none I owe
What he ne'er did for me, and ne'er can do.'
And thus will you live justly, well and nobly?
Then first of all, grant not your child a grave;
For sure your child can never bury you!
Follow no friend to his last resting-place;
For he can never rise to follow you!
Give no poor wanderer a crust of bread,
Lest he should never meet you and return it!
Clothe not the poor till he can so clothe you!
And bind not up your house-dog's broken limb:
He'll ne'er return that self-same benefit;
The hound can only bark and keep your door.
The beggar only says, 'May God reward you!'
But I say—*Whatsoever thing you do,*
None other can do that for you again.
Either that same thing you may never need,
Or if you need it, it may not be found.
Humanity will always be around you;
Hear, then, my counsel—hear the word divine:
To every man give that which most he needs,
Do that which he can never do for you!
Thus live you like the spring that gives you water,
And like the grape that sheds for you its blood,
And like the rose that perfume sheds for you,
And like the bread that satisfies your need.

* * * *

THANKSGIVING FOR SORROWS.

To care for others, that they may not suffer
What we have suffered, is divine well-doing—
The noblest vote of thanks for all our sorrows!
And daily thus the good man giveth thanks
To God, and also to humanity,
Which hourly is in need of aid and guidance.
And who has not known misery? Dear soul!
Who would not thank God for his sorrows all,
When in their working they become so sweet!
Good for ourselves and for humanity!
'Tis thus the roots of the aloe-tree are bitter,
But cast upon the glowing coals, how sweet,
How lasting and diffusive is their fragrance!
Yea, I have seen a lame and halting child
Prop up most tenderly a broken plant;
And a poor mother, whose own child was burnt,
Snatch from the flame the children of another.
So, generous man, return thou constant thanks
For all thy griefs to God and to mankind,
And ending grief will make unending joy!
Or, if it end not, it will be pure blessing
While in the trying furnace, thou dost good.
And if from wo released, and happy, spread,
Thy happiness all round thee. So doth God.
Suffering or happy, man, be always thankful!

nt poetical productions it would not be easy to speak with perfect
As some interval of space is required, that we may see and judge
proportions of the town in which we dwell, so an interval of time
essary to form a fair judgment of the works of our contemporaries.
tance of this—how much better can we now estimate Wordsworth
he time when he was regarded, even by the acute and excellent
effrey, as a writer of mere puerile verses! The most remarkable
recent German poetry is, perhaps, its tendency to meddle with
nd social questions. We allude to the poems of Hoffmann von
en and the war-lyrics of Herwegh. Hoffmann is a satirist of
ole humour, but has not improved his poetry by devoting it to
the 'king of Prussia,' the 'Zollverein,' 'the constitution,' and
unity,' not forgetting that equally dreamy affair, the 'German
ese may be good things to fill newspapers, but are very dry and
pics for poetry. Herwegh is a very terrible poet. For every
s one remedy—the sword; and he seems to have forgotten that
um has been tried frequently, but generally with such bad effect
e wise men ask for another mode of treatment. 'It is now the
nate!' cries Herwegh—meaning, we suppose, for party rancour,
t time had not lasted long enough. In another lyric he

'Tear the crosses from the earth,
And turn them into swords!'

very cool critic observes, that 'it would be a mere waste of time,
osses are very rare in Germany, while iron in other shapes is

plentiful enough.' Another recent poet, Geibel, one who is not smitten with the war-mania, addresses to Herwegh a poetical remonstrance, from which we translate one verse :—

TO GEORGE HERWEGH.

Like Peter, then, 'put up thy sword,'
And close at once your martial rhymes;
Or look at Paris now and learn,
Freedom is not the child of crimes!
With earnest minds and patient labour
The world's *true* battle must be fought;
Better than musket, pike, and sabre,
The spirit's power—the power of thought!

The name of Geibel affords an instance of the uncertainty of a great part of contemporary criticism. We have read several of Geibel's poems, and have found in them no signs of great creative genius, but melody of language and poetical taste; yet an able German critic gives the following contemptuous estimate of this young poet, who happens to enjoy a small pension from the king of Prussia :—'The task of appreciating Herr Geibel's value as a poet is very easy, as he is annually credited by the state to the extent of 300 dollars. This, at the rate of three and a half per cent., makes the nominal capital value of Herr G. not less than 8571 dollars, 12 groschen, and 10⅔ pfennige—a very high estimate of a young poet in these times!' Surely Jeremy Bentham himself could not have desired a more utilitarian style of poetical criticism than this! We append a translation of one of Emanuel Geibel's poems :—

SPRING'S REVELATION.

Come to the forests, sceptics, leave your poring,
List to its thousand voices, all combining;
See its live columns, twined with roses, soaring,
See its bright roof green boughs with boughs entwining.

Like incense, perfumes from all flowers abounding,
Like golden tapers see the sunbeams quiver;
And 'jubilatē' to the heavens are sounding
Voices from birds, green boughs, and flowing river.

And heaven itself, in love, is lowly bowing
To fold the earth, its bride, in dalliance new;
All creatures thrill, with love's fire inly glowing,
Your hearts, however cold, must tremble too!

Now say you 'Nay, 'tis all a hollow show,
A mere machine, and nothing more we trace;'
Now say ''Tis nought' to all love's overflow,
And from your lips dash off the cup of grace!

In vain—you cannot—if you did the wrong,
Creation's voice would hush your wretched *nay;*
Unheard amid the thousand-voiced song
Of all glad creatures loudly uttering—yea!

The preceding remarks on Herwegh, and other recent writers of political ses, by no means imply that poetry must be confined to imagination, l must have no relation to the interests of real life. We would rather ge that a poetry of true living interest is wanting in our day; but it ist treat the questions of practical life in a truly poetical, and not a re declamatory style. With this condition we would welcome the vliest verses of true human interest rather than more ambitious poems a purely imaginative cast. No poetry can long delight which is altoher alien to our real life. The poet may transcend our real life, he may lt it by imagination, but he must not leave it behind him. And in day, when the life-breath of an elevating, philanthropic poetry ought be infused throughout our social institutions, pervading the dwellings he poor, and sanctifying the low by bringing it into communion with lofty; when men are waiting to know themselves that they may fulfil ir mission upon earth; when they feel

> 'How small of all the ills which hearts endure,
> That part which kings or laws can cause or cure;'

en we peculiarly need a sincere union between our literature and our ; when we want books that we may take to ourselves as bosom-friends ooks that we may not only read, but believe and love; at such a time, poet who would treat us with another epic about Prince Arthur, or similar composition, would be very much like the comforters of , who attempted to cure his sorrows by studied orations, very sublime, very unseasonable.

t is a common opinion among literary men in Germany, that the pret age is marked with a decline of poetry; and some speak even of its inction. Gervinus, a well-known critic, advises all his poetical young nds to shun verses, and devote themselves to practical life. We do see clearly why poetry and real life should be separated. It is true t the age for long poems, for reading verses by the thousand, seems have passed away, and the present day, vexed with its political and ial questions, is certainly not favourable to that studious and exclusive votion to poetry which we have seen in other times; but let us reform world as we will, external changes or amended realities will never ke us independent of imaginative pleasures. After all that is done for abroad, we shall be poor and barren unless we can say with the writer the fine old song—

> 'My mind to me a kingdom is!'

t it would be idle to discuss such a question as the extinction of poetry: will take place in that time, perhaps, when, as Jean Paul prophesies, men (and of course all women) will be authors, and newspapers will be ited at the North Pole. In short, so far as poetry is an essential part our mental nature, it will endure. Many artificial kinds will vanish, g epics made to measure, and other heavy pieces of verse, containing me nine parts of dry mechanism for every one of inspiration, will probly pass away and be forgotten; but the true song, the romantic ballad, e vividly-told story in verse, will continue to charm the future gene-

rations; sorrows and joys, hopes and memories, will demand poetic utterance; nature will claim her tribute of praise; and poets will doubtless hail the flowers of spring when the grandchildren of the present age will have passed away. So says Count Auersperg, a modern Austrian poet, whose verses on this topic form here a suitable conclusion:—

THE LAST POET.

'When will be poets weary,
And throw their harps away?
When will be sung and ended
The oft-repeated lay?'

* * *

As long as the sun's chariot
Rolls in the heavenly blue,
As long as human faces
Are gladdened with the view;

Long as the sky's loud thunder
Is echoed from the hill,
And, touched with dread and wonder,
A human heart can thrill;

And while, through melting tempest,
The rainbow spans the air,
And gladdened human bosoms
Can hail the token fair;

And long as night the ether
With stars and planets sows,
And man can read the meaning
That in golden letters glows;

As long as shines the moon
Upon our nightly rest,
And the forest waves its branches
Above the weary breast;

As long as blooms the spring
And while the roses blow,
While smiles can dimple cheeks,
And eyes with joy o'erflow;

And while the cypress dark,
O'er the grave its head can shake,
And while an eye can weep,
And while a heart can break;

So long on earth shall live
True poesy divine,
And make our earthly life
In heavenly colours shine.

And singing, all alone,
The last of living men,
Upon earth's garden green,
Shall be a poet then.

God holds his fair creation
In his hand, a blooming rose,
He smiles on it with pleasure,
And in his smile it glows:

But when the giant-flower
For ever dies away,
And earth and sun, its blossoms,
Like blooms of spring decay;

Then ask the poet—then—
If you live to see the day—
'When will be sung and ended
The oft-repeated lay?'

THE DESERTS OF AFRICA.

I.

ıy of the Deserts—Physical Structure and Leading Features—Vegetable and Animal Productions—Conjectures as to the Origin of the Deserts.

northern coast of Africa has long been known to the civilised ›rld, and once formed no unimportant part of its political and ystem. But though Egypt took the lead in science, and Carthage ıercial enterprise, yet the progress of civilisation does not appear extended at any time beyond the tracts of land immediately bor- ›n the Nile and the Mediterranean. A few days' journey into the placed the traveller on apparently endless plains of shifting sand; lary which arrested the victorious career of Cambyses and Alex- ınd which has, in all subsequent ages, baffled every attempt at tion and improvement. Till within the last few years, the immense vhich extends from the fertile shores of the Mediterranean to the called Soudan, or Nigritia, has been left a blank or dotted space maps, marked in large letters 'Sahara, or the Great Desert;' as nature, departing from her usual diversity of operations, had here the rule of monotony and uniformity, and had spread in every n a sheet of burning sand. The imagination of poets has availed the silence of geographers, and represented this as a region without of grass, and traversed by no living thing, except wild beasts of ıd here and there a tribe of savages, ignorant of the primary f individual life which attach man to the soil, as well as of the first s of social existence which unite him to his fellow-men.

ıllers from England have from time to time ventured into the ›us abyss; and the few who have returned to tell what they saw, ›nished some interesting particulars concerning the route they pur- ıd the people they encountered. Their aim, however, was rather hrough the Desert than to become acquainted with it, the great f curiosity being the Negro country which lies beyond. But since nch assumed the sovereignty of Algeria in 1830, they have felt, preceding conquerors of this territory, the impossibility of colo- ınd civilising it, without exercising a corresponding influence on ›ining desert; and thus the Sahara itself has become an object

of deep attention. They have laboured assiduously to understand its resources, the social condition of its tribes, and the relation which subsists between them and the inhabitants of the surrounding countries. It must be added, that they have made attempts as futile as unwarrantable, to compel the Saharians to receive law and civilisation at their hands. Their utmost success in this respect has been, to obtain a scanty tribute from some of the Oases; to plunder and devastate others whose inhabitants fled before them; and to drive the streams of commerce from their own province to the neighbouring states of Morocco and Tripoli. Meanwhile, a vast body of information has been collected, chiefly with reference to the northern and western parts of Sahara; while our own countryman, Mr Richardson, who penetrated the Desert farther towards the east in the year 1846, has made us acquainted with a portion which the French could know only by hearsay. Recent discoveries in Central Africa have thrown new interest around the deserts which form its northern boundary; and the more so, as it is the present opinion that the most eligible route to Nigritia is across the wastes of Sahara from the Mediterranean shores, rather than through the pestilential forests and savage populations which are found between the Senegal and the Niger.

The desert region which we propose now to describe is bounded on the north by the states of Barbary, on the west by the Atlantic Ocean, on the south by Soudan, or Nigritia, and the river Senegal, and on the east by Egypt and Nubia. Adopting the ancient classical figure, we should call this vast expanse an ocean, dividing the continent of the black race from the abodes of white men: as such, it is traversed by powerful fleets, infested with daring freebooters, and studded here and there with single islands or numerous archipelagoes. It is difficult to assign its precise limits to the north, on account of the interruptions to which it is subject in that direction. It has been usual to consider the Great Sahara as reaching from about the 16th to the 29th parallels, and to call by various names—as the Little Desert, the Desert of Anghad, the Desert of Shott, &c.—those gulfs of the sandy ocean which project farther north; while the region of numerous *oases*, which form the northern skirting of the Sahara, have been denominated Beled-el-Jerid, or the Date-Country.

The French have taken great pains to distinguish the last-named region, with its numerous, intelligent, and industrious population, from what they call the Central Desert, or Falat. Nay, they have made up their minds that, in consequence of its commercial dependence on the Tell for some of the first necessaries of life, it cannot possibly exist under a separate *régime*. In the maps, therefore, which were published by order of the government in 1844, Algeria is made to comprise the whole tract of country southward to the 32d degree of north latitude in the west, and about the 34th degree at the eastern extremity. At the same time, these geographers have been considerate enough to suppose that their neighbours would like a slice as well as themselves; and they have allotted to the other Barbary states respectively all the oases which lie scattered on their southern frontiers. Thus have the Little Desert and the Date-Country completely disappeared; having become the *Sahara Marocain*, *Sahara Algerien*, and *Sahara Tunisien*. The partition and appropriation have been made prospectively on

paper, than which nothing is more easy—our friends in France having never, in all probability, seen the recipe of our shrewd countrywoman, Meg Dods, commencing with 'First catch the hare.' It is certainly convenient to have a general name for these comparatively fertile portions of the Desert. The term Date-Country is in many respects ineligible, as it conveys the idea of great fertility; and by no means suggests the fact that it is, as a whole, a desert region, absolutely barren and uninhabitable in many places, though abounding towards the east in the fertile spots called *oases*, which are generally, but not universally, congenial to the date. The fact is, that this fruit attains its greatest perfection in some of those verdant spots which are found in the very heart of the Central Desert; and were it only on this ground, the appellation Date-Country is unsuitable for distinguishing the region of numerous oases in the north from the more thinly-sown portion in the centre. We may therefore so far adopt the French nomenclature, as to call this interesting, and now pretty well-known country, 'the Northern Sahara,' in contradistinction to the Central, which it might confuse the English reader to denominate the Falat, as the term Sahara is retained in our best maps.*

The inhabitants of the Desert know no other division of their country than that of tribes and oases—the very names of which were long unknown in Europe, but are now to some extent ascertained and defined. Instead, however, of burdening the reader's memory with a large number of names which he might find in no map within his reach, and perhaps might never again meet in the course of his reading, we shall merely point out the oases which are most important from their external relations, and which we may have occasion afterwards to mention.

Beginning from the west, and proceeding along the northern border, the first fertile spots to be noted are El-Harib, important as a resting-place on the direct route from the city of Morocco to Timbuctoo; and Tafilet, the capital of the Shereef tribe, and the centre of an extensive commerce with the negro country, the interior of Morocco, and the East. Tafilet is not a single oasis, but a cluster; for fertile spots are both few and small west of the second degree of east longitude, owing, it is believed, to the circumstance that the wind blows from the east nine months in the year, rushing into a hurricane at certain seasons, and that, in the course of time, it has accumulated the sand towards the west. In the Algerian Sahara, the most southern oases are El-Abied-Sidi-Sheik, Wad-Miab, Wad-Reklah, Wad-Reer, and Wad-Soof,† forming a chain of fertile spots, south of which all is sterility, and not even a village is to be seen during several days' journey. The fertile belt which stretches along the shores of the Mediterranean, and by the natives called the Tell, is from 50 to 120 miles broad in the province of Algiers, but it becomes a very narrow strip in the regency of

* 'The Sahara,' says a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'is now ascertained to consist of a vast archipelago of oases; each of them peopled by a tribe of the Moorish race or its offsets, more civilised, and more capable of receiving the lessons of civilisation, than the houseless Arabs of the Tell.' We shall sadly mistake if we understand such a passage as this with respect to the Central Desert of Africa; whereas it refers only to that portion which we have been accustomed to call the Date-Country, but to which the French have now not only appropriated, but restricted the name Sahara.

† Better known by their towns, Metili, Gardeai, Tuggurt, and Temacin.

Tripoli; and an English traveller remarks here, that the distinction between Great and Little Deserts is quite fictitious: it is all Sahara, and the sands reach the very walls of Tripoli. Two great oases, or rather archipelagoes, facilitate the intercourse between the above-named points and the interior of Africa: they are Fezzan, of which the capital is Mourzouk, and Twât, whose chief towns are Ain-salah, Agabli, and Timimoom. The space, however, between these and the nearest of the northern oases is very formidable, and would be almost impassable if nature had not placed two resting-places on the two principal routes. El-Golea lies between Algeria and Twât; Ghadamis * between Tunis and Fezzan. Timbuctoo and Kashna are the great marts in the negro country with which commercial relations are maintained in a manner we shall hereafter describe.

The eastern part of the Desert, sometimes distinguished as the Libyan, offers no points of similar interest, except Bilna, the chief town, famous for its immense salt beds, whence large quantities are annually exported to Nigritia. But we must not overlook the line of oases which is found running north and south near the extreme eastern limit of these dreary wastes. Here are Darfoor, Selimeh, the Great and Little Oases of Thebes, the natron lakes, and the Baha-bela-ma, or dry river. The Great Oasis is 120 miles long and 4 or 5 broad; the lesser, separated from it by 40 miles of desert, is similar in form. In the Valley of Nitrium is another beautiful spot, which was a favourite retreat of Christian monks in the second century. Here remain four out of 360 convents, and from them some valuable manuscripts of ancient date have recently been obtained. Another oasis in this direction contains splendid ruins, supposed to be those of the famous temple of Jupiter Ammon.

Returning from the ancient to the modern, from the poetical to the useful, we remark that the route almost directly south from Ghadamis to Kashna has, since the adventures of Lyon, Richardson, and others, become pretty well known, and is ascertained to be a line of great commercial activity, and abounding with towns and villages. Of the former, Ghat † is celebrated as a market or fair, and Agades as the capital of the Targhee tribes in this district. Aheer is another important town, as it is on the way from Morocco (by Twât) to Kashna; and also as it maintains commerce with Bilna, Ghat, and Mourzouk. We know little of the tracts which lie west of Aheer, but on the line from Twât to Timbuctoo we find Mabrook, thrice welcome to the traveller who has met with no water for ten days before reaching it. Tishet, Toudeni, and Wadan ‡ are generally marked on modern maps on account of their salt beds, which form a valuable article of commerce.

The knowledge which we possess of the physical structure of the Desert is still very incomplete. We may, however, add some general views of the nature and aspect of its surface, and notice some of its most remarkable features. If we begin our examination with the western portion, a journey along the coast offers nothing but low sandy tracts, broken here and there by rocky headlands, neither bold nor lofty; the land is not perceived at sea beyond a very short distance, which is doubtless the principal reason

* Written by French geographers R'Dames.
† Or Rât. ‡ Or Hodeu.

of the numerous shipwrecks that have occurred on this inhospitable shore. Leaving the coast, the shifting sand extends but a few days' journey at most, and we arrive at a somewhat elevated plain, which appears very extensive. It is close, uniform, stony, and arid in the extreme, but here and there interrupted by a hollow or large ravine, 150 or 200 feet deep, whose steeps afford occasional springs of water. That part of the Desert which lies between El-Harib and Timbuctoo is extremely arid, and destitute of wells, indicating that in this space there must be some point of culmination, or a line of rising-ground to separate the waters, for we find much sand on the route of Caillié; and it is well known that sand and springs abound chiefly in low grounds, and that it is especially near the lines that divide the waters that there appear few inducements to bore. A similar swelling has been remarked between Twât and Timbuctoo. On leaving Agabli, the most southern point of the former, the route lies over sand for a few days, and then occurs a tract of stiff red earth, and the utter absence of water for eight or ten days. This does not extend far to the west, for in that direction it is bounded by a sandy waste.

The central part of the Desert seems to be considerably more mountainous than the eastern or western portions of it. Between Algiers and Twât is an uninhabitable desert of sand without water, separated by a hilly district from another similarly dreary waste between Algeria and Ghadamis. The country which lies between Twât and Ghat is all hilly, but its particular topography is quite unknown, on account of the deadly enmity which we shall afterwards have occasion to notice as existing between the populations whose territories it separates, and which renders its exploration perilous in the extreme. The Targhee country abounds in hills and stony plains. Mr Richardson describes himself as travelling six days southward from Ghadamis without meeting fifty yards of sand; the route lay over hard-baked earth and huge blocks of stone, but chiefly beds of very small pebbles. Afterwards he met sand in abundance—masses of it quite loose, and 400 feet high. Towards Ghat it was heap upon heap, pile upon pile, every succeeding feature of the landscape appearing more hideous than the former, and the whole presenting 'a mass of blank existence, having no apparent object but to terrify the hapless traveller, who, with his faithful camel, pursues his weary way through the waste.' The country about Ghat is intersected in every direction with dark gloomy mountains. Here, it is said, that spirits of the air live in harmonious alliance with the tribes of the Desert, in consequence of a kind of Magna Charta, a treaty offensive and defensive, made between them ages ago. The jenoum (demons or genii) who had chosen to build their palaces in these mountains, offered their friendship and protection to the sons of men, on condition of being allowed to remain unmolested, promising especially to endue their human allies with vision and tact, during the hours of darkness, to surprise and overcome their enemies. And the Targhee fathers alone of mortals vowed them eternal and inviolable friendship on these conditions, swearing that they never would employ Maraboot, holy Koran, or any other means, to dislodge them from the black turret-shaped hills. The treaty has never been violated; the demons dwell unmolested in their lofty castles; and many an unfortunate traveller or hapless negro family witnesses the fearful efficacy of the powers which they have conferred upon the Touarik.

Standing out conspicuously among the private dwellings of the demons is an immense rock: this is their council-hall; and here, from thousands of miles round, do the spirits of the air meet to deliberate on the affairs of their social polity. Here, too, are their public treasuries—caverns full of gold, silver, and diamonds—all, we presume, of a spiritual nature, like their possessors, or we doubt if they would remain inviolable. Nor must we omit to mention a rocking or logging-stone, about fifty feet high, and exceedingly like our own in Cornwall. It was the spot on which a wealthy Maraboot of great sanctity met a violent death. The murderer, seized with remorse for his deed of blood, entreated the genii to cover up the body from sight, as he had not courage himself to bury it. They listened to his prayer, and detached this piece of rock from their great palace to form a sepulchral stone; and here it has rested, occasionally rocking, say the people, to this day. The murderer then begged that the genii would accept some of the spoil in token of his gratitude; but they refused to touch the bloodstained gold, and pelted the wretch to death.

The topography of Fezzan presents a mixture of mountains and plains; and the soil is sterile enough except in the oases, which are said to be about one hundred in number. The most remarkable feature of this part of Sahara is the chain which separates it from Tripoli, and which runs from east-south-east to west-north-west, like the coast from Benghazi to Khabs. The whole country south of Fezzan consists likewise of hills and stony plains, sandy tracts being met with only here and there. A long range of black basaltic mountains forms the western boundary of the Tiboo country or Libyan Desert, where the continent shelves down towards the Mediterranean in a series of sandy or gravelly terraces, divided by low rocky ridges. This shelving country is cut transversely by the deep furrow in which is the long line of oases to which we have adverted as of ancient classic celebrity. A hideous flinty plain, several days' journey across, lies between it and the parallel valley of the Nile, which forms the eastern boundary of the great Deserts of Africa.

It appears thus, that insulated hills, or groups of them, generally of naked sandstone or granite, are by no means uncommon throughout the Sahara, where they appear like islands in the vast expanse. The stony plains also are somewhat elevated, as are those of stiff clay; the sandy tracts lie lower; and deeper still are the ravines and basins which constitute the most peculiar and interesting features of the Saharian landscape. The Desert boasts of no permanent river; but the winter rains give rise to temporary streams, which fill these hollows, and then sink to some unknown depth in the sand, or evaporate in the scorching heat of the summer sun. Ouad or Wady is the term used to designate the channels of these temporary streams, which sometimes acquire, on account of the rapidity of their fall, a velocity which uproots trees and spreads desolation everywhere in its course. This is especially the case in the northern oases. At that of Mzab, for instance, when the sky darkens towards the north, a number of horsemen set out in that direction, and station themselves at regular distances on the highest points of land. If the torrent appears, the farthest of them fires a gun; the telegraphic signal is repeated from post to post, and reaches the town in a few minutes. The inhabitants run immediately to the gardens, to awake the men who may be sleeping there,

and in haste they carry away every object of value that might become the prey of the devastating flood. Presently a dreadful noise announces the irruption of the torrent; the soil of the gardens disappears beneath the water; and the Saharian city seems transported, as if by magic, to the banks of a broad and rapid river, whence arise, like little isles of verdure, innumerable heads of palm-trees—an ephemeral ornament, which disappears in a few days.

Some of the basins are very extensive, and contain beds of salt considerable enough to be worked: such are the famous Traza, Toudeni, and Tishet. In latitude, about 34 degrees north, and nearly on the meridian of London, are two large basins, called Shott, situated in a frightful desert, and divided from each other by an isthmus from 25 to 30 miles broad. They present a very singular formation, which would open an interesting field of geological inquiry. The eastern basin is about 120 miles long, and the western about 85, the mean breadth of each being about 6 miles. These basins exhibit a fall of the earth from 35 to 60 feet deep, nearly vertical, and so perfectly clean and smooth that they appear as if wrought out with a chisel. Dr Jacquot, who examined them minutely in 1847, asserts that they could not have been produced by any gradual action of water; that they are evidently *cratères de soulèvement*, and bear the appearance of having been torn open by the convulsion which upheaved the Atlas, their greater axis being parallel to that chain, like most of the accidents of the Northern Sahara. Several pluvial streams flow into these basins, and various small plants are found in them; but they become perfectly dry in summer. The local tradition of the origin of the Shott is, that at a remote period of antiquity, the Saharians, jealous of the fine sheet of water which forms the boundary of the Tell, resolved to have a sea of their own. With immense labour they excavated the two basins, and then the question was how to get them filled. A numerous caravan was equipped for the shores of the Mediterranean, with skins to bring water for their artificial sea. Allah, incensed at their presumptuous enterprise, destroyed them all by the way, and let loose a fearful tempest on the splendid city which they had built for a port on the sea which they contemplated. The ravages of time have effaced the last vestiges of the unfortunate city; but the basins of the Shott, long, dreary, sterile craters, remain a witness of the power of God and the vanity of man. If this explanation of the origin of the Shott affords little satisfaction to the geologist, it is fraught with interest to the lover of Scripture truth, who finds here, as in almost every country under heaven, a traditionary record, however imperfect, of the events which took place at Babel.

Many of the depressions of the Sahara, whether in the form of wads or basins, enjoy a constant supply of water by means of natural or artificial wells, and have consequently been planted and inhabited: these are the oases of the Desert; not to the eye of the geologist like islands which rise above the surrounding expanse, but hollows affording to animal and vegetable life not only the vivifying moisture, but the no less needful shelter from the storms of the Desert. These verdant spots, which are often hundreds of miles apart, present considerable encouragement to the labours of the husbandman, and are in general most favourable to the cultivation

of the date-palm and other fruit trees. Onions, with various herbs and vegetables, also find a congenial soil; but grain does not appear to yield abundant crops. The wide wastes abroad furnish for the most part a scanty supply of coarse grass and small shrubs, serving as pasturage for the cattle of many a nomade tribe; but there are also extensive tracts where not a morsel of verdure is to be seen. Nothing can exceed the desolation of these regions: where there is no vegetable there can of course be no animal life; day after day the traveller wends his way without seeing bird, beast, or insect; no sound, no stir, breaks the dreadful silence; the dry heated air is like the breath of a furnace, and the setting sun like a volcanic fire. The desert plains that are much exposed to storms present an equally terrific scene, but somewhat different: the sand is blown into clouds that fill the atmosphere, darken the sun at noonday, and almost suffocate the traveller. Now the whirlwinds form it into columns; and one of the most magnificent and appalling sights in nature is presented. 'In the vast expanse of desert,' says Bruce, 'we saw towards the north a number of prodigious pillars of sand at various distances, sometimes moving with great velocity, sometimes stalking on with majestic slowness. At intervals we thought they were coming in a very few minutes to overwhelm us, and small quantities of sand did actually reach us more than once: again they would retreat so as to be almost out of sight, their tops reaching to the very clouds; then the summits often separated from the bodies, and these once disjoined, dispersed in air, and did not appear more; sometimes they were broken in the middle, as if struck with large cannon-shot. At noon they began to advance with considerable swiftness upon us, the wind being very strong at north. Eleven ranged alongside of us about the distance of three miles; the greatest diameter of the largest appeared to me as if it would measure ten feet. They retired from us with a wind at south-east, leaving an impression on my mind to which I can give no name, though surely one ingredient in it was fear, with a considerable deal of wonder and astonishment. It was in vain to think of fleeing; the swiftest horse could be of no use to carry us out of the danger, and the full conviction of this rivetted me to the spot.' Another traveller had an opportunity of seeing one of these pillars crossing the River Gambia from the Great Desert. 'It passed,' he says, 'within eighteen or twenty fathoms of the stern of the vessel, and seemed to be about 250 feet in height; its heat was sensibly felt at the distance of 100 feet, and it left a strong smell, more like that of saltpetre than sulphur, which remained a long time.'

Downs or sandhills form a prominent and remarkable feature of the Saharian landscape. They are rounded elevations, smooth as the cupola of polished marble, sterile as the rock of naked granite, and of so uniform a colour that they never appear to blend or confuse with surrounding objects. During the day, they wear the sombre hue of a landscape at sunset; but by moonlight one would think them phosphorescent, from the brightness of the light sparkling in the bosom of the shadows. In some situations, the sandhills seem to be at the mercy of the wind, travelling at its bidding, and settling here or there to rise and wander forth again. Others seem to have found a permanent resting-place; and this is generally, if not always, in the shelter of a mountain-chain. Yet strange

ıe sands are not, in such a case, heaped against the mountain
yet gathered into the hollows; they form a distinct, secondary
hemselves, corresponding in form and direction with the primary,
ated from it by a broad valley, which is covered here with pebbles,
ı sand; now with herbage, and again with barrenness itself.
mel, the sheep, and the goat, are the domestic animals of the
ew wild ones of any kind are to be found in the open Desert.
ı natives are asked about the lions which the learned of Europe
n them for companions, they answer with imperturbable gravity,
ıaps in Christian countries there are lions which browse on herbage
ε the air, but in Africa they require running water and living
ısequently they never appear in the Sahara.' The wooded moun-
infested with them, but they have no inducement to descend into
y plains. The only formidable creatures are of the viper and
kinds. Few else except timid and inoffensive species are natural
re: the principal are the gazelle, the ostrich, the antelope, and the
; but even these seem to venture little beyond the skirts of the
xcept in the neighbourhood of mountains. The chameleon is
in the gardens of the central oases, where it is allowed to roam
ed, being rather a favourite than otherwise. It is described as a
ightly creature, changing its colour continually, but never exhibit-
ıdsome one. Its hues are dunnish red or yellow, and sometimes
h brown; it is often varied with spots or stripes, but frequently
ıither. The construction of the eyes is remarkable: they seem to
. swivel, and are directed every way in a moment. The Saharian
has frequent occasion to admire the facility with which the camel
head and neck completely round, and looks north, south, east,
, without pausing, or even slackening its pace for an instant;
ıeases to wonder if he has ever observed the rapidity of the
ın's eye.

er singular creature is the thob (perhaps *Monitor pulchra*), a
ecies of lizard not unlike a miniature alligator. It is sometimes
nches long, and ten round the thickest part of the body. It is
with scaly mail, shining, and of a dark-gray colour, and has a
inches long, composed of a series of broad, thick, and sharp bones.
l is large and tortoise-shaped, the mouth small. It has four feet
· hands, on which it runs awkwardly enough, owing apparently to
y tail. It hides in the dry sandy holes of the Desert, and the
.y that a single drop of water kills it. The traveller is glad to
meal of the thob; and, prejudice apart, it is palatable food, not
ıe kid of the goat.

ıust we omit to mention the ouadad, or waden, an animal described
ıen the goat and bullock in appearance. It is hunted in the sands
entral Desert, and its flavour is said to resemble that of coarse
Three or four of these animals were sent to the Royal Zoological
of London a few years ago.

ıeology of the Desert is still involved in much obscurity. Hum-
ɔposes the question: 'Has this once been a region of arable land
oil and plants have been swept away by some extraordinary re-
? Or is the reason of its nakedness that the germs of vegetable life

ave not yet been fully and generally developed?' The most recent opinion eems to be, that the latter is the true state of the case; that this expanse of desert has risen from the bosom of the ocean at a very recent period, subsequent even to the throes which gave birth to the regions of the Atlas and Soudan. The present aspect of its surface is exactly that which it must have had while as yet submarine. The rocks hid beneath the ocean, and continually swept by its waters, must tend to become even; the loose materials of the mountains being detached and precipitated into the hollows till the culminating points present only so many masses of smooth and solid rock. Travellers have remarked this feature of the desert mountains as contrasted with those of Morocco: the latter exhibit wooded craggy heights, bared by winds, bitten by frosts, and hoary with age, though they are considered to have appeared after the formation of the tertiary strata—that is, while the crust of the earth was in its present state of development; but the hills of the Sahara are quite naked, dull, and dead, smooth as velvet, and exhibiting a black or purple hue of painful uniformity. This is Mr Richardson's report of those he met in his route south from Tripoli; and he mentions what is yet more important, their disposition north and south, which, if a general rule of distribution, would go far to decide that they were not coeval with the Atlas range. The immense quantities of sea-shells found not only in the limestone rocks, but in the sandy and pebbly plains, and the salt which prevails everywhere, seem to favour the view that the sea has, till very lately, covered the whole of the space now under consideration. Diodorus Siculus mentions a lake of Hesperides in the interior of Africa, which, according to ancient tradition, was suddenly dried up by a fearful convulsion of the earth; and Malte Brun conjectures that this lake could be no other than that which once covered the Sahara. If we were to accept this hypothesis, we could at once find the long lost isle of Atlantides, without supposing the submergence of a country whose summits only remain in the Canaries and Azores. The region of the Atlas Mountains, including the fertile shores of the Mediterranean, still wear the appearance of a great island, washed on the south by the Sahara-belama (sea without water), whose sands reach from the ocean to the Gulf of Syrtis. If, however, the Atlantides of Plato must be placed in the Atlantic, and beyond the Pillars of Hercules, might not such a convulsion as submerged this country have been sufficient to upheave the Sahara?

II.

Inhabitants of the Desert—Berbers and Arabs—their Habits, Occupations, and Migrations—Targhee and his Meharee—The Tibboos—The Maraboot Tribes.

Many portions of this singular region are, as we have seen, uninhabitable and uninhabitable; but by far the greater part is scantily people various tribes of two distinct nations. The aboriginal race is that has been denominated the Atlas Family, said to have arisen from the ture of the two primitive nations which occupied Northern Africa earliest ages—that is to say, the Libyans in the East, and the Getu the West. The Romans, and after them the Vandals, mingled the

with this race; and in the Berber branch it now presents various elements which the succession of generations and multiplicity of crosses have combined into a homogeneous people. The other nation is the Arabs, who are obviously invaders. Negroes are seldom to be met with in the Desert except as slaves or occasional immigrants; they are not found as a population attached to the soil; and Jews have crept all round its borders, but seem never to have ventured into its mysterious depths.

The Arab invasion of the Sahara seems to have commenced in the West by Morocco or the shores of the Atlantic, and to have advanced eastward to the interior. All along the coast from the Senegal to the frontiers of Morocco, and thence to the neighbourhood of the Joliba,* they seem to have utterly expelled the ancient possessors of the soil. Proceeding eastward, we find them mingled with Berbers, but occupying a distinct social position, in the tract which lies between the route from Harib to Timbuctoo, and that from Agabli to the same place. Still farther in the same direction, some are found in the country about Mabrook; but beyond this the nomades of the Arab race disappear, and are not met with again till we reach Darfoor. In all the towns, however—such as Agades, Kashna, &c.—there are resident Arabs. A very powerful tribe of them, called Shanbah, are the principal possessors of some of the oases of Twât, and traverse the desert wastes north and west of these.†

Of the above-mentioned tribes, those about the north and east banks of the Senegal occupy certain limited districts, having no occasion to change their locality; the most numerous of them is the Ouled-Amer,‡ whose territory is very considerable. It is otherwise with those who live farther north: they are subject to annual migrations, from the failure of pasture and water during the summer months. The great tribe of the Ouled-Deleim, who in winter occupy the country round Hoden, migrate in summer to the neighbourhood of Noon, where they possess wells and oases. A great number both of Arab and Berber tribes of this part of the Sahara pass the summer in the empire of Morocco: such are the Harib, who inhabit the town so called, and at the approach of winter disperse southward to a distance of a hundred miles or more. So far are these nomades from wandering at hap-hazard, as many suppose, with their flocks and herds, and sojourning for a time wherever they chance to meet with herbage and water, each tribe has its own region of pasturage when the rains of winter have spread a scanty verdure on the Desert, and its retreat in some well-watered spot during the parching heat of the summer months.

Such are the pastoral tribes of the West, and the same character seems to apply throughout the Desert to those who follow similar avocations. But the Shanbah above mentioned, and several other tribes having their location about the commercial routes which connect Morocco with Twât, and Twât with Tunis and Timbuctoo, seem to combine the mercantile and piratical character in the highest perfection, conducting and defending the caravans that engage their protection by paying a sufficiently heavy tribute for passing through their territories, while they plunder all others without

* The Niger.

† In some maps this district is marked as the residence of the Twâts, which seems to be another designation for the Shanbah, but less correct.

‡ Often corrupted into Ludamar.

mercy. Their great rivals in both these branches of industry are the Touarik, whose singular character and habits will merit a more particular description when we come to notice the more central tribes.

Throughout the whole extent of the Northern Sahara, where the oases are numerous, we find the Berber and Arab races united by ties of mutual dependence; yet not more distinct in feature and language than in their social position and employment. The Arabs, true to their vagabond instincts, traverse the open country with flocks and herds; undertake the transport of merchandise; engage in the convoy or pillage of caravans; and carry on, in short, all that may be termed the external relations of the community. They are the more numerous and wealthy, of course also the dominant people. In the palmy days of the Hamian-garabas, a single individual has been known to possess 2000 camels, and four times as many sheep. The Berbers, on the other hand, are the sedentary population: they inhabit the oases, where the men employ themselves in cultivating the gardens, and the women conduct the manufactures. In their continual wanderings, the nomades cannot carry all their property with them, and the ksour * become the depositories of their goods. Many of them, besides, have purchased land in the oases, and are obliged to employ the sedentary inhabitants to cultivate it. On the other hand, as soon as the modest accumulations of the ksourian permit, he buys a sheep, which he confides to the pastoral care of the nomade tribe. Thus the two nations, who seem to have nothing in common but their religion, and between whom there is anything but cordiality of feeling, are closely bound together by a reciprocity of interest, and peace is the necessary result.

The French, who have been labouring these twenty years to subjugate these people, say that the Arab submits, revolts, and submits again, again to commence the same alternation of rebellion and obedience, according to the impulse he receives from his own interest or caprice, or from the instigation of the Maraboots; the Berber loves his independence, but when once he has been made to feel a mightier power, he respects the oath that he has sworn. The Arab escapes the punishment of his perfidy by plunging with his tents and flocks into deserts where no army can follow; but the Berber is confined to his ksar and his gardens.

Dr Jacquot describes the first oasis he saw in Sahara as 'a little green corner, fresh and shady, cheered with the song of birds, and enlivened by the murmur of waters. The dates waved their elegant plumes high in the air; the pomegranates and fig-trees crowded between the columns of the palms; the wheat and barley clothed the soil with verdure; the water flowed in every direction, and the humid vapours vivified the foliage. One could not help trembling for the little spot, it seemed such a feeble thing in the immensity of the Desert, surrounded by desolate plains, and menaced by moving sandhills.'

This little oasis is about five-eighths of an English mile in length, and a little less in breadth. It occupies the bottom of a narrow ravine, which shelters it in almost every direction. It is enclosed by a mud-wall from 7 to 10 feet high, and from 8 to 12 inches thick, flanked with about five—

* Ksar is the village of an oasis; Ksour is the plural; and Ksourian the inhabitant.

and-twenty round towers, generally built of stone. These are the sentry-boxes, on the flat roofs of which are stationed nightly guards to protect the gardens from pillage. The gardens of the oasis lie against the general wall, and are divided into a number of small enclosures, each of which is a separate property. Next to the gardens, towards the centre, are the fields of corn, barley, and onions, likewise divided into small squares, which are watered and tended like our favourite flower-beds, and through the midst runs the Wady, which flows from four springs a little above the ksar.

Such an oasis does not at all correspond with our preconceived European notions of these islands of the sandy ocean. It is not the immense wild garden, which supplies in a day what will support its inhabitants for a year; it is not a spot where numerous species of fruits and flowers crowd and mingle in luxuriant confusion; it is not, in short, the wild primitive oasis. It is niggardly nature, cultivated even to torture by human industry; it is wise, modest, economical husbandry, which rejects the ostentation of useless foliage, and the empty show of unproductive blossoms; which refuses space for a single tree or flower that is merely ornamental, and makes room for those only which yield food for the sustenance of human life. The ksar is built of stone, and presents the appearance of a single building, or rather a mass of heavy masonry, perforated here and there with a small window, and diversified with jutting and retiring angles. The flat roofs rise above each other in irregular terraces, and none of the streets are open to the exterior; they are closed up with masonry, affording no entrance but by four narrow doors. In fact, there is no such thing as we should call a street, none being open to the heavens above; they are narrow, dark, often uneven passages winding under the buildings. The main object in the construction seems to have been to pile the houses compactly together, avoiding exterior openings, which might serve for the admission of an enemy, and crowding as many human beings as possible into a given space. About 300 men, women, and children, a lymphatic, sickly, scrofulous generation, are huddled together in this ksar.

Some oases are considerably larger than the one we have described, and some of the buildings are much more extensive; but this general plan, both as to the gardens and the dwellings, seems to obtain throughout the northern and western portions of Sahara, where the Berber race are in general the architects and husbandmen.

The most interesting structures, however, are not the ksour, but the marabets, or sepulchral chapels, which stand outside the walls. These are generally square, and surmounted by a cupola, the whole being of stone or brickwork, executed by artisans brought from Morocco for the express purpose. Sometimes the principal cupola is flanked by four secondary ones, the interior presenting a court, surrounded by a gallery, supported by Moorish arcades. The ostrich egg, instead of a stone or metal ball, crowns the summit of these pyramids. The ksourians choose to reserve all the luxury and magnificence of their architecture to adorn the little temples around which they excavate their last resting-places. These are not, like the habitations of the living, subject to the ravages of invading foes, for they are universally held sacred; and the conqueror, covered with blood, approaches here with reverence, and prostrates himself in lowly worship. Life is so ephemeral when the elements of nature and the arms

of the enemy continually threaten its existence, that the ksourian cares not to lavish his wealth on the dwelling in which he may remain but for a day: he reserves all his solicitude for that which will shelter him for ever from the storms of life.

The camel and the date are to the inhabitants of the African deserts what the reindeer and the lichen are to those of the polar regions; and while many of the less enterprising nomades live at least two-thirds of the year on camels' milk, so in the oases dates are the staple article of food, and aged ksourians may be found who have never tasted bread.

The tree which produces this valuable fruit is the palm which gives so peculiar and imposing an aspect to the verdant spots of the Desert. Its straight and lofty trunk, fifty, sixty, or even one hundred feet high, is crowned by a tuft of large radiating leaves or fronds. The calyx has six divisions, and the fruit is a drupe, considerably larger than an acorn; of a full red colour when ripe, and enclosing a hard kernel, from which it is easily separated. It is pulpy, firm, esculent, and sweet, with slight astringency. The trees are raised from shoots, which arrive at maturity in thirty years, and continue in full bearing for seventy longer, producing yearly fifteen or twenty clusters, which may weigh from fifteen to twenty pounds each.

When any one wishes to make a date plantation, or to form a garden, as the natives say, he summons the neighbouring proprietors to his assistance, and thus accomplishes his work with economy as well as dispatch; for their services cost him nothing but the obligation to return the like when demanded: the only auxiliaries who receive wages are those who are not proprietors. The whole of the sand requires to be removed to the depth of several feet, in order that the roots may reach the water; besides, a trench is dug round every stem at a proper distance, and into this, when necessary, water is poured, in order that, sinking through the soil, it may effectually reach those fibres that chiefly require it. This irrigation is generally committed to the women and children by those who have no slaves; and the precious fluid is carried in skins of animals, or baskets of halfa, plaited so closely as to be water-tight. In most cases canals are cut in every direction, communicating with the springs which supply the oasis; and where restriction is necessary, each proprietor pays so much an hour for the flow of a stream into his garden. In some of the oases, each has the prescriptive right of an hour or two, according to the title-deeds of his estate. The time is measured by a rude chronometer held by the officer who opens and shuts the conduit.

The mode of preserving dates is very simple. They are merely pressed closely together in large woollen bags, and thus form compact masses, which keep for several years. Sometimes a large white worm is engendered in these, but it seems to occasion no disgust. Every species of domestic animal in the Desert, even dogs and horses, can make a meal of dates. But this fruit, however valuable, is, as an aliment, very inferior to the cereals; it is capable of less variety of culinary preparation, and through time it produces painful satiety and fatigue of the digestive organs. Where little else is to be had, the ksourian employs various devices to alleviate the monotony of his fare: he cooks his dates with oil or butter, or mingles them with onions and other vegetables, which are usually cultivated in the

date gardens. But the favourite ragout, especially in the north, consists of locusts boiled in salt and water. At certain seasons these creatures traverse the air in dense clouds, and fall in numbers to the earth; they are collected with care, and those which are not used immediately, are dried and reduced to powder, which is kept for times of scarcity.

The sap of the date-palm furnishes a highly-esteemed beverage, called *lagmi*. To obtain this, it is necessary to cut off the higher branches, and bore a lateral hole in the stem thus tonsured; into this the end of a reed is introduced, and the liquor flows through it rapidly, especially in the morning and evening. It is said that a single tree will yield fourteen or fifteen quarts daily for two successive years, but it would perish in the third if the bleeding were continued. The taste of the lagmi is not unlike sweet barley-water, and by fermentation it may be transformed into an excellent drink resembling cider.

The wood of the palm-tree is used for building: the trunk, sawn in two along the grain, furnishes the joists and rafters; the palm or jerid is placed on these to form the lathing, and sometimes above all is placed a layer of sāāf or palm-leaf. All articles of carpentry are made of this wood, and where it is very abundant it is even used for fuel; but more generally the latter consists of the withered bushes which cover the sandy plains, where they are gathered by the nomade tribes of the locality, and carried to the oases.

Every part of this valuable tree is turned to account. The fibrous network which surrounds the branches where they attach themselves to the stem is twisted into strong tough ropes, with which the camels are tethered; the branches, besides the use we have mentioned, are made into baskets of various kinds, and the stones are pounded, and used to fatten sheep and camels. Thus the date-palm appears to be in Africa what the cocoa-nut is in the islands of the Pacific: the native derives from it food, drink, habitation, and almost every utensil he employs. In those places where money is scarce, a certain measure of dates, called a *hatia*, serves as a kind of currency; it is at least a usual term of comparison by which the value of various articles of merchandise is estimated, even though the measure varies in different places, and the price of dates rises and falls with the seasons.

The woollen fabrics, which, with the cultivation of dates, forms the principal object of Saharian industry, are chiefly burnooses, haïks, and gandouras. The burnoose is the Arab cloak, which is furnished with a hood; the haïk is a long rectangular piece of cloth, which the men wrap round their heads, allowing the ends to fall down over the body, while the women use it as a shawl, covering the head and face with it, especially in cold weather. The gandoura is a kind of blouse, which reaches down to the feet. Throughout the Desert the manufacture of these fabrics is devolved entirely on the females, the men considering it enough if they attend, and that but partially, to the husbandry; the produce of the two occupations proves in the market of about equal value; and it is certain that the merit of a wife in the Sahara is estimated by her dexterity in weaving rather than by her personal charms. The northern oases produce the finest goods; but in every part of the Desert the women make some attempt at manufacturing; even those of the nomade tribes weave the coarse stuff which forms their tents and the sacks for loading their camels. The material used is a mixture, variously propor-

tioned, of the hair of camels and goats; the former raises the price, as it is considered more impervious to rain. The colour of the tents is that by which the great nomade tribes, when encamped, distinguish each other from afar, the darkest being the most aristocratic.

The Arab dress is used both by nomades and ksourians. They shave the head, preserving only the lock of which the Angel of Death is to lay hold and carry them up to paradise. This religious belief has set a peculiar stamp on all the nations of Islamism; and if the disciple of Mohammed makes a point of decapitating his already lifeless foe, it is not for the sake of committing a wanton outrage on the corpse, but in order to make him feel, even in another world, the weight of his vengeance; for a headless body is doomed to rot on the ground, and the soul that animated it to wander for ever far from the happy gardens promised in the Koran as the eternal residence of the faithful.

A white woollen haïk, a kind of frock without sleeves, Morocco slippers, and a silk girdle, compose the dress of the wealthier female Saharians. Necklaces, bracelets, and rings, complete the toilet of a woman of quality, who besides stains her eyelashes black, and gives a yellow colour to her nails, the palms of her hands, and the instep of her foot, with a decoction of *lausonia inermis*. Tattooing, the indelible and economical adornment both of rich and poor, consists only of small and scattered designs—the Saharian population being in this respect far behind the great artists of New Zealand. They go unveiled, and seem under less restriction than is usual in most other communities of Islamism. Polygamy is freely indulged within the limits prescribed by the Koran.

Indolence seems to be the besetting sin of all the tribes of the Sahara: when not travelling, they will sleep in the open air twenty hours out of the twenty-four; yet when excited by any serious occurrence or important interest, they are capable of acting with considerable energy, and sustaining great fatigue. On the whole, however, they seem better adapted for patient toil and endurance than for vigorous and enterprising activity. Pride and ostentation are distinguishing features of their character; and on the other hand are the patriarchal virtues of reverence for parents, obedience to all constituted authority, and cordial hospitality towards strangers. That, however, which strikes a stranger perhaps most of all, is their unparalleled resignation to what they believe to be the divine will; that 'it is decreed,' seems to reconcile them to the severest sufferings, and not a murmur escapes from their lips. Nor must we omit to mention the fertile imagination, of which the Arab has lost nothing by being translated from the deserts of Asia to those of Africa: every spot has its legend, every rock its marvellous tale; a good storyteller is welcomed and feasted under every tent, where the family, squatting in a circle, listen with avidity to tales, in which the Deity is continually represented as revealing himself to man by miraculous interferences.

Within the last few years considerable light has been thrown on the social condition of the northern tribes, and interesting particulars have been collected respecting their periodical migrations. The nomades pass the winter and spring in the open Desert, where, during this part of the year, they find both water and vegetation; but they sojourn only three or four days in one spot, and strike their tents as soon as the pasture is con-

sumed. Towards the end of spring they visit the oases where their goods are deposited, load their camels with dates and woollen cloth, and proceed northward, taking with them the whole nomade city, including women, children, dogs, flocks, and tents. Now, the waters of Sahara are drying up, and the plants are withering, while in the Tell the grain is ripening. They arrive in the season of harvest, when the price of corn is low, and the juncture is doubly favourable for abandoning the now sterile Sahara, and finding the markets of the Tell overflowing with cereals. Here, then, they spend the summer months in the activities of commerce, exchanging their dates and woollen goods for barley, raw wool, sheep, and butter. Now also, the lands of the Tell are vacant, the harvest having been gathered in; and the soil is improved rather than injured by their cattle, which are permitted freely to browse upon it. The close of summer is the signal for departure—a summons hailed with joy, as announcing the time for returning to their native country. Again loading their camels and striking their tents, the moving cities turn towards the south, and make their way into the Desert by short journeys as they came. They arrive at the oases just when the dates are ripe—that is, toward the end of October; a month is required, even with their assistance, to gather and house them; another is spent in exchanging their corn, barley, raw wool, &c. for the dates which have been gathered, and the woollen fabrics which have been produced during the year by female industry. These are now carefully deposited in the magazines, and the nomade tribes retire from the oases, conducting their flocks from pasture to pasture in the open country, till the return of summer demands a repetition of the same journeyings and the same labours. During the date-harvest, a load of corn in the Desert is worth two of dates; while in the Tell, at the corn-harvest, a load of dates is worth two of grain. This general rule is subject to little variation; so that if a grower conducts his traffic without any intermediate agent, he realises a profit of three hundred per cent.

The extensive tract of country which lies between the line from Agabli to Timbuctoo, and that from Gadamis to Kashna, is the principal though not the only range of the Touarik.* They constitute not a tribe merely, but a great nation, divided into several sections, of which each has its sultan and subordinate chiefs. It is impossible to form any correct estimate of their numbers. A large proportion are pastoral tribes, feeding their flocks in the desert wastes; the rest are engaged in commerce and piracy. Several large towns and numerous villages along the frontiers of Soudan and in the Hogger Mountains serve them as depôts. The Touarik are a white-skinned race, and supposed to be a branch of the Atlas family, older and purer than the Berber: their language is a dialect of that spoken by the Berbers of the Tell and the northern oases, but characterised by a roughness which has led to its being called by Europeans the 'German of the Desert:' it seems to approximate most to the language of the Gouanches, the aborigines of the Canary Islands.

Placed between the white race and the black, the Touarik are the terror of both, and appear now with savage ferocity to avenge themselves on the descendants of those who drove their fathers into the Deserts. That

* The singular is Targhee.

section of them which is found along the borders of Soudan is said to be in the highest degree sanguinary and faithless. To ambush in the neighbourhood of the little towns inhabited by negroes—to rush upon them at dead of night—to seize them, throw them on their meharees, and fly with the swiftness of the wind—such is the principal branch of industry pursued by these formidable robbers. When they have formed a sufficient collection of hapless victims, they repair to the market of Ghat or Ghadamis, and sell them to the merchants of the north who frequent those towns. Sometimes, after having delivered to the purchasers all that they obtained in the 'razia,' as negro-hunting or stealing is called, they set out again, waylay the caravan of their customers, and bear away the slaves whom they have so recently sold. The merchants may, if they please, return to the market, purchase them a second time, and take care to hire a strong enough escort before undertaking the journey again.

Along the route from Demergon and Kashna to Ghadamis, the various Touarik act as convoys to merchant-caravans; but in every other direction, and especially on the frequented lines between Timbuctoo and the oases of Twât, they plunder without mercy. Though they wander through every part of Central Africa and the Desert, none of them can be prevailed on to visit the coast; and the inhabitants of Morocco, Algeria, and Tripoli, know them only by the report of the Arab tribes who traverse the northern portions of Sahara.

It is worth while here to remark the errors that attach to hearing only one side of a story, especially with reference to regions so imperfectly known. Our more recent English travellers, as Andney, Clapperton, and Richardson, having entered the Desert by Tripoli, and pursued the route which the Touarik keep under their exclusive control, found them much less formidable than they had anticipated; but they speak of the Shanbah as banditti of the most ruthless and reckless character, who, having no stake like the Touarag in the commerce of the Desert, have been celebrated from time immemorial as the robbers and assassins of Sahara. 'To be a brigand,' says Mr Richardson, 'is with them a hereditary honour; and they are the dread of the people of Wad-reklah, as well as of foreign merchants and caravans. They have a well scooped out in the sandy regions where their tents are pitched; and here they live in horrid security, defying all law and authority, human and divine. Around them is an immensity of sandy wastes, and none dare pursue them into their dens. Horses would be useless, and it would require, says the Ghadamsee Rais, 200 men, with 400 camels, 800 water-skins, and provisions for two months, to make the least impression on them. Their numbers are recruited from various other Arab tribes, whose outlaws join their ranks.'

The French writers, on the other hand, represent the Shanbah, or Cha'ambi, whom it is their interest to conciliate, from their proximity to Algeria, as the most industrious and enterprising merchants of the Desert, and the Touarag as the parasites, the corsairs—in fact, the only redoubtable enemies to be feared in the sandy ocean. The truth is, that the Touarag and the Shanbah are neighbours, and at the same time deadly, irreconcilable, and national foes; the latter being pure Arabs, and the former the aboriginal race of the country. Generally, there remains a considerable space between them; but if the nomade tribes reach at the same time the

furthest limits of their respective territories, a collision is inevitable. Plunder is the main object of the Shanbah, and their preparations include means of transport as well as weapons of war. The principal objects of their desire are meharees and slaves, or if they can get nothing better, camels and sheep. Sometimes, however, they carry off nothing but the killed and wounded: such are the chances of war. Vengeance for these assaults, and a deep-settled abhorrence of the Shanbah tribe, seem to be the great excitements to warfare on the part of the chivalrous Touarag; and the recital of their adventures is carried by each party to their homes — the French nation receiving the Arab story, with embellishments, through their tributaries, while those who pass by Ghat and Ghadamis hear the other side.

In the Deserts of Africa, as well as in those of Asia, the hand of the Arab is against every man, and every man's hand against him; and it is to be feared that throughout the Sahara a stranger and an enemy, a merchant and a robber, are terms nearly synonymous; that hostile tribes seldom meet without collision; and that pillage is the unquestioned right of the victor. Yet in the Targhee towns theft is said to be quite unknown, except as occasionally practised by the tributaries or slaves. Fidelity and hospitality seem also to distinguish these rovers: those who commit themselves to their protection will be defended with the last drop of their blood, and nothing is so offensive to the high-minded Targhee as to be distrusted. The reader smiles, perhaps, at the very mention of chivalry, high-mindedness, and the demand of confidence in connection with the freebooters of the Sahara; but let him know that throughout the length and breadth of the Desert they carry the letters of the merchants unsealed, yet sacredly inviolable. If an inquisitive European asks to see them, he is peremptorily informed that it is *haram* (prohibited) to read these documents. We venture to inquire, what would the *haute-police* do with open letters, if such passed through the post-offices of La Belle France? Or nearer home, how have sealed ones been treated in England? Might not some of the ministers of our gracious Queen have passed a few months with advantage among the Touarag, taking lessons in honour and integrity?

Besides their revengeful and piratical habits, which are indeed legitimate causes of dread, the singularity of their appearance and manners combine to render the Touarag objects of terror throughout the Desert. They are tall, some of them even gigantic, and generally slender and nimble; hence the Arabs give them the appellation of *lath* or *beam*—beams which become transformed into living catapults when they are animated by the desire either of pillage or vengeance. While the Arab dress is used by all the other inhabitants of the Desert, the Touarag maintain a peculiar costume. It consists of wide pantaloons, and a variable number of vestments, in the form of loose gowns or blouses, with wide sleeves. These are made of a cotton cloth called saie, which is brought from the negro country; it is only a few inches broad, generally of different shades of blue, and variously striped. Whether in the town or tent, they generally wear at least three of these garments, the outermost of which is ornamented with rich embroidery in gold, forming irregular designs, and particularly heavy on the left breast and the right shoulder-blade. When they betake themselves to the open country, they add other two blouses of a dark blue colour, and the haïk or barracan, which is a long woollen scarf, worn over the shoulders.

But the great distinguishing feature of the male Targhee dress is the litham; a thin piece of cloth wound round the head, and then covering the forehead, the eyes partially, and the mouth and chin. The stuff of which this is composed is varnished with gum, to prevent the adhesion of the sand: thus are the mouth and eyes defended from cutting winds and drifting sands, and the wearer can travel several days longer without feeling parched in the absence of water. The Touarag pluck out the beard, contrary to the usage of the Berbers and Arabs, among whom this is a sacred ornament. A huge spear is carried in the right hand, the dagger is fastened under the left arm, and the sword swings behind. We must not omit to mention, also, that a profusion of talismans are strung round the neck; and so great is the confidence attached to them, that similar charms are hung round their meharees, to preserve them from the mange, and even on the date-trees, to save them from blight.

'Though professing the Moslem faith,' say our French informants, 'the Touarag are not considered by any means very scrupulous in the performance of its duties.' It seems that those who live in or near the negro country mingle the idolatrous rites of Fetichism with the observances of the Koran; but the Arabs look upon the whole race as heretics, from the singularity of their language and costume, and especially from the fact that in the shape of their weapons and the designs of their ornaments they manifest a decided predilection for the form of the cross, so abhorrent to those Mussulmans that recognise in it the emblem of the Christian faith. The handle of the Targhee sabre and the front of the saddle take this shape, and the cross is the favourite pattern of the embroidery on his dress. It is doubtless with indignant reference to these departures from orthodoxy that the Arabs of Sahara denominate the Touarag the 'Christians of the Desert.' Yet our English travellers describe them as spiteful in their religious bigotry, if not scrupulous in their practice. Children scarcely two years old would run out of their dwellings, spitting and crying, 'Kafer! Kafer!'—(infidel!) The wonderful descriptions which these gentlemen gave of European arts, for the entertainment of the natives, were constantly answered by the remark—'Christians know everything but God.' As Mr Richardson sat one day in the open court of his house, about an hour and a half before sunset, during the great feast called Ramadan, a Targhee entered, and standing before him in an erect posture, with his long spear in the right hand, he stretched the left towards heaven, looked upwards, and addressed him in a solemn, measured tone: 'And—thou—Christian! thou—fastest—thus! Thy father—knoweth—not—God! Thou art a Kafer—he is a Kafer—and the fire will devour you both at last!'

The female Touarag are said to be 'fair as Christian women,' pretty, coquettish, and saucy. Their dress is very simple, consisting merely of a chemise and short-sleeved frock, with a haïk. They wear bracelets, anklets, &c. of painted wood, if they cannot afford the precious metals; and round their necks are hung talismans, pieces of coral, and occasionally small mirrors. They go unveiled, and seem at perfect liberty; for here, again, the Targhee character differs from the Arab in the absence of that conjugal jealousy which marks the Mussulman of the East. The perfection of Targhee beauty is not *embonpoint*, like the Mooresses and Negresses; but, as the Arabs say or sing, 'Slender as the bending rush, or taper lance of Yemen.'

Another point of civilisation in which this race are in advance of both the Moors and Arabs is, that spoons are in very general use among them. These are made of wood, and exceedingly neat—a negro manufacture, as we remarked of the cotton cloth.

Of all the tribes of Africa, the Touarag alone have an indigenous alphabet, and most of them read and write their own characters—not indeed on paper or parchment, but on the sand and the dark rocks with which their country abounds.

Their principal market is Ghat, and their capital Agades. The latter is a fine town, built like Tunis: it is the residence of the sultan of one section of the Touarag. The subordinate chiefs exercise much authority; and, on the whole, the government seems to be a kind of irregular oligarchy. That which renders travelling so dangerous here, as in every part of the Desert, is, that the stranger may place himself under the protection of a convoy at Agades, for example, but his way may be through the territory of a different or even a hostile tribe of the same nation; and he has no security in case of meeting with a stronger party belonging to it. Timbuctoo is the goal which the European adventurer generally wishes to attain; but the Touarag who command the route south from Ghadames will not undertake to protect him westward, because those who surround, and indeed blockade Timbuctoo, are not amenable to the government at Agades.

Aheer is another important oasis of the Touarag. Its houses, unlike those of the Berbers, are circular, and stand far asunder, so that they spread over a considerable space. They are built of small stones mixed with red earth; a dome of thatch forms the roofing; and as a security against the wind, each dwelling has four doors, one looking to each point of the compass. The wells are constantly supplied with water, and there are cisterns to receive that which falls from the clouds. This neighbourhood is the favourite soil of the senna-plant. Its flowers are yellow, the leaves very large, and, except at the edges, of a dark purple colour. Large quantities of it are sent northward, packed in sacks of palm-leaves, which require to be renewed at Ghat. The natives wonder what we do with so much medicine: they have no idea of the millions of European population; still less of the quantity and variety of eatables and drinkables with which we overload and disorder the digestive system. The people of the Sahara use very little physic; their principal demands on the healing art are occasioned by external injuries, for which burning, bleeding, and charms, are their favourite remedies. To these some add manipulation, and after a severe fall every muscle is stretched, rubbed, and coaxed, with the utmost assiduity.

In all his expeditions, whether honest or dishonest, the meharee is the inseparable companion of the Targhee. It seems to bear the same relation to the common camel that the racer does to the draught-horse; but of all animals it is perhaps that which, from the nature of the country it inhabits, and of the service it is doomed to perform, has been the least made an object of observation and study. The only country that agrees with it is the Central Desert: it cannot live either in the northern part of Africa or in the mountainous country of Nigritia. Even every part of the Desert does not seem to agree equally well with it; for the Shanbah and the Ommadi, though very covetous of these animals, rear few if any for them-

proof against every trial, a sagacity resembling that of the d
swiftness far superior to that of the horse. Like his master,
physical organisation adapted to the region in which his lot is ca
midst of immense plains, between an arid soil and a burning sun,
to travel great distances in search of food, and continually expos
sultry breath of the south wind, he is endowed with singular
resistance to all these elements of destruction. Accustomed to t
herbage afforded by his native sands, the meharee does not seem
any luxury to browse on the richer pastures of the coast; he is
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crops it without perceiving the difference, and perishes the vict
mistake. However this may be, mehārees seldom appear ev
northern oases, except at Metili and Wad-reklah, whither they
sionally brought by the Shanbah, who have purchased or sto
from their natural masters.

As the transport of goods rarely demands great speed, the comm
is almost exclusively used for this purpose, the meharee being res
services requiring expedition. He renders valuable assistance to
which, when preparing to set out, generally despatch avant-couriers,
on swift coursers, to reconnoitre the route, and ascertain whet
supplied with water, and whether beset with any danger. But i
that the meharee cannot and does not make any companionship
coast camel. If the two incidentally meet, both shew agitation a
but the camel confesses its inferiority by scampering off as fast as
The natives divide their mehareh or mehārees into ten classes,

and well-known rules. At the end of a month he is allowed to run; an iron ring is then passed through his nose, and his education commences. When well trained, the meharee displays remarkable sagacity. If his rider chooses to plant his spear in the ground in the midst of a rapid course, the animal, attentive to the slightest intimation of his wishes, turns round the weapon, to enable him to regain it, and resumes the course without slackening his pace for a moment. When the warrior falls in battle, the faithful charger stretches himself on the ground, as if inviting him again to mount his back. If he is able to do so, he bears him gently but swiftly from the scene of carnage; but if the Targhee remains silent and motionless, the meharee hastens to the town or douar * of his habitation, exhibiting the empty saddle to the bereaved family. The women now commence the death-dirge—the children set up piercing cries—the whole community is thrown into excitement and alarm, and the horizon is watched with anxious solicitude. Some spots appear—they increase—they approach; they are other meharees without their riders—mute but truthful messengers of sorrow, confirming the intelligence that the troop has been defeated, and the loved ones are no more. The animals seldom all return, however—the victors generally succeed in capturing some of them; and they bring a high price when exposed for sale. A good meharee cannot be had for less than 720 boujous (about £30 sterling), whereas a common camel costs about 50 (£3, 15s.) It is, therefore, among all the tribes except the Touarik, an unusual and aristocratic means of locomotion.

Eastward of the route between Fezzan and Bornoo commences a black population denominated Tibboos, and supposed to number 150,000. This is a native race, probably of great antiquity, and enumerated by geographers as one of the branches of the Atlas family. Though black, the style of their features is strikingly dissimilar to the negro. They are described as a gay, lively, thoughtless race, with all the African passion for the song and the dance, which last they practise with considerable grace. Their occupations are chiefly pastoral, and their principal subsistence is derived from the milk of their camels. Besides, they carry on a small traffic with the north in slaves, which they kidnap in the negro country; and with the south in the natron and salt, which their country produces in abundance. Bilma is their capital—a mean collection of mud hovels, but surrounded by lakes containing the purest salt. A predatory warfare is kept up between the Tibboos and their powerful neighbours the Touarik. In open fight the Tibboos have no chance; when invaded, they climb the rocks in the shelter of which their villages are always built, carrying with them whatever they can remove. The Touarik sweep away all that is left, and load their camels with the salt which is so valuable as an article of trade. In return, the Tibboos give considerable annoyance by frequent and stealthy incursions into the Targhee country.

A singular feature in the social character of the Tibboos is said to be the dominance of the female sex in the hut and the tent. The man may be the lord of creation in the open country, where, indeed, he passes two-thirds of his time, but at home he is knocked about at the pleasure of

* A village of tents.

his managing spouse. When a caravan for salt is coming from Aheer, the men turn out and betake themselves to the mountains with provision for a month, leaving the women to transact the business.

Throughout the Saharian Desert, an aristocracy seems to attach to the blood of the saints, and some of the Maraboot tribes are among the most wealthy and powerful to be met with. Such are the Shereefs, who, in 1516, overthrew the dynasty of Morocco, and placed on the throne one of their own sheiks, by whose family it is still occupied. By this tribe is conducted most of the commerce of Morocco eastward through the northern states, which they supply with their own and European manufactures; and also to Twât, where they command several oases. The Oulad-sidi-Sheiks are another venerable tribe, who claim descent from a favourite caliph of the Prophet; and who, by their numbers, nobility, wealth, and sanctity, exercise a powerful influence throughout the date country. In token of their aristocracy, they dwell under tents of black woollen fabric, surmounted with ostrich-plumes, of which the size varies according to the rank and fortune of each family. By this token they are distinguished from the vulgar population of the Algerine Sahara, which is the land of their habitation.

Still more remarkable for this incongruous union of the sacerdotal and mercantile professions are the inhabitants of Gadamis. To a religious scrupulosity that would tremble at a drop of prohibited medicine falling on their garments, they add a spirit of commerce which is arrested by no difficulty, and daunted by no peril. They plunge into the Desert, eager in pursuit of gain, even when it is known to be infested with cut-throats; 'it is decreed,' the moment of their death is registered in the book of fate, and no recklessness on their part can antedate the record. With scrupulous exactitude, and with apparent earnestness too, they pray five times daily while *en route*, the laws of the Koran allowing them to choose their own time under these circumstances; yet they make no scruple about buying and selling the unfortunate negro; and this traffic in human flesh is the most lucrative branch of their commerce. The elder men, who have retired from the activities of life, and indeed all the resident inhabitants of Gadamis, seem to pass their whole time in formal devotional exercises. Even the women here are admitted to have souls, and are carefully instructed in the Koran, besides being taught to repeat the usual prayers and traditionary legends.

Unhappily the Turks, having incurred considerable expense in establishing their sovereignty at Tripoli, cast their eyes on this spot as an El Dorado for the replenishment of their exhausted coffers. A pretext was found for levying a heavy tribute; and though the holy Maraboot city of the Desert had taken no part in the turmoils of the coast, and though the pacific character of its inhabitants might well have exempted them from interference, yet a Turkish garrison was placed within their walls, the women and children were stripped of their gold and silver ornaments, private dwellings were ransacked to meet the exorbitant demands of the Ottoman Porte, and the city, which had flourished for ages in the pursuit of its peaceful commerce, is now groaning under oppression, and threatened with utter ruin: the Turkish rule has fallen like the lightning's blast, to wither one of the fairest palms of the African Desert.

III.

The Commerce of the Desert—Various Modes of Travelling—Best Mode of Exploring these Regions.

Besides the traffic which we have had occasion to mention as carried on by some of the nomade tribes for the supply of their immediate wants, there is a regular and extensive system of commerce across the Sahara, by which the civilised states of Europe are brought into communication with the Negroland of Interior Africa. This commercial system is sufficiently complicated on account of the difficulties attending the transit, and the various and even hostile interests that are engaged in it. The productions of Europe cannot be transmitted, as is commonly imagined, into the populous regions of Central Africa by caravans equipped in Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, or Tripoli: the commerce of Sahara is by no means so simple a matter. For instance, a bale of goods from Tunis, destined for the south, is carried by native merchants to Khabs, the most southern oasis of the Tunisian Sahara. Here it is purchased by merchants from Ghadamis, who convey it to their own city, where it becomes associated with commodities from Tripoli, Algiers, and Egypt. It proceeds, generally after changing hands at Ghadames, by the great annual caravan to Ghat, and is there exchanged for the productions of Soudan. Now, under the care of the Touarik, it finds its way to the country of the blacks; but we have no certain details of their mode of doing business. This is the eastern route. Towards the west, the progress is somewhat similar. Goods from the various towns of Morocco and Algeria are carried by native tribes to Tafilet, Metili, &c. They are poured into the market of El-Golea by the redoubtable Shanha, or the sacerdotal Shereefs. Thence, by the same tribes and the Ommadi, they are conveyed to their respective markets in the oases of Twât; but from Twât to Timbuctoo they must be in charge of the Khensafa, or the all-powerful Touarik. There are some few individuals who accompany their goods through all their wanderings; these are generally the merchants of Gadamis, who can travel the whole of the eastern route under Targhee protection; or the Shanbah, who may succeed in fighting their way on the western. The commerce presents different characters in these two directions. Tunis and Tripoli export chiefly objects of luxury from Europe—as silk, and other articles of mercery; pearls, cloves, cinnamon, perfumery, paper, cloth, &c. Morocco, on the other hand, furnishes objects of more immediate necessity—such as grain, sheep, and wool. Placed between the two, Algiers might partake of both, but the ravages of war have turned aside the caravans from her oases. The staple commodities brought back from Soudan are negro slaves, gold-dust, elephants' teeth, senna, ostrich-feathers, buffalo-hides, the blue cotton made in the negro country, gour-nuts for staining the teeth, &c. The two last articles do not reach the northern states, but are disposed of among the inhabitants of the Desert; and it is to be noted that the oases are places of consumption and production, as well as of exchange; they absorb a large portion of the merchandise, both of the north and south, on its way; while to the former they add salt and natrona, to the latter dates and fine woollen cloth.

needles, paper, silks and cottons of gay colours; but everythi
poorest quality. During the sook the place was supplied with
by frequent caravans from the oases of Fezzan. Very little g
be seen. What does come this way is chiefly in the form of fe
ments, rudely fashioned, but of the purest material. These are
filthy pieces of rag, and deposited, during their journeyings, in
or turban of the merchant. But most of the gold which is fo
interior of Africa is carried either to Morocco or to the Europea
on the west coast.

Most of the traffic of the Desert is effected by barter, and
specie is used. That which is most circulated in the north is the
Tunis, which is current as far as the oases of Twât and Fezzan.
south there is some Spanish money transmitted through Moro
few Turkish coins, which naturally find their way from Tripo
latter are generally disliked. The reason alleged is, that God tau
tians to make money, because it is a thing accursed, though ne
the present world; therefore Mussulmans ought not to engage in
In the future state, they say the faithful will have all good thing
without money; whereas Christians will have melted coin po
their throats as their torment for ever. Among the negro trib
currency is used, known to us under the vulgar name of *cowri*
year the English pour into this country, by Guinea, nearly
tons of cowries from Bengal, where they bear about one-tenth p
value that they do in Soudan.

The means of travelling in this part of the world are utterl
from those which nature and civilisation have bestowed on Eur
largest rivers are unnavigable at a few miles from their mouths;
way and the canal, to say nothing of the railway, are things u
are the vehicles of which they imply the use. The Arab roads i
are mere tracks marked on the sod by the naked foot of man, an

custom; in the Tell the natives may be seen travelling in single-file on roads forty-eight feet broad, constructed by their European conquerors, the traces of the national locomotion being thus impressed on the highways opened by civilisation.

But when we come to the sands of the open Desert, even these pathways disappear; the wind soon effaces the footprints of the passenger, and we seek in vain for the long white track which guides the traveller through many parts of Northern Africa. The tuft of a pistachio, a lotus-plant, the white top of a sandhill, the summit of a distant mountain—these are the waymarks which guide him across the solitudes. In some of the most monotonous plains, the inhabitants have taken the precaution to raise pyramids of stones, whose sharp projections contrast with the smooth and rounded features of the Saharian landscape. These waymarks are called *kerkors*, and are especially employed to indicate the position of wells. Another kind of monument also is frequently met with. 'Travelling one day,' says M. Carette, 'in company with several Arabs, I was astonished to see them stop, one after another, while each lifted a stone, and still more surprised when they offered one to me. On asking the reason, I was informed that we were going to pass the nza of Bel-gacem! Though very little the wiser, I took the stone, and in a few minutes afterwards we came to a pile of pebbles about five feet high. Each of my companions cast his stone upon it, exclaiming "To the nza of Bel-gacem!" Of course I added mine when my turn came. This is the Arab mode of raising a monument on the spot where any tragic event has taken place, and it sometimes attains the height of twelve or fifteen feet. Dr Jacquot obtained the following history of one which he had occasion to pass in the Atlas Mountains:—The Ouled-Balaghr occupied the country to the west, while the Thouamas fed their flocks to the east. The latter were a pacific tribe, who desired nothing of their neighbours but to be let alone—their women to weave, their children to tend the flocks, and the men to doze all day, crouching on the threshold of the tent, or stretching themselves on a grassy mound. But, alas! the ferocious sheik of the Ouled-Balaghr continually interrupted their enjoyments, and harassed them with war. He delighted in finding the oily coucous ready-baked, and the red piquant sauce smoking in the dwellings of his neighbours; he preferred the yellow streams of honey which filled the trunks excavated by the Thouamas to those which he might himself obtain by patient industry. Besides, he had other tastes which still more deeply aggrieved the husbands and fathers of this inoffensive tribe. Mohammed espoused their cause; and in clear weather the guardian fairies might be distinctly seen surrounding their *protégées* in seasons of extreme danger. One day, when the terrible sheik crossed the boundary, longing after coucous, honey, and female beauty, he was met by a holy maraboot, bent with age, and leaning on a staff. Raising his decrepit form for an instant, 'There is no god but Allah,' said he, 'and Mohammed is his prophet. Hadst thou the wings of our mountain eagles, or the fleet limbs of the antelope of the plain, thou shouldst proceed no farther. Return to thy douar, rear bees for thyself, make thy women grind corn and barley, and meditate thou in the Koran; but let the Thouamas alone, if thou wouldst not perish on this spot as the scorpion which thy beast is treading under foot.' But the courser of the sheik was no such pusillani-

mous animal as Balaam's ass of ancient fame: urged by his master's shabeers,* he dashed past the holy man, tossed his mane, and broke into a gallop. He had not gone many paces when he fell; both the horse and his rider dashed their heads on a jutting angle of rock; the little Attila became food for the crows and jackals, but burial was given to the less guilty horse. Every Arab that passes adds a stone to the heap, and exclaims, 'It is decreed!'

Level and sandy tracts are always chosen for travelling when this is possible, which is perhaps the reason that some travellers have supposed the whole Desert to be a sandy plain. The most dreaded part of the route from Twât to Timbuctoo is over the tanezroufle, a plain of stiff red earth, which cannot be crossed in less than ten or twelve days, and throughout which not a drop of water is to be found. In the sand there is at least always a soft dry bed, even after the heaviest rains, where the wanderer may repose his wearied limbs. Here, too, he is more likely to find springs of water than in the clayey or stony tracts. The wells in the neighbourhood of oases are covered with skins, to preserve them from the intrusion of the sand, and furnished with a bucket of plaited halfa, and a cord to reach the water. If this simple apparatus gets out of order, it must be the result of long use or unforeseen accident; for it is guaranteed against wanton injury by the respect which all native travellers entertain for these little monuments of public utility. Any misadventure that occurs to them is immediately reported to the chief of the oasis, who loses no time in repairing it.

The European adventurer most commonly joins the gafala, or merchant caravan, as it is not only the most expeditious, but the most secure and economical mode of performing a journey, the expense of an escort being saved. In all the northern oases of any importance, there are fourdouks or caravanserails corresponding with the principal points of commercial intercourse; and these serve not only as resting-places and hotels, but as rendezvous and starting-points for the caravans which frequent them. If the escorting towns are pretty considerable, the departures are periodical; but in all cases the day and hour of starting is intimated beforehand by the chief driver; and in order to ascertain it, one has only to apply at the proper fourdouk, where all particulars may be obtained.

The muleteers and camel-drivers form the nucleus of the caravan, and regulate its movements. The length of a day's journey is variable, depending on the strength of the company, in connection with the nature of the route and the degree of security anticipated. The usual distance is from twenty to twenty-five miles, but it may extend to forty in regions destitute of water or infested by robbers. Travellers who join a caravan are not obliged to submit to any discipline; there is no community except that of dangers to be escaped, and an end to be attained. If they sustain an attack, each one consults his own courage, and does independently what in him lies to repel or escape the enemy: it rarely happens that any regular disposition of force is made either for the attack or the defence; and occurrences of this nature always produce considerable disorder. The gafalas are almost entirely composed of men whose principal occupation is commerce, but women are

* A kind of spur.

not excluded; and it is no uncommon thing to see widows, having no other means of support, carrying on the traffic of their deceased husbands.

Another species of caravan is the neja, or migration of a tribe; and this presents a much more lively scene than a gafala. The latter is a concourse of men who have little acquaintance with each other; its march is grave, and often silent and monotonous. The neja, on the contrary, is the tribe with its women, its dogs, its cattle, its tents, and all the apparatus of nomade life. It is not composed of isolated individuals, but of families; or rather it is one great family on the tramp. There is, therefore, nothing more lively and pleasant than to join a neja: 'the barking of the dogs, the bleating of the sheep, the shouting of the men in charge of them, the crowing of the fowls, and the squalling of the children; all this variety of noises,' says M. Carette, 'forms a rural harmony which is quite charming in the otherwise lonely and silent wastes; and the traveller finds a novel source of amusement in witnessing the private labours of domestic economy, simple enough, but wearing a strange character when it is remembered that they are all conducted on the back of the camel.'

Suddenly this noisy march becomes silent and pensive—the cavaliers of the advanced guard perceive in the horizon the approach of another tribe; they give notice of it to the sheik, and immediately the ranks close in. The gafala carries no standard, for it fears no enemy save the freebooter; but each neja is in alliance with one or other of the great parties that divide the Desert, and regard as enemies all the tribes that favour the opposite cause. As the two companies near each other, conjectures are forming as to whether this is to be a greeting of friends or a collision of foes. When they come within reach of the voice, the demand is made, 'Who are you?' If they prove to be allies, they continue their journey apart, on exchanging a salam; but if the name uttered is that of a hostile tribe, they reply by blows, and a conflict ensues. The battle never continues beyond sunset, which is the signal for the suspension of hostilities. If one of the parties is confessedly worsted, it avails itself of the night to disappear; but if the issue is doubtful, the belligerents encamp on the field of battle, and renew the conflict in the morning. The Arabs manifest much more animosity in these collisions than in any skirmishes they have with their European invaders, as none are more exasperated than brothers if they happen to be enemies. In war against the infidels, they make prisoners; but no such thing is known in the mutual warfare of the tribes. In the latter case, if an Arab becomes master of a living foe, he slays him without mercy, and hastens to lay the gory head at the feet of his wives, who welcome it with insults and imprecations.

The only exception to these barbarous usages is in favour of three classes of people: maraboots are spared out of respect for their sacred character; Jews and blacksmiths from mere contempt. We have not been able to learn the origin of this feeling towards the trade of a blacksmith; but certain it is, that if a man be surrounded by enemies, and despairing of escape, he has only to wrap his head in the hood of his burnoose, and work with his arms, as if beating iron: they will not stain their hands with the blood of so abject a wretch.

It rarely happens that a traveller joining a neja has occasion to carry his own tent and provisions. If he has any acquaintance in the tribe, he

poor husbandmen and labourers, not finding their toil sufficiently
rated in the oases, make their way to the coast, where they form
intelligent, the most industrious, and the best-conducted porti
community.

One cannot compare the habits and the wants of one of the
drivers of the Desert with those of a European wagoner, with
struck with the contrast. The latter requires, as every night cl
roof to shelter him, should it be only that of a hovel, and a be
but of straw; he needs nourishing food to support his strength
necessity is rendered more imperious by the use of alcoholic liqu
the Arab camel-driver asks no bed but the sand, no roof but t
fountain of pure water is his most luxurious tavern; his sust
moistened meal; and for these he offers thanks to Heaven. I
a day he prostrates himself on the ground, laying his forehead on
stones of the Desert, if such be the paving of his route, and pou
prayers to his heavenly Guide, Protector, and Provider. What a
for the well-fed bishops of Christendom!

Neither merchant-caravans nor those of migrating tribes tra
times or in all directions, so that isolated journeying is frequen
sary. It is generally unsafe for a stranger to attempt this wi
protection of either a professional or amateur guide, belonging t
whose territory is to be crossed. He is acquainted with the sa
places and the good springs; he knows when it is necessary to re
cealed, and when he may proceed by daylight; and he has frie
the route from whom he obtains for his companion the same l
that is extended to himself.

The provision for a journey consists of rouina, dates, and butt
is desirous of luxury: otherwise, the only article of food is roui

from the rising till the setting of the sun. When he wishes for a repast, the table is soon spread: he sits down beside a spring of water, if the place affords one, and lays on the ground a flap of his burnoose, which serves both as dish and tablecloth. He throws into it a handful of rouina, which he moistens with water, makes into a paste, and eats without further culinary process. He then puts his hands together to form a cup, drinks, and pursues his way. A mezoued full of rouina will support him twenty-four days.

It must be confessed that our knowledge of the deserts, as well as of the interior of Africa, is still very imperfect; and while we render due homage to the courage of those martyrs to science who have from time to time ventured into the trackless wastes, and have in few instances lived to return, it must be admitted that the field is too wide and too ungenial to be explored by any such individual and partial researches as have yet taken place. It is to be apprehended that in some—perhaps in many cases—general inferences have been drawn hastily and incorrectly from particular facts; and the sufferings which Europeans have undergone in their venturous excursions may have led them to view things through a distorted medium, and to represent them in such a manner as rather to magnify than diminish the distance which divides us from them. It is not enough to be courageous; we should endeavour to turn our courage to good account by directing it in wisdom; and before throwing ourselves into a region where so many lives have been sacrificed, it would be well to know so much about it as to make our progress safe, and our observations intelligent and useful. It has been suggested by some who have become personally and intimately acquainted with the Northern Sahara, or Land of Dates, that among the natives themselves might be found useful explorers to prepare the way for European adventure. In Tunis, Tripoli, and Alexandria, the points in which terminate three of the great commercial arteries of Interior Africa, there are always to be found Arabs who have traversed in every direction the whole country between Egypt and Guinea. We might send such as these into the heart of Africa, to collect all the particulars which it is desirable to obtain: they are naturally enterprising travellers and acute observers of natural phenomena; and their native instincts, properly directed, might yield us an immense fund of information at a very trifling cost. They might be commissioned to bring specimens of all the natural productions, first of the Northern Sahara, then of the Central, and, lastly, of Interior Africa; of the plants, the grain, the shells, the stones, the fruit of different kinds, and stuffs of various fabric. They might be instructed to count the houses of a town, the tents of a tribe, the camels of a caravan; and thus should we have accurate data on the strength of the population and the progress of commerce. They might be directed to count the paces from one oasis to another, to follow the course of a stream, to measure a basin; and thus we should have geographical details.

'I was curious,' says M. Carette, 'to ascertain by experiment how far these rovers of the Desert might be transformed into deputy travellers, and the result even surpassed my expectations. I gave a scientific commission for a distant part of the Date-Country to an intelligent but illiterate Arab belonging to one of those Saharian tribes which make the most extensive circuit in their annual migrations. His instructions were

confined to objects of natural history, geography, commerce, and statistics; but the child of the Desert spontaneously became an archæologist: having met with a Roman inscription, he copied it as faithfully as he could, supposing, according to the traditions of his country, that it contained some important revelation which I should be able to expound.'

If it be asked whether the veracity of such agents could be depended upon, it is answered that they would at least be as worthy of credence as the generality of European travellers; that is, quite as little prone to perversion or exaggeration, and somewhat less liable to mistake or deception; but we could easily verify their testimony by despatching two successively on a similar mission. If Europeans who understand the language of the Arabs, and know how to humour their peculiarities, would take up their position about the skirts of the Desert, and employ themselves in directing native explorers, and then collecting and comparing their reports, instead of plunging themselves into the pathless wastes, where their religion is abhorred, their motives suspected, and their lives considered fair game, we might soon have such a programme as would open a well-defined field for European enterprise, whether commercial, scientific, or religious.

SIGISMUND TEMPLE.

THE pale, anxious face of a dying man, scarcely past the prime of life, looked forth from the casement of a homestead on the sea-skirted ore of Devonshire, just as the evening of a stormy day was falling ently and sadly upon the fading landscape and the vast perturbed lantic, over whose distant horizon the sunset clouds still threw a wintry ilgence. A fair young girl stood near the sofa upon which the invalid lined, vainly striving to dissipate, with broken words of love, the dark cies of a spirit which stubbornly rebelled against the decree that he ew had irrevocably gone forth. 'Nearer—nearer to me!' he faintly rmured, after a long and wistful gaze at the drear and melancholy scene hout. 'Let me, whilst yet I may, feel your sweet breath upon my ek, the warm pressure of your gentle hand in mine. Darkness is falling n all things, as upon me; but the earth will reawaken in the smile of new dawn, and again put on her robe of light and flowers, whilst I can rcely dare to hope that I shall safely ferry over the dark waters which between me and the retreating light of life!' As he spoke, a strong am of parting sunlight burst upon the wintry view, suddenly and briefly mining the thick woods and darkening ocean.

'There is still light in Heaven,' whispered the weeping girl, as she oped to kiss the pale forehead of her parent; 'and always hope.' The ng man gazed with silent earnestness upon the changing scene. The set, and a cold, gray tint succeeded; then darkness fell: but presently solemn stars looked forth, and soon the full, clear moon rose high ve the trees, shedding a silver glory over the earth, and throwing a iant bridge across the dark and troubled waste of waters.

'Truly there is light in Heaven!' murmured the invalid, with a faint ile; 'and it may be as you say, Lucy—hope, even for me who have so ughtlessly, so guiltily misused and squandered the high and precious of this brief but great existence!' Presently he added: 'But for your e, dear child, I must no longer dally with the fleeting moments yet aining to me. Wheel me closer to the fire, and after listening to a fession I have, I almost fear, too long delayed, pity, and, if you can, give me.' Lucy Gaston silently obeyed her father's command; and then, eeling on an ottoman by his side, and taking his wasted hands in hers, ked up with patient attention and tenderest compassion in his face.

The apartment in which they sat was evidently an artist's working-room.

There were numerous finished and unfinished paintings on the walls; and on an easel there was one that, in the imperfect state in which the failing hand of the limner had left it a fortnight previously, was easily seen, even by the imperfect light which now reached it, to be a portrait of Lucy Gaston. The sunny eyes of blue, the wavy, golden hair, the dazzling purity of complexion, the sweet, almost infantine smile which parted the coral lips, were unmistakably hers, transferred in a felicitous moment to the canvas by the artist, to whom it had evidently been a labour of love. He was now about to paint himself: let us hope as faithfully.

'Forty-seven years,' he began, 'will have passed on the 8th of February next since your father, the first and only surviving child of William and Rachel Gaston, was born at Leeds in Yorkshire. My parents carried on a respectable retail business in that city. I was not only deemed a remarkably handsome boy, but I early displayed extraordinary precocity of intellect; and my proud and indulgent father and mother, with well-meant but injudicious, hurtful kindness, stimulated, instead of checking, the naturally vain, impulsive, and, as I cannot now conceal from myself, utterly selfish instincts and disposition of the son of their doting love. I was held to possess *genius;* and that my parents, and the foolish people who counselled them, believed all-sufficient in itself to build up greatness, and would only be dwarfed and crippled by the discipline of strict study and close application. Strange, but too common error! As if weeds would not take root in a rich untended soil, and absorb in their rank luxuriance the energy which, wisely and vigorously directed, might bring forth fruits of worth, and usefulness, and beauty. Especially in drawing and painting I was held to manifest great capacity. I submitted with impatience, and this for no great length of time, to the dry study of the rudimentary rules of art, quite satisfied that being admittedly a genius—ill-understood word!—I needed none of the mechanical aids and appliances necessary only for the dull plodders whose feeble powers required such crutches. My libertine and unguided pencil was held to be especially successful in caricature—in seizing upon the ridiculous, the awkward and absurd, and gibbeting those weaknesses for the amusement of the fools and dastards of our acquaintance. Nothing, as I have sadly proved, is so fatal to the generous development of youth as the habit of satire—of indulgence in puny, malicious sarcasm. It generates a feeling of sneering superiority; a disposition to search out and dwell upon the failings and weaknesses of people; and gradually induces a disbelief in the existence of either nobleness or talent out of self. It was thus I wasted the golden days of life, and at twenty-one found myself the idol indeed of my parents, but contemned, slighted, shunned, and—my evil disposition exulted in knowing—feared, by all the good, the wise, the amiable, to whom the exercise of my reputed talents had made me known. In reality, I was as ignorant and unskilful as I was offensive and vain. A picture on a serious subject, which I had the presumption to send to London for exhibition, was returned with a criticism so humiliating, and yet I felt so entirely, so mercilessly true, as almost to drive me mad. A sharp but brief illness followed, and when I recovered, the counsel of a man of sense—to whose advice I had previously listened with lofty contempt—induced me to recommence the study of the rules

and principles of art. My father of course yielded to this new caprice. I was sent to the metropolis, and placed in the studio of an eminent master, uncontrolled, save during the hours of instruction and practice, by any other guide than my own fierce will and unbridled passions. My parents, whose faith in my coming and not far-off greatness was illimitable as ever, supplied me freely with money; and the consequence to a vain, impulsive young man thus thrown into that vortex of folly and dissipation, may be easily divined by men of the world, but not to be dreamed of or guessed at by you, my pure and gentle child. I worked,' continued Mr Gaston, after moistening his lips with lemonade—'I worked earnestly, but only by fits and starts, and I advanced but slowly in knowledge of my art, compared with the proficiency I speedily acquired in the usages and maxims of a depraved society. Incessant applications for money, under one lying pretext or another—nay, Lucy, it is the right, the only word to use—were received by my parents, and always complied with, though latterly the simple confiding creatures hinted at difficulties in supplying my increasing wants. This had gone on for several years, till at last a crisis in my life arrived. I was introduced by a well-connected fellow-student, who knew little of my habits, to the house of Captain Austin of the Royal Navy, who, with his unmarried daughter, resided at a pleasant habitation about a mile beyond Hampstead. Caroline, another daughter, had been some months previously married to a Mr Fanshawe, the presumptive heir to a barony, though not one of the richest in the peerage. I never saw her, but she was reputed to possess the too often fatal gift of beauty in a still higher degree than her sister, your mother, sweet one. You remember your mother, Lucy?'

'Faintly, imperfectly. You know I was not five years old when she was taken from me. Yet often in my dreams I hear a gentle voice, which I know to be hers, calling me by name, and see again her pale, marble face, and beautiful but mournful eyes, bending over me with watchful tenderness'——

'It was I who quenched the joyous light of those sad eyes, and chilled the warm current of eloquent blood that once mantled those pale cheeks;' interrupted Mr Gaston with sad emphasis. 'I who—— But I must check this flood of bitter, memories, or what I have to say will, I fear, remain unspoken. I fell desperately in love with Lucy Austin; the feeling was mutual; and I ultimately succeeded, well knowing as I did that her father had higher, more ambitious views for her, in inducing her to consent to a private marriage. A few weeks of bewildering happiness fled past on lightning wings; then the thunder burst, and the brief dream was dissolved for ever! Suspicion of what had occurred was communicated to Captain Austin by the student who had introduced me to his house, who at the same time placed in his hands intelligence as yet unknown to me concerning my father. In an agony of apprehension, Captain Austin flew to his daughter's room, broke open her writing-desk, and speedily convinced himself of the truth of his informant's report. His dismay and rage were extreme. Your mother was from home; and upon me, who entered the house a short time after the discovery was made, the first burst of the tempest fell. Every epithet of opprobrium that contempt could invent and hate express was *hurled at me.* I replied only by a disdainful smile, till

Captain Austin threw a newspaper he was holding in his hand towards me, accompanying the act by a few rageful, startling words. I glanced over it: "William Gaston of Leeds, ironmonger, bankrupt." The words swam before my eyes; my brain reeled, and I staggered blindly out of the house, still pursued by the maledictions of the enraged father. I procured a coach, hastened home, and there found a letter which confirmed the fatal news. William Gaston, whom I had represented to my wife and others as a wealthy merchant, was hopelessly insolvent, unless, indeed, the still deceived, still confiding old man wrote, "I could sell two or three of the great pictures I had painted;" in which case an arrangement might, he thought, be effected! I raved with frantic passion and remorse, and an impulse to rid myself of shameful life was only checked by the arrival of your mother. Her father had thrust his disobedient child from his door; and she, poor, stricken dove, hastened at once to the haven of her husband's arms, and, deceived as she had been, still whispered in his ears her woman's spells of home, and peace, and love.

'A bleak future was before us,' resumed the sick man, as soon as the choking grief which his narrative excited in Lucy Gaston had subsided to a calmer sorrow; 'but with persevering, steady effort it would soon have brightened, and every difficulty have been overcome. I, alas! was only capable of fitful, spasmodic exertion: the slightest failure or disappointment chilled and disheartened me. I struggled feebly, because without hope or confidence, and soon abandoned the contest in despair. My father, by the kindness of his creditors, who greatly respected him, and justly imputed his insolvency to my criminal extravagance, was enabled to recommence business in a small way. He, therefore, and my mother, were so far provided for; but how could I, whispered my selfish heart, burdened by a wife, and soon, possibly, by a numerous family, hope to retrieve the wasted years, and emerge from the slough of poverty in which I was plunged? An unexpected communication enabled me to effect the purpose I brooded over with some show of human feeling. Captain Austin, wearied by the remonstrances of his eldest daughter, who had some time previously become Lady Fanshawe, and mother of the Honourable Caroline Fanshawe, your cousin, caused it to be intimated to us that he would allow my wife two hundred and fifty pounds a year, on condition that she separated from me. Neither he nor Lord Fanshawe, who I believe contributed the largest portion of the money, would hear of assistance being rendered to us on any other terms. I insisted that the offer should be accepted; your mother yielded a compelled assent, and I never saw her more. It is useless,' continued Mr Gaston after a painful interval of silence, 'to dwell upon my afterlife. Ultimately I reached Italy—Rome; and after a time succeeded in attaining a sufficient degree of excellence as a painter, to insure myself a comfortable, or I might say, a handsome subsistence. I was liberally patronised by British visitors to the Eternal City; and had I known that any one belonging to me would have been spared me—that you, Lucy, lived to cheer and bless existence, I might perhaps have in some degree retrieved the crimes and follies of the past, or at all events, the bitter thought that I am leaving you unprovided for, friendless—your fine nature uncultivated, undeveloped, and exposed, with the rare beauty you inherit from your mother, to a thousand perils you would not, but for that

perilous gift, encounter. But I knew it not. I had left no trace of my whereabout; and it was only through the newspapers which I have shewn you that I learned the deaths of father, mother, wife, long after they occurred. Your death, in childhood, was, as you know, by some unintelligible mistake, recorded in the same paragraph that announced your mother's: this I believe is still Lord Fanshawe's impression, for Captain Austin survived his daughters, who died within a short time of each other, by a few weeks only. Success had come too late—even for self: my heart was withered, and gradually but surely the springs of life gave way. Weariness of all things beneath the sun had worked itself into the warp and woof of my being, and a melancholy which nothing could cheer or lighten settled heavily upon both heart and brain. In my despair, I sought relief from the discipline and expiatory penances of the Roman Catholic Church—vainly sought it. The pious homiliés and exhortations with which my ghostly counsellors sought to reanimate my bruised and wearied spirit, were profitless as bread placed in a dead man's mouth. I was dying, lingeringly and hopelessly, when eight months since a chance-meeting with a relative of Captain Austin revealed the probability of your existence. He at least had seen you months after the date of the newspaper paragraph. It was a gleam from Paradise! I hastened home with frantic speed; found, clasped you in my arms, and read the holy and blessed letter of forgiveness, pity, love, which your sainted mother requested should be placed in the wanderer's hands the instant he returned to his abandoned home! But those divine ministerings to a mind diseased came too late; and yet but a few days, hours rather, and I shall have passed to my long home, and you—— Alas! alas!'

The agitation of the invalid drowned his feeble utterance, and for many minutes no sound was heard in the apartment but the quick sobs of the parent and child weeping in each other's arms.

'These worthy people,' at length resumed Mr Gaston; 'these Whistons —Susan, as you call her, especially, and her cousin, Mary Crawford—are very kind to you; and with them I think it probable you may always find a home.'

'Fear not for that, dear father. Susan and her cousin Mary have been sisters to me; fond, proud, anxious sisters from my earliest remembrance.'

'Ay! He has tempered the wind to the shorn lamb. But still the time may come when even Susan's friendship will fail or'——

'Never!' exclaimed Lucy Gaston.

'Or not suffice, I should rather say. For this reason it is that I request your heedful attention to what I am now about to say. Your cousin, the Honourable Caroline Fanshawe, bears a gentle reputation, and holds, I have heard, her mother's memory in great reverence. Several of that mother's kind, sympathising letters to her less fortunate sister, you will find in my writing-desk, enclosed with an explanatory note from me, in an envelope directed to Lord Fanshawe. You will, should you need counsel or assistance, forward that parcel to its address—or indeed immediately I am gone; for the society of these Whistons, kind and worthy as'——

A gentle knock at the door interrupted him. It was Mrs Whiston, Susan, to say that a priest—a Roman, hesitated the young woman, as if

announcing some terrific personage, was below. 'He came,' she added, 'on horseback, and says he was sent for.'

'Quite right,' said Mr Gaston with a sad, feeble smile. 'Ask him to walk up. Kiss me, Lucy. I will ring for you soon after this visitor is gone.'

The priest had left Vale Farm, after a long interview with his penitent, for more than half an hour, when Lucy Gaston, surprised and impatient at not being summoned, softly entered her father's apartment, who, she concluded, must have fallen asleep. His attitude, and the long wicks of the candles, placed on a low table by his side, confirmed this impression. The light of the candles shining full upon the sleeper's face, as he lay calmly reclined upon the couch, gave it, she thought, an unearthly pallor, and she noiselessly approached to remove them. Gently she bent down over that erring, but oh! how fondly, freely-forgiven parent! Her warm lip touched his; instantly a piercing scream ran through the house, and Lucy Gaston was found a minute afterwards by Mrs Whiston and Mary Crawford, fainting, and almost insensible, upon the dead body of her father, which she wildly clasped.

Mr Gaston, in compliance with his own earnest request, was buried in the Catholic chapel of the neighbouring town, in a tomb excavated in front of the sanctuary. The funeral, perhaps for effect, took place on the evening of the sixth day after his decease, and the building was crowded by persons attracted by the unusual ceremony. The novel and imposing service, the profusion of lights, the perfume of the incense, the deep tones of the organ, fitfully broken and relieved by the choral wailings, the exulting bursts, of the mass of requiem, and at intervals by the lone, solemn voice of the officiating priest, combined with the heat of the atmosphere, proved too much for Lucy Gaston, and she would have fainted but for the pungent essences which Mary Crawford, who, with Mr and Mrs Whiston, accompanied her, plentifully administered. Her bonnet and veil had been removed, and she had partially recovered, when the lowering of the coffin to its final resting-place caught her attention. She sprang impulsively forward, threw herself on her knees beside the grave, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes ejaculated a fervent prayer to God, quite unconscious of the profound sympathy and admiration which her attitude and seraph countenance, strongly illumined by the lights of the sanctuary, and mantled with a profusion of golden hair, excited in the hushed and crowded auditory. Mary Crawford recalled her by a whisper to a sense of her position. She rose hurriedly to her feet, shrank back out of sight behind her friends; and the ceremony soon afterwards terminated.

Amongst the number of the curious whom the pomp of the service had attracted to the chapel, were two gentlemen, whose dress and carriage marked them to be persons of condition. One, the eldest, might be about six-and-twenty years of age; the other was perhaps three years younger. They were brothers; but there was a striking difference in their personal appearance. The eldest was fair-complexioned and light-haired; and, though handsome, had somewhat of an effeminate look. The younger gentleman's complexion, cast of features, and dark, brilliant eyes, intimated a mixture of more southern blood; and his figure, though elegantly formed as that of his brother, was more vigorously knit together.

'She is the daughter of the man to whom they have been paying such extraordinary funeral honours,' said the youngest of these gentlemen, rejoining his brother, whom he had quitted for a few minutes on leaving the chapel. 'Miss Lucy Gayton, or Gaston: her father was a painter, and her abode is at Vale Farm, distant from this town about five miles.'

'Did you ever, Sigismund, see so angelic a countenance?' asked the elder brother as they walked on.

'Humph! Yes, Arthur: that of the superb Caroline is, I think, superior, though certainly of quite another order of beauty.'

'Quite. And what a softening charm the eloquent sorrow of the eyes threw over that beautiful face!'

'True,' replied the gentleman addressed as Sigismund, in a tone slightly *moqueur*. 'An effect similar to that produced on the Queen of Flowers—

'When o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws.'

But come, here is the carriage; let us away, or Marion will wonder what has become of us.'

These young men, brothers of Sir Edward Temple, Baronet, of Grosvenor Square, and Temple House, Somersetshire, were on a visit to their sister, Marion Temple, who usually resided during the winter months in Devonshire for the benefit its mild climate and temperature afforded her delicate health. She was staying with the family of the Rev. John Benton, and an hour's smart drive brought them to the venerable rector's door. They both returned to London a few days after Mr Gaston's funeral; and any further inquiries Mr Arthur Temple might feel disposed to make respecting the beautiful vision of the chapel, were necessarily postponed to a future and more convenient time.

The seasons in their change flew past. Spring had once more strewed the earth with flowers; summer laughed amidst the streams, and fields, and woods; autumn yielded her rich harvests to the sickle; and rough honest winter, with his no less genial frosts and snows, was again rapidly approaching. No incident of any importance had occurred during this varied miracle at Vale Farm. Lucy Gaston still dwelt with her attached friends. How, indeed, was it possible she could think of leaving Susan! Susan, who had been her playmate, protectress, friend from childhood—Susan, who had positively refused to marry honest, good-tempered, excellent John Whiston, the owner of more than three hundred acres of arable and pasture land, amply stocked, and in high cultivation, unless it was distinctly understood that dear Lucy should be considered as absolutely one of the family. Leave her and Mary Crawford for her grand cousin, the Honourable Caroline Fanshawe, even supposing, which was not at all likely, she would be willing to receive her—impossible! All parties concurred in this view of the case; and it was unanimously agreed that the notion of Lucy Gaston leaving Vale Farm, except, indeed, as the wife of a nobleman, or rich squire at the very least, was altogether ridiculous and absurd.

The marriage of the beautiful orphan, if not with a positive nobleman or landed squire, with a young, handsome, rich, fashionable gentleman, became, as the year waned, a settled conclusion. Mr Arthur Smythe, who had been

lingering for several weeks about the farm, under the pretence of shooting, and whose manners were so elegant and gentlemanly, had at last proposed for Lucy's hand, and been blushingly accepted. Honest John Whiston satisfied himself that Mr Smythe possessed an income of fifteen hundred a year, derived from the funds; no possible objection could therefore, he thought, be made to the match; and preparations for the wedding immediately commenced. It was also agreed, although Mr Smythe had yielded the point with manifest reluctance, that Mary Crawford should accompany Lucy, and live with her as companion for, at all events, the first twelvemonth; and Lucy promised to visit Vale Farm at least twice a year; so that the separation would, after all, Mrs Whiston strove to persuade herself, be only partial; a hope her more keen-sighted cousin did not share. Mr Smythe would, *she* believed, gradually withdraw his wife from all intercourse with her country friends. Mary Crawford, however, kept her opinions to herself. Mr Smythe was beloved of Lucy, and her own perhaps unreasonable suspicions and half-dislike of the bridegroom went for nothing, and ought not, she felt, to be expressed.

Yes, the graceful manners, the refined homage, the honied accents of the youthful and handsome sportsman, had kindled into life and form the hidden mystery of love, sleeping till then in the pure depths of Lucy's calm and gentle spirit. Was he capable of appreciating the priceless treasure thus revealed, and awaiting his acceptance; or would he, with man's careless vanity and disdainful caprice, look with indifference upon the prize which perchance the eagerness and fervour of pursuit had merely invested with an adventitious and temporary charm? Momentous questions these that would have instantly arisen in the minds of a father or mother, quicksighted to the workings of human passion, and conversant with the ways of men and of the world! Lucy Gaston had lost those guides; and she had no other counsellor or guardian than her native purity of heart, her gentle dignity of unsuspecting innocence, her innate pride of maidenly reserve—celestial visitants! and all-potent, too—on the one perilous condition that they are so intimately associated with, and regardful of their votary and exemplar, as never to be careless of their charge, or slumber for an instant at their posts! It proved so with Lucy Gaston; and however light or trivial the motive which first induced Mr Arthur Smythe to while away the unheeded hours in the society of the young rustic beauty, he ultimately became enthralled to a degree he had not perhaps imagined to be possible; and the result, as I have stated, was the offer of his hand to the humble, unportioned maiden, and its grateful, blushing acceptance.

Marion Temple had returned with the fall of the year to Devonshire, and again taken up her abode at the Rev. Mr Benton's, distant about eleven miles from Vale Farm. Her brother, Mr Arthur Temple, accompanied her; and about a week previous to the day named for Lucy Gaston's union with Mr Smythe, Mr Sigismund Temple arrived on a flying visit to his relatives. After a sojourn of two days only, the new-comer announced his intention of returning at once to London. He was, Marion Temple saw, deeply offended with his brother Arthur, who, for some reason studiously concealed from her, had peremptorily refused Sigismund's earnest request that he would accompany him back to town.

'Idiot!' mentally soliloquised Sigismund Temple, whilst waiting on the

morning of his departure for his brother's appearance in the breakfast-room of the rectory—'Idiot! And yet his headstrong folly concerns me but in a remote, improbable contingency. I would, however, he did not marry just yet. The fatal taint which Sir Edward has, it is thought, inherited from their mother—Marion, too, I fear is doomed—lurks very probably in his veins; but should he have issue by this marriage, my hopes—hopes did I say?' continued the young man, with an audible outburst of remorseful grief, as he rose from his chair, and paced agitatedly to and fro the apartment—'hopes! Is Nature's milk so turned to gall within me that I *hope* for the deaths of brothers whom I loved so well, till I knew that the unjust and cruel laws of entail and primogeniture had beggared me to enrich them—in succession enrich them—for Edward, I think, already stands on the verge of the grave! Alas! it is but too true. I should lie to my own heart if I denied it; but is the blame mine? After all,' he presently added in a calmer mood, 'they are but my half-brothers: they have no share in the vigorous maternal life which'——

A distant step arrested the current of his thoughts, and when Arthur Temple entered, he had resumed the listless, sardonic attitude and expression which he usually exhibited. After a few words on indifferent subjects, Sigismund Temple again endeavoured to dissuade his brother from the rash step he was contemplating. It was labour thrown away: he could not make the slightest impression with all his subtlety and sarcasm.

'Well,' he said, 'if Wilful must to water, Wilful must drench; but I again repeat, that if I were Arthur Temple, with only one frail life between me and an ancient and wealthy baronetcy, it should be something more than a pretty face that would tempt me into the noose of matrimony.'

'Pretty face! I tell you, Sigismund, that Lucy Gaston is one of the gentlest, purest, most charming and beautiful of women, and no more ambitious of wealth or station than of a convent. She would have accepted my offer had I been poor and dependent as joyfully as now.'

'Arthur, you are a—— But I forbear; it is, I know, useless arguing with a man labouring under the insanity of passion. You are preparing a future of misery not only for yourself but this poor girl. Before twelve months are past the refined elegance and courtly grace of such women as Lady Alice Merivale will return upon your imagination with a brilliancy and power infinitely heightened by contrast with the mindless rustic who has temporarily caught your fancy; and you will bitterly as vainly repent your present mad infatuation.'

'That woman, Sigismund, is an incarnation of mere worldliness. She has neither heart nor soul.'

'As you please; but she has at least a charming person, and a sparkling, cultivated wit; and to me it appears rather a proof of good sense than necessarily of heartlessness that she some two years since looked coldly upon the advances of a young gentleman who, unless his elder brother dies without male issue, is condemned to vegetate upon a poor fifteen hundred a year. Perhaps,' added the speaker, looking keenly in his brother's face, and speaking in a low and meaning tone—'perhaps had Sir Edward's health been at that time in the fragile state in which it is now feared to be, the lady would have been less reserved and cruel.'

'It is useless, Sigismund, to recall such memories; they have died

within me, and so have the pulses of ambition. With the beautiful and ductile creature with whom my fate will shortly be united I shall calmly glide down the stream of life, undisturbed by and heedless of the jostlings, the puerile distinctions of a world for which I feel neither sympathy nor respect.'

'A dream, Arthur—a silly, womanish dream, to be followed, be sure of it, by a very bitter awakening. But enough: we part friends, I hope?'

'You persist in not remaining then?'

'Certainly. I should only involve myself, without in the slightest degree serving you, were I present at the ceremony.'

'I do not comprehend your meaning.'

'It is nevertheless plain enough, if not to you, whose head is amongst the stars, or rather clouds, to me, whose attention is necessarily fixed on mundane things. You, at least, are independent of Sir Edward Temple to the extent of fifteen hundred a year; and if the elder obstacle were to precede you to the world of shadows'——

'Shame on you, Sigismund!'

'Be it so: I am at all events no hypocrite; and this system of beggaring every child but one in order to maintain what is called family dignity, is scarcely one adapted to cultivate fraternal affection. You, I repeat, have a revenue, though perhaps an insufficient one, whilst I unfortunately have no dependence save on the parliamentary and social influence of the present head of the House of Temple to quarter me in an eligible manner upon the public revenues. You know Sir Edward's pride of birth and ancestry, and cannot therefore be blind to the folly I should commit by in any manner appearing to forward or countenance a *mésalliance*, the discovery of which will so terribly enrage him; and he may, spite of appearances, live many years yet. Besides,' added Sigismund Temple, after a few moments' silence, and with an exaggeration of his usual sardonic sneer, 'the fewer the witnesses to the ceremony the better, perhaps; and it may be so esteemed by you some of these days. The retention of the name of Smythe, too, will be well.'

'The assumption of the name of Smythe was an accident—a caprice without motive; and I shall probably reassume my own'——

'You had better not. Take my advice in this, at least.'

'Sigismund, envy and discontent have not only soured your once frank and joyous temper, but perverted your sense of right and wrong.'

'Say rather, brother mine, that they have in a slight degree sharpened my wits. Younger brothers are necessarily somewhat precocious. It is only your elder born who can afford to remain fools *en permanence!* Good-by; I shall at all events keep your secret.' The brothers shook hands, and Sigismund Temple was soon on his way back to London.

Arthur Temple remained for a considerable time after his brother had left the apartment where the foregoing colloquy took place in a state of profound meditation. 'Smythe!—Temple!' he at last audibly murmured—'What is there, after all, in a name? The one will do to conjure with as well as the other; and after all, as Sigismund says—— At all events, I am very slightly indebted, and owe but scant allegiance to the proud family name. The fifteen hundred a year which I inherit descends from my mother; and yet I have often thought how delightful it would be to

witness Lucy's sweet, artless expression of grateful wonderment when informed that she was about to marry into the distinguished family of the Temples—to be sister-in-law to the magnificent Sir Edward Temple, whose grand fêtes and splendid entertainments sometimes afford a paragraph to the county paper! Yet that would not be prudent! We must, as we value peace of mind, contentment of heart, shun comparisons of our state with his. Better to draw a veil before the grandeur, be it even that of a brother, that would but mock our own comparatively poor means of life. Yes! I will certainly take Sigismund's advice in this one instance: the name of Smythe, which I carelessly, capriciously assumed, shall be retained, unless, indeed'—— The young man's face flushed crimson; he hurriedly rose and walked to and fro the room, as if the quick pulsation of his veins forbade for the moment repose or immobility of body—'unless, indeed, Sigismund's insinuation, that Sir Edward's health is fatally undermined should prove well founded: then, indeed, to salute my beautiful Lucy as *Lady* Temple—as the mistress of Temple House—of the mansion in Grosvenor Square—as the wife of a baronet of ancient descent and princely wealth—that indeed were a proud moment in both our lives—that would be—— God of Heaven!' added the conscience-struck young man, his voice suddenly falling to a trembling whisper—'am I, too, an eager speculator in the chances of a dear brother's death?—do *I* count grudgingly the sands of life allotted to a son born of the same mother as myself?—have the words of Sigismund but wakened an echo slumbering in my own heart—but swept away the illusive colouring from the mirror in which I before glassed myself, and shewn me my *true* self? Terrible questions, which I know not how to answer!' He ceased to speak, and shuddering covered his face with his hands, as if he would shut out the appalling, self-revealing spectre which dimly flitted past. It was some time before he perfectly recovered his usual calmness: when he had done so, his thoughts appeared to gradually fall into the channel they had first taken on his brother Sigismund's departure; and by the slight interjectional comments which escaped him, he was evidently again pondering the expediency of revealing his true name and condition to his promised bride. The decision arrived at was that suggested by his brother; for, as he left the apartment to rejoin his sister Marion, he muttered: 'Yes; Smythe let it be—for the present at all events. I can, should occasion arise, easily reassume my proper designation; whereas—— But *au jour le jour*.'

On the appointed day Arthur Temple was accordingly married to Lucy Gaston in the name of Smythe. Immediately after the ceremony the newly-wedded pair set off for Holly Lodge, three or four miles out of Bath, accompanied by Mary Crawford and John Robson, Mr Temple's groom, who, with Mr and Mrs Whiston, had witnessed the ceremony.

Sigismund Temple arrived in Grosvenor Square in barely sufficient time for dinner, to which a small but distinguished party had been invited. The Honourable Caroline Fanshawe, young, amiable, and of dazzling beauty and imperial presence, was there, accompanied by her father Lord Fanshawe. The queenly head, set magnificently upon brilliant shoulders from which the Roman purple might be fitly draped, the exquisitely chiselled nose and mouth, the lustrous purity of her complexion, the splendour of her fine

dark eyes, the wavy luxuriance of her glossy hair, her finely-moulded person and regal carriage, formed a royalty of beauty which compelled the homage of the surprised beholder as to a being of diviner attributes than belong to earth. This lady Sigismund Temple had frequently met, but had lately resolved to shun, as a person dangerous to his peace—he, a younger brother, and she, highly connected, but by no means rich—for the Fanshawe estates, strictly entailed on heirs-male, went, at her father's death, to a nephew—and, as he thought, as aspiringly ambitious as himself. On this evening, however, she, on his appearance in the drawing-room considerably before the other gentlemen, manifested a graciousness of demeanour, before which his prudent resolves vanished like morning mist before the sun. Fascinated, intoxicated by smiles which played like summer lightning about his heart and brain, and the rich caressing tones of her magical voice, he yielded unresistingly to the witching influence he had wisely determined to avoid; and it was with a feeling almost of resentment that he found himself interrupted in his perilous *tête-à-tête* by the entrance of Sir Edward Temple, Lord Fanshawe, and other gentlemen from the dining-room.

Sir Edward, who, I may remark, was an eminently handsome, as well as a very honourable, well-meaning man, appeared in jocund spirits. He looked somewhat pale and delicate, but he had been for several weeks free from pain; and his physician had not only pronounced him convalescent, but had intimated a rather positive opinion, that should no untoward change occur, which he did not anticipate, the tendency which had been feared towards consumption was effectually arrested. Agitation must, however, he declared, be strictly avoided, or fatal and immediate consequences would in all probability result. The character of Sir Edward's illness was known only to his medical adviser, and partially by his brothers. The outer world only knew that he had been ailing somewhat, and was now essentially recovered. Sir Edward, who, as much as possible, closed his own eyes to the danger in which he stood, would have resented as an unpardonable offence, any report that he inherited his mother's fatal malady.

The baronet approached Miss Fanshawe, and the pulsation of Sigismund Temple's heart was momently arrested, as he observed the smiles which he had for the last half hour monopolised, bestowed with even yet more playfully caressing charm upon his elder brother. Sir Edward felt their influence, and his countenance lightened with unusual gaiety and joy.

'I do not know,' he said, 'when I have felt so light of heart. One—certainly not the especial reason which lifts me above the earth'—the brief glance of mutual intelligence did not escape Sigismund Temple—'but one cause of the exultation I feel is the excellent report Sigismund gives of Marion's health. It is a foolish fancy, or superstition, certainly,' added the baronet in a slightly disturbed tone, 'but the belief clings to me—partly perhaps, because we are thought to so much resemble each other, or because we have been till lately so constantly together—that our lives are bound up with each other, and will end together.'

'Surely a very absurd fancy,' remarked Miss Fanshawe.

'Yes; one cannot reason upon it. You remember the German astrologer, Sigismund?'

'The German cheat and swindler, you mean.'

'It may be so. And yet for all that reason or philosophy may urge, I cannot help feeling rejoiced, for my own sake as well as that of Marion, that she is recovering.'

The lady glanced towards Sigismund, and he thought a faintly ironical smile curled her beautiful lip, as she said: 'And, pray, what may have been the precise text of the astrologer or cheat's prediction?'

'The usual jargon,' replied Sigismund Temple, rising as he spoke. 'The lines of life in Marion and Sir Edward resembled each other, ending I think in the same house, or some such gibberish.'

'That is a prophecy which, under certain circumstances, might realise itself,' observed Miss Fanshawe; and a shade of anxiety or concern passed over her brilliant countenance.

'I trust not,' said Sir Edward Temple, with a proud and grateful smile; 'but this is not a time for such themes. Shall we have a little music? Perhaps you, Caroline, will again favour us with the charming melody you sang the other evening?'

Miss Fanshawe rose in compliance with the baronet's request, and Sir Edward led her to the piano.

'Caroline!' muttered Sigismund Temple, with white quivering lips—'Caroline! This, then, is the meaning of her condescending graciousness. Everything is his—imperial beauty, princely wealth, whilst I'——

The tones of the singer's fine contr'alto voice broke in upon his bitter musings. He permitted himself to drink in a few bars of the entrancing strain; and then, as if fearful of trusting himself longer there, hastily left the apartment, and did not return during the evening.

The brothers again met on the following day at dinner. They were alone; and when the servants had retired, Sir Edward, breaking a pause of some duration, said abruptly: 'Caroline—— What is the matter, Sigismund? You quite startle one.'

'Nothing—nothing! A slight spasm; nothing more.'

'Where, dear Sigismund?' inquired the baronet anxiously. 'On the left side? It is there I frequently—not now, but some time ago—felt such attacks, and Dr Bailey thought gravely of them. You should consult him: he will be here in the morning.'

'It is nothing, Edward; proceed.'

'Caroline—Miss Fanshawe, I was about to say, felt surprised at your abrupt departure yesterday evening.'

'Indeed!'

'And still more so that I had not informed you of our engagement. That pain again, Sigismund? you are suffering terribly. I will instantly send for Dr Bailey.' The baronet rose to touch the bell.

'No, no; do not. It is passed already; go on.'

'She imagined you had known of my proposal and its acceptance. But you have been absent during the last week, and I saw you but for a few minutes before dinner yesterday. The marriage will not take place just yet: about May or June next, Lord Fanshawe suggests; and by that time, I doubt not, all fear of a relapse of ill health will be past.'

'Damnation! how hot and close the room is!' fiercely exclaimed Sigismund Temple, abruptly rising and throwing up one of the sashes. 'One can scarcely breathe in it.'

'Much longer: indeed I intend breaking up this establishment, and it is extremely improbable, therefore, that I shall *ever* return.'

'Merciful God! Why, what do you mean, Mr Smythe? You cannot intend to desert your wife—your child? No, no; it is impossible. You cannot be so base!'

'Have the goodness to remember to whom you are addressing yourself,' said Mr Temple in his haughtiest tone and manner. He presently added: 'It must have been for a long time clearly apparent to you that your friend Lucy and I are not suited to each other; that our tastes, feelings, associations, render us totally unfit for each other's society. This at least I have long and bitterly felt, and I have therefore determined, and as much for her happiness as my own, to leave her, and for ever.'

'Oh say not so—say not so!' exclaimed Mary Crawford with passionate entreaty. 'The blow will kill her. Be patient but for a few months, perhaps weeks: her health is gone, and she will not, I fear, trouble any one long. Be merciful—patient—till the grave has received her body, and the blighted spirit has returned to Him who gave it!'

Whatever emotion of remorse the husband might have felt, he effectually mastered and concealed. 'It is useless to waste words,' he said; 'my purpose cannot be shaken'——

'Hark!' suddenly exclaimed Mary Crawford: 'I surely heard Lucy's step! And yet I left her asleep—such broken sleep, at least, as lately has been hers.' She took a candle from the table, and stepped swiftly but softly to the door. There was no one on the stairs, nor in the passage. She did not think of looking into the adjoining room, separated only from the front apartment by slight folding-doors.

'I was mistaken,' said Mary Crawford, re-entering the room, and placing the candle on the table. 'Now, sir, proceed; and speak, if you please, as softly as may suffice for the due enforcement of your brave and honest purpose.'

'There need little more be said at present,' rejoined Mr Temple. 'I shall write in a day or two, and fully explain my views and intentions. In the meantime—and this is the most painful part of the affair—you must prepare Mrs Smythe as gently as you can to give up my son, who—— Ha! What's that? Did you hear nothing?'

'I thought I did: a stifled scream or sob it seemed.' Mary Crawford stepped once more to the door, and looked out. Nobody was there. 'Go on,' she said; 'no one hears you—but God!'

'I have nothing more to observe,' he replied. 'A properly-authorised agent will be here in a few days, who will wind up and dispose of this establishment. Mrs Smythe will reside where she pleases, and of course will receive a sufficient sum to support her comfortably.'

'You carry this matter with a high hand, Mr Smythe; and your unfortunate wife must, I suppose, resign herself as she best can to your cruel will. But at least you will, I trust, inform us whom and what are the family into which Lucy Gaston has so unhappily intruded—a subject you have always carefully avoided? This, in common justice, you are bound to do, else death overtaking you, your wife will be without resource, or claim, or kindred.'

Mr Temple smiled, and said so very improbable a contingency would be

duly provided for. 'I have no further time to spare,' he added, 'as I wish to leave Bath by the mail-train, and must therefore bid you at once good-by.'

'Then go, sir!' replied Mary Crawford with wrathful vehemence; 'and may He, in whose temple you uttered the vows you have wantonly and infamously broken, avenge'——

'No—no—no!' burst convulsively from the lips of the abandoned wife, who, clad in her night-dress, and pale as marble, tottered through the folding-doors, and threw herself upon Mary Crawford's neck. 'Do not—do not curse him, Mary, for *my* sake!'

Mr Temple was painfully affected. He hoped to have avoided an interview with his wife, whom he could not but pity and respect, cold and dead towards her as his selfish affections had become. He knew not what to say; and a silence, save for the suffocating sobs of the two females, prevailed for several minutes. At length Mr Temple said: 'I was anxious, Lucy'——

'Leave me—leave me, sir!' hurriedly, almost fiercely interrupted his wife, her face still averted from him. Go—begone! We are true and honest people, sir; and remember we do not want your money. Go—go! I would not that she cursed you, but begone!' And without turning her head, she waved him impatiently with her hand towards the door.

Mr Temple hesitated for an instant; and then resolutely nerving himself to go through with his predetermined purpose, left the apartment, and a few minutes afterwards the house.

'He is gone!' exclaimed the wife, erecting herself from the bent, listening attitude she had assumed. 'He is gone; and now to bed. We may be overheard here. You heard him say,' she added, sinking her voice to a deep whisper, 'that he would have my child. We will disappoint him, Mary! God has just shewn me how! Come—come—come!'

A terrible suspicion of Lucy's sanity, as these words, accompanied by a wild, triumphant expression of countenance, fell from her, arose in Mary Crawford's mind. She, however, yielded to the bereaved wife's example and earnestly-whispered injunction, and softly, softly ascended the carpeted stairs on tiptoe. Whatever project had glanced across the mother's brain remained undivulged, or at least unfulfilled, for delirium rapidly supervened; and before a physician, hastily summoned from Bath, arrived, Mrs Smythe—Temple, I should say—was in a raging fever.

Mr Arthur Temple had quite recovered his equanimity when he stepped, at the Bath station, into a first-class carriage of the mail-train; and as he was whirled along, he amused himself by calculating the chances and probabilities of the new life he had marked out for himself—one of politics, of active ambition, resulting in office, honours, substantial rewards—when a sudden crash, a cry of terror and despair, an overwhelming sense of dismay and horror, flashed upon him; and he remembered nothing more till he found himself in one of the gorgeous bedrooms of his brother's house in Grosvenor Square. The collision of the train with a luggage-truck near the Reading station had resulted in the instantaneous loss of several lives, and such severe internal injuries to Mr Temple, that saving his life was out of the question. Robson, who travelled with him, was unhurt, and had caused his master to be brought immediately to London.

Fortunately Dr Bailey happened to be in Grosvenor Square when the sufferer arrived; and the intelligence was consequently broken gradually and skilfully to Sir Edward Temple. Even thus communicated, it produced a very distressing effect, and but for prompt appliances might have proved fatal. The baronet was immediately confined to his bed, and never saw his brother again in life, communicating only with him through Sigismund Temple.

The first thought of the younger brother, on ascertaining the fatal nature of the accident that had befallen Arthur Temple, was that Sir Edward's marriage would be necessarily deferred—he hoped for ever. A natural emotion of compassion succeeded, soon chased away by the thronging hopes his eager imagination conjured up. The dazzling Caroline! abundant wealth!—all this might now be his! Who knew?

For several days Arthur Temple writhed and tossed upon his bed of down—the mild eyes, the kind voice, the gentle, sympathising hand-pressure of his abandoned wife revisiting him in his troubled, fevered dreams, only to mock him as with the mirage. At last the grim Tyrant passed through the closed and muffled portals of the splendid mansion, glided up the grand staircase, and entered the gorgeous chamber. Dr Bailey and Sigismund Temple were in the room when the shadow of the viewless victor fell upon the sick man's face. The physician observed the sign, and knew its meaning. He placed his fingers on the patient's pulse: it fluttered—sank—stopped; then came a brief rally, and all was over!

A few hours after this solemn event, Sigismund Temple was sitting alone in his dressing-room, with a foolscap sheet of paper closely written upon, held loosely and carelessly in his right hand. His dark eyes were unusually vivid, and on his pale expressive face a practised observer might have read strange matters. 'Deathbed repentances!' exclaimed the excited young man in a strange, low, beating voice—'deathbed repentances, I have heard bishops preach, are seldom of any value—rarely do much to repair the errors, sins, or crimes of a life. It would not be seemly,' he added, whilst a bitter sneer curled his white, finely-chiselled lips—'it would not be seemly that Arthur's tardy generosity or justice—exercised at my expense, too, which makes it all the more pleasant—so suddenly resuscitated by the near view of a tomb yawning for himself, should, through my instrumentality especially, be made to give the lie to so salutary and grave a maxim. This paper now,' he resumed, after a brief pause, 'written by me at his dictation, not only deprives me of fifteen hundred pounds per annum which I else inherit—that, however, were nothing, should another frail life fall in—and reveals the existence of the now widowed wife, but that of the son, the presumptive heir to the baronetcy, with its attendant wealth. It is therein the serpent-danger lies, which I must crush—crush—crush—at any hazard'—as he thus spoke, he fiercely crumpled up the paper in his hands, as if at the moment he grasped the menaced peril by the throat—'at any sacrifice! It was fortunate,' he soon more calmly continued—'it was fortunate Bailey came in too late to witness the signing of the paper, or even to hear it spoken of. My good brother evidently, at the last moment—thank Fortune, not before—doubted my good faith; but Bailey could not read aright, as I plainly did, that last glance of agonising remorse, doubt, and entreaty. So far, then, I am safe. Let me again,'

said he, smoothing the paper carefully out—'let me again peruse the precious document:—"In the name of God, Amen." It is really wonderful,' continued Sigismund Temple with a mocking laugh—'it is really wonderful how the illusions and dreams of childhood revisit men in their last hours! The bishops are quite right. The only valid faith is that of the pious believer, who recognises God in life. In death, he is, if there be one, sure to be self-revealed, and acknowledgment is puerile—absurd—not to say impious. This name,' went on the sneering scoffer—'this name, thus used, confers then no character of sacredness upon the paper! But let me read on:—"I give and bequeath unto my beloved wife"—— Beloved wife! Why, this is mockery *upon* mockery! He surprised her affections—stole, as it were, her heart away, to toy and sport with for a time; and, his pride and fancy sated, cast and trampled it beneath his feet as a thing of naught—and then, forsooth, when the world for which he abandoned her is vanishing from his sight, she is his "beloved wife" again! Out upon such hypocrisy!' he added, rising from his chair, deliberately tearing the paper into strips, and consuming each strip at a taper which stood lighted on the table. 'Out upon it! And that he should think, too, that I would be a party to it! That assuredly is not the least amazing or amusing part of the affair. He could scarcely, I think, have read my character so perfectly as I did his: it is certainly nothing new to find men indulging in excessive liberality when the cost thereof is to be defrayed by others: albeit I must, however regrettingly, decline honouring this draft on my generosity, and instead dispose of it thus—and thus;—and so a long good-night to Marmion!'

Sigismund Temple reseated himself as soon as the last shred of paper was consumed, and remained for several minutes in silent cogitation. 'Well remembered!' he exclaimed, again rising and ringing the bell; 'that rascal Robson must be spoken with. Send Robson, my late brother's servant, to me immediately,' he said to the footman who answered the summons. 'For the present,' he muttered, when the door had closed, 'if, as I think I know the man, a slight hint will suffice; hereafter I can, if necessary, proportion the reward to the service.' A tap came to the door, and on receiving permission, Robson entered.

'You will continue to observe the strictest secrecy with respect to the unfortunate marriage you witnessed,' observed Mr Sigismund Temple, addressing the discreet, taciturn groom. 'I intend taking you into my own service; but your remaining in it will of course depend upon your own behaviour and discretion. I shall make all proper arrangements, you may be sure; but the less so absurd an alliance is talked about the better for our honour and your interest.' Robson acquiesced by a respectful bow; and no more was said upon the subject.

'It is your opinion, then,' remarked Sigismund Temple to Dr Bailey a few days after his brother's funeral, 'that Sir Edward has fairly outlived the tendency to pulmonary disease which so alarmingly displayed itself some time since?'

'Nay, my young friend, I do not go so far as that: besides, the chief danger is from an affection of the heart, which both he and his sister Marion suffer under, and which *may* carry either of them off at a moment's warning.

I have merely said that if Sir Edward adopts a strict regimen, and, above all, is careful to avoid any sudden and painful shock or agitation, he may live many happy years.'

'This is not precisely the report I understood you made to Lord Fanshawe. But that, I daresay,' he added bitterly, 'is of slight consequence. The lady no doubt marries the brilliant fortune, not its ailing possessor.'

'You greatly misapprehend Miss Fanshawe's character,' replied the physician. 'There are few persons, I believe, less mercenary in any objectionable sense of the term. Quite true that she would not unite herself—that it would never glance across her mind to unite herself with a man who was not rich and occupying a distinguished position. Situated as she is with regard to fortune—for the estates, you know, are entailed on the heirs-male, and Lord Fanshawe lives quite up to his income—and with her habits, tastes, and requirements, to do so would be to commit an act of mere suicidal folly. She would as soon think of marrying one of her father's footmen. But I am at the same time equally sure that no establishment, however splendid, would for a moment tempt her to a union with either decrepitude, vice, or folly.'

'You speak warmly, Dr Bailey.'

'Because I feel warmly, Mr Temple. There is no one for whom I have a higher respect than for Miss Fanshawe. She is a thoroughly well-principled, admirable young woman. Conscious of course she must be of the divine gift of beauty the Creator has bestowed on her; but there is not a particle of silly vanity, or of a desire to test its power by the infliction of pain, in her composition. You, Mr Temple,' added the physician in a more indifferent tone, 'and Caroline Fanshawe are very similarly circumstanced, and from the same causes. The wealth which might, and perhaps should have been divided with something like equality between your families, has been diverted and confined to maintaining the representative of each house in dignified splendour; and in accommodating yourselves to your positions, you are both justified in availing yourselves of every means in your power, not involving meanness or dishonour, to improve your fortunes.'

'An evil system,' said Sigismund Temple; 'the prolific parent of every species of hypocrisy and fraud.'

'Well, I do not know. There is *pour et contre*. One does not clearly see how else a powerful class of landlord nobles could be permanently maintained; and that has long been held in this country to be a matter of prime necessity. Misery enough it involves, I grant you, especially to highly-born females, few indeed of whom are so personally gifted as Lord Fanshawe's daughter. She will always be able to command an eligible establishment, even should Sir Edward's health, which is quite possible, shew symptoms of relapse before the expiration of the new delay which your brother's death has thrown in the way of the contemplated marriage. But younger brothers, such as you, who have peer or parliamentary influence to back them, will always be pretty safe in this rich and industrious country. You, for instance, are quite sure of getting your head into the national manger to the tune of two or three thousand a year, irrespective of any or whatever talents you may be found to possess. Your

relatives are bound in honour and conscience to see you provided for to that extent, if not more.'

'It may be as you say. You think, then, that a relapse would be fatal to Sir Edward?'

'I have not the slightest doubt that in that case I should have the honour of saluting *Sir* Sigismund Temple, Baronet,' rejoined the physician, with a meaning, half-ironical expression of eye and voice.

The ringing of the dinner-bell interrupted the colloquy. Dr Bailey took his leave, and Sigismund Temple, after a few minutes' silent cogitation, descended to the dining-room. The next day he set off for Somersetshire.

Mrs Temple, as we must now call her, was but partially recovered from the sharp illness by which she had been attacked, when Sigismund Temple arrived at Holly Lodge with the intelligence of her husband's premature and shocking death. His real name he still, of course, carefully concealed. The sudden announcement caused a renewal of her disorder; and several weeks passed before Dr Bainbridge pronounced her convalescent. Her little boy, too, pined, and seemed falling into a bad way; and Sigismund Temple half-hoped that the widow and child would, after no great delay, follow the husband and father. He rejoiced to find that neither Mrs Temple, nor her companion Mary Crawford, had the slightest suspicion of the true rank or position of his deceased brother; and he smiled to think that, other obstacles in his path to high fortune removed, the claims of Mrs Arthur Temple and her son need not disturb him much, as he would manage. He remained several days at the Lodge—affected the greatest sympathy for the suffering widow—was very liberal of present pecuniary aid and future promises—and very gracious and condescending towards Mary Crawford, to whom, at parting, he made a munificent present. Mary being a sharp-witted person, and just then naturally mistrustful of the honour and good faith of any one bearing the name of Smythe, it is no wonder that a vague distrust of the motives which could prompt such a gift glanced dimly across her mind. She took care, however, that no outward indication of this feeling should escape her; and Mr Temple, after receiving her promise to write to him should anything of importance occur, directing her letter to Mr James Smythe, Post-Office, St Martin's-le-Grand, to lie till called for, he departed for London, well satisfied with the result of his visit to Somersetshire.

Obscuring clouds soon gathered over his brilliant hopes. The health of Sir Edward Temple continued obstinately to improve; and at the end of four months from the death of Arthur Temple, a day was again fixed for the celebration of his nuptials with Miss Fanshawe. A few days previously to the one named for that purpose, there was a somewhat numerous dinner-party in Grosvenor Square, at which Sir Edward presided in apparently florid health and in jubilant spirits. Sigismund Temple, in whose bosom a hell of envy, hatred, and despair was raging, left the apartment, soon after the company had assembled in the drawing-room, under the plea of headache.

'I wonder,' remarked the baronet, 'how it happens that Marion is not arrived. She should have been here two hours ago, according to her letter received yesterday.'

'This is about her usual time for leaving Devonshire, is it not?' Miss Fanshawe remarked.

'Yes; and her non-arrival is the more surprising, as her letter states that her health seems quite re-established.'

'Something may have occurred to delay her departure,' said Dr Bailey. 'By the way, Sir Edward,' the physician added *sotto voce*, and drawing the baronet quietly apart, 'you are very much and dangerously excited. You drank, I observed, two or three glasses of wine at dinner more than you have accustomed yourself to take; and what with that, the expectation of your sister's arrival, and Miss Fanshawe's presence, your pulse is beating, I know, at a fever pace. Pray endeavour to calm yourself.'

Sir Edward promised that he would do so; and returning to the ladies, took a chair beside his beautiful betrothed, and resumed a topic upon which they had been previously conversing.

Sigismund Temple paced up and down the conservatory at the back of the house with wild disordered steps, and it was long before he succeeded in mastering the outward signs of the tempest which raged within him. When he had done so, he determined on returning to the drawing-room. His absence might, he thought, be remarked upon; for he had a strong suspicion that Dr Bailey, if not Caroline Fanshawe herself, had penetrated his secret. He had reached the foot of the stairs, when a double, and by no means fashionable knock, was heard at the outer door. On its being opened, an elderly person, having the appearance of a country clergyman, entered, and offering a card, desired to speak with Sir Edward Temple or his brother. The servant presented the card to Sigismund Temple, who, glancing at it by the dim light of the hall lamp, read the name of the Rev. Mr Benton, whom he had not, in the partial obscurity, for the moment recognised.

'You are the bearer of ill news, I fear, respecting my sister Marion?' he said hastily.

'Alas! yes, sir. That amiable young lady, I grieve to say, suddenly expired yesterday afternoon.'

'Good God! is it possible?'

Sigismund Temple was greatly shocked. He had long since ceased to feel any affection for his half-brothers; but Marion was a meek, gentle creature, and almost as ill-used by fortune as himself. He led the way to the library, invited the Rev. Mr Benton by a gesture to be seated, and whilst that worthy divine ran over the commonplaces usually uttered at such times, remained standing with his back to the speaker, gazing out upon the dark, starless night. It was some time after the pious clergyman had concluded his stock of homilies, that Sigismund Temple turned suddenly round and faced him; and then his countenance wore so strange, so wild an expression, that the reverend gentleman was quite startled by it.

'Ah, sir, you loved your sister fervently! But death, as I have before remarked, has his sad preferences, and does not always choose'——

'Yes—yes!' interrupted the good man's impatient auditor in a shaking, husky voice—'yes, yes; of course; no doubt; but there are others besides me to whom I suppose you wish to break this intelligence?'

'Certainly: to Sir Edward Temple especially. A personally-delivered

message was, I thought, desirable, in order that the melancholy announcement might be more tenderly—less abruptly made than by letter.'

'Precisely: this way, then, if you please. Yonder,' continued Sigismund Temple, standing at the foot of the stairs, and speaking in the same low, quivering tone—'yonder is the door of the drawing-room. Go in and deliver your message: Sir Edward is there.'

The clergyman bowed, and ascended the stairs. The younger brother remained standing in the partially-lighted hall, every faculty strained in eager expectation of what might follow.

Sir Edward Temple was still conversing in a low tone with Miss Fanshawe, when the door opened, and admitted the short, plump figure of the Devonshire rector. The sudden blaze of light seemed for an instant to dazzle and bewilder the new-comer; but quickly recognising the baronet, he stepped briskly forward, and ceremoniously accosted him. The recognition was mutual. Sir Edward started to his feet with an exclamation of surprise and alarm, and Miss Fanshawe remarked that a deathly pallor instantly overspread his previously flushed and animated countenance.

'Do not unnecessarily alarm yourself, Sir Edward,' began the flurried clergyman; and then plunging at once into his preparatory exordium, he said: 'Death, my dear sir, has his sad likings, and'——

'Death!—death!' echoed the baronet with a scared look, and his chest heaving convulsively—'death! who speaks here of death?'

'Speak to Dr Bailey,' whispered Caroline Fanshawe to a young lady by her side. The physician was talking vehement politics with Lord Fanshawe at the further end of the apartment, and had not observed the clergyman's entrance. 'For Heaven's sake, Sir Edward,' she added, taking his hand, 'strive to be calm!'

'Death!—death!' repeated the baronet, his wild, glaring eyes still fixed on the countenance of the intruder. 'What has he to say of death?'

'Death, I was saying,' resumed the clergyman, 'has his strange caprices, and does not always wait till our blood is cold, and our hair gray, before he strikes. Your amiable sister Marion'——

A spasmodic scream burst from Sir Edward Temple, and his right hand at the same moment grasped his left side with convulsive force.

'Your sister Marion, I deeply grieve to say, expired suddenly yesterday afternoon.'

The sudden shriek, terminated by a convulsive sob, was feebly repeated; the stricken man half turned towards his beloved Caroline; his nerveless hands strove to grasp hers, but missed their hold; a slight tremor shook his frame, and he fell back in the arms of Dr Bailey—stone-dead!

'You need not remain,' said Sigismund Temple, who had hurried into the apartment, addressing the terrified and bewildered clergyman, 'I will see you in the morning.' The reverend gentleman gladly complied with the intimation; and early the next day set off on his return to Devonshire, after a brief business interview with Sigismund Temple, much discomposed by the unhappy result of his well-intended mission.

About a month subsequent to the baronet's decease, Sir Sigismund Temple's dressing-room bell rang for the third or fourth time with great violence. He had just returned from Bath, and appeared to be in a state of great and pleasurable excitement. 'Is Robson returned yet?' he began,

as the door opened. 'Oh, there you are at last! And pray, sir,' continued the young baronet, drawing himself haughtily up to his full height, and beating down with his confident, contemptuous stare, the at first insolent look of the groom, 'how *dare* you absent yourself from my service without leave?'

'Without leave! You forget, *Sir* Sigismund Temple'—— rejoined the man, with returning confidence.

'I forget nothing,' interrupted the baronet, and am blind to nothing. 'Hark'ye, rascal! you believed me to be in your power, and to a certain extent I was, and you might perhaps have made your own terms. Your day is, however, past; and without the slightest apprehension of anything you could do or say, I might this instant order you to be turned into the street, without a character, to beg, steal, or starve, as your fancy dictated. Look here,' added Sir Sigismund, taking a newspaper from his pocket, and pointing to a particular paragraph. 'Do you see that?'

The man's countenance fell, and he stammered out some apologetic sentences. 'Leave the room,' was the curt answer. 'Yet stay: you may yet deserve my favour. I am still unwilling, for certain reasons of my own, that my deceased brother's degrading though abortive alliance should be published to the world. You may, therefore, retain your situation, upon the precedent conditions of silence and discretion, although anything you *could* say would, as you well know, be, as matters have fortunately turned out, of no importance. Now go, and send Edwards to me.'

On the third day after this scene occurred, John Whiston had set out early in the morning on horseback, to attend a sale of farming-stock at some considerable distance from his home. The weather was warm, the ride fatiguing, and on his return he made a halt at Plymouth to refresh himself with a glass or two of brandy and water, and talk over the news; for Master Whiston was a warm politician, and regularly took in 'Bell's Messenger,' which he generally contrived to get through during the week from title to imprint. Corn-law-repeal politics were just then in the ascendant; and the interesting subject induced Mr Whiston to prolong his stay considerably beyond his usual hour. He had exhibited no sign of departure, when the stout landlady of the Nag's Head informed him that William Carter demanded speech of him. Carter, by the way, was not the name of the man, but of his vocation—a custom in those parts. Honest John hastened out to inquire the motive of so unusual a summons; for Susan, satisfied with domestic supremacy, had always scrupulously abstained from interfering with or disturbing her husband's hours of social enjoyment.

'Be anything the matter, William?' he anxiously inquired.

'I doant rightly know,' was William's reply; 'but missus have been in a terrible flustration from soon after you went this morning.'

'Baby beant come—but no, that wont be this month or so. The missus is well?'

'Not particular so in temper. We've all, men and maids, had a terrible hurrying time of it since the postman called; so we've set it down, 'specially as butter is well up in the market jest now—to some crossish news brought in a letter.'

Master Whiston was soon mounted, and galloping sharply homewards, followed by William Carter. On his arrival at Vale Farm, a few words from his wife, who appeared much excited—greatly to the alarm of her mother, who had not ceased to insist during the day upon the primary duty of looking to one's own health and welfare before other people's—explained everything. The letter was from Mary Crawford. Lucy was still very ill, she feared dying, and circumstances, which she would hereafter explain, had determined them to return to Vale Farm at once, and Mary Crawford hoped that Susan's husband would come to them immediately.

'You must set off at once, John,' said Mrs Whiston.

'Surely—surely; but where will ye put them, now mother is with us?' Susan's father, a small farmer of the neighbourhood, had died not long before, and the widow had of course taken up her abode at Vale Farm.

'Oh, Susan has settled all that!' said Mrs Durnford angrily. 'All the first floor, bless you—and the large front bedroom—and the four-post bedstead, with the best chintz hangings—and fires blazing away enough to roast an ox, as if there could be any damp in this weather. I suppose Susan herself will have to put up with a back-room, or perhaps a garret, for aught I know.'

'God bless thee, Susy!' said the honest yeoman as he kissed his wife. 'Thee be always right, and kind, and good, and sensible. And God *will* bless her, mother, whether she lies down to rest in a garret or a palace.' Susan had prepared everything for her husband's departure; and he was soon galloping back to Plymouth, from whence he started per mail.

Exactly a week elapsed before Master Whiston and party returned, so slowly did Mrs Temple's weak state compel them to travel. Once, however, restored to her old and true friends, and the familiar haunts and genial air amidst which she had passed her youth, a speedy change for the better took place: little Arthur, too, improved marvellously in health and appearance, and Mrs Temple's spirits gradually regained their old tone. Brighter and brighter gleamed the lately sorrowful and downcast eyes; more and more vivid grew the flush of health and hope upon the lately pallid cheeks; and autumn had hardly passed away before the thin and wasted form had recovered its flowing, graceful outline, and Lucy was herself again!

'You never rightly told me, though you have often been going to do so, Mary,' said Mrs Whiston, late one evening in the ensuing winter, as she and her cousin were sitting up waiting for John Whiston, who had gone to an agricultural dinner, 'about what that fellow, that James Smythe, wanted you to do for all the money he gave you. Suppose you tell me now: Lucy and mother are both asleep, so that nobody but I shall hear you?'

'I am almost *afraid* to talk of it,' said Mary Crawford, turning quite pale; 'and, perhaps, I may have wronged him—have misunderstood his dark hints—and yet'——

'Why he did not surely wish you to'—— Mrs Whiston's tongue refused to utter the terrible words her imagination suggested.

'I will only say this,' said Mary Crawford in a more composed tone than before, 'that I was so terrified by his hints, and half sayings, and strange looks, and constant gifts of money, that I discharged the servants; and the

next time he came to Bath on one of his flying visits—latterly he always sent for me to meet him there—I told him—I had written a day or two before to say the child was very ill—that Arthur was dead!'

'Gracious Heaven!'

'You should have seen the look, Susan, which flashed out of his large dark eyes. It was enough to blind one; and yet I thought there was remorse and regret as well as triumph in it. Over and over again he made me repeat the story; how, where, and at what hour the child died. He fully believed it, and had it put in the Bath paper. God forgive me, if I wrong him, but it is my firm belief that he believes to this day I made away with the child, in return for his bribes! He made me a larger present than ever,' continued Mary Crawford, 'which I freely accepted, believing, as I did and do, that the money rightfully belonged to Lucy. He thinks she is gone to live with a distant relative in Sussex; but he will not cast about to do *her* any harm, now that he believes her son is gone. The furniture of Holly Lodge was to be sold; and he told me the proceeds should be paid over to me, for Mrs Arthur Smythe's use, whenever I chose to apply for it, directing to him as usual. He also, I must say this for him, said he was anxious to provide handsomely for his brother's widow, and hoped that no scruple would be felt in applying to him for any sums, no matter how large, in reason of course he meant, which she may require.'

'Why, what *can* be the meaning of it all, Mary?' said Mrs Whiston, who had listened with pale affright.

'That is a question I have thought a good deal of lately,' replied Mary Crawford. 'I would not, I am sure, willingly misjudge the man; but I do think little Arthur is entitled to some large property in right of his father, which that man is determined to keep him out of by any means, however desperate and wicked; and I think some inquiry ought to be made without further delay.'

'Inquiry!' exclaimed Mrs Whiston, 'and so endanger the poor child's life, and perhaps Lucy's, without probably doing any good whatever.'

'I will tell you, Susan, how I have been thinking we may set about it with perfect security. You remember what Lucy told us her father said to her about Lord Fanshawe's daughter, who, I see by the paper, is to be shortly married to Sir Sigismund Temple, a great baronet?'

'To be sure I do: what then?'

'Well, why not forward that parcel of letters to her? She will perhaps get her father, the lord, as Lucy is her first-cousin—just as nearly related to her as you are to me—to employ a clever London lawyer in the business. If he could only ferret out that Robson, something might be discovered.'

The more this purpose was debated, the more likely and feasible it seemed; and by the time John Whiston reached home, it was agreed that Lucy should be induced to forward the parcel as directed, with an explanatory letter from herself. Mrs Temple readily agreed, and the important missive was despatched.

The reply was prompt and gracious. A letter arrived by the earliest possible post from Lord Fanshawe, enclosing another from his daughter, expressing the liveliest sympathy for their relative, and a good deal blaming her for not having made herself known to them before. Both Lord Fanshawe and his daughter had been, it was very apparent, greatly moved by

Lady Fanshawe and Mrs Gaston's letters, Caroline especially; and she vehemently insisted that Lucy, Mrs Smythe, should immediately take up her abode in Cavendish Square. Lord Fanshawe's solicitor was to have immediate orders to prosecute a vigorous inquiry respecting the family and property of her late husband; and it was announced, in conclusion, that his lordship's butler would arrive at Vale Farm on the day following that of the delivery of the letter, in order to escort Lucy and her son to London.

This was much more than the Whistons or Lucy herself either expected or desired. They were as unwilling to part with her as she was to leave them again. Still, refusal was out of the question, if only for Arthur's sake; and Lucy with her son, and indispensable Mary Crawford, departed amidst a shower of tears and blessings, on the day after the morrow, under the charge of Lord Fanshawe's butler.

Lucy and her little one received the warmest welcome from her brilliant cousin; Lord Fanshawe also was kind and patronising. Both father and daughter were evidently alike surprised and pleased by the remarkable beauty of their newly-found relative. Caroline Fanshawe saw in a moment that Lucy's natural elegance and grace required but little conventional polish to render her not only fit to mix with, but to shine, a bright particular star, in the world of fashion. Masters were immediately engaged to supply the deficiencies of her neglected education, and Miss Fanshawe predicted a brilliant future for her, irrespective of any fortune to which she or her son might be entitled from those odious Smythes. That, however, was a matter not to be neglected; and Mr Rushton, Lord Fanshawe's solicitor, received immediate instructions upon the subject.

The position of Sir Sigismund Temple had, in the meantime, become a dazzling one. He had not only succeeded to one of the richest and most ancient baronetcies in England, but infinitely higher fortune, as he thought—the beautiful, magnificent Caroline Fanshawe would, there was little doubt, be his wife before many days were past! His passion for that lady amounted almost to idolatry; and without her he felt that station, wealth, honours, would be for him mere dross and rags, foully as he had ventured for them. His anxious assiduities had long since been marked and unmistakable; but the requirements of decorum, and the usages of society, necessitated that many months should elapse after Sir Edward Temple's death before he could appear as an ostensible suitor for the hand of the lady once destined to be that brother's wife. At length, just about three weeks previous to Lucy's arrival in Cavendish Square, Sir Sigismund had been urged to a yet somewhat precipitate declaration by the pointed and well-received attentions of a young and wealthy viscount. On the same day, and nearly at the same hour, a similar proposal reached Caroline Fanshawe from the viscount; and there was some doubt and hesitation as to which should be accepted. She gave interviews to both suitors, cold, somewhat formal ones, in the presence of her father; and with the proud candour which distinguished her, promised each of them that she would seriously weigh and consider all they had urged, and that Lord Fanshawe would communicate her decision in a month from that time. From a hint afforded Sir Sigismund by his lordship, in a subsequent private conversation, that gentleman felt little doubt as to whom the choice would fall upon. To cheat the lazy-

footed time, as well as to somewhat calm the tumult of emotion by which he was shaken, the young baronet passed the agitating interval in hurrying from place to place, accompanied only by his servant Robson: He crossed over to France; returned; was off to the Highlands; back again, and away to Wales—as if he thought rapidity of motion and change of scene would hasten on the creeping hours.

Was this wild fleeing to and fro, it may be asked, caused solely by the feverish restlessness, the morbid impatience, of a consuming passion? We may be sure it was not: that the beckoning shapes, the calling shadows, which he vainly endeavoured to outstrip and banish from his sight by frequent and rapid change of scene, were not forms of light and loveliness, not the brilliant exhalations of a lover's fervid fancy. The wild force, the burning intensity of his passion for Miss Fanshawe, but gave articulate significance to the suggestions of an excited conscience—to the else confused spectre-whisperings which menaced the bright Future with the dark Past. If it were true that the Avenger of Blood walked the earth to visit deeds unseen of men with retribution, would He permit him to clutch the prize remorselessly played for, and for which he, Sigismund Temple, would again play, on the same evil and desperate chance, a thousand times over? How vulnerable he was!—how dark, fathomless, and terrible the gulph which stretched beneath the lofty and dazzling pinnacle upon which he trembled—ever shuddering with undefined apprehension lest the unseen hand, which his morbid imagination pictured as extended over him with menacing gestures, should suddenly hurl him into the black void! The night vision only more distinctly shadowed forth the fearful day-phantasy! Ever when about to clasp that form of unmatched beauty, it changed to the stern likeness of one of his dead brothers—of Sir Edward oftenest, with his pale solemnity of face and outstretched finger, ever pointing to the splendid mausoleum of the Temples, where the dreamer always perceived that another richly-decorated coffin had been placed since he last stood there, but the inscription upon which he could not read. His union, then, he mentally argued, with Miss Fanshawe could alone dissipate these fancies, by proving them to be the mere idle coinage of an excited brain—phantasms which, till that great hope were consummated, might have power over him, but not one moment longer.

The seemingly interminable period of suspense and fear was at length all but passed, and the day before it expired, Robson arrived at the mansion in Cavendish Square, with a letter from Sir Sigismund, whom he had left at Bath. The reply was an invitation to the baronet from Lord Fanshawe to dine with him the next evening *en famille*, when he would be received as his lordship's future son-in-law. Robson was to remain in London, but the letter he had strict orders to forward by a special messenger to Bath, the instant it reached his hands.

Mr Rushton, the solicitor, was in the library when Robson called, where he had been for a considerable time engaged in listening to Mary Crawford's account of Lucy's marriage, desertion, the death of her husband, and subsequent strange and suspicious conduct of the deceased's brother, Mr James Smythe. He was sitting alone, silently pondering the matter, when Lord Fanshawe entered, and after a few minutes' conversation relative to the 'Smythe' affair, said: 'You will be wanted in a day or two, Rushton, to

receive instructions relative to a marriage-settlement, of which you must prepare a draft for counsel's approval. There will be no great difficulty, as Sir Sigismund Temple gives me *carte blanche* to insert what sums and conditions I please.'

'Sir Sigismund Temple! Then the lying jade Rumour has spoken truth for once.'

'Yes: Robson has just now received an acceptance of the baronet's proposals. Sir Sigismund is at Bath.'

'Robson!—Robson!' ejaculated the solicitor, with a sudden flush of his pale face. 'What is he?'

'Sir Sigismund Temple's favourite groom. Why do you ask?'

'Oh nothing, nothing,' replied Mr Rushton, as carelessly as he could. 'I thought I knew the name, that's all. When do you expect Sir Sigismund will arrive in town?'

'He will dine here to-morrow evening at seven, and I expect will come up two or three hours before by the express train.'

Shortly afterwards Lord Fanshawe went away, and the solicitor, immediately he was alone, took down a Baronetage from one of the shelves, and eagerly turned over the leaves. 'Very odd coincidences,' he muttered, after a few minutes' perusal of one of its pages; 'at all events, Mr Arthur Temple died at the same time, and by the same accident as this reputed Arthur Smythe. The woman's description, too, of the brother, remarkably corresponds to—— Then the groom Robson—— This must be looked to at once.'

Amongst the persons awaiting on the following day the arrival of the express train at the Paddington station were Mary Crawford, closely muffled up and veiled, and Mr Rushton. They kept back out of view as much as possible; and the solicitor, upon the signal being made that the train was at hand, whispered to his companion: 'Now mind and look sharp at the passengers, and tell me if you see Mr James Smythe.'

'That is he!' exclaimed Mary Crawford, with repressed anger, and pointing to a fashionably-attired gentleman hastily alighting from one of the carriages. 'That is Mr James Smythe!'

'I thought so,' said the solicitor, 'from Robson's silence and confusion: he will speak out now probably. That gentleman,' he added, 'whom you call Smythe, calls himself Sir Sigismund Temple.'

A carriage was in waiting for the baronet, in which he immediately drove off homewards; and the cab which conveyed Mr Rushton and Mary Crawford was a few minutes afterwards tearing along in the direction of Cavendish Square.

The triumphant lover trod on air as he ascended to his dressing-room to prepare for his visit to Lord Fanshawe. There was an admirable portrait of the beautiful Caroline in the apartment, which had been painted for his brother Sir Edward. Sir Sigismund's dark eyes lightened with rapture as he gazed upon it. 'Mine—mine—mine—beyond the power of chance!' he exclaimed. 'Oh, what are kings or emperors to me!' and his stormy joy laughed out in a wild burst of mirth. It was, however, necessary to calm himself somewhat, and by a strong effort he did so. 'Send Robson to me,' he said to a valet who answered his bell: 'I wish to speak with him.'

'He was sent for by some one about two o'clock to-day, and has not since returned,' replied the man.

'That is strange behaviour. But come; it is time that I should dress.'

His toilet was accomplished; but it was yet much too early to proceed to Cavendish Square. He intended arriving there half an hour before the time appointed for dinner, in the assured expectation of then finding Miss Fanshawe alone in the drawing-room. It was still only half-past five, albeit evening had long closed in. Restless, perturbed, excited as he was, immobility, quiet, inaction was impossible. A fancy seized him; he would while away the lingering interval by a gallop. Saddle-horses for himself and groom were immediately ordered round: he mounted, and in his flurry and excitation of spirit dashed with fierce speed towards Oxford Street, and then on in the direction of Bayswater. He rode on for between four and five miles, turned, came back at the same pace, and arrived, flushed with the exercise, in Cavendish Square.

There were lights in the drawing-room, and he discerned a female figure there, and only one. He eagerly alighted, threw the bridle to his groom, but without pausing to give him any order to stay or return home, and the next minute was bounding up the stairs, his pulse throbbing, and his eyes on fire with excess of emotion.

The lady he had indistinctly discerned through the muslin curtains of the drawing-room was bending over some object hidden by her figure, which he could alone see, her head, from the stooping attitude, being invisible to him. The thick carpets prevented his steps from being heard; and he, nothing doubting that Caroline Fanshawe was before him, rushed forwards, and threw himself at her feet, exclaiming, in the broken, vehement tones of passion, 'Caroline—beloved—adored!'——

A cry of alarm escaped the lady as she turned, and disclosed to the thunder-stricken man at her feet the well-remembered features of Mrs Temple—of his dead brother's wife! And there, too, he recognised instinctively, was her son, whom he had believed dead—hers and his brother's son, over whom she had been leaning.

A fierce, irrepressible cry burst from him as he sprang up, white with terror, and staggered back from before the appalling vision by which he was so suddenly confronted. 'Merciful God! Speak—when—for what purpose—how—why is this?' he gasped with wild incoherence.

A door at the further side of the spacious apartment was thrown sharply open, and Lord Fanshawe and his daughter hurried in, followed by Dr Bailey, Mr Rushton, and Mary Crawford. Robson, too, was there, but he remained in the doorway, as if uncertain whether or not he was expected to follow. The completeness of his ruin flashed at the sight instantly upon Sigismund Temple: he comprehended everything; and although a tempest was sounding in his ears, he could discern through all the still small voice proclaiming that judgment, fatal and irreversible, had fallen upon him. His fiery look became almost immediately rivetted upon the countenance of Miss Fanshawe. He there read painful emotion—regret—compassion, but also disdain—resolve. 'Miss Fanshawe,' he cried with a choking voice, as he sprang forward and caught her dress, for she had turned to leave the apartment—'Caroline—hear me but one word—but one!'

The lady turned half round, looked fixedly at him for a moment with a

mingled expression of sorrow and contempt, then gently but firmly disengaged her robe, and with a sad but peremptory gesture of farewell, passed on.

'My note, which must have been delivered in Grosvenor Square nearly an hour ago, should have prevented this unpleasant scene. I little expected to see you here, Mr Temple, after its perusal,' said Lord Fanshawe, in his coldest, haughtiest tones.

'It is also right,' said Dr Bailey, 'I should inform Mr Temple, that, in addition to what his lordship has discovered relative to this lady and her child, I have thought it my duty, under present circumstances, to acquaint him with a fact which sometime ago came to my knowledge relative to Sir Edward Temple's death. My informant was the Rev. Mr Benton. Mr Temple will not be at a loss to understand my meaning.'

Sigismund Temple replied not to these taunts by word, or look, or gesture. His eyes remained fixed upon the door through which Caroline Fanshawe had passed, as if expecting her return. Presently a new and frightful expression passed over his face; he seized his hat, which had fallen on the floor, and staggered out of the apartment. Arrived at the head of the stairs, he turned round, steadied himself by the balustrade, hurled a burst of passionate defiance and invective at Lord Fanshawe and the physician, and then sprang with the speed and fury of a maniac down the stairs. His horse was still at the door; he vaulted into the saddle, struck the high-blooded animal repeatedly with a whip he snatched from the groom, and was carried off at a fearful pace. The terrified horse had got the bit between his teeth, and was unmanageable; but this the unfortunate rider neither knew nor recked of. The universe seemed crashing, whirling round him as he dashed madly by the zig-zag lines of light, and along the roaring streets, followed by the shoutings and execrations of the people whose lives he was endangering. Just as he neared the entrance of Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, a loaded van came sharply out of it into Oxford Street. He could not if he would have checked the maddened horse in time to avoid a collision. He did not probably attempt it, and the animal's head came with the force of a cannon-shot against the hindwheel of the van. Mr Temple was hurled with tremendous force upon the foot-pavement, and by the time his groom came up, it had been discovered that he must have died instantaneously. The horse was also killed.

The play is over—the story told; but it may be necessary, as the curtain slowly descends, to subjoin a few particulars relative to the surviving actors in this perhaps too-easily-recognised domestic drama.

An attempt was made by a Mr Camelford, who, had neither of the Temples left male issue, would have been heir-at-law to the title and estates, to dispute the validity of Mrs Temple's marriage, or, more correctly speaking, that Arthur Smythe was really Arthur Temple. This, however, Robson's evidence, supported by several letters addressed to Arthur Temple by his brother Sigismund relative to his ill-advised union with Lucy Gaston, found amongst Sigismund Temple's private papers—though why preserved it seems difficult to say—established beyond doubt or question, and the suit was ultimately abandoned.

Sir Arthur Temple is now in his sixth year, and continues in the enjoy-

ment of excellent health, watched over with prideful tenderness by his mother, the still very beautiful Lucy of our story. Although it is said frequently tempted, and no wonder, to enter again into the bonds of holy matrimony, she has hitherto resolutely declined every offer of the sort, however dazzling. In truth, Mrs Temple does not appear to be greatly enamoured of state and splendour, for she never seems so thoroughly delighted and happy as when she can escape from Grosvenor Square or Temple House, with her son, and, of course, Mary Crawford, to Vale Farm, and be again the Lucy of her young days, with her trusty and now rejoicing friends, the Whistons, to every one of whose children, and they are already rather numerous, she is the bountiful and loving godmother.

Lord Fanshawe still survives, and in excellent preservation, much to the chagrin of the heir-expectant, whose locks are already gray with age and the hope still deferred of title and estate. His lordship's daughter, the brilliant Caroline, married, six months after Sigismund Temple's death, the viscount she had refused a few days previous to that event. She is now the star and cynosure of the British court; and adepts in the histories and mysteries of the peerage will, in all probability, find little difficulty in divining the title of the beautiful viscountess—a piece of information which we, for various reasons, decline recording here.

ELECTRIC COMMUNICATIONS.

ONE of the most striking phenomena presented to the mind of the student of Nature, is the principle of unity which pervades all her multiplied workings and productions. To refer to the fact that the past is linked to the present, and the present to the future—that correlations exist between every department of the organic and inorganic worlds—that the connections become clearer the more they are investigated—is to call attention to what are now received as philosophical truisms. The sympathies which filiate through geology to botany, chemistry, magnetism, zoology, and astronomy, are not less admirable when contemplated in their relation to animated creation; and in the universal desire and ability for communication in the latter, we perhaps have their most remarkable display. Naturalists tell us that gnats and several minor members of the insect race possess the power of making their sensations known to their companions equally with the laborious bee or sagacious elephant. Indeed, the endowing with the faculty to communicate appears to be one of the essential aims of nature. And if so, with what is often termed the subordinate or instinctive part of creation, how much more so in regard to man, who claims supremacy over all! Besides the gift of speech, man, by reason of his intelligence, finds means to convey his thoughts to distant places with an energy and comprehensiveness unknown to the quadrupedal tribes, and thus completes the unity which, starting from the inorganic molecule, is finally exemplified in him.

In the world's younger days, and for long afterwards, smoke and flame were the most obvious and available means for communicating signals to long distances. From the beacon-fires of the Scriptural ages to that which flashed from 'Ida's height,' and the stirring night when

> 'From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
> The time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day!'

and also to the period of threatened invasion within the memory of many now living, fire has been made a messenger of news. From the lighthouse top it warns and guides the mariner not less surely than the stars of heaven reveal his position on the trackless waters.

Of old, watchmen stood on the hills and cried aloud; trumpeters blew a blast from hill to hill; or legionaries, with elevated flags or spears, sent

tidings afar. 'Swift as a post' was not an inappropriate simile even in primeval days: Egypt's learned priesthood knew how to avail themselves of mysterious vocal tubes; the monarchs of Mexico and Peru maintained a corps of runners, who bore despatches to all parts of their empire with singular celerity. Another generation conveyed their wishes in the flashes of mirrors, the pealing of bells, the thunder of cannon, or flight of pigeons. Then came the mail-coach, with its fleet officials and fleeter steeds; to be in turn superseded by that triumph of steam, the locomotive and express train, speeding across a county in shorter time than the mail would have traversed a parish, seeming, in its career of seventy miles an hour, to have reached the limit of human possibility. But a new invention came to light, before which the wildest dreams of romance—the flying horse that carried off Prince Firouz, or Prince Houssain's travelling carpet—seem to become sober realities; and all former methods for the transmission of intelligence have been for ever excelled by the Electric Telegraph. With this man has achieved an entire and absolute unity.

The establishment of a telegraph necessarily involves a certain degree of civilisation—there must be fixed habits and steady policy; and we cannot better appreciate the advantages of the present system than by contrasting it with the past. To do this we need not go back to the time of the Greeks or Romans; our purpose will be effectually answered by a retrospect to the last two centuries. One science or art helps on another: to distinguish objects afar off there must be the possibility of seeing at a distance; and thus the study of optics and the invention of telescopes and reflectors would naturally suggest new applications of utility.

The Marquis of Worcester alludes to a telegraph in his famous 'Century of Inventions.' After him we may place Robert Hooke, one of the most notable philosophers of his age, who, in 1684, presented a paper to the Royal Society, 'Shewing a way how to communicate one's mind at great distances.' He had conceived the project long before; but the then recent siege of Vienna by the Turks had caused him 'to take up again with his plan for discoursing at a distance, not by sound, but by sight.' The principle involved the use of telescopes, but it was less simple and ingenious than that which afterwards came into use.

Guillaume Amontons, a Frenchman, appears to have been the first to render a telegraph available for practical purposes about 1690, by 'a means which,' as recorded by Fontenelle, 'he invented to make known all that was wished to a very great distance—for example, from Paris to Rome—in a very short time, three or four hours, and even without the news becoming known in all the intervening space. This proposition, so paradoxical and chimerical in appearance, was executed over a small extent of country, once in presence of Monseigneur, and afterwards before Madame. The secret consisted in placing in several consecutive stations persons who, by means of telescopes, having perceived certain signals at the preceding station, transmitted them to the next, and so on in succession, and these different signals were so many letters of our alphabet, of which the key was known only at Paris and Rome. The greatest reach of the telescopes determined the distance of the stations, of which the number was to be the

fewest possible; and as the second station made signals to the third as fast as they were seen at the first, the news was carried from Paris to Rome in almost as little time as it took to form the signals at Paris.' For this public exhibition of his apparatus, Amontons was indebted to the intrigues of Mademoiselle Chouin, a princely favourite; but the dauphin was too indolent to make an effort towards encouraging the invention, and it shared the fate of many others—neglect.

Another projector, named Marcel, followed with no better fortune than his predecessor. Wearied with attendance on a dilatory government, he broke his machine and burnt his drawings, and died without revealing his secret. Next, Linguet, who had been for some years a prisoner in the Bastille, claimed the merit of the invention, and offered to construct a telegraph in exchange for his liberty. History is silent as to his offer being accepted. In course of time a private attempt was made: Monsieur Dupuis of Belleville constructed a telegraph, by means of which he communicated with his friend Fortin, who lived a few leagues off at Bayeux. Meantime Mr Edgeworth had published his plans in Ireland; Bergstrasser of Hanau had investigated every branch of telegraphy: flame, smoke, reflection, rockets, detonations, torches, bells, trumpets, flags, and mirrors; and attention being drawn to the subject in other quarters, shewed that the time for realising a speedy-transmission project was at hand.

It came at last with its man. Claude Chappe, when a youth in a religious establishment at Angers, had contrived an apparatus, a post, bearing a revolving beam, and circulatory arms, with which he conveyed signals to three of his brothers who were at a school about half a league distant, and read them off with a telescope. Keeping the idea in view for several years, he eventually laid his plans before the legislature in 1792, assuring them that 'the speed of the correspondence would be such, that the legislative body would be able to send their orders to the frontiers, and receive an answer back, during the continuance of a single sitting.' After much vexatious delay, the sum of 6000 francs was granted to enable him to make an experiment near Paris; but his first apparatus was stolen by a party of men in masks, and no sooner was it reconstructed, than the populace burnt the work to the ground, stupidly imagining that certain direful machinations were involved in the signals. A third trial was more successful; the authorities approved the plan, and Chappe, with the title of Ingénieur Télégraphe, was appointed to erect a telegraph from Paris to Lille. The French armies were on foot, and speedy intelligence of their successes or reverses was most desirable.

The line, with its apparatus, which admitted the formation of 192 different signals, was completed in two years. Its first announcement was a victory. On the last day of November 1794, Carnot entered the Assembly with the news, 'Condé is given up to the Republic! The surrender took place this morning at six.' The Chamber voted that 'the Army of the North had deserved well of the country,' and caused their approval to be sent to head-quarters; and before the legislators broke up, they were informed that their orders had been transmitted to Lille, and the receipt acknowledged. Such an incident in the infancy of the new art was hailed with enthusiastic acclamations.

This successful result led to the immediate formation of the other lines

which radiated from Paris to all the frontiers of the kingdom. The signals were conveyed with great rapidity; and to avoid confusion, the movable arms on the right of the central post were kept exclusively for government messages, those on the left being employed in the service of the line. Thus accidents or delays could be reported without detriment to the official despatch. From Paris to Calais, 152 miles, there were thirty-three stations, and a message could be sent from one extremity to the other in three minutes; to Strasburg, 255 miles, and forty-four stations, in six and a half minutes; to Toulon, 317 miles, and one hundred stations, in twenty minutes. The longest lines were to Brest and Bayonne; the former 325 miles, the latter 425; and altogether there were 519 stations, the annual cost of which amounted to £40,000. It has happened, sometimes, when one part of the country was obscured by fogs, that information has been conveyed to the capital by the longer route; on one occasion news from Lyons travelled to Paris by way of Bordeaux. The last of the brothers Chappe was in office until 1830, when the July revolution deprived him of his post and its emoluments.

The new mode of correspondence was speedily adopted by the other governments of Europe, and numerous forms of apparatus were proposed by enterprising inventors, some of them remarkable for the infinite multiplicity of their signals. The first line of telegraph established in England, in 1796, extended from London to Dover, speedy transmission of Channel news being then of prime importance. Portsmouth and the Admiralty were afterwards brought into communication by a system of signals not before adopted—a vertical post with two movable arms, that could be placed in forty-eight different positions. The maintenance of this line, seventy-two miles, involved a charge of more than £3000 yearly. It was given up in 1847.

With all its advantages, however, the aërial telegraph, as it was called, was a necessarily imperfect contrivance, being altogether useless at night, and during fogs or gloomy and rainy weather. For three-fourths of the year the Admiralty telegraph stood idle: 1600 hours in the twelvemonth were reckoned as its available capability. A foul-weather telegraph was conceived to be an impossibility, and the system of night-signals by means of lamps and reflectors was far from perfect, notwithstanding the endeavours after improvement. One of the most satisfactory, by the Rev. J. Bremner of Shetland, gained the gold medal of the Society of Arts in 1816. Couriers, mail-coaches, and dispatch-boats, were still the grand resource.

We turn now to another part of the general subject under consideration, not less interesting than important—that of electricity. Its history carries us back to the age of conjecture and the dawn of philosophy. Six hundred years before the birth of Christ, Thales had observed that amber, or *elektron*, as the Greeks called it, exhibited, when rubbed, certain properties of attraction which it did not otherwise possess. Besides giving us the word in which our term *electricity* originates, the early philosophers left behind them several accounts of electrical phenomena. Aristotle, Theophrastus, Pliny, Cæsar, and Plutarch, all mention them. Singular flames were sometimes seen on the tops of the masts of ships in the Mediterranean, or quivering on the heads of the wondering mariners; and on several occasions Roman troops, while on a march, had observed similar luminous appearances

on the points of their lances. And coming down to a later period, we find Eustathius, in his commentaries on Homer, relating the case of Walimer, father of Theodoric the Goth, whose body gave out sparks; and of another individual who, on drawing off his clothes, saw flames or scintillations leap from his skin with a crackling noise. From Thales to the twelfth century is a long period, yet scanty as is the record of facts, it is sufficient to shew that electrical phenomena had not passed without notice; but, as far as we know, no attempt was made to reason upon them, or define their nature. The first approach towards such a result was the treatise 'De Magnete,' published by Gilbert, an Englishman, at the end of the sixteenth century. He classifies all the then known electric substances, and enters into some discussion on the electricity of the air and the earth. The latter subject, in particular, engaged the attention of philosophers whose names are yet famous—Father Kircher, Descartes, Halley, and others. According to some theorists, iron crept about or grew within the body of the earth, and its transmission along deeply-buried tubes, provided by nature, was the cause of magnetic variation at the surface. Within the next fifty years the Prussian, Otto Guericke, produced the first electrical machine—a globe of sulphur made to rotate by means of a winch, while the friction of a piece of cloth held against it excited the electrical influence. He discovered one or two of the principles of the science, particularly that of the electric fluid passing from one body to another without actual contact, but missed the deduction of consequences from a fact since recognised as essential.

The eighteenth century came, and opened the most famous page in the history of electricity. For Guericke's ball of sulphur, Hauksbee substituted a globe of glass, while other experimentalists used straight glass tubes rubbed with the hand. Stephen Gray found that all substances might be classified as electrics and non-electrics; and, by means of packthreads more than a hundred feet in length, was the first to prove that the electric impulse could be transmitted to a considerable distance. In company with his friend Wheeler, he discovered also the insulating properties of glass, silk, hair, and resin, besides some other bodies. In France, Dufaye and Nollet were labouring diligently at the same pursuit. By wetting a cord, they observed that Gray's experiment could be greatly extended. They sent a current through thirteen hundred feet; and following up the reasoning of their English contemporary, 'Dufaye suspended his own person by silk lines, and being electrified, the Abbé Nollet, who assisted him in these experiments, presented his hand to his body, when immediately a spark of fire issued from the person of the one philosopher and entered the body of the other. Although such a result had been predicted as a consequence of the arrangement, the astonishment was not the less great at its occurrence. Nollet states, that he can never forget the surprise of both Dufaye and himself when they witnessed the first explosion from the body of the former.'

To Dufaye belongs the merit of discovering the two kinds of electricity, which he named *vitreous* and *resinous*, or, according to the present terminology, *positive* and *negative*. To call them two different manifestations of one and the same grand natural agency, would perhaps be a better interpretation of the phenomena. Germany next added a few facts to the growing science. A Scottish monk at Erfurt, by adopting glass cylinders, gave to the electrical machine almost its present form, and marvellous effects

were produced. In 1746, the three philosophers of Leyden produced the jar which still in name perpetuates the place of its discovery. The power of the shock, probably owing to its novelty, appears at that time to have been greatly exaggerated. Muschenbroek, writing an account of the experiments to Réaumur, states that 'he felt himself struck in his arms, shoulders, and breast, so that he lost his breath, and was two days before he recovered from the effects of the blow and the terror;' and adds, that 'he would not take a second shock for the whole kingdom of France.'

But leaving particulars, the investigations which most claim our attention are those which relate to the transmission of electricity to long distances. With lengths of wire held by human hands, Nollet formed a chain more than 5000 feet long, and found that the passage of the shock through the whole number of individuals was instantaneous. The same fact was still more satisfactorily demonstrated in England by Dr Watson, an eminent Fellow of the Royal Society. He carried a wire across the Thames at Westminster Bridge, one end being in contact with a charged jar, the other held by a person on the opposite shore. A second individual was placed in communication with the jar, and on a given signal the two dipped into the river an iron rod which they held in their hands, on which the shock travelled from one side of the stream to the other by means of the wire, and came back through the water to complete the circuit. This was an important discovery, inasmuch as it involved the principle on which depended all subsequent experiments on transmission to a distance. Watson repeated his experiments on several occasions, the last time near Shooter's Hill, with two miles of wire; and the now familiar fact that observers, however far apart, feel the shock at the same instant, then excited a degree of astonishment bordering on incredulity. Franklin's famous kite-experiment, which proved the identity of lightning and electricity, may be regarded as the climax of electrical discovery in the past century. No sooner had the general nature of the new and startling phenomena become known, than the idea immediately sprang up of employing the mysterious agency in the conveyance of signals. Maunoir relates, that in 1773 Odier wrote to a lady of his acquaintance—'I shall amuse you, perhaps, in telling you that I have in my head certain experiments by which to enter into conversation with the emperor of Mogol or of China, the English, the French, or any other people of Europe, in a way that without inconveniencing yourself, you may intercommunicate all that you wish, at a distance of four or five thousand leagues in less than half an hour! Will that suffice you for glory? There is nothing more real. Whatever be the course of those experiments, they must necessarily lead to some grand discovery; but I have not the courage to undertake them this winter. What gave me the idea was a word which I heard spoken casually the other day at Sir John Pringle's table, where I had the pleasure of dining with Franklin, Priestley, and other great geniuses.'

A short time previously, according to Maunoir, who adds that Odier was then devoting much attention to electricity, the latter wrote to the same lady—'Is it not astonishing that the movement of a morsel of straw, attracted by a piece of amber, should have suggested to Franklin the sublime idea of the lightning-conductor? Franklin was the first to discover the secret of imprisoning the electric fluid in a bottle.'

Other minds were also occupied with the subject: in 1774 Lesage, a Frenchman at Geneva, published a plan for an electric telegraph, which he submitted to Frederick of Prussia, conceiving that monarch best capable of realising it. He proposed to arrange twenty-four metal wires in some insulating substance, each connected with an electrometer, from which a pith ball was suspended. On exciting the wires by means of an electrifying machine, the movements of the twenty-four balls represented the letters of the alphabet, as might have been agreed on. The project, though ingenious, was never carried into execution, and would have failed at great distances, owing to an essential defect to be presently noticed.

Arthur Young, in his 'Travels in France,' gives us an account of a somewhat similar contrivance, which affords further evidence of the interest felt in the subject of electric communications. Under the date September 16, 1787, he writes:—'In the evening to Monsieur Lomond, a very ingenious and inventive mechanic. In electricity he has made a remarkable discovery: you write two or three words on a paper; he takes it with him into a room, and turns a machine enclosed in a cylindrical case, at the top of which is an electrometer, a small fine pith ball; a wire connects with a similar cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment; and his wife, by remarking the corresponding motions of the ball, writes down the words they indicate, from which it appears that he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect, a correspondence might be carried on at any distance: within and without a besieged town, for instance; or for a purpose much more worthy, and a thousand times more harmless—between two lovers prohibited or prevented from any better connection. Whatever the use may be, the invention is beautiful.'

A method proposed by Reiser in Germany, in 1794, exhibited illuminated signals. Plates of glass partially covered with tinfoil were connected by wires with a machine, and sparks of light became visible on the uncovered parts of the glass when the electric current was passing. Cavallo, again, in his treatise on electricity, published in 1795, suggests the explosion of a Leyden jar as a means of arousing the attention of the distant operator. In the following year Salva, a Spanish physician, who in defiance of the opposition of bigoted monks and popular ignorance, had earnestly promoted the cause of vaccination—constructed an electric telegraph, and described it in a memoir which he laid before the Academy of Sciences of Madrid. The Infant Don Antonio was so much interested in the invention, that he caused a telegraph to be erected, and turned it to practical use. Shortly afterwards a more extensive attempt was made by Betancourt, who stretched wires from Aranjuez to Madrid, a distance of forty-five miles, and conveyed his signals in the discharge of jars. One after another, however, the schemes failed in subordinating the element of electricity to their purposes; the human mind had to be tasked to yet greater efforts, and the period of their realisation was not far distant. Of all the projects for establishing a telegraph with frictional electricity as its active principle, the most complete was that published by Mr Francis Ronalds in 1823.

There is something eminently gratifying in the consideration of science pursuing its even course undisturbed by political convulsions. While England was losing her right to the American colonies in the wanton

exercise of might, and while the social elements were fermenting on the continent, to break out in the agonies and horrors of the French Revolution, philosophers were quietly penetrating the secrets of nature, and searching for fuller and clearer knowledge. They had their reward.

The telegraphs here brought under notice failed, because they were worked by statical electricity—that is, electricity obtained by friction, or from Leyden jars. This kind of electricity is remarkable for what is called its *tension*, or tendency to fly off from its conductors. It is an agent not to be depended on or held in control, and proves itself often capricious, from various causes, some of them inappreciable: among the known, damp is one of the most influential. Hence the realisation of electric telegraphs on a large scale was essentially impracticable. Signals, it is true, might have been transmitted within a building, but not for miles out of doors, in all weathers. For the further development of telegraphy, we are indebted to dynamic electricity, or electricity without tension; that is, without a tendency to abandon the conductors along which it travels. Its phenomena, when compared with those of statical electricity, are much more striking and interesting.

In the whole history of accidental discovery, there is no event more remarkable than that by which that other form of electricity, known as galvanism, was brought to light. To quote M. Arago: 'It may be proved that this immortal discovery arose in the most immediate and direct manner from a slight cold with which a Bolognese lady was attacked in 1790, for which her physician prescribed the use of frog broth.'

In accordance with the medical advice, a number of frogs were prepared for stewing, and by some chance a few of them were laid on a table near an electrical machine, in the laboratory of Galvani, professor of anatomy at Bologna, and husband of the lady in question. An assistant working in the apartment had occasion to draw sparks from the machine, and each time that he did so, Signora Galvani observed that the limbs of the dead frogs moved as though alive. She called the professor's attention to the fact; he repeated the experiment, and with the same result. But without intending it, he went farther than this, and found that the limbs of frogs could be excited as well by means of good conductors as by a machine. The power was present, and required only an efficient cause to develop its action. Galvani, it is said, having prepared the hinder halves of several frogs for anatomical investigation, 'passed copper hooks through part of the dorsal column which remained above the junction of the thighs, for the convenience of hanging them up till they might be required for the purposes of experiment. In this manner he happened to suspend several upon the iron balcony in front of his laboratory, when, to his inexpressible astonishment, the limbs were thrown into strong convulsions.' On examining further into the phenomenon, he ascertained that it could be produced at pleasure by touching the surface of a nerve and of a muscle at the same time with a metallic conductor; and arguing from the whole body of facts that came within his experience, he propounded a theory of animal electricity which for some time dazzled the imaginations and stimulated the enthusiasm of a host of partisans, according to whom the existence of a 'nervous fluid' had been demonstrated by the experiments.

A new explanation was soon to appear. Volta, professor of natural philosophy at Pavia, reasoning upon Sulzer's experiment, in which the placing of a piece of lead and another of zinc, above and below the tongue, produced a peculiar effect on bringing the edges of the two pieces of metal into contact, and on the fact that a similar taste is perceived on applying the tongue to a charged electrical conductor, came to the conclusion that electricity was the cause of the phenomena witnessed by Galvani, and considered by that philosopher as due to some property inherent in the nerve or muscle. Volta had observed also that the excitement of the organism was greater when touched with two different metals than when only one was used, and from this result deduced the fact that the electricity resided in the metals, not in the nerves, and that bringing them together was the cause of the phenomenon. By pursuing the inquiry, further conclusions were arrived at; and Fabroni, another Italian, in a memoir which he communicated to the Florentine Academy, ascribed the electrical effects to chemical action.

After continued application, Volta at length discovered the instrument now known as the Voltaic pile. At first it was a circle of small cups partially filled with salt water, and containing plates of zinc and silver connected by wires. It was subsequently modified into its present form—a pile of alternate disks of zinc and copper kept separate by the interposition of disks of pasteboard moistened in an acid solution. He announced this discovery in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society, in March 1800, and won for himself a reputation in the foremost ranks of science. He had found the means of accumulating and rendering continuous the power which had baffled Galvani.

At Napoleon's invitation, Volta visited Paris in 1801, and explained and illustrated his theory of contact of metals and electro-motive action to the members of the Academy of Sciences. The First Consul was one of the audience; and 'when the report of the committee on the subject was read, he proposed that the rules of the Academy, which produced some delay in conferring its honours, should be suspended, and the gold medal immediately awarded to Volta, as a testimony of the gratitude of the philosophers of France for his discovery. This proposition being carried by acclamation, the hero of a hundred fields, who never did things by halves, and who was filled with a prophetic enthusiasm as to the powers of the pile, ordered two thousand crowns to be sent to Volta the same day from the public treasury, to defray the expenses of his journey.'

The terms galvanism, or voltaic electricity, were applied to the newly-developed principle in honour of the two discoverers. Familiarity with their effects has scarcely divested them of their wonder-compelling character. The tongue-experiment is a household sport with many persons; and numbers besides know that an action is produced by leaning a strip of zinc against a strip of copper in a tumbler of muriatic acid. This action is, however, the most subtle, and as yet the most extraordinary of nature's manifold agencies. With two sorts of metal and an acid the current immediately begins to flow. In some of its effects it resembles electricity, yet there are essential differences. Galvanism must have a continuous conductor; electricity will leap over short distances from one to another. The one is steady, the other uncertain. Iron can be magnetised by gal-

vanism, not by electricity. Thus we appear to have two forces, alike yet unlike; both mysterious, and peculiarly inciting to philosophical investigation.

The announcement of Volta's discovery drew the attention of many inquiring minds to the subject all over Europe. In chemical researches more particularly the powers of the pile were made largely available. Ritter of Munich, in 1805, found that pieces of metal could be magnetised by the voltaic current; and in 1807 the famous Danish physicist, Oersted—whose recent decease is a great loss to science—made certain observations on the same phenomenon, which he diligently pursued and reconsidered, until he arrived at his celebrated discovery in 1819. It consisted in the capital fact that the needle of a compass, when placed above or below a voltaic wire stretched from north to south, and forming a complete circuit, deviated from its normal position, and shewed a tendency to place itself at right angles with the current. There was, besides, the remarkable phenomenon, that when the needle was *below* the wire, its south pole diverged to the west, if the current were passing from south to north, and to the east when flowing in the reverse direction: with the needle *above* the wire, directly opposite effects were produced. This was a discovery scarcely less important than that of the voltaic current, being, at the same time, the result of patient and long-continued inductive research, and the immediate cause of further application. Oersted first made it public in 1820, in a Latin memoir, in which he demonstrates the laws of the phenomenon, and states that by the meeting of two electric currents, a new development of power takes place, which attracts or repels the north pole of the needle, according as it is positive or negative; that the direction of this power is not in a right line, but a spiral—a view remarkable for its sagacity, and which subsequent experience has affirmed.

Oersted's discovery excited an admiration and activity among the learned not inferior to that which had greeted Volta and his pile. Among the foremost to elucidate the subject and extend the inquiry, Ampère stands prominent. In less than three months after the publication of the Danish philosopher's researches, he laid a paper on electro-magnetism before the Academy of Sciences at Paris, demonstrating the dynamical laws of the science from experiment and mathematical calculation. He considers that the battery calls into play two currents in the wire, moving in opposite directions, and thereby producing magnetic action; and shews that similar currents circulate about the poles of a magnet. The two currents exert a dynamic action on each other, varying according to direction. 'Two straight wires, along which currents are transmitted, will attract or repel each other, according to the direction of the currents. Let a line be imagined intersecting both wires at right angles. If both currents move towards this perpendicular, or both from it, the wires will attract each other; but if, while one of the currents moves towards this perpendicular, the other moves from it, then they will repel each other.' In proof of his statements, Ampère produced various contrivances, made chiefly of wire, to illustrate the phenomena; among them were small helices, which behaved as magnets while a current was passing through them. In the same year, too, Arago found that on plunging the wires of a battery into steel filings, the latter attached themselves to the wires, and remained adherent

as long as the circuit was complete, but fell off on the instant of breaking contact. Here was another important step in advance: a wire could be magnetised at pleasure. It led to the discovery by Mr Sturgeon, a few years later, of magnets of almost inconceivable power, by placing a bar of soft iron within a helix of copper wire, connected with a battery. As in the case of the steel filings, it became a magnet, or ceased to be such, every time that contact was made or broken. The straight bar was afterwards bent in the form of a horse-shoe, and its attractive power so much increased in consequence, that in some instances from two thousand to three thousand pounds have been sustained. The new power partook somewhat of the tremendous, and every fact that threw light upon it served but to stimulate the ardour of inquiry. Faraday's researches have rendered signal service to the progress of electro-magnetism, particularly his discovery of induction, which he describes as 'the effect of the actions of contiguous particles.' He tested it by an extensive series of experiments on various solid and aëriform substances, under different pressure and temperature. The late Professor Daniell states, as an explanation of the theory, that 'as every electric current is accompanied by a corresponding intensity of magnetic action at right angles to the current, good conductors of electricity, when placed within the sphere of this action, should have a current induced through them, or some sensible effect produced, equivalent in force to such a current.'

To enumerate the names only of those who have advanced the science of electro-magnetism, apart from any mention of their labours, would fill a long list. At the period more immediately under notice, Schweigger, De la Rive, Moll, Cumming, Barlow, and Christie, were multiplying facts, or deducing laws from those already known. Besides these, Ohm of Nuremberg rendered distinguished service, by establishing the mathematical laws of electric currents, and demonstrating the values really attaching to the terms 'quantity' and 'intensity;' at the same time giving formulæ on which the various actions and effects might be calculated. Electricians, wherever employed, have been highly indebted to his labours, which have so greatly facilitated the application of the science.

Prior to Oersted's discovery of the deflection of the needle, several attempts had been made to apply voltaic electricity to telegraphic purposes. The first was by Soemmerring of Munich in 1811. But here we may pause a moment to consider the singular account recorded in the 'Spectator.' The author referred to by Addison is the Jesuit Famiano Strada, who was master of rhetoric at Rome, and published his 'Prolusiones Academicæ' in 1617. This work contains the account in question, the purport being, that correspondence might be carried on between two individuals widely separated by means of a certain magnetic agency. According to Strada, it was not a new idea; he ascribes it to Cardinal Bembo, who died at Rome in 1547, and explains that it came to him by hearsay from several eminent persons, through whom it could be traced back to its reputed originator. Without attaching undue importance to this statement, it seems nevertheless to carry us back to a date earlier than any yet recorded for the inception of a project for rapid communication to long distances.

Strada's version, as a recent translation shews, differs from the sum-

mary given in the 'Spectator.' He says in commencing: 'Magneti genus est lapidis mirabile;' and after describing the properties of the load-stone, proceeds: 'Now, then, if you wish your distant friend, to whom no letter can come, to know anything, take a disk (or dial), then write round the edge of it the letters of the alphabet, in the order in which children learn them, and in the centre place horizontally a rod which has touched the magnet, movable, so that it can touch whatever letter you wish.' A similar instrument is to be made, which 'disk let the friend about to depart take with him, and agree beforehand at what time, and on what days he will examine whether the rod trembles, and what letter it points to with its index. These matters being thus arranged, if you desire privately to speak to the friend whom some shore of the earth holds far from you, lay your hand on the globe, turn the movable iron—there you see disposed along the margin all the letters which are required for words; hither turn the indicator, and the letters, now this one, now that one, touch with the style; and while you are turning the iron through them again and again, you separately compose all the ideas in your mind. Wonderful to relate, the far-distant friend sees the voluble iron tremble without the touch of any person, and run now hither, now thither; conscious he bends over it, and marks the teaching of the rod, and follows, reading here and there the letters which are put together into words; he perceives what is needed, and learns it by the teaching of the iron. And moreover, when he sees the rod stand still, he, in his turn, if he thinks there is anything to be answered, in like manner, by touching the various letters, writes it back to his friend.' Here Strada becomes impressed with the importance of his subject, for he breaks out—'Oh may this mode of writing prove useful! Safer and quicker thus would a letter speed, nor have to encounter the snares of robbers or impediments of retarding rivers. A prince might do the whole business (correspondence) for himself with his own hands. We children of scribes, emerging from the inky flood, would then hang up our pens in votive offering on the shores of the magnet.'

Without stopping to inquire whether in this Strada wished to perpetuate the history of a lost art, or was merely giving play to his imagination, we return to Soemmerring, who, in the year mentioned, proposed a scheme for a voltaic telegraph to the Academy of Sciences at Munich. It comprehended as many wires as the letters of the German alphabet, and the numerals 0 to 9, which terminated in thirty-five gold points in a vessel of water. When the current passed from the pile, decomposition of the fluid took place, and a bubble of oxygen or hydrogen appeared at the point or letter to which attention was desired. Soemmerring appears to have been aware that the motion of electricity was swifter than that of light; and in his memoir he sets forth the advantages to be derived from such a form of telegraph—its availability by night or by day, in fog or in cloud, and its invisibility while *en route*. The contrivance, although ingenious, failed in one particular: there was nothing to arouse the attention of the correspondent. A means for this purpose was subsequently added by Schweigger, who shewed also that two wires would be more effectual than the greater number, and that it would not be impossible to print the communications from one end of the wire to the other—thus anticipating two of the

most remarkable peculiarities belonging to the present form of electric telegraph.

The deflection of the needle—that proof of 'magnetic action at right angles to the current'—appears to have been most studied as a medium for signals, and became the subject of eager experiment. The current, however, when passed along any considerable length of wire, was found insufficient to produce a well-defined movement. This defect was remedied by Schweigger, in an instrument which he invented, and called the *multiplier*—a name expressive of its essential principle. It is astonishingly sensitive, and has proved most valuable in the study of electro-dynamics. The construction is based on the fact, that a current returning upon itself, acts in all its parts, and causes a powerful deviation in a magnetic needle placed within it. As described by Moigno: 'A conducting wire twisted upon itself, and forming a hundred turns, will, when traversed by the same current, produce an effect a hundred times greater than a wire with a single turn; provided always that the electric fluid pass through the circumvolutions of the wire without passing laterally from one contour to another. This is a condition easy to fulfil. To make a multiplier, you take a silver or copper wire of any length or size, closely enveloped in silk thread, and wind it round a small frame, within which the needle is suspended on a pivot, and leaving a few inches free at each extremity. These are called the two wires of the multiplier, and when in work, the current enters by one end and passes off at the other.' With this contrivance, of which more remains to be said, a great difficulty was overcome.

The discovery of thermo-electricity by Seebeck of Berlin is so far related to our subject as to claim a brief notice. He found that by applying heat to one extremity, or to any part of pieces of metal, they could be made to give out electric currents. One end of a short bar being raised in temperature, a circulation of a current is produced through the whole mass. Here is a phenomenon singularly illustrative of the magnetism of the earth, and corroborated by Faraday's recent discoveries. 'The sun,' it is said, 'would thus become the exciting agent, whose uniform tide of heat, sweeping the tropical zone, would be productive of an immense westerly circumflowing electric flood, and thus convert the terrestrial ball into a grand thermo-electric magnet.'

The new science was gradually assuming a definite combination: two French *savans*, in the course of their investigations, found that a long extent of the iron of a railway could be used to complete a circuit, and bring back the reverse current. Becquerel had shewn, too, in carrying out Volta's researches, that a pile might be constructed with a constant though feeble current; and the finding of a stronger power became of importance. The pile was replaced by batteries of various form, among which the constant battery constructed by Professor Daniell supplied the long-sought desideratum. The zinc was plunged into a solution of chloride of sodium, and the copper into a solution of sulphate of copper. The products of decomposition were disposed of by an ingenious contrivance, and loss of power provided against, so that the action maintained its full force for a considerable period. Batteries still more powerful have since been invented: the liquids employed have been varied, and charcoal and platinum substituted for copper. One by Wheatstone required but a single

liquid, sulphate of copper, in which was plunged a porous vase filled with a pasty amalgam of zinc, producing a constant action. Thus by degrees the elements of telegraphing were prepared: there needed but the mind to combine them.

This distinction is claimed by Professor Morse, an American, having, as he says, invented the first electro-magnetic telegraph while on his passage from Havre to New York in 1832. His contrivance included a pen at one end of a wire, which, as contact was made or broken, produced an arbitrary alphabet of dots and strokes, which might represent definite characters. An experiment with a circuit of ten miles was tried before several scientific men well known in the United States, and members of Congress; and the result being favourable, a sum of money was voted by the government for a trial on a larger scale. The account of these proceedings appears not to have been published earlier than 1837; meantime Baron Schilling of St Petersburg had constructed an electric telegraph, but died before its complete development. By his method, movements were imparted to five needles, out of which a code of signals was formed. Gauss and Weber's experiments and deductions, published in 1834, brought the possibility of electro-telegraphy still more within reach. To these two philosophers the theory of the science is materially indebted. The first-mentioned, the venerable professor of Göttingen, has been called its father, such are the sagacity and insight which he has brought to bear on so intricate a subject.

We come now to 1837, the year in which the projects of electro-telegraphy became available realities. Steinheil of Munich succeeded in sending a current from one end to the other of a wire 36,000 feet in length, the action of which caused two needles to vibrate from side to side, and strike a bell at each movement. The bells were made to differ in tone, so as to indicate distinctly right and left signals; at the same time, to combine a phonic and a written alphabet, certain points tipped with ink impressed dots upon a band of paper, and recorded the desired message. In the course of his researches Steinheil proved a fact, the most interesting perhaps in telegraphic science—that instead of using two wires, the earth would serve to complete the circuit. This verification of a phenomenon so extraordinary in its nature—one which is still to be explained—has been attended with the most important results in the economy of telegraphs, and will tend more to keep Steinheil's name in memory than his mechanical apparatus, which was said to be too complicated and tedious in operation for any one but a German.

It was in 1837 also, that Wheatstone, whose name is so intimately associated with telegraphic progress in England, took out his first patent for an electric telegraph. He had been led to the invention by his experiments to determine the velocity of electricity in 1834, and proposed a system of five conducting wires in connection with as many needles, which indicated the letters of the alphabet at the rate of twenty a minute. Attention was to be drawn to the signals by the stroke of a bell, forming part of the apparatus.

It would be supposed that when the eye and the ear had been addressed, telegraphic communication had achieved all that was required of it; but Mr Vorsselman de Heer of Deventer invented an apparatus which

imparted its signals through the sense of touch, and was based on the principle that to produce an effect by this medium demands a much smaller power of electricity than to deflect a needle. He employed ten wires, and obtained forty-five different combinations, which were felt by placing the finger-tops on the keys of the instrument, and attracted the notice of the attendant by a wire attached to his person night and day: even if in bed he was to be aroused by the shock. The cost would have been about one-eighth of the usual expense of telegraphic apparatus at that period. Much ingenuity was displayed in the whole arrangement, which, under certain conditions, would be more useful and available than any other.

In 1840 Wheatstone had made improvements which greatly simplified his first methods; the number of wires was reduced to two, while the power of the instrument was increased, for thirty letters could be indicated in a minute. Besides this, the same inventor shewed that the passage of a current afforded means for other spheres of observation. Travelling at a speed that would circumvolate the globe seven or eight times in a second, it might measure the rate of motion of projectiles, or regulate the movement of all the clocks in a country; and by an additional contrivance the place of fracture in a wire could be ascertained without the necessity of examining its whole length. A telegraphic wire was to bring down from a balloon, stationary at a considerable height, the readings of a set of philosophical instruments; to record the state of fluctuations of a barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, and magnetometer. The apparatus for a series of experiments of this nature was actually prepared, and is still kept in readiness for a fitting opportunity. This principle has since been reduced to practice by Mr Smee:—

'Behind my house,' he observes, 'is a small hothouse; and I conceived the idea of constructing a simple telegraph which should inform me of the temperature. Now my plants would be injured if the heat fell below 50° or rose above 90°, and I therefore wished to have some contrivance which should inform me in my own study whether the temperature were remaining or not within these limits. For this purpose a thermometer was made for me, into which two platinum wires were inserted, which came in contact respectively with the mercury at those two points. By this contrivance, when the heat either fell below or rose above those two points, the mercury and platinum were not in contact, and a voltaic current could not be maintained. Telegraphic communications were laid down from these two platinum wires to my dwelling-house; and a large pair of zinc and copper plates were sunk into the ground for a battery. By attaching the wires to a galvanometer we can always ask how the temperature is; and by attaching an alarum, a gardener might be warned of any accident at any time of the night.' Then in the same way that the catch of the telegraph alarum is liberated, so might the stop of ponderous machinery be released, regardless of distance, and effects of commensurate importance be produced. With a proper combination of machinery, a lady, seated in her drawing-room in London, might play Beethoven's symphonies on the piano of her friend at Edinburgh; or a ringer in St Paul's belfry might entertain the frequenters of the Parliament Square with a lively carillon from the tower of old St Giles's. Still more remarkable is the applica-

tion of electro-magnetism as a motive agent. If, as appears from experiments recently made in America, it can be made to move a ton weight of iron, it is not easy to define the limits of its power.

The employment of the printing apparatus in 1843 gave to the electric telegraph a wider and completer efficiency. This contrivance, when attached to the telegraph machinery, and set in motion by wheelwork, caused a ribbon of chemically-prepared paper to pass under a fine steel point, which imprinted a series of arbitrary characters—dots and strokes—simultaneously with their transmission from the other end of the telegraph, however distant. Although seventy or eighty characters could be produced in a minute, the whole process was tedious, as the message had first to be punched in a strip of paper, and then written off after its delivery. In America the preliminary punching was avoided by making the operator open or close the galvanic circuit for longer or shorter intervals, by pressing on the spring-key of the telegraph: according to the duration, strokes or dots were produced. Since that time improvements have been made which print the message in the Roman character, and accelerate the rate of transmission. The latter, there is reason to hope, will shortly become still more rapid, should Mr Wheatstone succeed in his endeavour to communicate 180 distinct signals in a minute. Already Bakewell's copying telegraph is a great advance upon that of the arbitrary signs. 'When this means of correspondence is in operation,' as is stated, 'instead of dropping a letter in the post-office box, and waiting days for an answer, we may apply directly to the copying telegraph, have it copied at the distant town in a minute or less, and receive a reply in our correspondent's handwriting almost as soon as the ink is dry with which it was penned. There are various means, too, for preserving the secrecy of correspondence; the most curious of which is, that the writing may be rendered nearly invisible in all parts but the direction, until its delivery to the person for whom it was designed.'

The success that has attended the progress of electro-telegraphy has, as is usual in such cases, called up a host of claimants to the various inventions or discoveries. More than sixty have been enumerated. We are, however, too apt to overlook the fact, that discovery is rather the consequence of tendencies of thought and progress on the part of numbers, than of sudden individual conception. The elaboration of a great moral or scientific truth, and its application to the wellbeing and advancement of society, are results not less honourable to those who have assisted in producing them than to the prime originator—if such there be: remembering always that but for the thought and travail of previous generations, our own achievements would be slender indeed.

The first application of the electric telegraph was made on the Blackwall Railway, from the station in the Minories to Brunswick Pier. On this line the trains start every quarter of an hour, and the stopping places are so numerous, that it is not easy to conceive how the service could have been performed without such aid as the new mode of telegraphing was calculated to afford. The announcements of departures, of stoppages, of the number of carriages attached to the wire rope, accidents, or other causes of delay, were regularly transmitted, and the business thereby main-

tained in full vigour and discipline. After this, other railway companies availed themselves of the same indispensable agency, and telegraphs were gradually stretched along the London and North-Western, South-Western, South-Eastern, and Eastern Counties lines. On the Great Western the wires at first were placed inside a continuous tube, fixed a few inches above the ground at one side of the way, but were afterwards strained on posts, as on other railways—an arrangement, with slight exceptions, now prevalent throughout Britain. This line had not long been complete when a striking instance occurred of the service which the telegraph might render to society. A man of respectable exterior took his seat in a first-class carriage at the Slough station, eighteen miles from London: he was a murderer hurrying away from the yet warm body of his victim; the panting engine nears its destination; the eager criminal believes his escape certain; but the alarm has been given at the fatal spot, and quick as lightning the telegraph transmits it to Paddington, with a description of the suspected individual. In three minutes an answer announces the arrival of the train, the identification of the fugitive, and the certainty of his capture. There are few persons who will not remember the impression made on the public mind by this victory of science and justice over crime. Again: a communication transmitted from Paddington immediately that the year 1845 commenced, was received at Slough in 1844, the clock at that place not having struck midnight. Though so short a distance, the difference of longitude was sufficient to mark the inconceivable velocity of the electro-magnetic current. Swift-footed Time was henceforward to be beaten in the race. A still more remarkable instance of the same nature occurred in America: a message flashed from Washington when the New Year was a quarter-hour old, was read off at New Orleans with half an hour of the old year yet to run.

The wire commonly used for telegraphs is about one-sixth of an inch diameter, covered with a thin coating of zinc, or, as it is called, 'galvanised,' to prevent oxidation. Besides this, it is found that the deposit from damp and dust and other causes affords a very efficient protection. Four miles of such wire weigh a ton. The posts to which it is attached are fixed at from fifty to sixty yards apart—thirty or thirty-two to the mile. To insure perfect insulation the wires are not permitted to touch the posts, otherwise the current would be diverted downwards through the wood, particularly in wet weather. Insulators of various forms, 'rings, collars, and double cones,' are made of brown stoneware, which of all substances yet tried throws off the wet most readily. A stone-pitcher, after being plunged into water, is seen to retain scarcely a trace of the immersion beyond a few drops on the surface. Even with this material it is sometimes difficult, during dense fogs or heavy rains, to preserve the integrity of the current.

Besides the supporting-posts, there are others called 'winding-posts,' four to the mile, to which the wires are connected in alternate half-mile lengths, and stretched by means of a screwing apparatus. It is on these posts that the stone collars are used; a sufficient number being attached to each side, the wire is passed through the eye and drawn tight, while to maintain the communication uninterrupted, a loop of wire is affixed to the main lengths at a short distance on either side of the post, round the front of

which it passes in a slight curve. To protect the insulators as much as possible from wet, they are sheltered by a sloping wooden roof. The pointed wire seen rising a few inches above the tops of the posts on some lines is a lightning-conductor with its lower extremity buried in the earth. A precaution not unnecessary, as thunder-storms produce singular effects on the lines of telegraph.

One wire only will suffice for the transmission of correspondence between any two places; the making use of a greater number, six, eight, or ten, as may be seen on some railways, is merely for the sake of economy or convenience. It is found better in practice to keep one or two wires distinct for the main termini or points of correspondence—say from London to Derby—than to make them serve at the same time all the intermediate stations. It is an arrangement which helps to simplify the working duties of the office, and to facilitate them also, for with but one or two wires there would be constantly-recurring delays and confusion, since while any two places were intercommunicating all the others would have to wait. One of the wires is sometimes employed exclusively for the alarums—that is, to ring the bell at any station with which it may be desired to 'speak.' Wherever connection is made with an intermediate office, the main wire is cut, and a shackle inserted, and from either side of this a short wire is stretched to the instrument; thus affording means for the passage of a current up or down the line. The same contrivance would be adopted were there but one wire to connect the two extremes of the line; and it is within the bounds of possibility that some invention or adaptation will shew that all the required services may be performed by a single conductor.

The wires, when in their place, are connected with the batteries and telegraphic instruments at the respective stations; and here it becomes necessary to consider the construction and mode of action of a battery. The latter may be familiarly described as a wooden trough, from two to three feet long and about six inches wide, divided crosswise into twenty-four compartments or cells—more or fewer according to circumstances—by partitions of slate. Two plates of metal, copper and zinc alternately, are placed in each cell, in such an order that all the plates of one kind face towards one end of the trough, and all of the other kind to the other end. A small strip or ribbon of copper unites each pair at the centre of their upper edges, forming, as it were, so many curved handles, by which they can be lifted in and out. As soon, then, as the remaining vacant space in each cell is filled with an acidulated fluid the action commences; the acid begins to act on the zinc by dissolving it, the water contained in the solution is decomposed, and hydrogen thrown off from the surface of the copper plates; while by a combination of oxygen, oxide of zinc is formed, and this, dissolving in the acid—which is commonly sulphuric—sulphate of zinc is produced. These effects are the consequence of the general law established in relation to voltaic electricity, 'that by the simple contact of dissimilar metallic bodies, a partial transfer of the electric fluid from one to the other invariably takes place.' A positive current is generated at the zinc, and passes to the copper through the intervening fluid in all the series of cells; and continues to flow as long as contact is maintained between the wires which depart from either end, whatever be their length. There are various contrivances for increasing and rendering continuous the

power of batteries, and for checking deterioration in the metal or acid, which we need not stay to consider, as they do not affect the main question.

The cells of telegraph batteries, instead of a fluid, are filled with pure sand—a material chemically inert, moistened by pouring in the dilute sulphuric acid—an arrangement which admits of the apparatus being removed from place to place without risk of spilling the contents, while it diminishes waste of the plates without diminishing their power. The zinc is most liable to dissolution, and would be rapidly exhausted were it not for the protective influence discovered by Mr Sturgeon. Having washed the plates clean, he dipped them into mercury, and the thin adherent coat of the rarer metal is found to prevent effervescence of the surface. Those which are known as *amalgamated* plates consequently last longer than others left in their native state; and after a turn of service they may be again washed and redipped. A well-prepared battery, with occasional renewals of the acid, will maintain an effective working condition during twelve or fifteen months. According to Mr C. V. Walker, to whose work we are indebted for the substance of some of our details: 'The telegraphs on the South-Eastern Railway, of 180 miles and forty-seven stations, are worked with 2200 pairs of such plates; and the whole telegraph system in the United Kingdom employs about 20,000 pairs.'

In preparing the batteries, it is possible to determine mathematically beforehand the amount of resistance, and the force necessary to overcome it; and thus to proportion the number of plates to the distance to which the wires extend. Large wires are better conductors than small ones. Iron is a better conductor than copper, and copper than silver. The several conditions may be calculated from the formulæ laid down by Ohm.

The wires of the battery meet those of the telegraph in what is called the electro-magnetic machine, which externally resembles a cabinet clock, having a square dial-plate inscribed with the letters of the alphabet, and certain arbitrary characters, and two hands placed side by side near its centre. These hands are the needles which are the tongues of the apparatus; in their vibrations to the right and left, their starts and pauses, the whole correspondence is conveyed. For each needle visible on the face of the instrument there is a corresponding one inside, the two being so placed that the north pole of the one and the south pole of the other are in the same position, so as to neutralise their magnetism, or rather the action of magnetism upon them. They are thus kept in a perpendicular position, and obedient to the slightest impulse from the battery. The inner needle is suspended within a coil or multiplier, which intensifies the power of the current at this particular spot, and is deflected to either side at pleasure by movement of the levers or handles which close or open the electro-magnetic circuit.

The telegraph wires finish in two terminals, which form part of the mechanism, and are in connection with the magnet and the multiplier. The battery wires are brought to two other terminals, connected also with the same apparatus; so that in order to reach the telegraph wires, the current must first excite the magnet and the needles. This action takes place only when work is to be done; at other times the circuit is left open. Instantaneously, however, on making contact, the signals exhibited

at one end of the line are reproduced at the other; such is the astonishing power of the magnet when rendered active. Messages of business or friendship, congratulation or anxiety, may be sent from one end of the kingdom to the other with the velocity of lightning; on which Arago observes, 'the most extended and brilliant flashes of the first and second order, those even which appear to develop their fires over the whole scope of the visible horizon, are not equal in duration to the thousandth part of a second.'

With all this speed, however, there is no actual motion, no absolute passage of a fluid. It is only that, by a law of polarity, one molecule affects the other next to it; and so on *ad infinitum*, and with almost inappreciable celerity, as long as the exciting cause remains. To demonstrate the invisible by the visible, we may compare it to the great tidal wave which comes up from the South Atlantic at the rate of a thousand miles an hour. Such a mass with such rapidity, it is evident, would instantly overwhelm and destroy the mightiest barriers, and continents would be swept away as fragile mounds. But it is not the water that moves; the original impulse or motion, travelling from particle to particle, alone produces the phenomenon. So with what is called a current of electricity along a conducting body.

When a message is to be sent, the clerk whose duty it is to work the instrument, places the written document before him; and after striking the 'ringing key,' to call the attention of his correspondent, takes one of the levers which project from the base of the machine in each hand, and moving them from side to side produces corresponding and simultaneous movements of the needles on his own and the distant dial-plate, and the words are spelt off with great facility. Such is the quickness of apprehension acquired by practice, that the clerks can write the message as fast as the needles deliver it; and it is said that some of the more expert would be able to read it without error from a blank dial.

To expedite transmission, the communications are made as brief as possible, by the elision of letters, and syllables, and sometimes of half a word; besides which, many conventional signs are made use of. 'We have,' says Mr Walker, 'a signal for the period or full stop, and for *paragraphs;* and we have one for *underlining* words. And we have many very valuable special signals. There is also a signal among the clerks for laughing, and one for the *whistle* of astonishment.' Where secrecy is desired, any two parties have only to agree to employ numerals as letters, or to reverse or transpose the alphabet at pleasure, in order to form a code of signals which none but themselves shall be able to interpret. The messages transmitted on the Admiralty service are based on a private system, of which the chiefs alone understand the import.

With respect to communications of greater length, the writer just quoted observes: 'The rates at which newspaper dispatches are transmitted from Dover to London, is a good illustration of the perfect state to which the needle-telegraph has attained, and of the apt manipulation of the officers in charge. The mail, which leaves Paris about mid-day, conveys to England dispatches containing the latest news, which are intended to appear in the whole impression of the morning paper. To this end it is necessary that a copy be delivered to the editor in London about three o'clock in the morning.

The dispatches are given in charge to us at Dover soon after the arrival of the boat, which of course depends on the wind and the weather. The officer on duty at Dover, having first hastily glanced through the manuscript, to see that all is clear to him and legible, calls 'London,' and commences the transmission. The nature of these dispatches may be daily seen by reference to the 'Times.' The miscellaneous character of the intelligence therein contained, and the continual fresh names of persons and places, make them a fair sample for illustrating the capabilities of the electric telegraph as it now is. The clerk, who is all alone, placing the paper before him in a good light, and seated at the instrument, delivers the dispatch, letter by letter, and word by word, to his correspondent in London; and although the eye is transferred rapidly from the manuscript copy to the telegraph instrument, and both hands are occupied at the latter, he very rarely has cause to pause in his progress, and as rarely also does he commit an error. And, on account of the extremely limited time in which the whole operation must be compressed, he is not able, like the printer, to correct his copy.

'At London there are two clerks on duty—one to read the signals as they come, and the other to write. They have previously arranged their books and papers; and as soon as the signal for preparation is given, the writer sits before his manifold book, and the reader gives him distinctly word for word as it arrives; meanwhile a messenger has been despatched for a cab, which now waits in readiness. When the dispatch is completed, the clerk who has received it reads through the manuscript of the other, in order to see that he has not misunderstood him in any word. The hours and minutes of commencing and ending are noted; and the copy being signed, is sent under official seal to its destination, the manifold fac simile being retained as our office copy, to authenticate verbatim what we have delivered.'

'On 11th December 1849, to the great astonishment of the merchants and bankers of Paris, three gentlemen appeared on 'Change in that city, at half-past one P.M., having with them 150 copies of the 'Times,' printed and published in London on the morning of the self-same day; and not only did the 'Times' contain the Paris news up to noon of the previous day, but actually the closing prices of the Paris Bourse of the previous evening.

'The electric telegraph contributed in no small degree towards the accomplishment of this feat. At eight minutes past one A.M., the dispatch of 321 words, and the Bourse prices, equal to 55 words, were delivered into our charge at Dover, having been conveyed thither from Calais in the ordinary mail-boat. In exactly thirty-two minutes—namely, at forty minutes past one—a correct copy of both these documents was handed in by us to the Times Office in London. The dispatch occupied us eighteen minutes, being at the rate of $17\frac{3}{4}$ words per minute; the Bourse prices, two minutes. In respect to the latter, the rate is high, because the larger portion is anticipated, the mere fluctuations being all that is new. There was nothing extraordinary to us in this, quickly as it was accomplished; indeed, on the following morning the writer in London was fairly beaten by the telegraph—the words were read off faster than he could make a clean copy of them.'

An idea of the amount of telegraphic correspondence on a railway may be formed from the fact, that on the South-Eastern line, 'during the three

months ending October 17, 1850, 4831 service messages were entered in the Tonbridge books, and 5235 in those at Ashford.' And in six months of the same year the profits arising from the telegraph were £776, being at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, and an increase of 1½ per cent. over the corresponding six months of 1849.

The proprietors of telegraphs inform us that the communications intrusted to them for delivery comprise the whole catalogue of human wants and wishes, business and pleasure, joy and sorrow, friendship and law. On some occasions they have been asked to send a sum of money, or a small parcel along the wire, by individuals, too, whose surprise shewed the sincerity of their belief that the instrument could perform what was desired. Games of chess have been played between parties in distant towns—Southampton and London—the moves being flashed from place to place alternately, as fast as they were made. Then the security which the telegraph lends to railway travelling is not the least of its merits: accident and obstruction can at once be made known, and the remedy provided. 'On New-Year's Day 1850, a catastrophe, which it is fearful to contemplate, was averted by the aid of the telegraph. A collision had occurred to an empty train at Gravesend; and the driver having leaped from his engine, the latter started alone at full speed to London. Notice was immediately given by telegraph to London and other stations; and while the line was kept clear, an engine and other arrangements were prepared as a buttress to receive the runaway. The superintendent of the railway also started down the line on an engine; and on passing the runaway he reversed his engine, and had it transferred at the next crossing to the up-line, so as to be in the rear of the fugitive. He then started in chase, and on overtaking the other he ran into it at speed, and the driver of his engine took possession of the fugitive, and all danger was at an end. Twelve stations were passed in safety; it went by Woolwich at fifteen miles an hour, and was within a couple of miles of London before it was arrested. Had its approach been unknown, the mere money-value of the damage it would have caused might have equalled the cost of the whole line of telegraph.'

The promptitude with which detection has followed fraud by the agency of the telegraph is sometimes rather amusing. Mr Smee relates an instance: 'One Friday night, at ten o'clock, the chief cashier of the bank received a notice from Liverpool, by electric telegraph, to stop certain notes. The next morning the descriptions were placed upon a card and given to the proper officer, to watch that no person exchanged them for gold. Within ten minutes they were presented at the counter by an apparent foreigner, who pretended not to speak a word of English. A clerk in the office who spoke German interrogated him, when he declared that he had received them on the Exchange at Antwerp six weeks before. Upon reference to the books, however, it appeared that the notes had only been issued from the bank about fourteen days, and therefore he was at once detected as the utterer of a falsehood. The terrible Forrester was sent for, who forthwith locked him up, and the notes were detained. A letter was at once written to Liverpool, and the real owner of the notes came up to town on Monday morning. He stated that he was about to sail for America, and that whilst at an hotel he had exhibited the notes. The person in custody advised him to stow the valuables in his portmanteau, as Liverpool was a

very dangerous place for a man to walk about with so much money in his pocket. The owner of the property had no sooner left the house than his adviser broke open the portmanteau and stole the property. The thief was taken to the Mansion-House, and could not make any defence. The Sessions were then at the Old Bailey. Though no one who attends that court can doubt that impartial justice and leniency are administered to the prisoners, yet there is no one who does not marvel at the truly railway-speed with which the trials are conducted. By a little after ten the next morning—such was the speed—not only was a true bill found, but the trial by petty-jury was concluded, and the thief sentenced to expiate his offence by ten years' exile from his native country.'

The Electric Telegraph Company, incorporated in 1846, whose central establishment is in Lothbury, behind the Bank of England, hold a patent right for a term, in part expired, of fourteen years; their charge for the use of it is £20 per mile. The building is amply furnished with all the requisites for telegraph service; and by means of wires laid in tubes under the surface of the streets, is connected with all but one or two of the metropolitan railway stations, the post-office, the head police station in Scotland Yard, the Admiralty, the new Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, and the latter, by a further extension, are now placed in communication with the Great Exhibition Building in Hyde Park. Besides these, communications are complete with eighty different places in the provinces, including the chief towns and outports. Electric telegraphs, according to the parliamentary enactment, 'shall be open for the sending and receiving of messages by all persons alike, without favour or preference, subject to a prior right of use thereof for the service of Her Majesty, and for the purposes of the company.' A proviso is also made in favour of the secretary of state, who may, on extraordinary occasions, take possession of all the telegraph stations, and hold them for a week, with power to continue the occupation should the common-weal require it. 'There have now,' so runs the company's official circular, 'been established in Edinburgh, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Hull, and Newcastle, Subscription News Rooms, for the accommodation of the mercantile and professional interests, to which is transmitted by electric telegraph the latest intelligence, including—domestic and foreign news; shipping news; the stock, share, corn, and other markets; parliamentary intelligence; London Gazette; state of the wind and weather from above forty places in England; and the earliest possible notices of all important occurrences.' The 'rate of charges for twenty words is—1d. per mile for the first 50 miles; ½d. for the second 50; and ¼d. for any distance beyond 100 miles.' The lowest charge made is half-a-crown. From London to York for twenty words, the cost would be 9s.; to Edinburgh, 13s.; to Glasgow, 14s.; and to other places in proportion. The number of miles of telegraph in Great Britain at the present time is about 3000, which leaves about 4000 miles of railway unprovided for.

During the last session of parliament a second association was incorporated, to be known as the British Electric Telegraph Company, 'for the purpose of telegraphic communication upon a more economical scale throughout the country, and for the purchase and use of patents.' The company's central office is at the Royal Exchange; they propose to con-

form to the American tariff of charges for the delivery of messages; to sell licences; and establish lines to all the chief towns in the kingdom. One of their projects is to connect Dublin with Belfast, and to cross the Channel from the latter town to Scotland: when completed, the capitals of the three kingdoms will be able to intercommunicate at any moment. And the reduction of charge which may be anticipated from the competition will, it is to be presumed, bring the telegraph more than at present within the means of the general public.

The spread of electric telegraphs in France has been extremely slow: for a long time the government refused to abandon their well-developed system of aerial telegraphs; and when with much reluctance they were induced to avail themselves of the infinitely superior agency of electro-magnetism, they stipulated that the signals should still be produced by small instruments, counterparts on a diminutive scale of the apparatus contrived by Chappe. There were, however, too many practical difficulties in the way, and ultimately the absurd condition was withdrawn in favour of machinery similar to that used in this country, the government reserving to itself the exclusive use and control of the lines. In 1845 and two following years, the telegraphs extending from Paris to Orleans, to Rouen, to Lille and Calais, and the Belgian frontier, and to Versailles, were commenced, and brought into operation. The results were such, that in January 1850 a commission was appointed to inquire further into the subject.

They drew up a favourable report, recommending the formation of additional lines, and the plan of stretching the wires on posts in preference to placing them in tubes underground, and that the telegraphs should be open to the use of the public. Among other economical advantages to result from the further extension, was the saving of locomotive power on railways; for, in accordance with the practice on the French lines, whenever a train was twenty minutes late an assistant-engine was despatched to its relief from one station after another all along the route—an arrangement which not only involved considerable expense, but liability to accident also. The construction of seven telegraphic lines was recommended; five of the number have been officially authorised—from Paris to Tonnerre, Rouen to Havre, Paris to Angers, Orleans to Châteauroux, and from the same city to Nevers; and by a vote of the Assembly, 717,095 francs are set apart to defray the expenses of the necessary works. To afford the fullest facilities to the government, wires are led from the respective stations in Paris to the hotel of the Minister of the Interior, where the office is now open to the public from 8 A.M. to 9 P.M. every day without exception. Three hundred and one dispatches were transmitted in March, the first month of opening. According to the scale of charges—to send a message of twenty words 62½ miles will cost 3s. 3½d., and 12s. for 620 miles. Two hundred words for the same distances respectively will be 16s. 5d. and 58s. 9d. At this rate, to send a message of 300 words from Paris to Calais (185 miles) would cost more than 35s. The commission state, that from seventy-five to eighty letters may be transmitted per minute. In the course of their report they suggest, that as the line from the capital to Dunkerque is on the meridian of Paris, and one of the points of the great survey for the measurement of an arc of the meridian some fifty years ago,

the establishment of an electric telegraph will afford an excellent opportunity for testing the former by remeasurement. The telegraphs complete and in progress in France are about 1500 miles in length.

In Belgium, a commission was also appointed at the close of 1849 to consider the same subject: the individuals named—one of them being M. Quetelet—were eminently qualified for their duties. After a careful examination of the systems of electro-telegraphic communication employed in other countries—the burying of the wires under ground, as in Prussia, and the stretching of them on posts, as in England and the United States—the liability to accident from premeditated mischief, atmospheric or other causes—they have decided in favour of wires above rather than below the earth. They shew that the disturbances to which the apparatus is liable from electricity of the air is nowhere so effectually guarded against as in England, where conductors are attached to the posts and to the machinery in the offices, and recommend the adoption of similar means of protection on the Belgian lines, which they propose to establish from Brussels to Quiévrain—and to the Prussian frontier; from Malines to Ostend by way of Ghent—and to Antwerp—the several distances amounting to about 300 miles. They estimate the annual receipts and savings from these various sources at 86,000 francs; and acting on their report, the government has granted a credit of 250,000 francs for carrying the projects into execution. The central situation of Belgium with regard to other countries renders the formation of these lines of essential importance in continental communications.

Already the ramifications of electro-telegraphs extend from one end of Europe to the other: the lines to connect Petersburg with Moscow, and with the Russian ports on the Black Sea and the Baltic, are in progress; other wires stretch from the capital of the czar to Vienna and Berlin, taking Cracow, Warsaw, and Posen on the way. Two lines, by different routes—Olmutz and Brunn—unite Vienna with Prague, from whence an offset leads to Dresden; a third enables the Austrian government to send messages to Trieste—their outport on the Adriatic—325 miles distant; a fourth communicates with the metropolis of Bavaria; and 'since the 10th January (1850), the "Gazette d'Augsburg" has published the course of exchange in Munich twenty minutes after it has been declared in Vienna.' Calais may send news to the city of the Magyar on the Danube; and erelong intelligence will be flashed without interruption from St Petersburg to the Pyrenees. Tuscany has 100 miles of telegraph under the direction of Signor Matteucci; and a single wire, traversing the level surface of the Netherlands, unites Rotterdam with Amsterdam. Communities are learning that the electric telegraph is an essential of good government; that police without it is inefficient; that by it the better interests of humanity are promoted. There is talk also of introducing the thought-flasher into that land of wonders—Egypt; to stretch a wire from Cairo to Suez for the service of the overland mail. Who shall say that before the present generation passes away, Downing Street may not be placed in telegraphic *rapport* with Calcutta?

In Austria there are about 3000 miles of telegraph, one-fourth being gutta-percha-coated wire laid underground. Germany has 2500 miles complete, and 1200 more in process of construction. The Austrian govern-

ment steamboats are fitted with an electric telegraph for communications from the captain on deck to the engine-room.

In a time when mechanical science scarcely admits the signification of 'impossible,' the insular position of England would not long shut her out from a union with those continental ramifications which we have briefly noticed. The possibility of establishing the connection was satisfactorily proved in August 1850, when a telegraph-wire was sunk across the Channel from Dover to Cape Grisnez, on the French coast. On the 28th of that month, after certain preliminary experiments had been tried, the *Goliah* steamer started with a huge reel containing 25 miles of wire, coated with gutta percha, on her deck, which was slowly unwound and submerged as she left the land. A horse-box was set up on the beach, to serve as a temporary office for the instruments and operators; from which the wire was led through a lead pipe to some distance beyond low-water mark, as a measure of protection in a part the most exposed. A line of buoys marked the track of the steamer; she travelled about four miles an hour, and the wire was gradually sunk at the same rate by means of heavy weights attached at regular intervals. A powerful set of batteries had been provided, as one of the objects was, if possible, to work Brett's printing telegraph; and when the steamer had made good a portion of her voyage, the communication was established, and words were printed at the instrument on board the vessel—imperfectly, it is true; but the fact once verified, the perfecting becomes matter of detail. The needle instrument played freely, and in the evening its signals shewed that the voyage had terminated successfully. A message flashed from under the sea by the opposite party announced, 'We are all safe at Cape Grisnez,' with the inquiry added, 'How are you?' Thus the international communication was complete; but soon after interrupted by the breaking of the wire, which was too weak to withstand the action of the water and friction on a rocky bottom.

As before observed, the possibility having been proved, the Submarine Telegraph Company, whose patent embraces England, France, and Belgium, set about preparations to re-establish the connection, on a scale calculated to obviate the risk of accident. The wires, four or five in number, are to be enclosed in cables several inches in thickness, and from twenty to twenty-five miles in length, each weighing 400 tons. It is proposed to have three or four such cables, to be anchored to the bottom two or more miles apart, so that if one should fail, communication may still be maintained by the others. Expectations are held out that the line may again be brought into working order during the present year (1851.)

It is in the United States of America that the electric telegraph has been most extensively developed and applied. Growing coincidently with the system so successfully worked in our own country, an almost limitless breadth of territory has necessitated a proportionate extension of the wires, amounting at present to more than 11,000 miles, under the management of twenty-two companies. The lines in many instances are carried across the country, regardless of travelled thoroughfares; over tracts of sand and swamp; through the wild primeval forest, where man has not yet begun his contest with nature—where even the rudiments of civilisation

are yet to be learned. Away it stretches, the metallic indicator of intellectual supremacy, traversing regions haunted by the rattlesnake and the alligator—solitudes that re-echo with nocturnal howlings of the wolf and bear. Economy and rapidity of construction are prime desiderata in America; and to insure the proper working of the telegraph in its direct course across the country, the settlers who live near the line are permitted to make use of it on condition that they keep it in repair. By this means communications are maintained from north to south, east and west, through all the length and breadth of the mighty Union, and with a frequency and social purpose exceeding that of any other nation. From the frontiers of Canada at Burlington, and from Halifax in Nova Scotia, a line passes to Boston, and thence in a southerly direction till it reaches the Gulf of Mexico at New Orleans—a distance of 2600 miles. It connects all the great cities of the Atlantic coast—New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond in Virginia, Raleigh and Columbia in South Carolina, Augusta in Georgia, and Mobile in Alabama. In one stretch Maine and Vermont, where winter with deepest snows and arctic temperature usurps six months of the year, are united with the lands of the tropics, where the magnolia blooms and palm-trees grow in perpetual summer. From New Orleans another nerve of wire, more than 1000 miles long, threads the valleys of the Mississippi and Ohio to Louisville and Cincinnati; and subordinate lines bring the great lakes—the inland seas—into direct communication with the ocean-ports on the eastern shore. In some instances the rivers are spanned by wires stretched on tall poles, or laid in tubes of gutta percha along the bottom of the wider channels or estuaries. Nothing stops the restless, enterprising spirit of the people; and their project for uniting the Atlantic with the Pacific, New York with San Francisco, may be considered as far from visionary.

The scale of charges in the United States is much lower than in this country: the electric telegraph is consequently more available to the greater part of the population engaged in commercial affairs. A message of ten words may be flashed from New York to St Louis, Missouri, for 1 dollar and 40 cents—each additional word being charged 3 cents; to Cincinnati, 75 cents; to Buffalo, 500 miles, 40 cents; to Boston, 220 miles, 20 cents; to New Orleans, 2½ dollars; and other places in proportion. The transmitting apparatus used on the different lines is that severally invented or contrived by Morse, House, and Bain; it prints the dispatches as fast as they are delivered. On the meeting of the legislature at Albany in 1847, the governor's message, 25,000 letters, was flashed to New York, 150 miles distant, and printed at the same time in two hours and a half. The president's message, too, on the war with Mexico, was transmitted from Washington to Baltimore, 40 miles, and permanently recorded at the rate of ninety-nine letters a minute. Mr Morse in his Reports to Congress mentions several instances of the utility of the telegraph. During the popular disturbances at Philadelphia in 1844, 'sealed dispatches were sent by express from the mayor of Philadelphia to the president of the United States. On the arrival of the express at Baltimore, the purport of the dispatches transpired; and while the express train was in preparation, the intelligence was sent on to Washington by telegraph, accompanied by an order from the president of the railroad company to prevent the burden-

train from leaving until the express should arrive. The order was given and complied with. The express had a clear track, and the president and cabinet (being in council) had notice both of the fact, that important dispatches were on the way to them, and of the nature of those dispatches; so that when the express arrived, the answer was in readiness for the messenger.' Again: 'When the *Hibernia* steamer arrived at Boston in January 1847, with news of the scarcity in Great Britain, Ireland, and other parts of Europe, and with heavy orders for agricultural produce, the farmers in the interior of the state of New York, informed of the facts by magnetic telegraph, were thronging the streets of Albany with innumerable team-loads of grain almost as quickly after the arrival of the steamer at Boston as the news of that arrival could ordinarily have reached them.'

Apart from business and politics, the Americans have made the electric telegraph subservient to other uses: medical practitioners in distant towns have been consulted, and their prescriptions transmitted along the wire; and a short time since a gallant gentleman in Boston married a lady in New York by telegraph—a process which may supersede the necessity for elopement, provided the law hold the ceremony valid. Music, or at least the rhythm of music, has been conveyed by the same wonderful agency. The observer of the fact in New York tells us: 'We were in the Hanover Street office when there was a pause in business operations. Mr W. Porter of the office at Boston asked what tune we would have. We replied 'Yankee Doodle,' and to our surprise he immediately complied with our request. The instrument commenced drumming the notes of the tune as perfectly and distinctly as a skilful drummer could have made them at the head of a regiment; and many will be astonished to hear that 'Yankee Doodle' can travel by lightning. We then asked for 'Hail Columbia!' when the notes of that national air were distinctly beat off. We then asked for 'Auld lang syne,' which was given, and 'Old Dan Tucker,' when Mr Porter also sent that tune, and, if possible, in a more perfect manner than the others. So perfectly and distinctly were the sounds of the tunes transmitted, that good instrumental performers could have had no difficulty in keeping time with the instruments at this end of the wires.'

A favourable idea of the immediate practical utility of the telegraph may be gathered from a communication to the present writer by a friend in New York:—'The telegraph,' he writes, 'is used in this country by all classes, except the very poorest—the same as the mail. A man leaves his family for a week or a month; he telegraphs them of his health and whereabouts from time to time. If returning home, on reaching Albany or Philadelphia, he sends word the hour that he will arrive. In the towns about New York the most ordinary messages are sent in this way: a joke, an invitation to a party, an inquiry about health, &c. In our business we use it continually. The other day two different men from Montreal wanted credit, and had no references; we said: "Very well; look out the goods, and we will see about it." Meanwhile we asked our friends in Montreal—"Are Pump and Proser good for one hundred dollars each?" The answer was immediately returned, and we acted accordingly; probably much to our customers' surprise. The charge was a dollar for each message, distance about 500 miles, but much further by telegraph, as it has to go a round to avoid the water. If my brother goes to Philadelphia, he

telegraphs, "How is the family?" "What is doing?" I answer: "All well"—"Sales so much;" and so on to the end of the chapter.

'A good deal of our telegraph was put up slightly at first, and was often destroyed by storms. Now it is made with heavier wire, on posts from eight to twelve inches diameter. The lines cross the North River (the Hudson), suspended from the top of a very high pole on each side, placed on the top of the hills. The wire goes over at one stretch; the distance about a mile, but still hanging high enough in the centre to allow the tallest ships to pass under it. At the offices they are accommodating, and will inquire about messages that have miscarried, or have not been answered, without extra charge.'

The electric clock was an obvious result of the electric telegraph: a plate of zinc and another of copper buried in the earth, and connected by wires with the wheelwork, develop sufficient natural magnetism to keep a time-keeper going with the strictest regularity for several years. As the pendulum swings, contact is alternately made and broken, and this action will continue until the plates are exhausted. With currents supplied from a battery, it is clear that the movement may become perpetual; and by means of telegraphic communications, any number of clocks may be made to move synchronously with one central clock regulated by astronomical observation; each would advance a second or portion of a second at one and the same beat. The invention of this remarkable machine is due to Mr Wheatstone, who proposed it to the Astronomical Society ten years ago, when the wide applicability of the principle gave rise to the remark, that it would soon become as possible to have time 'laid on' to our houses as water or gas. One possibility suggests another, and presently we find the Americans making use of the electric telegraph to determine differences of longitude. Supposing the time-keeper of the Greenwich Observatory in communication with a clock at Edinburgh, the latter would beat Greenwich time, whereby the difference between the two places would be determined to the fraction of a second. The means of intercommunication being so rapid, comparisons can be instituted to any extent, and the severest tests applied to insure accuracy; and by the aid of the printing apparatus, the observations are recorded at the precise instant of their occurrence. The first experiment was tried along the telegraph from Cincinnati to Pittsburg, by Dr Locke of the former city, who contrived some ingenious machinery for the purpose. We are informed that 'it was eminently successful, and the registering of the seconds of time on the running fillet of paper was continued for two hours at all the offices along the line, much to the astonishment of the operators.' The officer of the United States Coast Survey regards 'the value of a night's work with a transit instrument by the printing method, as about ten times greater than by the method now in use among astronomers.' In the Report for 1848 we read: 'This year we made abundant experiments on the line from Philadelphia to Louisville, a distance in the air of 900 miles, and in circuit of 1800 miles. The performance of this long line was better than that of any of the shorter lines has hitherto been.

'Not more than two or three good astronomical nights, at Cincinnati and Philadelphia, were lost, by failure of any part of the line, in the period of

two months nearly of our stay at Cincinnati. I learn from an authentic source that the same success attends the work from Philadelphia to St Louis, a distance of circuit one-twelfth of the earth's circumference.' Great as this distance is, an attempt is to be made to exceed it as soon as circumstances permit, on the line from Halifax to New Orleans, in determinations of longitude.

This method of observing is regarded by the astronomer-royal as of so much importance, that he proposes to introduce it at Greenwich. In discussing the subject before the Astronomical Society, he explained that: 'In ordinary transit observations, the observer listens to the beat of a clock while he views the heavenly bodies passing across the wires of the telescope; and he combines the two senses of hearing and sight (usually by noticing the place of the body at each beat of the clock) in such a manner as to be enabled to compute mentally the fraction of the second when the object passes each wire, and he then writes down the time in an observing-book. In these new methods he has no clock near him, or at least none to which he listens: he observes with his eye the appulse of the object to the wire, and at that instant he touches an index, or key, with his finger; and this touch makes, by means of a galvanic current, an impression upon some recording apparatus (perhaps at a great distance), by which the fact and the time of the observation are registered. He writes nothing, except perhaps the name of the object observed.'

The experience hitherto obtained of the new method shews that in what are termed 'irregularities' in observation, the amount 'is only about one-fourth' of that which occurs in the old method; whether because the sympathy between the eye and the finger is more lively than between the eye and the ear, remains to be determined. The astronomer-royal proposes to use the 'centrifugal or conical-pendulum clock' as an instrument superior in every way to those used in America; and 'considering,' as he states, 'the problem of smooth and accurate motion as being now much nearer to its solution than it had formerly been, it might be a question whether, supposing a sidereal clock made on these principles to be mounted at the Royal Observatory, it should be used in communicating motion to a solar clock. It might by some persons be thought advantageous, even now, that the drop of the signal-ball (at one hour Greenwich mean solar time) should be effected by clock machinery; and it is quite within possibility that a time-signal may be sent from the Royal Observatory to different parts of the kingdom at certain mean solar hours every day, by a galvanic current regulated by clock machinery.' We may add that at Boston, U. S., the true time is received every day from the Cambridge observatory, four miles distant, for the service of the shipping in the harbour.

Meteorological, as well as astronomical science, is also to be promoted by means of the telegraph, and with benefit to life and property. Vessels about to sail from the northern to the southern ports of the United States are now detained when news arrives of a storm or tornado having broken out in the lower latitudes; and in our own country the state of the weather is communicated every day from stations in all parts of the kingdom to one central office, where the returns are published. Many valuable results have already been obtained; and with further experience in working out the system, it will prove directly and practically advantageous.

The disturbances to which the electric telegraph is liable from atmospheric and other causes, present several phenomena of interest to the scientific observer. During thunder-storms the needles are sometimes violently agitated, or altogether deprived of their electricity; and the influence of the earth's magnetism is frequently such as to cause considerable deflections, even where the wires are under ground. Mr Barlow of Derby, in an account of his experiments on this latter subject, published in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' states that a regular diurnal action of the needles is produced, independently of the batteries, on telegraph wires connected with the earth in two places: where not so connected, no deflection is observable. He considers, 'that this motion is due to electric currents passing from the northern to the southern extremities of the telegraph wires, and returning in the opposite direction; and that, exclusive of the irregular disturbances, the currents flow in a southerly direction from about 8 or 9 A.M. until the evening, and in a northerly direction during the remainder of the twenty-four hours.' Sometimes the perturbations are coincident all over the kingdom, as was the case on September 24, 1847, when sudden deflections of the needles occurred from Devonshire to Scotland, and were also observed in other parts of the world at the same time. The aurora, too, is another exciting cause. Mr Barlow believes that he can predict this phenomenon from the movements of the needles, and is supported in his views by other observers. According to De la Rive: 'The remarkable effect which M. Matteucci observed in the apparatus of the electric telegraph between Ravenna and Pisa, during the magnificent aurora of November last, shews clearly the existence of a current circulating upon the surface of the earth; and which, rising by the telegraph wire, passed partly by this better conductor. The sounds which are given in certain meteorological circumstances by long iron wires stretched in a north and south direction, are clear evidence that they are traversed by a current which probably arises from those which circulate upon the surface of the earth from north to south in our hemisphere. It would be very interesting to take advantage of telegraph wires having a direction more or less coincident with that of the declination of the needle, for the purpose of making, when they are not in use for their usual purposes, some observations to detect and measure the electric currents which probably traverse them—which could be easily done by completing the communication of these wires with the ground at one of their extremities by means of a multiplying galvanometer. The comparison of results thus obtained, with those of simultaneous observations of the diurnal variations of the magnetic needle, would certainly present much interest, and might lead to meteorological conclusions of a remarkable kind.' It is said that when telegraph lines are erected in India, some particularly interesting phenomena of terrestrial magnetism will be witnessed.

Our brief historical sketch offers another exemplification—and not among the least interesting—of the onward workings of the human mind. From timid and uncertain beginnings the electric telegraph has advanced to a high state of usefulness and perfection. Available alike for the humblest of social purposes, and the daring endeavours of science, it reaches a supereminent point when the measured flight of time, the movements of stars and planets, and investigations of atmospheric and

magnetic mysteries, become the subject of its transcendental powers. In contemplating the nature and scope of the phenomena, we may say without irreverence that the sublime inquiry—'Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, Here we are?'—has, in one grand sense, been answered in the affirmative.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

Hark! the warning needles click,
Hither—thither—clear and quick.
Swinging lightly to and fro,
Tidings from afar they shew,
While the patient watcher reads
As the rapid movement leads.
He who guides their speaking play
Stands a thousand miles away.

Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
Ours the wonder-working wire!

Eloquent, though all unheard,
Swiftly speeds the secret word,
Light or dark, or foul or fair,
Still a message prompt to bear:
None can read it on the way,
None its unseen transit stay.
Now it comes in sentence brief,
Now it tells of loss and grief,
Now of sorrow, now of mirth,
Now a wedding, now a birth,
Now of cunning, now of crime,
Now of trade in wane or prime,
Now of safe or sunken ships,
Now the murderer outstrips,
Now it warns of failing breath,
Strikes or stays the stroke of death.

Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
Ours the wonder-working wire!

Now what stirring news it brings,
Plots of emperors and kings;
Or of people grown to strength
Rising from their knees at length:
These to win a state—or school;
Those for flight or stronger rule.
All that nations dare or feel,
All that serves the commonweal,
All that tells of government,
On the wondrous impulse sent,
Marks how bold Invention's flight
Makes the widest realms unite.

It can fetters break or bind,
Foster or betray the mind,
Urge to war, incite to peace,
Toil impel, or bid it cease.

Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
Ours the wonder-working wire!

Speak the word, and think the thought,
Quick 'tis as with lightning caught,
Over—under—lands or seas,
To the far antipodes.
Now o'er cities thronged with men,
Forest now or lonely glen;
Now where busy Commerce broods,
Now in wildest solitudes;
Now where Christian temples stand,
Now afar in Pagan land.
Here again as soon as gone,
Making all the earth as one.
Moscow speaks at twelve o'clock,
London reads ere noon the shock;
Seems it not a feat sublime,
Intellect hath conquered Time!

Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
Ours the wonder-working wire!

Flash all ignorance away,
Knowledge seeks for freest play;
Flash sincerity of speech,
Noblest aims to all who teach;
Flash till bigotry be dumb,
Deed instead of doctrine come;
Flash to all who truly strive,
Hopes that keep the heart alive;
Flash real sentiments of worth,
Merit claims to rank with Birth;
Flash till Power shall learn the Right,
Flash till Reason conquer Might;
Flash resolve to every mind,
Manhood flash to all mankind.

Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
Ours the wonder-working wire!

FICHTE: A BIOGRAPHY.

IN the middle of the eighteenth century, at the village of Rammenau, near Pulsnitz, in Upper Lusatia, there lived and worked among his contemporaries a certain manufacturer of ribbons, named Christian Fichte. He, recently married, and reputably established in trade there, paying rates and taxes, and other like dues and imposts, cheerfully fronted the world, and took thankfully from fortune whatever benefits she sent him.

Among the most memorable of these was a first-born son, who struggled into existence on the 19th of May 1762. This is he who, being subsequently baptised according to orthodox prescription, was thereafter called by the name of Johann Gottlieb Fichte—a name since considerably well known, and not indifferently respected, by all persons who are anywise acquainted with German Transcendentalism.

As the boy grew up he shewed signs of extraordinary capacity, and waxed steadily in favour with all who were interested in his welfare. Long before he was old enough to be sent to school his father had taught him to read; taught him also a number of pious songs and proverbs, and initiated him somewhat into the higher mysteries of Bible-history and the Catechism. Often, by way of entertaining his curiosity, the father would relate to him the story of his personal wanderings in Saxony and Franconia, whither, in conformity with a well-known German usage, he had gone in former years for improvement in his calling. To these recitals young Gottlieb listened with exceeding interest, and was thereby awakened into some vague sympathy with the existing outward world. The wonder and manifold train of feelings thus excited fostered in the boy a fondness for solitary rambles, and often impelled him forth into the lonely and quiet fields, where for many hours he would hold a still communion with his thoughts. A quiet, pensive child, he was already receiving influences and forming habits which were afterwards to grow to great results.

Among the persons whose attention young Fichte very soon attracted was the clergyman of the village, who, perceiving his talents, often assisted him with instruction. Happening one day to ask him how much he thought he could remember of the last Sunday's sermon, the boy astonished the good pastor by giving a very correct account of the course of argument pursued in the discourse, and also of the several texts of Scripture quoted in illustration. This circumstance was subsequently mentioned incidentally to a nobleman residing in the village; and when, a short time afterwards,

a certain Baron von Miltitz, who was on a visit at the castle, chanced to express his regret at having arrived too late for sermon on the Sunday morning, he was half-jestingly apprised that it was of very little consequence, as there was a boy in the neighbourhood who was capable of repeating it from memory, and might easily be sent for, if desired, to reproduce it for the baron's edification. A messenger was presently despatched for little Gottlieb, who very soon appeared, dressed in a clean smock-frock, and bearing in his hand a most enormous nosegay, as a token of respect from his mother to the mistress of the castle. He answered all questions put to him with a quiet and natural simplicity; and on being requested to repeat as much as he could recollect of the morning's sermon, he proceeded to deliver a long and eloquent discourse, which, from its grave and impressive tendency, threatened rather to discompose the gaiety of the company. Desiring to escape this consummation, the count thought it necessary to interrupt him, signifying doubtless that, of an admirable memory and good natural powers of elocution, a sufficient proof had been exhibited. The young preacher, however, interested his auditory greatly, and more especially the baron, who, after making some inquiries of the clergyman, which were favourably answered, determined to undertake the charge of the boy's education. The consent of the parents having been with difficulty obtained, young Fichte was shortly consigned to the care of his new patron, and departed with him, as it seemed, for foreign parts.

His destination was the castle of Siebeneichen, a country seat of the baron, situated on the Elbe, near Meissen. Here the heart of the poor boy sank within him, as he daily contemplated the gloomy grandeur of the baronial hall, and the mountains and dark forests by which it was surrounded. His first sorrow, his earliest trial, had come to him in the shape of what a misjudging world might regard as a singular piece of good fortune; and so deep a dejection fell on him, as seriously endangered his health. His kind fosterfather, entering into the feelings of the child, prudently removed him from the lordly mansion to the residence of a country clergyman in the neighbourhood, who, though himself without family, was greatly attached to children. Under the care of this worthy pastor and his wife, Fichte passed some of the happiest years of his life, and ever afterwards looked back upon them with tenderness and gratitude. Here he received his first instruction in the ancient languages, in which, however, he was left pretty much to his own efforts, seldom receiving what might be called a regular lesson from his teacher. This plan, though it might invigorate and sharpen his faculties, left him imperfectly acquainted with grammatical principles, and retarded to some extent his subsequent progress. He, nevertheless, made rapid advances; and his preceptor soon perceived the insufficiency of his own attainments for furthering the studies of a pupil so promising, and therefore urged upon his patron the desirability of sending him to some public school. He was accordingly sent, first to the town school of Meissen, and afterwards to a higher seminary at Pforta, near Raumburg.

This latter establishment retained many traces of a monkish origin: the teachers and pupils lived in cells, and the boys were permitted to leave the interior only once a week, and then under inspection, to visit a particular play-ground in the neighbourhood. The stiffest formality pervaded the

whole economy of the place; the living spirit of knowledge was unrecognised in its antiquated routine, and the generous desire of excellence excluded by the petty artifices of jealousy. The system of fagging existed in full force, and with it the usual consequences—tyranny on the one side, and cunning and dissimulation on the other. Fichte's native strength of character guarded him somewhat from the evil influences around him, yet he confessed that his life at Pforta was anything but favourable to his integrity. He found himself gradually reconciled to the constraint of ruling his conduct by the opinion of his companions, and compelled to practise occasionally the same artifices as others.

Fichte was scarcely thirteen years of age when he entered this seminary. Most painful was the transition to its gloomy monastic buildings from the joyous freedom of fields and woods, where he had been accustomed to wander at will; but still more painful were the solitude and aridity of the moral desert into which he was introduced. His sadness and tears exposed him to the derision of his schoolfellows; and he, shy and retiring, shrunk within himself, restrained his tears, or suffered them to flow only in secret. Here, however, he learned the useful lesson of self-reliance—so well, though so bitterly taught, by the absence of sympathy in those around us; and from this time to the close of his life it was never forgotten. The wretchedness of his situation, meanwhile, led him to contemplate escape. He had met with a copy of 'Robinson Crusoe,' and his imagination was so fascinated by the wild solitary life therein depicted, that he conceived the project of seeking out some similar seclusion. On some far-off island of the ocean, beyond the reach of men and pedagogues, and of the sneering students that mocked at his distress, he would fix his solitary dwelling-place, and live golden days of happiness and freedom! The manner in which he attempted to carry his notion into execution favourably illustrates the bent of his character. Nothing could have been easier for him than to have departed unperceived on one of the days when the scholars went out to the playground; but he scorned to steal away in secret; he wished to make it evident that his departure was occasioned by necessity, and was taken with deliberate determination. He therefore made a formal declaration to his superior, a lad who had made a cruel and oppressive use of the brief authority intrusted to him, that he would no longer endure the treatment he received, and that if not amended, he would leave the school on the first opportunity. This announcement, as may be supposed, was received with laughter and contempt, and Fichte thenceforth considered himself in honour free to fulfil his resolution.

Accordingly, one morning he departs, having previously studied his intended route upon the map. He is off on the highway to Raumburg: the world is all before him, and the desert island in the distance. But now, as he walks along, he remembers a saying of his dear old friend the pastor, that one should never begin an important undertaking without a prayer for Divine assistance. He turns, therefore, and kneeling down on a hillock by the side of the road, in the innocent sincerity of his heart he implores the blessing of Heaven on his wanderings. As he prayed it occurred to him that his disappearance must occasion great grief to his parents: 'never, perhaps, might he see them again!' This terrible thought overcame him; the joy which he had felt in his emancipation was changed into

contrition; and he resolved to return, and meet all the punishments that might be in reserve for him, so that he should be able to 'look once more on the face of his mother.' On his way back he met those who had been sent in pursuit of him; for as soon as he had been missed, the conversation between him and his superior had been reported to the authorities. When taken before the rector, Fichte immediately admitted that it had been his intention to run away, but at the same time related the whole story of his persecutions, and of the motives which had influenced him in taking the step, with such straightforward simplicity and openness, that the rector became interested in his behalf, and not only remitted his punishment, but selected for him, from among the elder scholars, another senior, who treated him with the greatest kindness, and to whom he became warmly attached, the two being subsequently friends at the same university.

From this time Fichte's residence at Pforta was rendered gradually more tolerable to him. He entered zealously upon his studies, and by continued industry supplied the defects of his previous education. In 1780, at the age of eighteen, he entered the university of Jena. He attached himself to the theological faculty, his inclinations at this time being towards the calling of a clergyman. Subsequently he removed to Leipsic, and there attended a course of dogmatic lectures, though, as it afterwards appeared, with little satisfaction. In attempting to obtain a clear comprehension of the theological doctrine of the Divine attributes, the creation, freedom of the will, and other like questions, he encountered unexpected difficulties, which led him into a wider circle of inquiry, and finally resulted in his abandoning theology for philosophy. Some hints of the early direction of his philosophical studies may be gathered from his letters written at this period. The question which chiefly engaged his attention appears to have been the very common one of Liberty and Necessity; in regard to which he seems to have rejected the doctrine of free-will, considered as absolute indifferent self-determination, and to have adopted the view which, to distinguish it from Fatalism, has been named *Determinism*. According to this, every complete and consistent philosophy exhibits a deterministic side; the idea of an ultimate and all-directing Unity being the beginning and end of metaphysical investigation. Thus while Fatalism sees in this highest unity only an unconscious and mechanical necessity, Determinism recognises it as the highest disposing reason—the infinite originative influence to which the determination of each living being is not only to be referred, but in which it is fundamentally subsistent.

On communicating his opinions to a Saxon preacher who had considerable reputation for his philosophical attainments, Fichte was told that he had adopted Spinozism. Up to this time he was unacquainted with Spinoza's writings, and his first knowledge of them was subsequently derived through Wolff's refutation. His attention being turned in this direction, he applied himself to the study of Spinoza's Ethics, which made a powerful impression upon his mind, and confirmed him for a time in the opinions he had adopted. In afteryears, however, the deterministic theory left him dissatisfied; the indestructible feeling of independence and freedom of which he was inwardly conscious, and which was also powerfully confirmed by the energy of his own character, not being explainable on exclusively deterministic principles, he was constrained to abandon that

point of view, and accept the doctrine of free self-determination as the only true and intelligible basis of being. This is the ground-principle of his philosophic creed, which so far stands opposed to the doctrine of Spinoza, although a general harmony of details is observable in the two systems; both, nevertheless, shewing marks of individual character, and each being properly the 'scientific expression of the spiritual life of its originator.'

Whilst engaged in these lofty speculations, Fichte received intelligence of the death of his benefactor, and found himself thrown upon his own resources. These, unhappily, were of the most unpromising description. Nevertheless he adjusted himself to his fortunes, and for four years earned a precarious livelihood as an occasional tutor in various houses in Saxony. His studies were desultory, and subject to continual interruption; he had no means for procuring books, no opportunities of intercourse with persons of cultivated and matured mind: his life was daily little better than a sacrifice to the mere necessity of living. He had, however, a very sufficient fund of courage, an iron resolution, and a hopeful elasticity of disposition, that would not readily yield to disappointment. He learned to regard the privilege of existence apart from its contingencies, and manfully determined to live obediently to the high and imperative law of his conscience, and abide by the result. 'It is our business,' said he, 'to be true to ourselves; the consequence is altogether in the hands of Providence.' Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, he went on his way doing what came to hand; thankful for the day of small things, and trustful for the future.

His favourite plan of life at this period, and for some time afterwards, was to become a village clergyman in Saxony, and amid the leisure which such an occupation would afford him, to prosecute without disturbance his own intellectual culture. But this scheme could not be carried into practice, inasmuch as he had not completed his theological studies, and was without the means required for continuing them. With a view to supply his deficiencies in this respect, he, in 1787, addressed a letter to the president of the Consistory of Leipsic, requesting to be allowed a share of the support often granted to poor students at the Saxon universities, until the following Easter, at which time he promised to present himself before the Consistory for examination. 'Without this,' said he, 'my residence at Leipsic is of no avail to me, for I am compelled to give all my time to extraneous pursuits, in order to obtain a livelihood.' No notice, however, was taken of his request: that blissful Saxon parsonage, with its abundant leisure for cultivating literature, so pleasant to contemplate, remained, unhappily, or perhaps happily, incapable of being realised.

Put not your trust in princes, nor in any president of Consistory, for, as thou perceivest, dear Fichte, there is no help in them! That selfsame 'poverty' of thine, which thou sayest can be so 'clearly proved,' is, as matters go, no recommendation to preferment. For the present thou must continue to make that thin resource of private teaching serve thee, and crush into annihilation all thy prouder aspirations. Fichte contrives to make it serve him for a time; but alas! that also, like every feeble soil that is much wrought in, runs more and more into barrenness. The 'precarious subsistence' which he had for some time gained in this way

went on gradually diminishing, and ultimately failed altogether. 'In May 1788 every prospect had closed around him, and every honourable means of advancement seemed to be exhausted. The present was utterly barren, and there was no hope in the future.'

It is the eve of his birthday, in this same month of May. The pensive fancy figures him walking disconsolately about the environs of Leipsic, the balmy evening air blowing fresh upon his cheek; birds of various note warbling softly their May-night vespers, or nestling with placid murmurings in the fields. He walks, as we said, disconsolately; pondering with unavailing anxiety all the projects which it has entered into his mind to devise, and finds them all alike hopeless. The world has cast him out—his country has refused him bread; this approaching birthday, for aught he can tell, may prove to be his last. Doubtless people *have* died of starvation—why not he? Full of bitter thoughts, he returns, as it appears likely for the last time, to his solitary and uncheerful lodging.

Can this be really a *letter* lying on the table? Yes, Fichte, even so; or say rather, a hastily-written note—a note from friend Weisse, the tax-collector, requesting thee to step over to his house without delay. What can so peremptory a summons signify? It turns out that friend Weisse is authorised to make him the offer of a tutorship in a private family at Zurich. Here is fortune returning to shake hands with us after having resentfully bidden adieu: or call it, if you will, a friendly rope thrown to us by an unknown Providence, at the very moment when we were in the extremity of sinking. The sad, disconsolate face brightens up into a joyous smile; the bitterness of despondency is past; warm-hearted thanks ensue, and confidential explanations. The offer is straightway accepted—the worthy tax-collector undertaking to advance the needful for the journey.

How Fichte lived in the interval does not appear; but behold him now in August setting out for Switzerland. His scanty finances compel him to travel on foot; but his heart is as light as his purse, and fresh youthful hopes, mingling with the harvest sunbeams, shine brightly on his path. Disappointment and privation seem left behind him, morose companions of his foregone pilgrimage; for yonder in Liberty's own mountain fastnesses, which Tell has consecrated by the light of bravery and of genius for evermore, he is now to find a welcome and a home. So feels and muses our incipient philosopher, journeying on foot to that private tutorship at Zurich.

Thither he arrived on the 1st of September, and was immediately installed into his office. His duties occupying him the greater part of the day, his philosophical studies were necessarily laid aside, but he nevertheless found time for some minor literary pursuits. He preached occasionally in Zurich, and at several places in the neighbourhood, as it is said, with very distinguished acceptance and success. During his residence here he became acquainted with Lavater and several other literary men; through some of whom he was introduced to a local notability named Rahn, whose house is said to have been 'in a manner the centre of the society of Zurich.' This Rahn had married a sister of Klopstock, who, however, was at this time dead, having left behind her, among other representatives, a rather interesting eldest daughter.

Fichte has already tolerable skill in languages; but now, for his behoof

he is about to learn another. He gets to understand the alphabet of bright eyes, and is shortly qualified to construe the fine Delectus of a woman's love. His teacher in this case, as the reader is probably prepared to hear, was this same 'interesting eldest daughter' of collateral-poetical relationship—Johanna Maria Rahn. She seeing him, and hearing him speak oftentimes manfully at her father's table, cast kind glances on him, as one worthy of a maiden's blessing. Her generous pure-mindedness gave her assurance here of the presence of a man such as in moments of maidenly meditation she might perchance have fancied she could rather love than otherwise. He, truly, is but a poor tutor, and somewhat proud withal, with a dash of blunt honesty and impetuosity; very unlike the 'nice young men' of ordinary tea-parties, whom, it would seem, the good Johanna persisted in keeping at a distance; for we are authentically informed that she, in her time, had refused a moderate number of 'very excellent offers.' Fichte, however, belongs to quite another category. Accordingly, from glances it gets to smiles and signs of welcome recognition, and so onwards to a more perfect understanding. We suspect that Father Rahn did not at first perceive the turn things were taking in his household; nevertheless, we are prepared to justify Fichte and his fair beloved before any manner of tribunal, if needs be, for the decided fashion in which they set about loving each other (being thereto inwardly necessitated) without leave asked of any one. If our Othello had gone, cap in hand, to the old burgher, and respectfully explained his intentions in the beginning—Fichte being, as we know, a poor, unprovided tutor, and his Desdemona the daughter of a Zurich notability with expectations—it is highly probable that he would have been refused, and he must thereby have lost a very admirable wife; as, on the other hand, the lady herself would have also lost an extremely desirable husband; which, according to our notions, would have been a great misfortune for both parties. As it was, however, the affair went on agreeably, and ultimately prospered. There seems to have been a good deal of correspondence between them, even while Fichte remained in Zurich; which circumstance leads us to suppose that opportunities for private interview were far from being frequent. As love-letters, distinguished by genuine common sense, warmth of feeling, and the absence of absurdity, are held to be extremely rare, and might with certain persons be matters of curiosity, we regret that lack of space prevents us from inserting here some few select passages from these epistles of Fichte to Johanna. Let readers of sentiment be nevertheless assured that here, in old Zurich, went on and unfolded itself, in pleasing sequence and variety, an actual and beautiful romance; which romance also was destined to be chequered by a few unwelcome shades of anxiety and disappointment.

For now, at the end of two years, Fichte's engagement reaches its termination. There is consequently a painful, regretful parting, sorrowful professions of heart-anguish, earnest and solemn interchange of vows, an unspeakable immutable attachment on both sides passionately declared; and so they are separated for a time. For the rest, Fichte's tutorship, besides being distinguished by his zealous performance of its duties, had also been remarkable for a rigorous moral supervision extending to all parties concerned in it. The parents of his pupils, although neither per-

fectly comprehending his plans, nor approving of that part which they did comprehend, were nevertheless such admirers of his character, and stood in such respectful awe of him, that they were induced to submit their own conduct towards their children to his judgment. In furtherance of his object, Fichte kept a journal, which he laid before them every week, and in which he had noted the faults of conduct whereof he conceived them to have been guilty. Of course such a domestic censorship could not last long; and that it should have lasted so long as it did, has been justly considered sufficient evidence of the respect in which his character was held. In less than two years, however, it had become irksome, insupportable, and ended at length in mutual dissatisfaction. Rahn, to whom the attachment between Fichte and his daughter had been in due time communicated, endeavoured to obtain for him a superior situation through certain of his connections in Denmark, but appears to have been unsuccessful in the attempt: Fichte was therefore thrown once more upon the world, his outward prospects as uncertain as when he first entered Switzerland.

Towards the close of March 1790 he left Zurich on his return to his own country, bearing with him some letters of introduction to persons of influence at the courts of Weimar and Wirtemberg. As formerly, he performed the greater part of his journey on foot. He reached Stuttgard in the beginning of April; but not finding his recommendations to the Wirtemberg court of much advantage, he shook off the dust from his feet, and trudged on to Saxony. Visiting Weimar, he expected to see Herder, Goethe, and Schiller, but here again was disappointed; Herder was ill, Goethe in Italy, and Schiller too much engaged with his historical professorship at Jena to receive visitors. About the middle of May he is once more in Leipzic, his small stock of money exhausted by the expenses of his journey. Friend Weisse receives him kindly, but for the rest he meets with little welcome. The old practice of private teaching is resorted to —unhappily with small success. Meanwhile the natural cravings and unspeakable necessity for bread and cheese get rather pressing. What is there that an honest incipient philosopher can turn his brains to and live thereby?

Fichte has long had a secret turn for authorship, and has by him even now certain miscellaneous essays, which the kind Johanna, with characteristic simplicity, had desired him to publish while at Zurich, and thereby create a sensation. He, with profounder judgment, had answered that such a publication could not have the wonderful effect which she expected—that same capacity for producing a 'sensation' being neither in him nor his compositions. But now the need of provender growing paramount, he seriously applies himself to literature, that being, as all the world knows, a universal refuge for the destitute. He conceived the plan of a monthly literary journal, 'the principal objects of which should be to expose the dangerous tendencies of the prevalent literature of the day; to shew the mutual influence of correct taste and pure morality, and to direct its readers to the best authors, both of past and present times.' This projected undertaking was considered excellent by all to whom it was communicated, and even admitted to be a decided requirement of the times, but was nevertheless held to be liable to one grave objection—he would never find a publisher. The thing was too much opposed to the interests

of the booksellers to meet with any countenance from them. 'I have therefore,' said Fichte, 'out of sorrow, communicated my plan to no bookseller, and I must now write—not pernicious writings, that I will never do, but something that is neither good nor bad, in order to earn a little money. I am at present engaged upon a tragedy, a business which, of all possible occupations, least belongs to me, and of which I shall certainly make nothing; and upon novels, small romantic stories, a kind of reading which is good for nothing but to kill time; this, however, it seems, is what the booksellers will accept and pay for.'

Fancy Isaac Newton, with the confused elements of a 'Principia' circulating in his brain, constrained to write installation odes or opera criticisms for the 'Morning Post;' or fancy, if you will, some impetuous rhinoceros set to draw water from the well at Carisbrook Castle, in the place of the celebrated donkey so long accustomed to it; and you will have some notion of Fichte's tragical labour of writing tragedies and short romantic stories, adaptable for purposes of temporicide. It was sufficiently intolerable while it lasted, and utterly fruitless in results. Moreover, the difficulty of obtaining regular employment at it put him upon the necessity of trying other schemes; his life was one of continual shifts and expedients, whereby, with his utmost efforts, he could scarcely realise the scantiest subsistence. Once he writes: 'In regard to authorship, I have been able to do little or nothing, for I am so distracted and tossed about by constant schemes and undertakings, that I have had few quiet days.' Finally, by way of abandonment of the whole despicable business, he determines that if ever he becomes an author, it shall be on his own account. 'Authorship, as a trade,' says he, 'is unfit for me. It is incredible how much labour it costs me to accomplish something with which, after all, I am but half satisfied. The more I write, the more difficult does it become. I perceive that I want the living fire.'

With regard to his other schemes and occupations, we can gather no very clear account. At one time he gives 'a lesson in Greek to a young man between eleven and twelve o'clock,' and spends the remainder of the day 'in study and starvation.' A lady at Weimar had a plan for obtaining him 'a good situation;' but speaking of this, Fichte said: 'It must certainly have failed, for I have not heard from her for the last two months.' Of other prospects which he had reckoned on as 'almost certain,' he thinks it at length the best course to 'be silent.' Contemplating his affairs in the month of August, he says: 'Providence either has something else in store for me, and hence will give me nothing to do here, as indeed *has* been the case; or intends by these troubles to exercise and invigorate me still farther. I have lost almost everything except my courage.' Then we hear of a distant prospect of going to Vienna, to prosecute some new literary plans, and thus being nearer to Zurich, and even visiting it on his way. Subsequently he writes: 'This week seems to be a critical time with me; every one of my prospects, even the last, has vanished.' In respect to a project for engaging him in the ministry, he expresses himself in terms of strong disgust at the 'cringing' and 'dissembling' which would be required to get him forward, and declares at last, 'I will be no preacher in Saxony.'

Thus Fichte, like Gulliver among the Lilliputians, is painfully entangled

with a complexity of mean embarrassments, and can make no progress. A strong man, in most ignoble captivity, whose every struggle towards free volition brings down upon him sharp puny arrows, vexing and irritating him at every pore. His case is by no means an uncommon one, but his spirit and deportment under it are far beyond the average manifestations of that kind. In the midst of destitution, anxiety, and neglect, he approves himself a man, nowise debasing the faculty within him, sinking neither into sycophancy, pusillanimity, nor stormful indignation against fate. The brave Fichte! how like a colossal statue he stands uprightly, with his bosom bared to the weather, majestic and unflinching, with a proud insensibility to cold and rain, and, when the sun shines out again, looking refreshed and brighter for the showers. Misery and want press hard upon him, but engender no envy in his heart; he entertains no hatred, cherishes no resentment, complains of no neglect. He braves his misfortunes as he can, soliciting neither pity nor admiration, sustaining himself by the strength of his own integrity. A right healthful self-sufficient man; patient under evil, trustful in the good; in faithful endeavouring and endurance manfully holding on his way.

But now, in the winter of 1790, his private teaching operations appear to have become a trifle more successful; whereby his outward circumstances were in some degree improved, and his mind left at greater ease and liberty for engaging in intellectual pursuits. The critical philosophy of Kant was at this time the subject of much discussion in Germany, and to it Fichte's attention was now accidentally directed. The system of deterministic necessity before alluded to was never in much harmony with his personal character; and if we are at liberty to regard certain passages of his work on the 'Destination of Man' as the expression of his own earlier state of mind, it would appear that the theory which had satisfied his understanding had long stood in opposition to his feelings. His introduction to the writings of Kant produced a complete revolution in his opinions. Many of his former doubts vanished, and the purpose of man's life, his faculties and endowments, acquired a new and nobler significance in his belief. This event was probably more important, and exercised a greater influence upon him than any other that occurred in connection with his spiritual culture. The terms in which he speaks of it sufficiently testify the high estimation in which it was regarded by himself. Writing to Johanna, he says:—

'My scheming spirit has now found rest, and I thank Providence that shortly before all my hopes were frustrated, I was placed in a position which enabled me to bear the disappointment with cheerfulness. A circumstance, which seemed dependent on mere chance, led me to give myself up to the study of the Kantean philosophy—a philosophy that restrains the imagination (which in my case was always too powerful), gives reason the dominion, and raises the soul to an elevation above earthly concerns. I have accepted a new and nobler morality; and instead of occupying myself with outward things, I am employed more exclusively with my own being. This has given me a peace such as I have never before experienced; for amid uncertain worldly prospects I have spent my happiest days. I propose to devote some years of my life to this philosophy; and all that I write, at least for some time to come, shall have reference to it. It is

difficult beyond conception, and stands greatly in need of simplification..... The principles indeed are hard speculations, having no direct bearing on human life, but their consequences are extremely important to an age whose morality is corrupted at the very fountain; and to set these consequences before the world in a clear light would, I believe, be doing it good service..... I am now thoroughly convinced that the human will is free, and that to be happy is not the purpose of our being, but rather to deserve happiness.'

Under the influence of this new inspiration, Fichte addressed himself once more to literary composition. He commenced an explanatory abridgment of Kant's 'Critical Inquiry into the Faculty of Judgment,' designed to further and facilitate the study of the new philosophy, and obviating somewhat the repulsive terminology in which it was involved. This undertaking, however, he did not complete, and the portion which he wrote was never published, owing chiefly to the pre-appearance of other similar publications, which, as he anticipated, had been rapidly vamped up to profit by the excitement which the new doctrines had occasioned. In regard to German literature in general, he believed that its golden age was at hand, discerning intimations of a promise in Goethe, Schiller, and others, which has now in good part been fulfilled. In the wondrous revolutions of the new school, the critical philosophy operated with considerable effect; and in this department, first by way of exposition, and subsequently in further development and new investigation, Fichte was destined to be distinguished.

As yet, however, he is biding his time, and has a variety of fortunes to undergo in the interim. Early in the year 1791, without any perceptible improvement in his circumstances, preparations are in progress for his marriage. The generous Johanna, bethinking her that she was 'a person with expectations,' and duly or unduly considering the applicability of these to the ordinary requirements of domestic economy, and discerning, as she believed, no difficulty which faith and a good purpose might not overcome, resolved within herself that, Fichte being willing, they two should, without further dalliance or delay, try the unspeakable possibilities of wedlock, and commit the consequences to the gracious concern and kindly interpretation of the Higher Powers. By this arrangement Fichte would be enabled to pursue his own literary projects peacefully, free from the immediate necessity of wasting his time and energies in the distressing struggle for a scanty subsistence from day to day, and with the ultimate prospect of acquiring some settled provision through his unimpeded activity in the provinces of philosophy and letters. Whatever scruples he might entertain respecting the propriety of marrying without having first secured an independence for himself, appear to have been overruled. Father Rahn had consented to the alliance; Fichte was of course eagerly inclined to it; and thus, all obstacles being seemingly removed, he awaited the event with pleasurable anticipation.

And so at length, as he believes, all his brightest dreams are to be fulfilled; his cup is brimming with delight; the draught of unutterable joy is sparkling at his lips. Alas for the stability of human expectations! Here is the hand that is to dash his anticipated pleasures to the ground. The day of his departure was already fixed, when the bankruptcy of a mercantile

house, to which Rahn had intrusted his property, threw his affairs into disorder, threatening even to reduce him to indigence. There was an end to all plans founded in reference to his prosperity. The shock brought upon the old man a lingering illness, whereby his life was for some time endangered; but by the unremitting attention and tenderness of his daughter, he was finally restored to his accustomed state of health. She, with that noble devotion which bears suffering without a murmur, and merges every element of self in the generous offices of affection, ministered to the good old father's helplessness, cheering and consoling him under the visitations of calamity, and crushing meanwhile the withered blossoms of her own hopes into the silent places of her memory.

As for Fichte, he must out again upon the bleak wilderness of life, and adjust himself to such weather as shall befall. The world, with its difficulties and obstructions, is again before him; but his is the indomitable spirit which shall rise superior to them all. For the present, he obtained a private tutorship in the house of a Polish nobleman at Warsaw; and having announced the circumstance to Johanna, bidding her at the same time to be of courage, and assuring her of his continued faithfulness, he resumed his staff, and quitted Leipzic. In the course of the journey he halted at Rammenau, to pay a visit to his parents. 'The good, honest, kind father!' said Fichte, 'his look, his tone, his reasoning, how much good they always do me! Take away all my learning, and make me such a worthy, true, and faithful *man*, how much should I gain by the exchange!'

On the 7th of June he arriyed at Warsaw, and immediately waited upon his employer, a certain Count Von P——, a good easy man, though suffering immoderately from henpeck. Here, it seems, the gray mare is the better horse: in other words, the countess leads the orchestra; nay, as it turns out, is the sole fiddler in the establishment. Fichte finds her music unpleasantly discordant, and herself, withal, 'a vain, haughty, and whimsical woman.' The elect tutor perceives himself regarded as a mere appendage to the supreme petticoats; no respect is paid to the dignity of his profession; his pronunciation of the French language proves unsatisfactory; and his German bluntness of demeanour tells not the less to his disadvantage. What shall the proud Fichte do but resign his office without having entered upon its duties; constrain the countess, with some difficulty, to grant him a slight compensation of travel-money, sufficient for his maintenance for the two succeeding months; and with this limited supply once more journey homewards?

First, however, he resolves to visit Konigsberg: there lives the much renowned Immanuel Kant, the master of the new philosophy; him would Fichte see visibly in the flesh, and reverently take counsel of. With that intent he departs from Warsaw on the 25th of June.

On his arrival at Konigsberg, he, with all the ardour of a pilgrim of knowledge, straightway presents himself to Kant; finds the critical philosopher less enthusiastic than he had supposed; meets with only a formal reception; and retires deeply disappointed. Unwilling, however, to abandon his purpose, he reflects a little how he may obtain 'a more free and earnest interview;' but for some time does not perceive in what way it can be effected. At last he determines to write a 'Critique of all Revelation,' with which, as a battering-ram, he will storm the philosophic citadel, and

gain, if possible, some inspection of its wonders. The work is finished by the 18th of August, and submitted to the transcendentalist for judgment. The philosopher unbends a little, even praises the performance; but neither by it does Fichte attain his object, which, it seems, was the establishment between himself and Kant of a 'free scientific confidence.' In regard to his many philosophic doubts, he receives little in the way of answer—for solution of these Kant merely refers him to the 'Critique of Pure Reason:' is it not all written *there*, so that whosoever runs, and has a touch of philosophic capacity, may read to satisfaction?

Fichte now meditates publication; but on revising his production, thinks it does not fitly express his profoundest thoughts on the subject, and therefore he undertakes to remodel it, and give it some further graces of composition. But here once more arises a grave difficulty. He, like here and there a Chancellor of Exchequer, as well as many a private person, is in a dilemma of ways and means. Counting his meagre stock of money, and distributing it prospectively over such a space of time as with utmost attenuation it is capable of covering, he finds that it will not last him beyond a fortnight. Whereupon come no small perplexity and serious questionings as to what is to be done. He strives to obtain some employment through certain of Kant's friends to whom he had been introduced; but the friends are wanting either in influence or zeal: nothing can Fichte get to do. Alone, and in a strange country, what shall he resolve upon? It occurs to him that the great transcendentalist is doubtless a man of kindly and enlarged sympathies; for does not greatness of intellect always imply abundant generosity? He writes a manly, noble letter to Kant, highly characteristic of himself, and therein reveals to him the nakedness of his circumstances, discloses somewhat of his personal history, and, with delicate frankness, requests the loan of a small sum of money to defray the expenses of his journey to the humble roof yet open to him in Fatherland. For security and guarantee of subsequent repayment, Fichte offers all he has to give in such a case—his honour and integrity as a man. He feels the singularity of the pledge, and admits its inadmissibility as an ordinary bond. 'I know no one,' says he, 'except yourself, to whom I could offer this security without fear of being laughed at to my face.' However, he proceeds: 'It is my maxim never to ask anything from another without having first of all examined whether I myself, were the circumstances inverted, would do the same thing for some one else. In the present case I have found that, supposing I had it in my power, I would do this for any person whom I believed to be animated by the principles by which I know that I myself am now governed.' It is not without a sense of humiliation, that the proud noble heart of the man is thus reduced to mortgage its sincerity. 'I am so convinced,' he continues, 'of a certain sacrifice of honour in thus placing it in pledge, that the very necessity of giving you this assurance seems to deprive me of a part of it myself. . . . . So far, however, I can rely upon my principles, that were I capable of forfeiting my word pledged to you, I should despise myself for ever afterwards, and could never again venture to cast a glance into my own soul—principles which constantly reminded me of you, and of my own dishonour, must need be cast aside altogether, in order to free me from this most painful self-reproach.' For the tone of mental independence and manly self-

respect which predominates in the letter, Fichte solicits no pardon: he even declares that he cannot ask it, alleging that 'it is one of the distinctions of sages, that he who speaks to them speaks as a man to men.' The letter being written and transmitted, he awaits the issue with composure. This memorable day was the 2d of September 1791.

Next morning there comes from Kant an invitation to dinner. He receives his needy visitor with his usual cordiality. A magnanimous reader anticipates that now, of a surety, Fichte's pressing necessities will be suitably provided for. Alas, no! A critical philosopher is in no condition to lend money; for indeed, however celebrated, transcendentalism brings but little grist to the household mill. Philosophy is profitable for much, but for want of its long-sought, and as yet undiscoverable stone, cannot coin dollars. The intangible *idea* of dollars is all that philosophy can take note of; and as Kant said on another occasion, and in reference to quite another question, 'there is considerable difference between *thinking* we possess a hundred dollars, and really *possessing* them!' Hegel's declaration, that 'philosophy does not concern itself with such things as a hundred dollars,' though no sufficient answer to Kant's remark, is nevertheless, in an *un*-transcendental sense, very obviously true. Kant, as we said, cannot lend money, at least he is in no possibility of doing so for the next fortnight—then *perhaps* he may. Meanwhile Fichte shall be welcome to occasional pot-luck.

In his own hired attic, however, things are getting daily more cheerless; the image of grim Scarcity sits before him in his lonely room all day long; the autumn evenings are growing chill, and on his hearth are only the ashes of extinguished fires. The spirit of despondency overshadows him, and his brave heart is sick from hope so long deferred. Visions of the parental fireside, and its cheerful evening faces, far away in nativeland, visit him at intervals, making him to feel, by contrast, more keenly the hardships of his lot. Neither is the image of his fair Johanna Rahn ever absent from him long; but as a serene angel of consolation shines beckoning in the distance, and does at least partially illuminate his melancholy thoughts. Nevertheless the present time is pressing; Fichte has fallen into painful extremity. But why not sell the manuscript of that 'Critique of all Revelation?' Kant says it is admirably written, and does not need to be reconstructed. Truly, nothing shall hinder, provided one can get a publisher. Kant recommends him to offer it to Hartung, a Konigsberg bookseller of some distinction; but unhappily the worthy Hartung is from home. With him, therefore, at present, there is no dealing. Fichte tries to dispose of the work elsewhere, but utterly without success; no publisher to whom he applies is disposed to undertake any article of that description. On the 12th of September Fichte writes down this passage in his journal:—'I wanted to work to-day, but could do nothing. How will this end? What will become of me a week hence? Then all my money will be gone.'

The darkness is gathering thick around Fichte's prospects—no star is visible in the whole heaven of his observation. Fichte, however, is not to die of destitution. Fortune has tried him hardly; and now, if no star, she reveals at least a comfortable show of candlelight. An invitation reaches him, through court-preacher Schulz, to repair into the neighbourhood of

Dantzic; there, in the family of the Count of Krokow, a tutorship awaits him. Tutorships are Fichte's abomination, and his views were now directed to a life of literary exertion; nevertheless, as necessity consults no man's convenience, he accepts the proposal. Whence he obtained money for the journey does not appear; but at anyrate the journey is performed. Fichte meets with the most friendly reception; and entering on his new employment, experiences the kindest attentions therein. *This* countess proves herself from the first a woman of 'amiable character and excellent abilities,' and she renders Fichte's residence in her family 'not only happy, but interesting and instructive.' The kindly Countess Krokow! blessings on her fair, noble head, though, alas! that is long since laid at rest!

This fortunate appointment was the beginning of many years of uninterrupted prosperity. Very shortly, through the agency of his friends at Konigsberg, Fichte is enabled to make arrangements with Hartung for publishing the 'Critique of all Revelation.' The terms are settled, and the process of type-setting is going on. But who is this solemn incarnation of pomposity, stopping the printing-presses at Halle, and vociferously announcing the discovery of a cloven foot? This is the dean of the Theological Faculty, who refuses his sanction to the publication, on account of certain principles contained in the book, which he, in his straitlacedness, conceives to be unorthodox. Fichte has to urge that his book is not theological, but philosophical, and therefore does not properly come under the cognisance of the Theological Faculty; but this plea is held to be irrelevant. Friends advise him to withdraw the obnoxious passages; but Fichte is inflexible: having written nothing which he does not solemnly believe, and can give some show of reason for, he is determined that the book shall be printed entire, or printed not at all. Kant is consulted on the subject, as a man whose judgment is of the highest authority in such matters; and Kant confirms the soundness of the principles in dispute. Abiding by his position, Fichte has to wait awhile and see what may become of it. As it chances, he has not to wait long; the difficulty is happily got rid of by a change in the censorship. The new dean, not partaking in the scruples of his predecessor, gave his consent to the publication, and the work accordingly appeared in the spring of 1792.

A new era now opens upon Fichte. All journals devoted to the critical philosophy are loud in their praises of his work. Would a curious reading public know *wherefore*, let them take note of this one circumstance: Certain editors of ability have got an impression that this is a new book by Kant, which he, for reasons of his own, chooses to publish anonymously. What, therefore, is so becoming for all able editors and indiscriminating sucklings of the Critical Philosophy, as to chant a stave, according to ability, in honour of the great master? The book was not of a nature to force itself immediately into notice, and it probably owes not a little of its first success to this mistake respecting its paternity. Kant, however, publicly disclaims the authorship, and discloses the name of the writer. Fichte, as it turns out, can bear to stand on his own basis; and the sounder heads among his countrymen soon fail not to welcome him as one of the profoundest of German thinkers.

Any analysis or adequate description of this remarkable book cannot be

attempted here. Such an account of it as we could render by a brief allusion to its principles would almost certainly create a false impression of its purpose. Whoever would know it as Fichte designed it to be known, let him bring with him a clear head, a mind open to conviction, and a resolution strong enough to abide by the truth when he has learned it. Let us take, however, one sentence from the preface, and mark in what spirit Fichte approaches the inquiry: 'To truth,' says he, 'I solemnly devote myself, at my first entrance into public life. Without respect of party or of reputation, I shall always *acknowledge* that to be truth which I recognise as such, come whence it may; and never acknowledge that which I do not believe. It may be of little importance to the world to receive this assurance, but it is of importance to me to call upon it to bear witness to this my solemn vow.' A noble vow, nobly fulfilled, and one which the humblest of the sons of Adam might enjoin upon himself, and abide by to advantage.

Glancing back a little, we now perceive with satisfaction that the prospective father-in-law's affairs have got somewhat righted. Fichte is already a rising man, so the time has come when he may safely wed. Accordingly, in March 1793, he writes to the fair Johanna that he shall be with her in June, or at latest in July, with a view to that agreeable consummation. He contemplates the event with deepest pleasure, but also with much solemnity of feeling. An overflowing thankfulness fills his heart; the magnitude of the happiness which awaits him seems too great for his unworthiness. The strong, stern soul of the thinker, with its rock-like stability and earnestness, touched by affection's gentle rod, gushes out in streams of tenderness. Then there are kindly leave-takings, half-sorrowful, with his worthy friends at Dantzic, 'who are unwilling to let him go;' plans and preparations for the future; above all, a visit to his well-beloved parents, and his 'seven sisters,' who have heard somewhat of his honours in authorship, and now give him their blessing and approval of the course on which he is about to enter. Fichte, doubtless, tells them something of his wanderings and endurances, and how a benignant Providence had helped him in his extremity; nor, amidst his many wondrous relations, can that grand interview with Kant fail to be spoken of. There, in the old Lusatian home, they are gathered, speaking and listening by turns, happy as this world can make them; and as they speak and listen, the proud old father's eyes are glistening with tears. The patient mother, too, feels well rewarded for all her care and many anxieties for this noble son; and the assiduous sisters are bountiful of all kindly ministrations. Far into the night they sit, parting at length with sad, yet happy faces, and silent prayers for mutual welfare.

Early in the month of June he takes his leave of them, and journeys to the bride-home in the land of mountains. On the 16th he is drawing nigh to the very spot. Pleasantly glance the rays of the summer sun about the old walls of Zurich; there, in her father's house, is the long-beloved, waiting with expectation to become his wife. The echo of his footsteps through the rather silent summer streets is unheard by him, for before him is the bride-father's house; and his entrance there is one of pleasant greetings.

But what means this new vexation coming upon us unexpectedly, and

positively putting off the marriage? It arises simply out of certain 'laws of the state affecting foreigners,' which happily will only occasion a few months' delay. On the 22d of October the marriage takes place, and Fichte is away with the bride to enjoy a short 'tour in Switzerland.' Returning home, he takes up his residence in the good father-in-law's house: here in friendly Zurich, with the distant mountains frowning down on him with a grand benignity, he will rest for a time, and gain a livelihood by his pen. For several months he enjoyed 'a life of undisturbed repose,' sweetened by the society of her whose love had been his stay in times of adversity, and now gave a holier living purpose to the prosperous hour.

In the peaceful Swiss canton all is yet happiness and security; but the rest of Europe is shaken with a new-born terror; and tidings are abroad of that grand convulsion called the French Revolution. Old Feudal Europe, with its obsolete usages, and establishments of ancient power grown intolerable, has fallen into distraction and decadence. Folly and oppression have ruled it long, but now has come the dawn of a world's deliverance. France has spoken forth a word of terrific prophecy, which the assembled nations have quailed to hear, though all have long been struggling to utter it; everywhere is promise and expectancy; the new-born giant of democracy is chanting loud his daring hymns to freedom; the genius of humanity, so long discomfited and trodden down, has mounted a pinnacle of unheard-of glory, whence, as from a throne, she shall dispense the bounties of a golden age. Alas! these prospects are all delusive, and the struggle proves no deliverance, but only a bewildered agony and madness—a convulsive irregular tumult of unconsecrated indignation; like the mournful catastrophe of a blind Samson's strength, when he threw down the pavilion of the Philistines, and buried himself and his oppressors in the ruins.

Yet, doubt it not, the French Revolution had a *meaning* in it of great significance, which is going on even now unto fulfilment. Read it truly, it is, as one has said, a reproclamation, as amidst 'infernal splendours,' of the everlasting majesty of Justice, whose divine right of government had been foully overthrown. Whosoever will look may perceive that the old feudal incarnation of humanity is abolished and dead, and men are now burying its remains; the new development towards which we are progressing is the dominion and supremacy of Industry, which, however, is not likely to be founded without difficulty. Nevertheless, courage to brave hearts! What is dead need not be lamented; in the conflict of principles and institutions the new spirit proves ever triumphant; for humanity is as a phœnix, from the ashes of whose despair springs a nobler birth of hope.

Fichte, looking on at this revolutionary procedure from his Swiss retirement, conceived that there was much misunderstanding respecting it, and accordingly wrote and published his 'Contributions to the Correction of Public Opinion' thereupon. Instead of execrating or eulogising the Revolution, Fichte adopts a far preferable course, and endeavours to understand it, which, indeed, was strictly his business as a philosopher. And this is the leading principle of his work:—'That there is, and can be, no absolutely unchangeable political constitution, because none absolutely perfect can be realised; the relatively best constitution must therefore carry within itself the principle of change and improvement. And if it be asked from

whom this improvement should proceed, it is replied that all parties to the political contract ought equally to possess this right. And by this political contract is to be understood, not any actual and recorded agreement—for both the old and the new opponents of this view think they can destroy it at once by the easy remark, that we have no historical proof of the existence of such a contract—but the abstract idea of a state, which, as the peculiar foundation of all rights, should lie at the bottom of every political fabric.' This book subjected Fichte to the charge of being a democrat, which, however, in the popular English sense of the term, he really never was, as from his work on the 'Principles of Natural Law' may sufficiently be seen.

These political speculations, however, were not the most important upon which Fichte was engaged during the period of his residence in Zurich. We are told of 'several powerful and searching criticisms' which appeared in a leading philosophical journal, and in which discerning eyes had discovered the hand that wrote the 'Critique of Revelation.' Furthermore, at the instigation of venerable Parson Lavater, he prepared a short course of lectures, a sort of critical philosophy made easy, by means whereof, since the fame of Kant's achievement had reached Switzerland, the worthy pastor proposed to indoctrinate his friends, that they, as well as others, might be enabled to discuss the same whenever thrown into philosophical society. It need not surprise us, that 'this excellent man retained the warmest feelings of friendship towards the philosopher,' inasmuch as Fichte was right worthy of anybody's friendship, be he who he might. For the rest, it seems Fichte lived in close retirement; the manners of the Zurich burghers not pleasing him, he 'seldom went out into society.' His own wife, his father-in-law, the unexceptionable Lavater, and certain indefinite people, described as 'a few others,' made up the circle of his acquaintance. He had considerable correspondence, however, with several distinguished persons, amongst whom prominently appears Reinhold, then professor of philosophy at Jena, and recognised leading Kantist of the day—known also for certain fanciful modifications of the original doctrine, and by him called 'philosophy without nickname.'

But apart from these secondary occupations, Fichte was to some extent engaged in planning the philosophical system upon which his reputation mainly rests. Further meditation has convinced him that even the sage of Konigsberg is not infallible; and that indeed much remains to be done before the cycle of philosophy is complete. In this very month of October 1793, whether before marriage or afterwards the present writer knoweth not, he writes to a friend thus significantly:—My conviction is that Kant has only *indicated* the truth, but neither unfolded nor proved it.' Subsequently he announces: 'I have discovered a new principle, from which all philosophy can be easily deduced;' and he even has the audacity to prophesy that 'in a couple of years we shall have a system distinguished by all the clearness of geometrical evidence.' Fichte of course is to produce it, and is even now devoting all the energies of his intellect to that end. His intellect is of the subtlest, and he works in his vocation with the zealous energy of one who loves the truth with undivided earnestness; but alas for the promised philosophy with the clearness of geometric evidence—*that*, we

believe, is still waited for, and perhaps need scarcely be expected before doomsday—rather late in the evening!

However, Fichte for the present believes otherwise, and, so believing, will intrepidly pursue his speculations, and see what may become of them. He is invited to undertake the education of the Prince of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, a tutorship with good appointments and prospects of court patronage, all of which Fichte firmly and modestly declines. 'I desire nothing,' says he, 'but leisure to execute my plan—then fortune may do with me what it will.' Here is a man, evidently, who will not compromise philosophy for pudding. Nevertheless his studies are interrupted. Without solicitation of his, he is appointed Professor Supernumerarius of Philosophy at the university of Jena, in room of friend Reinhold, who, it seems, has removed to Kiel, there to edify a new set of students by that fanciful 'philosophy without nickname.' Court tutorships may be declined without compunction, but not a professorship of philosophy; Fichte accordingly accepts it, on condition that he shall be allowed to devote the greater portion of the first year to study.

The university of Jena was at this time the most distinguished university in Germany. Its contiguity to the court at Weimar connected it with the highest literary names of the age. The Grand Duke Charles Augustus, having an eye and reverence for talent, had adorned his little Saxon court by the presence of such men as Wieland, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller, and, as one might reasonably suppose, found them very tolerable company. Indeed the intellectual brilliancy of the Weimar circle seems to have had in modern times no parallel elsewhere; so that it might stand in quite envious comparison with the courts of many a larger state, some of which can boast of nothing higher than an occasional 'apothesis of a Beau Brummel.' To this brilliant and busy scene was Fichte translated from his Swiss retirement—to the society of the greatest living men—to the office of instructor to a thronging crowd of students 'from all surrounding nations.'

Mark, however, the supremacy of genius, and how a man possessed of that does not fail to acquit himself right nobly. His already considerable reputation, and the bold originality of his philosophic system, as displayed in the published programme of his lectures, had raised the public expectation to the utmost; so that his position was one of no little difficulty, inasmuch as he might possibly prove unequal to what had been expected of him. Arrived at Jena on the 18th of May 1794, he was received with great kindness by his colleagues at the university. On the 23d he delivered his first lecture—to an audience so numerous, that the largest hall in Jena, although crowded to the roof, proved insufficient to contain all who had assembled. The impression which he made even exceeded all prior expectation. His singular and commanding address, his fervid, impetuous eloquence, the profoundness and rich profusion of his thoughts, poured forth in the most convincing sequence, and, fashioned with a wondrous precision, astonished and delighted his hearers. The rugged, earnest force of his uncommon character, strengthened by long silence, and perfected by inward struggle, burst forth with the first occasion in a grandeur of originality not to be otherwise attained; resembling that volcanic vehemence which, from the central depths of the earth, darts upwards through barriers of perennial ice, and flames forth aloft an object of asto-

nishment. Fichte's first appearance in his new capacity was quite triumphant: we are told that 'he left the hall the most popular professor of the greatest university of Germany.'

Of that astonishing popularity we do not account much; happily for himself, Fichte also knew what estimate to put upon it. Not for popularity, or breath of vain applause did he live; but that out of the unshaped possibilities of his life, he might build up a pillar of completed duty. What else, indeed, does every true man live for, if not for this? What else, except this, is all men's mission and prescribed destiny in this fluctuating life of time!

Fichte's residence at Jena was nowise distinguished for its peacefulness. German students are proverbially obstreperous. Then, as now, they were united in certain irregular orders or unions, known by the name of *Landsmannschaften*, their proceedings being marked by great turbulence and licence. In Fichte's time, riots of the most violent description were of common occurrence; houses were broken into and robbed, either by way of a pleasant excitement, or for the purpose of obtaining means of sensual indulgence. Legal authority was impotent to restrain these excesses; so bold indeed had the unionists become, that on one occasion, when the house of a professor had been ransacked, five hundred students openly demanded from the duke an amnesty for the offence. It seems to have been considered a highly commendable and interesting achievement to plunder a professor. The academical authorities had made frequent efforts to suppress these societies; but on such occasions the students uniformly broke out into more frightful irregularities. For, indeed, is not 'Liberty for ever' the undeniable right of men and students? Whosoever, therefore, would restrain established Burschen privileges, immemorial rights of 'academical freedom,' let him look out for broken windows, and deem himself happy if he can hide his wine!

But now, cannot an indomitable Fichte, with his manifest strength of character, do something in the way of reforming this unpleasant state of things? Most willingly would he do it; but the question is, how can it be done? Try logic. German students have a certain share of understanding, and perhaps they possess some kind of succedaneum for conscience—who knows? On this flattering hypothesis, Fichte commences a course of public lectures on 'Academical Morality;' in which proceeding he appears to prosper almost beyond his hopes. These lectures, and his own personal influence among the students, are attended with the happiest effects. The three *orders* then existing at Jena are smitten with penitence; and express their willingness to dissolve their union, on condition that the past should be forgotten. To Fichte they delivered over the books and papers of their society, for the purpose of being destroyed as soon as he can make their peace with the court at Weimar, and receive commission to administer to them the 'oath of renunciation,' which, however, they will receive from no one but himself. Fichte seems to have accomplished, by the sole force of his individual character, what the university authorities, armed with the rigour of the law and implements of punishment, had been unable to effect.

And yet it would seem that every reformation can be only partial. A very Luther, with his strong 'battle-voice,' and defiant, lifelong warfare against principalities and powers, cannot make a whole Europe Protestant.

So too it happens with the reformer Fichte. That expected commission from Weimar is somewhat tardy in arriving. It is even whispered that the university authorities, jealous of the success of an individual professor, who had done by himself what they could not do in their collective capacity, are enviously raising obstacles. Whereupon arise suspicions, stupid rumours of all sorts, and dissatisfaction on account of the delay; and, by way of practical consequence, one of the three orders withdraws from the engagement, turning with great virulence against Fichte, as a man suspected of deceiving them.

The success, as we said, is only partial. Still, two orders gained over is some encouragement. Were it not well, therefore, to put on an extra pressure of logic, with a view to reduce likewise the rebellious third? Fichte accordingly determines to deliver, during the winter session of 1794, another course of lectures, 'calculated to arouse and sustain a spirit of honour and morality among the students.' To accomplish his purpose thoroughly, it was necessary that these lectures should take place at a time not devoted to any other course, so that he might assemble an audience from among all the several classes. But every hour from eight o'clock in the morning till seven in the evening, of every six days in the week, was already occupied by other lectures. No way seemed open to him but to deliver these moral discourses on the Sunday. Before adopting this plan, however, he made diligent inquiry whether any law, either of the state or the university, forbade such a proceeding. Discovering no such prohibition, he examined into the practice of other universities, and found many precedents to justify Sunday lectures. Finally, he asked the opinion of some of the oldest professors, none of whom saw any objection to his proposal, provided he did not encroach upon the time set apart for divine service. 'If plays are permitted on Sundays,' said Schütz, 'why not moral lectures?' Fichte, therefore, fixed upon nine in the morning as the hour, and commenced his course under favourable prospects. A large concourse of students from all the different classes attended, together with several of the professors, who willingly acknowledged that they derived great benefit from the discourses.

Fichte believes himself to be in the way of duty. Nevertheless 'the best-laid schemes of mice and men,' not to say professors, 'gang aft agley;' and Fichte finds that the worthiest intentions, and conduct the most prudent, are no protection against calumny. A political print, of the anonymous slanderous description, 'distinguished by crawling sycophancy towards power,' directs its wondrous sagacity to the consideration of this phenomenon, and traces a very intimate connection between the Sunday lectures and the French Revolution! If a discerning public will believe this anonymous slanderous publication, here is a 'formal attempt to overturn the established religious services of Christianity, and to erect the worship of Reason in their stead!' A stupid, *un*discerning public to some extent believes it, and the Consistory of Jena conceive it to be their duty to forward a complaint on the subject to the High Consistory at Weimar. Finally, an assembly lodges an accusation before the duke and privy council against Professor Fichte, for 'a deliberate attempt to overthrow the public religious services of the country.' Inquiry is thereupon directed to be made; meantime let Professor Fichte suspend his lectures.

Fichte suspends, but will in the interim take occasion to defend himself. The best way of doing so is to give a 'simple narrative of the real facts,' and to make government acquainted with his projects for the moral improvement of the students. This done, the charge is effectually demolished. The duke forthwith gives judgment, 'dated 25th January 1795,' whereby Fichte 'is freely acquitted of the utterly-groundless suspicion which had been attached to him;' his wisdom and prudence are mentioned with approbation; and he receives assurances of the 'continued good opinion' of the prince. The Sunday lectures, accordingly, are resumed, avoiding, as heretofore, the hours of divine service.

Meanwhile, that outstanding third union, or Belial-fraternity, proves utterly invincible by logic, and its outrageous proceedings are beginning to render Fichte's residence at Jena not only uncomfortable, but even dangerous. The good wife Johanna has been several times insulted on the public streets; his own person is not always safe; and his property has been subjected to repeated outrages. Obviously the town of Jena is in great want of new police. In lack of such desirable force, Fichte is constrained to apply to the senate of the university for protection. The senate declares it can do nothing more than authorise self-defence, in case of necessity; except remind him that he has brought his difficulties upon himself, by bringing the conduct of the orders under the notice of the state, without the senatorial sanction. If more protection than the academy can afford him be desirable, Fichte is at liberty to apply to his friends at court. Such is the position of affairs till towards the close of the winter session. Then we have a crisis. In the middle of the night (date unknown) a party of the Belial-fraternity made an attack upon Fichte's house, perpetrated considerable damage, and caused much alarm, the worthy father-in-law, who it seems was now living with our professor, narrowly escaping with his life. It appears high time for the household to be moving. Accordingly Fichte applied to the duke for permission to leave Jena, which being granted, he took up his residence at Osmanstadt, a village about two miles from Weimar.

About this time, if we mistake not, Fichte completed his speculations which were begun at Zurich, and published them under the title of 'Wissenschaftslehre,' which, being interpreted into our vernacular, signifies 'Doctrine of Science.' This is the scientific development of his philosophical system — the systematic co-ordination of those 'materials for a science,' which he conceived Kant to have discovered but not developed. In this he endeavoured to construct *à priori* the whole system of human knowledge upon the original basis of consciousness; as from the fundamental principles here evolved, he designed to construct a complete system of morals.

It has been said that the peculiarities of Fichte's philosophy are so intimately bound up with the personal character of its author, that both lose something of their completeness when considered apart from the other. So far, at least, as ideal and actual may approximate, the one is the idea whereof the other is the visible realisation. The two mutually illustrate each other. Nevertheless, to attempt any sufficient exposition of the system in this place would be futile. It were easy to bewilder uninitiated readers with the transcendental phraseology — but what profit? The

thing solely essential in the case were to make it understood. But Fichte is not to be understood without much sedulous and patient study. His is nowise what the Germans call a 'parlour-fire philosophy;' but a rugged obstinate element, which one must contend with lustily before it will yield us any result. Whoever has courage and opportunity for such an enterprise will probably find himself ultimately rewarded for the pains bestowed upon it; whatever may be his conclusions as to the value or truth of the opinions he will here encounter, a due consideration of them will of itself be an admirable discipline of his understanding.

Here, however, it is curious to observe how any new system, or important modification of an old one, is uniformly met with outcry and distrust. Let a man, or any number of men, be settled down into any given habitude, either of thought or of mere material arrangement, and how difficult and unpleasant it is to move out of it. It has often occurred to us that our numerous railways must have many times proved marvellous annoyances in this respect. Fancy a retired burgher, who has built for himself a quiet snuggery, a little way out of town, all precisely accordant with his own notions of a private residence, thinking to dwell there unmolested for the rest of his lifetime. Lo, suddenly, some cosy afternoon, when he is perhaps congratulating himself on the quietude of his retreat, he receives the astounding intimation, that it is proposed to carry the Donner and Blitz Railway slap through his drawing-room! Here is a touch of unexpected electricity for him! What does he do but straightway begin to anathematise the project, and predict all manner of evil concerning it? Just so is it with that whole class of thinkers who have complacently settled all that appertains to man and the universe according to some quiet life-theory of their own. That there should be anything in heaven or earth not 'dreamt of in *their* philosophy' is what they cannot be prevailed upon to admit. Many at this period were the self-satisfied retired thinkers, inhabiting suburban boxes in the vicinity of the capital city of Transcendentalism. How very uncomfortable now to be dispossessed, with no better prospect for some time to come than that of furnished lodgings! Really it is difficult for any retired individual, man of business or philosopher, to reconcile himself to so unpleasant a predicament. Accordingly, one need not wonder greatly at the many attacks which the Wissenschaftslehre sustained from some of the philosophical journals of the day. To these for some time Fichte paid little or no regard; but becoming at length more frequent and importunate, he was in a manner constrained to reply to them. He did this in a very decided fashion. Take, for instance, a glance at the measure dealt out to a certain Herr Schmidt, a very stolid and troublesome antagonist. 'My philosophy,' says Fichte, 'is nothing to Herr Schmidt from incapacity; his is nothing to me from insight. From this time forth I look upon all that Herr Schmidt may say, either directly or indirectly about my philosophy, as something which, so far as I am concerned, has no meaning, and upon Herr Schmidt himself as a philosopher who, in relation to me, is non-existent.' Here at anyrate is no lack of emphasis, whatever one may think about courtesy. A perfectly fair mind might regret the tone of contemptuousness and asperity here and elsewhere observable in Fichte's treatment of his opponents; nevertheless, in judging of it, it were well to consider the specific circumstances under

which it was adopted. He himself was never the assailant, but desired if possible to avoid controversy, and entered into it only when he seemed impelled by persecution and abuse. Besides, he always professed himself to contend, not for distinction, but for truth. 'With him to whom truth is not above all other things'—said he, 'above his own petty personality—the Wissenschaftslehre can have nothing to do.' And again: 'It fills me with scorn which I cannot describe, when I look on the present want of any truthfulness of vision, on the deep darkness, entanglement, and perversion, which now prevail.' He admits that he had not handled Herr Schmidt very tenderly; but says that every just person, knowing many things that were not before the public, would give him credit for the 'mildness of an angel.' Fichte complains of nothing more distinctly than that his system was misapprehended; that his opponents would not take the trouble to understand it, or admit their inability if they could not: above all, that they would not refrain from pronouncing *against* it, even when they *knew* that it was not understood by them. Nothing more natural than that he should consider such conduct foolish and unreasonable, and treat it accordingly. 'It is surely to be expected,' said he, 'from every scholar—not that he should understand everything—but that he should at least know whether he does understand it or not; and of every honest man, that he should not pass judgment on anything before he is conscious of understanding it.'

While, however, the Wissenschaftslehre was indifferently received, and indifferently comprehended by many of his philosophic brethren, it was not without success in other quarters. Men of genius, not so exclusively devoted to metaphysical speculation, accepted it with much avidity and welcome, as considerably the most serviceable philosophy they had met with. Foremost amongst these, as foremost among all German men, was the poet Goethe. Knowing Fichte well, and entertaining a high opinion of his character and ability, he requested that the work might be sent to him, sheet by sheet, as it went through the press; and he afterwards acknowledged that the study of it had been of essential service to his culture.

The disturbances which had driven Fichte out of residence at Jena gradually subsiding, his academical life went on for some time unmolested, and he appears to have devoted himself assiduously to literary exertion. His contributions to the 'Philosophical Journal,' of which he became joint-editor with his friend Niethammer, in 1795, form an important part of his works, and are directed chiefly to the further scientific development of his system. In 1796 appeared his 'Doctrine of Law,' and in 1798 his 'Doctrine of Morals,' wherein the fundamental principles of the Wissenschaftslehre are applied to practical departments of knowledge.

Meanwhile two events had transpired in connection with his domestic relations: the death of the good father-in-law in September 1795, and subsequently the birth of a son, who, we believe, is at this present writing a professor of philosophy in the university of Tubingen. Fichte's household life throughout appears to have been distinguished by peaceful simplicity and general uniformity of happiness, varied only by such solicitudes and trivial infelicities as are understood to chequer the most favourable matrimonial alliances.

Now, however, diligent literary exertion, domestic comfort, academical

reputation, and even the future prospects of his life, are about to be blasted by an unexpected blow. Fichte, who has already suffered much, must adjust himself to a greater calamity than has hitherto befallen him. He may nerve his strong heart, and shield him well in his integrity, for the powers of malice and stupidity are coming down upon him from the high places, to lay waste the little garden of his peace! This man, whose life has been a continual adoration of the Infinite, to whom the immeasurable universe has been but as a vast and solemn temple, wherein his earnest spirit has mused and worshipped; whose heroic sentiments and lofty contemplations tend pre-eminently to inculcate and exalt a faith in the God-like, and to make it manifest in the consciences and visible activities of men—this man of steadfast virtue, and of humble, trustful piety, is now to stand publicly accused of atheism!

This is a charge which has been oftentimes preferred against philosophers, whose speculations, from their novelty and the imperfections of language, have on their first announcement been generally misunderstood. The popular mind in all ages has been apt to misconstrue the discoveries and further developments of truth, which new and greater intellects occasionally reveal, into a profane interference with established opinions. It is ever the lot of the man who outstrips his contemporaries in spiritual discernment, to be first misinterpreted, and then denounced. The catalogue of noble names who have thus suffered would be comparatively endless. Accusations of atheism and infidelity swell everywhere the records of history and of literature; a reader of any compass of comprehension comes gradually to regard them as only sorrowful instances of that mental and moral perversion which inevitably results from imperfect cultivation. For, really, atheism as a faith is manifestly incredible. Who ever knew an atheist from conviction—a man who, using his senses and understanding, yet believed there was no God? It is only the fool that hath said so in his heart, and wished it might be true.

The accusation against Fichte was founded upon an article which he published in the 'Philosophical Journal' for 1798, 'On the Grounds of our Faith in a Divine Government of the World.' In this he examines the true foundations of our belief in regard to a moral government of the universe; not, indeed, for the purpose of establishing faith by demonstration, but to shew the fundamental elements of a faith already subsistent in man, and indestructibly rooted in his nature. The absurd charge of atheism must have originated from an utter misapprehension of the writer's purpose; which, so far from controverting the existence and superintendency of a moral ruler, was solely directed to inculcate clearer and more comprehensive conceptions respecting his attributes and supremacy. Into further particulars of the calumny we have here no space to enter, and can only mention that the matter was brought before the court at Weimar for investigation, and that the proceedings terminated with a decision sufficiently exonerating Fichte from the charge preferred against him, though a strong disapprobation was expressed in regard to the 'imprudence' whereof he was considered chargeable in giving publicity to his doctrines in terms offensive to the popular understanding. Dissatisfied with the qualified character of the decision, Fichte resigned his professorship at the university, and indignantly quitted Jena.

In the summer of 1799 we find him in Berlin, writing his book on the 'Destiny of Man.' In the progress of this work he took a deeper glance into religion than he had ever done before. In allusion to it he says: 'In me the emotions of the heart proceed only from perfect intellectual clearness; it cannot be but that the clearness I have now attained on this subject shall also take possession of my heart. To this disposition is to be ascribed in a great measure my steadfast cheerfulness, and the mildness with which I look upon the injustice of my opponents. I do not believe that without this dispute, and its evil consequences, I should ever have come to this clear insight and this disposition of heart which I now enjoy; and so the violence we have experienced has had a result which neither you nor I can reasonably regret.' So writes he to the good frau Johanna, still left behind at Jena. Fichte seems to have understood what Shakspeare meant when he said: 'There is a soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distil it out.'

His economical circumstances, meanwhile, were none of the brightest. Towards the end of the year, however, he succeeded in removing his family to Berlin, in which place he thenceforth continued to reside. Here, surrounded by a 'small circle of friends worthy of his attachment and esteem,' he appears to have lived for some time privately and happily, 'cultivating literature upon a little oatmeal'—like the illustrious projectors of the 'Edinburgh Review.' Uninterrupted by public duties, he applied himself diligently to the perfecting of his philosophy. At the close of 1799 he published his 'Destiny of Man;' and during the two following years he was occupied with certain preliminary treatises, designed to prepare the public mind for the complete reception of his doctrines, by shewing their application to subjects of general interest. These introductory writings he intended to follow up with a more strict and complete exposition of his scientific method, designed solely for the philosophic reader. This purpose, however, was for a time postponed, owing partly, it would seem, to the doubts which he entertained respecting the best mode of communicating with the public, and partly, it is said, to his personal dissatisfaction with the reception which his works had hitherto received. For one reason or another, he refrained from publishing anything for the space of six years, with the exception of one or two minor works of a controversial character which appeared in 1801.

Fichte, nevertheless, could not remain altogether inactive, nor restrict himself wholly to a contemplative life. Shut out, as he conceived, from the reading public, he sought to collect around him a listening one, to whom he might verbally impart such message as he had. This, indeed, is said to have always been his favourite mode of communication; as in the lecture-room he found a freer scope for his peculiar powers than the form of a literary work would admit of. A circle of pupils was gradually gathered about him in Berlin, to whom from time to time he delivered private lectures. Many distinguished scholars and statesmen were also among his auditory, it being soon generally understood that Fichte was a man worth going to hear. There, accordingly, for awhile, in his own hired lecture-room, he addressed fit audiences on some of the toughest subjects that could engage the understanding.

In 1804, through the influence of certain ministerial friends, he was

appointed professor of philosophy at the university of Erlangen, with privilege to return to Berlin during winter to continue his lectures in that city; and in this new appointment he achieved as brilliant a success as he had formerly gained at Jena. Here he addressed, to all the students of the university, his memorable lectures on the 'Nature of the Scholar.' These he subsequently published as an amended edition of a former course on the same subject which he had given to the public, twelve years before, whilst resident at Jena. In these singular disquisitions the characteristics and duties of the scholar are deduced with a rigorous scientific precision, and presented, as Carlyle has said, 'in all their sacredness and grandeur, with an austere brevity more impressive than any rhetoric.'

Fichte's outward history is now for some time undistinguished by anything of general interest: we accordingly pass over a number of minor details, to contemplate his attitude and behaviour under new circumstances of trouble and privation. In 1806, the dominion of Napoleon had become extended over nearly the whole of Germany; and Prussia, which alone maintained its independence, was surrounded on all sides by his armies or auxiliaries. While preparations were in progress to oppose the advances of the enemy, Fichte made an application to the king to be permitted to accompany the troops in the capacity of patriotic orator—thinking he might, by force of eloquence, inspire his fighting countrymen with some additional courage and a resolute invincibility of resistance. The proposal was honourably received, but declined as incompatible with military arrangements. The impending struggle, moreover, was very briefly settled: the invader marching successfully from Auerstadt and Jena, and so onward to a triumphant occupation of Berlin. This event rendered it necessary for all who had identified themselves with the interests of their country to seek refuge in flight or concealment. Fichte resolved not to tender submission to the conqueror, and seeing no especial beauty in remaining to be shot as a rebellious partisan of a vanquished cause, timeously betook himself to cover. Leaving his wife to take charge of his household, he with his friend Hufeland fled beyond the Oder. Awaiting the issue of the war, the two took up their residence at Konigsberg, where Fichte was so far fortunate as to get appointed provisional professor of philosophy during his stay. In Konigsberg University he accordingly lectures throughout the winter with his usual ability and zeal.

As was natural in the case, the good wife Johanna many times entreats him to return home to Berlin; the French soldiery proving nowise troublesome to quietly-disposed people, but being, on the whole, and especially the officers, rather amiable fellows. Fichte, notwithstanding, cannot be prevailed on to return, but obstinately declares it to be his duty to submit to every privation and discomfort rather than give an indirect sanction to the presence of the enemy by sitting down quietly under their dominion, even could he do so with perfect safety to himself. 'Such a returning,' said he, 'would be directly contradictory of the declarations made in my addresses to the king, out of which my present circumstances have resulted. And if no other keep me to my word, it is just so much the more imperative on me to hold myself to it. It is precisely when other scholars of note in our country are wavering that he who has been hitherto true should stand firmer in his uprightness.'

This was bravely spoken. But now, on the 8th of February 1807, the battle of Eylau rendered Konigsberg no longer safe as a residence: were it not, therefore, well to quit quarters there, and repair to others somewhat more remote? Fichte thinks so, and accordingly removes to Copenhagen. Thither he arrives on the 9th of July, 'having been detained for several weeks at Memel and at sea by unfavourable winds.' It is ordained, however, that he shall not long remain there; for peace between Fatherland and the enemy is shortly afterwards concluded, Berlin evacuated, the gallantries of French soldiers suddenly cut short, and towards the end of August the philosopher is again stationed under his hired roof-tree, with his family, in the Prussian capital.

With the establishment of peace, the Prussian government sought to repair the loss of political significance by fostering among its citizens the desire of intellectual distinction and a spirit of freer speculation. It seemed needful to 'rebuild the temple of German independence' on altogether new foundations. The liberty which had been swept away must be succeeded by a fresh manifestation proceeding from a deeper principle, and nurtured by a nobler means of culture. One of the first modes which suggested itself for the attainment of this end was the establishment at Berlin of 'a new school of higher education, free from the imperfections of the old universities, from whence, as from the spiritual heart of the community, a current of life and energy might be poured through all its members.' Fichte was chosen as the man best fitted for the work, and unlimited power was given him to frame for the proposed university a constitution. No employment could have been more congenial to Fichte's inclinations. Here, indeed, had arrived at last the long-desired opportunity of developing a systematic plan of instruction founded on the spiritual elements of humanity. He entered with ardour upon the undertaking; and by the end of 1807 his plan, well digested and arranged, was ready for adoption: though the university was not actually established until 1810. Then, however, Fichte was elected rector; and it is said that during the two years in which he held the office, he laid for the institution the foundation of the character which it still maintains—that of being the best regulated, as well as one of the most efficient schools in Germany.

The course of events brings us down to the year of 1812, when the commotions and contentions of the European continent are working out a series of new and significant results. Napoleon the Grand, hitherto conceived to be invincible, has become at length Napoleon overthrown: Russian snows and Moscow conflagrations contributing to that unanticipated consummation. Now, it seems, the time has come when, by the blessing of Providence, and a seasonable use of gunpowder, the Germans may recover their lamented independence. Wise in his generation, the king of Prussia enters into an alliance with the Russian emperor, and straightway from Breslau sends forth a proclamation, calling upon the young and active men of the country to arm themselves for the restoration of its liberty. The Germans aforetime have suffered much defeat, in spite of skilful and experienced commanders; nevertheless they do not hesitate to answer to the summons, but with grim consent march forwards to fight for freedom, or in default thereof, to get themselves patriotically shot!

An earnest Fichte shall now assuredly have a chance of exhibiting his mettle. He renews his application to be appointed military orator, that so he might share the dangers and animate the courage of the 'army of liberation.' But there are difficulties of the insuperable sort which exclude him from any such appointment. It seems that of all that warlike oratory with which he is inwardly and so intensely burning, he cannot get himself satisfactorily delivered. In which exigency it appears best to remain stationary in Berlin, and there lecture 'On the Idea of a True War.' Meantime he and other patriot professors can organise an army of reserve of the volunteer description, and announce its readiness to contribute personally, when called for, to the defence of Fatherland. Professors and literati also institute, on novel principles, a sort of impromptu life-assurance society, whereby the widows and children of such as may fall in battle shall be provided for by the amenities of survivors.

But who is this stealing upon us in the solemn night-time with moody, sinister aspect, and air of affrightened courage, like one who had recently killed a brother sinner in a duel, and needed absolution? Him we discern, after due scrutiny, to be a veritable Captain Swing, or untimely resurrection of Guy Faux—student of philosophy notwithstanding—who, taking counsel of the powers of darkness, has conceived a plan for firing the magazine of the enemy by stealth, and thus blowing them compendiously out of the planet. Fichte, to whom the scheme is revealed, will be no partner in such atrocity. With cool alacrity he is off by break of day to the superintendent of police, and has the whole abominable business timeously prevented. If the powers on high are indifferent to interfere in the defence of right, the devil shall in no case be invited to condescend with his assistance! The sacred cause of freedom shall not be sullied by that kind of partnership.

Captain Swing retires with his tinder-box to the subterranean shades of an ignominious obscurity, and Fichte meantime continues lecturing on the perils and disasters of the times. 'With a clearness and energy of thought which seemed to increase with the difficulties and danger of his country,' he keeps alive in the people an unquenchable animosity to the compromise of liberty, or to any terms or conditions of peace which did not recognise the unlimited independence of the German kingdoms. Austria, it is true, mediates, and persuades to compromise, whereby ensues only a *nominal* independence; but a 'brave and earnest people,' seeking for 'true freedom,' express unanimous dissatisfaction with the counterfeit, and are obviously inclined towards violation of the amnesty. Hostilities are accordingly recommenced, and go on through the autumn and winter months of 1813.

It was at the commencement of this campaign that the multitudinous students of Berlin were one day assembled to hear Professor Fichte lecture on the imposing topic of 'Duty.' There is breathless waiting and expectation; whispered prurient criticisms on the great master, whom all are nevertheless met reverently to hear; interchange of college gossip, reminiscences of Burschen jollity, small talk and scandal, wrath and effervescence of independency, vapid jests and commonplace solemnities, with a marvellous redolence of stale tobacco; here and there a flash of native wit of characteristic brilliancy, but oftener only an involuntary parody of some loftier speculation, stated in a phraseology so vague as to make the speaker seem

profound, and like one who would probably understand his subject but for the impediment of stupidity. Such, as near as we can guess, is the scene and the occasion. Behold, however, Fichte has arrived, calm and modest as a lion, standing in unconscious lordliness under the shade of forest-trees. There is hush of miscellaneous tongues, and a simultaneous preparation for listening—as when the sun shines forth upon the hemisphere, provident householders disperse their candle-lights. He lectures with his usual dignity and calmness, rising at intervals into fiery bursts of eloquence, but governed always by a wondrous tact of logic, such as few men could equal. From the topic of Duty in the abstract he leads his audience to the present state of national affairs. On them he glows and expands with animation; the rolling of drums without meanwhile frequently drowning his voice, but inspiring him with fresh spirit to proceed. He paints the desolation of his country—the withering hideousness of usurpation—the boundless ravages and ambition of the foe; he swells with a sublime hatred and indignation against oppressors; and passionately enforces it as the duty of every one before him to consecrate his individual strength and faculty to the rescue of his native land. 'Gentlemen,' he exclaims finally, 'this course of lectures will be suspended till the end of the campaign. We will resume them in a free country, or die in the attempt to recover her liberties!' The hall reverberates with loud responsive shoutings; the rolling of the outward drums is answered by the clapping of innumerable hands, and the stampings of a thousand feet; every German heart there present is moved to resolution, and pants for conquest or for martyrdom. The orator, like the fabled Orpheus, by the impassioned melody of his words has achieved the miracle of moving stones—stones reputed to have been quarried out of Harzgebirge rock, and shaped by supreme powers into Saxon men. Fichte descends from his place, passes through the crowd, and places himself in the ranks of a corps of volunteers then departing for the army.

The war went on in the neighbourhood of Berlin. The victories of Grossbeer and Dennewiz secured the capital from danger; but from its nearness to the scene of action it became a general hospital for the sick and wounded. The public institutions for their reception were speedily crowded, and soon entirely unequal to the demands made upon their means of relief. The authorities, therefore, called upon the inhabitants to come to their assistance with extraordinary contributions, and solicited the women to take charge of the sick. Foremost among those that devoted themselves to this amiable ministry was the wife of Fichte, who, as a patient nurse and dispensing angel of gruel and consolation, exerted herself sedulously for the space of five months. In the distribution of clothes, and food, and medicine—in the exercise of pious offices around the beds of the dying and unknown, by generous and womanly solicitude in many ways—she day by day contributed to the alleviation of no inconsiderable suffering and sorrow.

As a consequence of her long uninterrupted exertions in the hospitals, she began at length to feel alarming symptoms of illness. In January 1814 she was attacked by a violent nervous fever, which had been prevalent among the wounded. It shortly became so dangerous as to leave hardly a hope of her recovery. On the very day when she was in greatest peril, Fichte, who had been engaged in close and assiduous attendance

upon her from the commencement of her illness, was compelled to leave her, to deliver the first of a course of lectures which he had previously announced. With wondrous self-command he spoke for two hours on the most abstract subjects, scarcely hoping to find, on his return, his beloved companion still alive. This, as it happened, was the crisis of her disorder. With transports of gratitude and joy he hailed the indications of recovery; those who witnessed the excess of his delight were alone able to estimate the almost superhuman power of control which he had exercised while engaged in his academical vocation.

Beautiful are the tremblings of affection, and the graceful tenderness of those who, after danger or anxiety, look thankfully in each other's faces on delivery from fear. Beautiful the new-born flowerage of love that springs from past calamity. Yet often does it happen, in our world of vicissitude and care, that at the very time when we have been graciously relieved from apprehension, then does some new and terrible distress befall us. Even so it was fated to be now. As his wife was being restored to him with health, Fichte himself caught the infection. Its first symptom was a nervous sleeplessness, which resisted the effect of baths and the ordinary remedies applied for its relief. Then he was attacked by a wild delirium, in which the memories of past activity mingled confusedly with the phantasma of present pain. The valiant soul in its bewilderment held conflict with imaginary enemies, and struggled with deadly passion against the invisible furies of a distempered fancy. At times he conceived that only will and resolution were required to conquer the disease, and would strive desperately to resist the insidious agonies which were vanquishing his strength. In one of his lucid intervals, which were brief and seldom, he was told of Blucher's passage of the Rhine, and the final expulsion of the French from Germany. Then rose before him resplendent visions of future blessedness for Fatherland, and he imagined himself to be contending in the fray for the restoration of its liberties. All this feverish excitement and restlessness wore away his life. Once when his son was approaching him with medicine, he said, with a look of much affection, 'Leave it alone; I need no more of that: I feel that I am well.' He passed some hours in profound and unbroken sleep; nevertheless, on the eleventh day of his illness, during the night of the 27th of January 1814, he died. He died in his fifty-second year, while his bodily and mental faculties were as yet unimpaired by age; his fine black hair unshaded by any signs of gray; his step still firm, and his whole appearance vigorous and well sustained. 'So robust an intellect—a soul so calm, so lofty, massive, and commanding,' the world shall not see again for many days.

And so, reader, we have come abruptly to the strong man's end. We have followed him—not without a sympathising admiration—through the changes and chances of his life; and now we must pause in reverence over the untimely grave of his mortality. His life has been 'a battle and a march' against the principalities of evil and temptation—a conflict with error and insincerity, in others and in himself; and now the valiant soul has attained to its rest, the strong courageous fighter goes home with victory. The doctrine which he taught, and practically asserted by his life, is a justification of that higher hope which dawns in all times upon

earnest and enthusiastic souls—that lofty and commanding faith in the integrity of the moral principle in man, which seeks to transform the world into the image of the ideal. If it be true, as has been said, that the whole value of history and biography is to increase our self-trust, by demonstrating what is possible to man, then shall the life of this man be an encouragement and indication to them who would strive to fashion their own in accordance with the eternal realities of things. In severe rectitude, in endurance that would not shrink, in energy, and perseverance, and resolution, in incorruptible integrity and devout heroism of character, he is admirable for ever: 'as a man approved by action and suffering, in his life and in his death, he ranks with a class of men who were common only in better ages than ours,' but who were needed in no age more imperatively than now. The grand moral of his life, did any one still need to ask it, is to shew the possibilities of worth and virtue which are yet open to other men. Farewell, thou brave Fichte! and may the love of good men everywhere embalm thee in their memory! *

* The facts related in this Paper are principally derived from a Life of Fichte by his son. The writer has been partly aided in shaping them to the present result by an English 'Memoir' by William Smith; whose excellent translations of several of Fichte's writings he takes the opportunity of recommending to the attention of studious and intelligent readers.

END OF VOL. IX.